

one lived a more or less normal life with wife and family; of violence and music and poetry. The book itself is a pleasant one, with some good illustrations, and straightforwardly written; though there is a certain fumbling quality about the style which suggests that the effect desired has not always been achieved. Certainly, in one place, the authors have marred one of the impressive moments in English history. When Richard Grenville broke in on Cuthbert Mayne and seized him by the doublet, crying: 'What art thou?' there *was* an answer. Cuthbert Mayne said: 'I am a man.' Also, the child of Cornwall—if he has any sense of humour—is getting a little weary of the sort of romance expressed in the first two introductory pages.

RACHEL ATTWATER

THE PILGRIMAGE. By Francis Stuart. (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.)

THE SAME SCOURGE. By John Goldthorpe. (Longmans; 12s. 6d.)

The Pilgrimage is a highly complex novel about faith and disbelief; it is also an extremely confusing one. The faith of a provincial Breton Bishop is attacked by terrible doubts which, in turn, are historically implemented by the discovery of papyrus that discredits the validity of the Empty Sepulchre. Chaton, a young girl, who sees in the bishop the perfection of her unknown father—both temporal and spiritual—is the illegitimate daughter of his housekeeper, a raffish unhappy mother who realizes that her child is dying of a hereditary germ of syphilis in the blood which has led to a tumour on the brain. These are the two chief protagonists of Mr Stuart's theme. The bishop leads a pilgrimage of children to Lourdes and, while he is away visiting the Holy Father, Chaton is raped by a cripple boy; when his lordship next sees her and is faced with such lust and perfidy, his faith falters. Now he feels that he must dedicate his entire life to her. Finally it is she—bruised and unbalanced—who says 'let us return to Torlaix', his Breton diocese.

There is a great cosmopolitan quality about the writing which is also in the great tradition. Mr Stuart would seem to owe as much to Dos-toievski as to Colette. Yet, architecturally the book remains weak. Boldness and artistry have built spire and triforium, but provided no means of ascent. So, wandering in the nave, there remain only the side chapels; and there, in compensation as it seems, Mr Stuart helps the mind to conjure pictures by Tiepolo: '[The bishop] used to be able to come here with his fears and kneel at the foot of the cross. He would see the crucified hand that had been busy in common tasks, an ordinary, brown hand, but sure too, sure in its healing touch, like the hand of a great artist, holding the head of the nail in its bloody palm.'

The Same Scourge falls into the same category of books like *The Robe*,

but is far inferior. This story of the Crucifixion and the officers concerned has caused Mr Goldthorpe infinite research, but practically no imaginative effort. He has had a good idea and perhaps a script-writer for CinemaScope will yet salvage it.

NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

NOTICES

THE GOLDEN MAN (Blackfriars Publications, 7s. 6d.), by Anthony Ross, O.P., is a collection of lives of saints, inspired by the method of an earlier Dominican, Blessed James of Voragine, whose *Golden Legend* was so formative a book for the spirituality of the Middle Ages. Fr Ross rightly insists that 'legends are not pious nonsense, but attempts to say by means of symbols things which seem to defeat any other means of expression'. His 'lives' of such saints as St Christopher, St Roch, Sts Perpetua and Felicity, St Katherine of Alexandria and St Andrew are charming examples of this precept put into practice, and while they are particularly addressed to younger readers they cannot fail to move anyone who seeks the 'golden man', that ideal of Christian holiness exemplified alike in king or commoner, priest or slave.

A CENTURY OF WRITERS (Chatto and Windus, 21s.) must be counted the best bargain in books for a very long time. Over seven hundred pages, selected from a century of publishing by the house of Chatto and Windus, bring back poems by Swinburne, stories by Stevenson, Wilkie Collins, Trollope, Hardy, Ouida and Tchehov from the past, as well as the work of Proust, C. E. Montague, Lytton Strachey and Norman Douglas from more recent authors. In addition two novels are printed in full—Aldous Huxley's *Crome Yellow* and Par Lagerkvist's remarkable biblical story, *Barabbas*. For full value—and in another order—one may add the names of F. R. Leavis, E. M. Y. Tillyard, V. S. Pritchett and Basil Willey as reminders of how important has been the contribution of Chatto and Windus to English criticism.

FRANCIS THOMPSON AND OTHER ESSAYS, a collection of occasional writings by Fr Vincent McNabb, O.P., originally appeared twenty years ago in celebration of his jubilee as a Dominican. It is now reissued by Blackfriars Publications (4s. 6d.), and is a pleasant reminder of the variety of Fr Vincent's interests but, too, of the single-minded zeal which gave authority to all that he wrote. G. K. Chesterton's introduction is included, in which he says 'briefly and firmly that he [Fr Vincent] is one of the few great men I have met in my life'.