

If you wish to fulfil Martha's office in these things, let moderation and mercy go with you: moderation in keeping within bounds, mercy in giving away. Toil passes, and rest will come; but we cannot attain rest except through toil. The ship sails and comes to its own country; but one cannot get to one's own country except by ship. Let us steer our course, then, if we would navigate the tides and tempests of this world. In this way I am sure that we shall not perish, for we are borne along on the wood of the cross.

REVIEWS

THE GOD OF LOVE. By J. K. Heydon. (Sheed & Ward; 8s. 6d.).

Mr. Heydon has written an attractive, and in many ways, compelling book. In the first part he infers the existence of God from a consideration of the hierarchy of being observable in nature. The argument on the whole follows traditional lines, but is so expressed that a doubt is left in the mind as to the cogency of the conclusion. Is the hierarchy imposed by the mind, or discovered by it in the existent? There is no doubt as to which position Mr. Heydon holds, but his formulation of it is unsatisfactory. A more careful distinction between what is logically conceivable or desirable, and the metaphysically necessary, might serve to remove a lack of force in the argument.

Man, having discovered that God is, fails, Mr. Heydon contends, to realise and correspond to the truth he has glimpsed. His philosophy, his natural religion, his civilisation; all bear witness to his insufficiency. Ideal and achievement, ethic and desire, the very functions of man's soul are at war one with the other, exposing a radical "split" in his nature. In this section the argument could be strengthened by a greater use of M. Gilson's works. Is it true, for instance, that Aristotle discovered "the Lord" in any full sense of the term?

The last section is concerned with the Christian reply to the mystery of man's individual and social need. Since man is insufficient of himself to lead the life his nature imposes, it is at least probably that God has responded to his need. No, it is not only probable, for we have evidence that once a man came claiming to be the Son of God; and this man preached a Gospel of love. The whole book is really a plea that men should consider this claim and Gospel and open their minds to Faith, to the gifts of God.

The paragraphs throughout the book in which Mr. Heydon analyses and describes the philosophy and theology of love are perhaps the most satisfactory in the book. IAN HISLOP, O.P.

GREAT CHRISTIAN BOOKS. By Hugh Martin. (S.C.M. Press; 6s.).

Of the seven "great Christian books" of Mr. Martin's choice

only one—the *Confessions* of St. Augustine—represents the first sixteen centuries of Christian history. And even St. Augustine is, improbably, “a High Churchman, making much of ecclesiastical authority”. Yet for those unfamiliar with the undoubted riches of English evangelical piety, the chapters on Rutherford, Bunyan, Law and Carey, will be a valuable introduction. Browning’s *Ring and the Book*, too, is usefully summarized.

DE GUSTIBUS

The main body of Catholics is divided into those who like sugary religious art and hate the severe simplicity of the ‘moderns’, and those who can only stand the latter and cannot pray with the former; so the successful religious artist will be one who can steer a middle course without offending either party. This success is usually achieved by Mr. Edward Westbrook with his Christmas Cards, Calendars, bookmarks, etc. Nearly all his work is ‘safe’ and some of it is really pleasing, so that he deserves wide popularity. This autumn he has a number of new designs of Christmas Cards and Calendars. Readers are advised to apply to him early for his wholesale or his retail price lists 11 Dorset Road South, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex.

HANGED FOR A TALE. By W. R. Titterton. (Douglas Organ; 1s.).

Short and brightly written lives of the saints accord with fashion of the times; because they are more likely to be read by all and sundry they should therefore be encouraged. This sketch of the life of Blessed James Duckett, the English martyr—the Elizabethan fore-runner of the C.T.S.: he was done to death for the printing and distribution of Catholic books—suffers from two defects; the attempt to make the style bright by overloading it with pseudo-period expressions (‘sithee’, ‘“marry” quoth he’, ‘I would not for a hundred crowns that this had happed’) and the author’s endeavour to spin out the scanty information extant about Blessed James to the eighteen pages of print we get for a shilling. The price is too much for too little and compares very unfavourably in consequence with a C.T.S. pamphlet.

L.C.S.

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