

of man has made of it a division, a sign of a broken body and of hate. Martin, who in his life was all things to every man he found, is to be known, not simply as the newest statue in the shop, but he may well be known to us, who need his understanding of the iniquity of men's divisions, and the price of their healing.

### HILARY PEPLER

**W**ITH the death of Hilary Pepler BLACKFRIARS loses on this side of eternity one of its oldest friends. It was in an early number of this review that he wrote that 'the salvation of this country waits until men see that freedom without faith is slavery, and order without charity is chaos', and the wisdom of his words is no less plain thirty years after. For he was a wise man who loved the truth and served it; and he had a right to speak of the primacy of faith and charity which for him were life itself. It may be that he gave himself to causes which seemed to fail; and his nostalgic love for an England that is gone for ever could sometimes mask the real cause of that love, which was a vigorous sense of man's dignity, at one with the pattern of all created good.

He will be remembered for much, but one last memory may serve for all. His Albert Hall production of the Passion Mime on Maundy Thursday this year was all one had grown to expect of his work: restrained and formal, the action as it advanced was the very language of divine pity, beyond words. He watched, and when it was over forestalled the coming praise. 'I hope they'll say their prayers', he said.

May he rest in peace.