

labour and the attitude of employers, are all matters which involve a change of relationship as between man and man, and as between man and the State. And it is the moral side of this relationship that calls for close study on the part of Christians, and particularly of Catholics, everywhere.'

In this work there is room for the priest and for the professional man. In the current issue of the *Transactions* the papers read by the laymen are of a universally high standard, which makes it all the more deplorable that the one contribution from a priest is not up to that standard, and indeed is in the line of intemperate Cassandra-like condemnation of the Government's economic policy of which there has unhappily been a little too much from the same source. The Club needs support and corresponding membership is open to all, and for 5s. per annum subscribers receive copies of all papers presented as well as an annual *Journal* containing original articles. Intending members should send their subscription (minimum: 5s. per annum) to the Hon. Treasurer, Mr E. Harris, Chipperfield, Woodside Road, Purley, Surrey.

JOHN FITZSIMONS.

WESTERN MEDITERRANEAN, 1942-1945. By Taffrail. (Hodder & Stoughton; 20s.)

This story of the *westernmed*, or ladies' end, really begins in 1943, with the door slammed on the capitulation in Tunisia. The days were past of *Ark Royal* and the club runs with the convoys to Malta; Somerville had gone east, and though the cruisers and destroyers were still emulating *Aurora*, the surrender of the Italian Fleet was presently to remove the faint promise of action at sea. The Royal Navy moved inshore, with light craft pressing the offensive however closely the enemy hugged the coast, and the heavies putting down bombardments of an accurate devastation never seen before. Sea-power had come into its own; the armies were landed and there were no more evacuations. Three months after capture, Naples was handling more cargo than any other port in the world. This account of the naval operations off Sicily, Italy, Dalmatia, and the South of France is written with verve, and the detail is not skimmed. There are one or two slips: submarines were named before 1942 (p. 48), and the ship in a photograph (p. 145, ii) is the *Italia*, not the *Vittorio Veneto*.
T.G.

SEA GLIMMER. Poems in Scots and English. By William Jeffrey.
A BRAIRD O' THISTLES. Scots Poems by Douglas Young. Vols. 11 & 12 in the Poetry Scotland Series. (MacLellan; 6s. and 7s. 6d.)

William Jeffrey's posthumous volume is a good example of what happens frequently, to the confounding of Whistle-Binkie's Old Guard, when a Scottish writer leaves the language he learned in school and takes to words learned as a child, or later among working

people or in his reading of earlier Scottish writing. The English poems in *Sea Glimmer* are competent. It is the poems in Scots, like that which gives the book its title, which grip attention; lines like these:

The taed and horny-goloch snoovled by
 Toom hearths where burly fishers ance made boast
 O' midnichts tempest tossed,
 Their ears aye thrumming wi' the thunder's cry.

No one can dismiss that vocabulary as 'plastic'. It would be understood even by Invernessians.

Douglas Young's book should increase his reputation. On reading *Auntran Blads* (reviewed in a past number of BLACKFRIARS), a doubt came to mind as to what the poet could do on his own, not translating. The translations in that book appeared, to the present writer at least, superior to the original work. The latest volume removes doubts. There is still splendid translation. The version of Psalm 22 (23, A.V.) is a fine achievement. Here are the second and third verses.

He gars my saul, be blyth aince mair
 that wandert was frae hame,
 and leads me on the straucht smaa gait
 for sake o His ain name.
 Tho I suld gang the glen o mirk
 I'd grue for nae mischance,
 Thou bydes wi me, Thy kent and cruik
 maks aye my sustenance.

The other poems in the book, widely varied in subject and including two which use an English vocabulary, show such variety of feeling and command of language and metre as to raise high hopes for the future. So far Douglas Young has often been playing himself, with his remarkable command of tongues. It looks as though the play will lead to something.

ANTHONY ROSS, O.P.

THE GREAT ENCHANTMENTS. By Robert Liddell. (Cape; 9s. 6d.)

The identity of the Christminster of Mr Liddell's novel can be no mystery to the connoisseur of Gothic North Oxford and its inhabitants. Here are preserved, as specimens in ether rather than as bees in amber, the outriders of academic suburbia—landladies and their daughters, retired dons of uncertain career and drawing-room humanitarians.

Mr Liddell's skill is, perhaps, best displayed in observation rather than in invention. The misfortunes of his landlady, indeed the affairs of his characters in general, do not engage our interest very deeply. But the warts and twitches that individuate them are exactly con-