

inability to see. It is this extrinsic invisibility which other people's morals most commonly have. It is the poles in our own eyes that give us a very distorted view of the specks in the eyes of our brothers. And so criticism, like charity (and it can be a form of charity), must begin at home. And while we cannot help noticing the specks in other people's eyes, we can only too easily avert our attention from the poles in our own, and shirk the primary but boring duty of casting out the beam.

REVIEWS

THE IRISH DOMINICANS. By Daphne D. C. Pochin Mould. With a Preface by the Most Rev. Michael Browne, O.P., Master General. (Dominican Publications, Saint Saviour's, Dublin; 21s.)

Miss Mould has given us an invaluable and at the same time delightful book, for although her subject is such an extensive one, no less than seven centuries of Irish Dominican life, she has not offered a mere précis of historical events but a vivid and arresting narrative. She traces the story from the year of the friars' coming to Ireland in 1224 until the present day, telling how they established thirty-eight priories before the close of the fifteenth century, pointing out however that these houses officially formed a part of the English Province as did also those of Scotland, making that Province the largest in the Order, comprising as it did in the fifteenth century one hundred and fifteen priories inhabited by well over three thousand friars. Scotland and Ireland had a large measure of autonomy but had a vicar placed over them by the English Provincial, a state of things the Scottish friars would not agree to after Bannockburn in 1314 so that the Master General had perforce to take the nomination of the vicar into his own hands. In Ireland the friars were allowed to choose three names from which the English Provincial was bound to select one. Scotland obtained recognition as a separate Province in 1481, but Ireland was not granted that privilege until 1536 by which time England was in schism and two years later had all its fifty-three priories dissolved. This suppression extended to those parts of Ireland under English domination, namely the Pale and the more important cities and ports, where the Dominican houses were closed. These included Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Youghal, Athy and Arklow, but after Henry VIII's death and that of his son Edward VI, the Dominicans under Mary got some of

their old homes back into their possession and held on to them until Elizabeth's armies practically swept the whole country. Whereas in the late fifteenth century the Irish Dominicans numbered nearly a thousand, in 1593 the figure stood at forty-eight. Under the milder rule of the Stuarts their numbers steadily increased, but the statement made in the General Chapter of Rome held in 1656 that in 1645 they numbered six hundred is surely a considerable exaggeration.

The story of the terrible persecutions and numerous martyrdoms naturally occupies much space and is admirably told, and a useful list is given in the first appendix of all those who suffered; sixty-three slain under Elizabeth, six under the Stuarts and thirty-five under the Parliament and Protectorate, and eight who died in prison under William and Anne. There are in all fourteen appendices, including lists of the provincials and Dominican bishops, ninety-three in number. Both author and publishers are to be congratulated on the book which is excellently printed and profusely illustrated with ninety-six photographs and sketches, many of these being Miss Mould's own work.

WALTER GUMBLEY, O.P.

PÉGUY. By Alexander Dru. (Harvill Press; 15s.)

THE HOLY INNOCENTS AND OTHER POEMS. By Charles Péguy. Translated by Pansy Pakenham. Foreword by Alexander Dru. (Harvill Press; 15s.)

Péguy, when he is known at all to English readers, has the reputation of being little more than a prolix pamphleteer, a reputation which is not wholly undeserved. His puzzling contradictions—the peasant traditionalist supporting Dreyfus, the socialist preaching Christianity and returning to the threshold of the Church before a romantic death on the field of battle—have not made him an easy figure to fit into the pattern of modern French literature. Mr Dru draws very well the line which divided Péguy both from his old socialist friends like Jaurès, committed to crude anticlerical alliances which he found supremely distasteful, and from the conformist *Maurrassien* Catholicism of the Right. Like his epic *Eve*, Péguy was equally opposed to 'the fecundities of disorder and the sterilities of order'. In fact his value for us lies in his restatement of the important truism that in the things which matter both Left and Right are wrong, or at best unhelpful.

But this is not Mr Dru's major concern. The kernel of his book is in chapters VI-VIII in which his purpose is to develop Péguy's poetic theory. For besides being perhaps the major journalist of his age, he was a poet whose work is of considerable bulk—it occupies close on fifteen hundred pages of the *Pléiade* edition—and although it has no the attraction of experiment and novelty which we might at first: