

large house near Florence, which he can eventually leave to the University of Harvard with an endowment of a million dollars.

No one else has turned art connoisseurship to such ends, and yet when he was fifty-five he could write: 'I see now how fruitless in interest is the history of art, and how worthless an undertaking is that of determining who painted or carved or built whatsoever it be. I see now how valueless all such matters are to the life of the spirit.' What a fascinating paradox! It wasn't until he was seventy-two that he broke his association with Sir Joseph Duveen and felt free to enjoy 'my long interrupted it-ness'.

Berenson was ninety-four when he died. One of his earliest art influences was Walter Pater and his book on the Renaissance, and later *Marius the Epicurean*, from which he learnt, in his own words, 'to extract from the chaotic succession of events in the common day what was wholesome and sweet', and from Walter Pater's that 'Life was not a means to some end, but . . . from dying hour to hour an end in itself'.

The book is attractively arranged and contains many excellent photographs.

H. S. EDE

NOTICES

IT IS PAUL WHO WRITES, by Ronald Knox and Ronald Cox (Burns and Oates; 18s.) is an arrangement of Mgr Knox's translation of the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles of St Paul, including Hebrews, to form a narrative of St Paul's life, enclosing and situating his writings; on the opposite page Fr Cox provides a genial commentary which, though it avoids difficulties of detail, ably exposes the broad outlines of St Paul's thought and circumstances.

THE TOKOLOSH, by Ronald Segal (Sheed and Ward; 6s.), might be described as the adventures of a little black god in search of justice. Its satire on the consequences of *apartheid* was underlined at the moment of publication by the events at Sharpeville, the author himself only just evading arrest by seeking asylum in Bechuanaland, but plainly it will not lose its sting for some time to come.

SAINTS OF RUSSIA, by Constantin de Grunwald (Hutchinson; 25s.), is a pleasant, if rather ingenuous, introduction to Russian holiness in its historical setting, from St Vladimir at the turn of the first millennium to the *starsy* of the Optima monastery during the nineteenth century. It will hardly convert Mr K., but it will attract western readers who want an introduction to these sometimes strange but always impressive figures.

POETRY AND POLITICS UNDER THE STUARTS, by C. V. Wedgwood (Cambridge University Press; 25s.), is one of those books so competently constructed and so readable that their erudition does not at once strike the reader. It appeals on both the levels of the title. The examples are seldom without interest as verse and gain a great deal from being set against the detailed historical background; the political struggles are illuminated and humanized by the personalities and styles of the poets involved.