

Ignatius to mark a turning point in a man's life, necessarily to be used afterwards in his daily prayer (pp. 257-262).

The book may be recommended to all those engaged in giving retreats or in any way interested in the theory and practice of the spiritual life.

RICHARD BLUNDELL, S.J.

LE CREUSET DE L'AMOUR, LE PURGATOIRE. By Mary Starkie-Greig. Translated by Marie René-Bazin. Preface by J. Lebreton, S.J. (Editions Spes, Paris; n.p.)

Two English editions of Mother Mary St Austin's *The Divine Crucible* have already been given an excellent press and received a wide welcome as a permanent and valuable addition to English spiritual writing. The French edition now before us is not a translation of the work as published in English, but of the third of a series of four manuscripts of which the English represents the last. The translator in a foreword gives an interesting short biography of the author, of the history of these writings and their publication. Mother Mary St Austin felt herself hampered by the considerable theological additions which were thought necessary for an English-speaking public and which resulted in the published English text. Mme René-Bazin has successfully caught the vigour and directness of the author's style at a fresher and less complicated period of the work's development.

I. T.

GOD'S LOVE SONGS: An Essay on the Spirituality of the Psalms. By Dom Rembert Sorg, O.S.B. (Pio Decimo Press, Saint Louis, Missouri; 60 cents.)

This essay is a reprint of an article by Dom Sorg which was first published in the American liturgical magazine *Orate Fratres*. The theme is of such paramount importance: indeed, as the author himself rightly says, the study of the psalms 'may well occupy everyone's lifetime': that we are grateful to whoever enlightens us further, or helps us to deepen our appreciation of these sacred lyrics. The Psalter has been the subject of so many dissertations that it is small wonder if fresh contributions to such an abundant literature fail sometimes to make any real addition to what is already known. What really matters is that they should stimulate us to make more and more our own the sentiments of the divinely inspired psalmist, and to model our prayer to God on that of Christ to his heavenly Father.

D. S.

THE LORD WE SERVE. By Ferdinand Valentine, O.P. (Blackfriars; 7s.6d.)

This is a most attractive book, which is to be pondered on rather than merely read. It takes the form of meditative commentaries on the Gospel of St Luke. They are obviously the product of painstaking research and prayerful consideration extended over a period. The four parts are: The Coming of the Saviour, The Early

Years, Public Ministry, The Sorrowing Mother, with the 'Envoi' in which our Lord meets his two disciples on the way to Emmaus, when again they 'felt the glowing radiance of his presence'.

In the light of history and principle it is difficult to subscribe to the opinion that a crusade of arms is untrue to the spirit of Christianity (p. 212). Again, that at any time in the life of our Lady the inclination to evil was 'fettered', as St Thomas taught, is incompatible with the dogma of the Immaculate Conception.

For the benefit of the inquisitive it would seem better to cite classical works like the *Dialogue* of St Catherine by the accepted divisions rather than by pages which are not uniform in all editions.

Although Fr Valentine says in his foreword that this is the final volume of the Theophila Correspondence, it is much to be desired that he will continue with his writing, which has already proved helpful to so many.

AMBROSE FARRELL, O.P.

CHARNWOOD PSALTER. By Bruno Walker, O.C.B. (Catholic Records Press; 1s.6d.)

To Dom Bruno Walker nature is liturgical, sacramental. He sees God and his creation, natural and supernatural, in one magnificent thesis. In the eighth of the sonnets—to my mind the best things in this little book where all is good—the priest at the altar is conscious that

The whole world's pulse is beating in my brow.

I crush the stars within my chalice cup;
Glean the wide universe and gather up
Each grain, to grind and knead a perfect bread.

And the ninth sonnet ends;

Receive now garnered in this bread and wine,
The Benedicite of creation's art,
Of all our work together, yours and mine.
I raise our gifts, I play my Christly part:
I hold—not vine-blood but my God's Blood shed!
His gift of cross-torn Flesh, not broken bread!

(But do readers sufficiently educated to appreciate this poetry really need to be told in a footnote what the *Benedicite* is, and that 'the final 'e' is pronounced'?)

I agree with a reviewer of *Wind on Charnwood*, to which this booklet is a welcome sequel, that Dom Bruno is a 'better craftsman within the limits of conventional forms than when he allows himself the latitude of free verse', but in the dozen pages of free rhythm, which of all poetic forms most easily lends itself to abuse, I have noticed only one line, 'These mountains do not sleep', that in its context displeases the ear by breaking the rhythm with a jolt.

This little book is indeed well worth its modest eighteen pence, and well worth publishing in a more durable cover.

M. B.