

today temperaments which are inclined to stress the corruptibility of human nature are sometimes described as Augustinian . . . it is no lantern-jawed Jansenist whose image is reflected in the periods of Augustine's prose. It is a man possessed through and through by the sense of glory.' Rosalind Murray's 'St John of the Cross' poses the problem of why 'his fame and influence appear more widespread outside the Church than within'. That statement requires qualification, of course, but still it is true that for most Catholics he remains a name in the calendar, whereas 'he has . . . proved for many pagans the way in, the first intelligible guide through whom the Christian mysteries can be grasped'. The reason for his success with the non-believer is that he conveys the reality of God 'in an unparalleled way'; he speaks in terms they 'find intelligible, using the medium of poetic imagery, uncomplicated by an unfamiliar devotional idiom'. Because I have picked out these two essays as important it should not be thought that the others are merely make-weights; that is true of none of them. Douglas Hyde's essay on St Francis with its reference to modern social needs (he instances Africa) and Dr Strauss's examination of the case of Maria Goretti are both extremely useful studies.

LANCELOT C. SHEPPARD

TEN SAINTS. By Eleanor Farjeon. With illustrations by Helen Sewell. (Oxford University Press; 12s. 6d.)

It is to be hoped that a number of wise aunts in search of the right book to give their nephews and nieces will come across this one, first published in America and now available here. To begin with it looks so fresh with its clear and attractive line drawings printed in three colours: St Simeon Stylites on his pillar in the sun, St Giles like an Eastern sage in the mouth of his cave. The strong point of the stories—the old ones of Christopher, Martin, Nicholas—is their well-managed dialogue, and the concrete images they call up. Each tale is followed by a singable rhyme for the saint in question. These too are simple and unsentimental.

Simeon lived  
In heaven's eye  
On top of a pillar  
Hard and high.

It is difficult to imagine a better introduction to some of the older dreams of Christendom.

A.S.

THE ROCK OF TRUTH. By Daphne Pochin Mould. (Sheed and Ward; 10s. 6d.)

The author of this autobiography is a scientist whose curiosity and integrity in her search for true facts led her, despite deep prejudices and dislike of authority, to enter the Church. The scene of her search and

of her conversion is the Highlands of Scotland and the Isles of the Hebrides: her geological surveys there, involving much adventurous climbing and strenuous self-discipline, are both the setting and the symbol of her quarrying of 'the Rock of Truth'. Her story is a forceful and illuminating one because her discovery was made almost reluctantly by reasoned argument, uncompromising overcoming of her former beliefs, and prayers said against every emotional conviction. One is ready to forgive certain faults in style—a choice of images which often jars, and at times sentences and phrases awkwardly turned—for the liveliness of her book, both in description and argument. None of her deliberations are made in an armchair, but in the course of strenuous activity: the reality of the wild beauty of the mountains is known through the dangers and hardships of mountaineering, the reality of the distant lives of the Celtic saints is learnt by retracing their arduous journeys. To everything she brings a desire for reality and facts. Her conversion itself is a discovery of reality—the Church. Like the True Cross, its appeal is that 'it states a fact', which makes its claim 'still as insistent as Christ calling Peter from his fishing'.

FAITH TOLKIEN

**DIVIDED IMAGE: A Study of William Blake and W. B. Yeats.** By Margaret Rudd. (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 18s.)

The declared aim of this book is to examine the influence of William Blake upon the philosophy of W. B. Yeats, who edited his works while in his twenties and who wrote as an old man:

Grant me an old man's frenzy  
Myself must I remake  
Till I am Timon and Lear  
And that William Blake  
Who beat upon the wall  
Till Truth obeyed his call.

Miss Rudd is largely concerned with showing that Yeats, who identified poetry with magic, misunderstood Blake, who was a mystic and who identified poetry with prophecy. The best part of her book is that which shows clearly that Yeats's 'system', as formulated in *A Vision*, owed a good deal to that early editing of Blake. Yeats appears to have substituted for Blake's twenty-seven heavens on the sun's path, for example, his own twenty-eight phases of the moon and, perhaps unconsciously, to have linked Blake's idea of the recurrent circle of religious development with the much more deterministic view of the cyclic process of history which he encountered later in Vico.

Yet Yeats was not a philosopher. He often used the ideas which he found in philosophical writings as the catalysts of emotions and of other associated ideas. His attempted organisation of these in *A Vision* is about as successful a guide to philosophy as that other baffling book, that 'vicious