

Years, Public Ministry, The Sorrowing Mother, with the 'Envoi' in which our Lord meets his two disciples on the way to Emmaus, when again they 'felt the glowing radiance of his presence'.

In the light of history and principle it is difficult to subscribe to the opinion that a crusade of arms is untrue to the spirit of Christianity (p. 212). Again, that at any time in the life of our Lady the inclination to evil was 'fettered', as St Thomas taught, is incompatible with the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

For the benefit of the inquisitive it would seem better to cite classical works like the *Dialogue* of St Catherine by the accepted divisions rather than by pages which are not uniform in all editions.

Although Fr Valentine says in his foreword that this is the final volume of the Theophila Correspondence, it is much to be desired that he will continue with his writing, which has already proved helpful to so many.

AMBROSE FARRELL, O.P.

CHARNWOOD PSALTER. By Bruno Walker, O.C.B. (Catholic Records Press; 1s.6d.)

To Dom Bruno Walker nature is liturgical, sacramental. He sees God and his creation, natural and supernatural, in one magnificent thesis. In the eighth of the sonnets—to my mind the best things in this little book where all is good—the priest at the altar is conscious that

The whole world's pulse is beating in my brow.

I crush the stars within my chalice cup;  
Glean the wide universe and gather up  
Each grain, to grind and knead a perfect bread.

And the ninth sonnet ends;

Receive now garnered in this bread and wine,  
The Benedicite of creation's art,  
Of all our work together, yours and mine.  
I raise our gifts, I play my Christly part:  
I hold—not vine-blood but my God's Blood shed!  
His gift of cross-torn Flesh, not broken bread!

(But do readers sufficiently educated to appreciate this poetry really need to be told in a footnote what the *Benedicite* is, and that 'the final 'e' is pronounced'?)

I agree with a reviewer of *Wind on Charnwood*, to which this booklet is a welcome sequel, that Dom Bruno is a 'better craftsman within the limits of conventional forms than when he allows himself the latitude of free verse', but in the dozen pages of free rhythm, which of all poetic forms most easily lends itself to abuse, I have noticed only one line, 'These mountains do not sleep', that in its context displeases the ear by breaking the rhythm with a jolt.

This little book is indeed well worth its modest eighteen pence, and well worth publishing in a more durable cover.

M. B.