

on some aspects of psychiatry as practised today, and the impingement of such practice on Christian thought. Despite the warning by the Editor in his introduction that 'it would not be possible to produce a book that would unite, in one ordered and consistent survey, the different standpoints', we are encouraged by the first essay to hope for an integrated approach, for there we read: 'Priest and psychiatrist, therefore, do not have to disagree.' We are, however, doomed to disappointment, for though widely divergent views are expressed, no attempt is made, at least to discuss, if not to resolve, these divergences. Of course, the book appears as a series of essays and not as a symposium, so perhaps the criticism may be a little unfair, but on the other hand, it is the fruit of two years of meetings between the authors and one might have hoped that the obvious differences in viewpoint would have received some attention in the text.

The essay by the author who declares 'that the therapist does not set out to cure the patient, or even to help him', a surprising statement considering the derivation of the word 'therapist', could have led to an interesting discussion. The author declares that while it is not the business of the analyst to promote immorality, if immoral conduct appears as a result of an awakened capacity for love, the awakening is more important to the analyst than the immorality. For 'the analyst's aim is not goodness . . . but integration', but how in a wholly Christian view can any step which does not lead to goodness be considered as promoting integration? Such nettles are not grasped by any of his co-authors medical or clerical. Hence, while the book makes enjoyable reading, it leaves one with an acute awareness of problems not tackled and of opportunities missed.

JOHN MARSHALL

IRISH PILGRIMAGE. By Daphne D. C. Pochin Mould. (Gill; 16s.)

In her *Ireland of the Saints* and *Scotland of the Saints* Dr Pochin Mould, whose 'reluctant conversion' to the faith was helped by her studies of geology, showed the fascination of following the tracks of the saints in their missionary journeys. In this book she studies another way of following in their footsteps—the traditional pilgrimages of Ireland.

*Irish Pilgrimage* has all the qualities that made its predecessors such delightful reading. There is the same skilful use of topography, the same careful study of the sites and living conditions of the early monastic communities, painstaking but humane research, and with these a friendliness which comes from actually going on pilgrimage and sharing the fellowship of the pilgrims. In addition to those describing pilgrimages there is an important introductory chapter on the idea

of pilgrimage, one on custom and tradition, and a conclusion entitled 'Microcosm of History'. Readers who have made the pilgrimage to Lough Derg or Croagh Patrick will find some interesting matter on the customs which have grown up during the centuries, and explanations of some features, like walking *deiseal* round the beds at Lough Derg, which had their origin in pre-Christian sun-worship before being adapted to the service of the Sun of Justice. Altogether the book is rich in interests. Almost a handbook for those who 'long to go on pilgrimage', it is a study of popular, traditional prayer and penance in common, and an introduction to the lives of the Celtic monks.

The book is well produced. The photographs are excellently chosen, but occasionally rather faint in reproduction.

B.M.

BEDE: A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH AND PEOPLE. A new translation by Leo Sherley-Price. (The Penguin Classics; 3s. 6d.)

This useful translation will be welcomed by readers who have come to believe that the racy and homely style of Bede is concealed by the Tudor ornament of Stapleton. From the beginning the translator captures and retains Bede's feeling for contemporary events, his careful scrutiny of authorities and, above all, his account of the affairs of men in the light of their salvation. Saint Bede does not moralize; but the prayer at the end of the *History* reveals that his task was more than an essay in research, excellent as this was, because we have the overflow of the author's *lectio divina* and of his conviction that the account of saints and sinners 'might bequeath a means of salvation to the living'. The *History* is also a prayer-book. In its present convenient form it should help to acquaint many readers with the saint who wrote it and the saints he describes.

B.M.

TOWARDS EVENING. By Mary Hope. (Sheed and Ward; 10s. 6d.)

This is an unusual book, written with a great deal of charm by a woman in her early sixties. One wonders at first how a book of this nature, written in America, will appeal to the English aged and ageing public, where the aftermath of a war is worn into the tissues of the nation, and where the grandparents still do the odd job, or put aside the shilling meant for baccy, so that the grandchildren do not have to know what privation means. How many, I wonder, in our crowded streets, have time to reflect on the beauty of the dawn, or listen to the clear note of the thrush, or prepare, with leisure, for the arrival of their grandchildren and parents? The author thinks of herself as blessed, inasmuch as she does not anticipate lack of means to pay for