

BLACKFRIARS

even the history of doctrine, did not seem to appeal to him, and naturally therefore ideas of theological development were in the same case." Mgr. Batiffol, on the other hand, "seemed quickly to grasp a great deal of it and to understand it much more readily than either the Cardinal or Mgr. van Roey," and the Bishop adds "perhaps because he had a more historical and a less scholastical mind and training."

The book contains interesting appendices which include the Cardinal's letter to his clergy explaining and defending the holding of the Conversations.

HENRY ST. JOHN, O.P.

LYRA MARTYRUM. An Anthology of the Poetry of the English Martyrs, 1503-1681. By the Rev. Sir John R. O'Connell. (Burns Oates; 6/-.)

The possession of good will is not a sufficient title for the editing of archaic verse. In this book Blessed Thomas More's poems are mutilated almost beyond belief. In the process of modernization syllables have been dropped or added so that lines no longer scan; the spelling 'son' (for 'soon') is translated 'son'; 'there nys' (meaning 'there is not') is replaced by 'there's nys,' and 'me list not' by 'me may not,' which combines bad sense with bad grammar; and so forth.

The later poems have suffered less, and the editor is to be thanked for printing several new stanzas of Thewlis' *Song of a Happy Rising*. In his text of *Hierusalem, thy joys divine* he improves twice on that in Shane Leslie's anthology; by making the poem begin with 'Hierusalem,' not with 'My thirsty soul,' and by reading 'peerless in renown' for 'pearls in renown'; but he has two bad readings elsewhere. Neither he nor Shane Leslie has made an obvious correction in the fifteenth stanza; one reads 'Virgin imminent,' the other 'Virgin immanent'; I do not know what the MS. spelling is, but the word intended was certainly what we now spell 'eminent.' The last stanza of this poem needs to be heavily punctuated in an edition meant for the general reader; I should suggest this:

We can imagine but a shade;
It never entered into thought
What joy He is, enjoyed, that made
All joy, and them that joy, of nought.
My soul cannot the joys contain;
Let her, Lord, enter into them,
For ever with thee to remain
Within thy town Hierusalem.

W. H. SHEWRING.