

shining truth which is reached with the mind's eye. Now I dare to ask : is it not possible for one to reach some knowledge of the truth without any very clear understanding of the formula or without consciously attending to the glass through which we peer darkly? I am not setting store by the inner light or by intuitions or immediate illuminations of the intellect. Perhaps I am only asserting Father Steuart's Inward Vision which comes from God-given faith. *Nisi credideritis, non intelligetis.* I should describe Father Steuart's book in many of its parts as the beautiful expression of the inexpressible. The theologian will perhaps complain here and there of the particular word or symbol or formula, but there are truths, as Fr. Steuart points out, which it is impossible to express in language which does not lay itself open to misconstruction. When, for instance, there is question of the divine nature, 'words can never be more than wavering shadows of the reality which they would suggest.'

O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee,

is the poet's account of this conflict between symbol and the reality for which the symbol stands. Father Steuart has the seeing eye and in *The Inward Vision* he suggests with freshness and originality the great realities which he has the gift of making real to his readers.

C.N.L.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF SAINT CATHERINE OF SIENA. Culled from Old Manuscripts by Innocenzo Taurisano of the Order of Preachers. Translated from the Italian by Charlotte Dease. (Harding & More, Ltd., The Ambrosden Press, London, W.C.1; 3/6 net.)

This is a little work of manifold value. It will be an excellent introduction to St. Catherine, inciting the reader to study larger works on the saint, while to her lovers of long standing it will be a discovery and fresh delight. Particularly interesting are the *Miracles*, recorded by an anonymous writer during the saint's lifetime, and the hitherto unpublished deposition of Fra Simone da Cortona in the Castellano Process, where he shows Catherine's patient and tender indulgence towards his morbidly sensitive nature. We are pleased, too, to have details from that solemn and consequential worthy, Ser Christofano di Gano,

Blackfriars

who would have been so astonished to know that he provides the comic element in the Catherinian drama.

The translator has succeeded admirably, and makes us wish that she would give us a complete English rendering of Blessed Raymund's *Legenda*, the existing version being heavy and altogether unpalatable.

The book is excellently printed, and has for frontispiece the exquisite picture of St. Catherine by Borgognone in the National Gallery. It is probably not unlike her, for it seems based on the very interesting, though—and because—caricature-like portrait by Vanni.

S.M.B.

TEN POLISH FOLK TALES. Told by M. O'Reilly, from the French of Suzanne Strowska. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne; 3/6).

These stories are for children, so I have read them to children and taken their verdict—'jolly good.' Like most of the best foreign folk tales, these bear a relationship, sometimes a little obscure, but always interesting, to stories already familiar to us in our own language; but there is a strong sense of nationalism in them, and a wealth of local colour that makes them still more attractive, besides ten excellent black and white illustrations by Dorothy Mills; and there is, too, a sense of humour in the telling that is not lost on the children. But since, in this instance, they are written for boys and girls with an English up-bringing, it seems to me pointless to mention, for example, that a merchant 'went to sleep peacefully beside his spouse who was faithful to him,' when the facts have no effect on the story. One doesn't wish to be prudish, but surely there is plenty of time for children to read of the intimacies of marriage, carelessly touched upon, in the future?

R.R.

A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN. By Virginia Woolf. (Hogarth Press; 5/-.)

One is not inclined to enter it. Feminism is so closely allied to the 'Social question,' a discussion of which bans the sense of humour, that we fear we should leave the room depressed and bored. But in fact this room is different; and one emerges from a brilliant experience, comparable to a Platonic dialogue. From all sides the arguments come; they circle round the object, shower darts upon it, are shielded off, reduced to ridicule. It is an intelligent book, not pedantry.