

Blackfriars

Of the contents of this present volume we need not say much. For the most part it is occupied with a commentary on the Masses of the Saints for the last portion of the ecclesiastical year (August 14th to November 28th). We have sampled this commentary in various places and have found it interesting and useful. A careful reader will find that the author contrives to convey the results of a good deal of study in a simple form. We were especially interested in the treatment accorded to Saint Placid (October 5th), where the book is definitely in advance of the Roman Missal. Apart from the *Sanctorale* there are three introductory essays which give much information regarding the history of devotion to Our Lady in Rome. The volume is well printed, and there is a summary index to the whole work.
J.M.

THE SCOTS COLLEGE, ROME. (Sands & Co.; 10/6.)

The Scots College Society celebrates twenty-five years of being by offering a volume of history and reminiscence to the Scots College, Rome, from which it derives. Externally it is a presentable work, well printed and produced; and illustrated with portraits, views and plans.

The first impression it gives is of the statistical expansion of the college; and evidence that this foundation has now come into line with its fellows, according to the modern spirit of the City and the policy of the Holy See.

As a contribution to history the important writing it contains is a rapid sketch by Dr. Brown of the whole existence of the college and its vicissitudes. Founded amidst the bewilderment caused by the overthrow of religion in Scotland, it suffered from two political events, each of which may be designated by one word, 1745 and Napoleon; sufferings developed in long acerbity. There are in this essay more direct statements than we have yet had, derived from archives; and it forms an excellent cadre for a much longer study.

J.G.

WHEN THE SAINTS SLEPT. By E. O. Browne. (Heath Cranton; 7/6.)

There are four unusual things about this historical novel: the period chosen is the reign of Stephen; the dialogue is mercifully free of archaisms; the dramatic situations are properly handled, so that they remain dramatic; and the heroine is truly emancipated—she has strength and independence and a true purpose, and is still feminine.

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