

Blackfriars

divine nature is common to all three persons is seen from a cursory consideration of the text . . . In this text, then, we have set before us both the reality of the distinction between the three subsisting individuals, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and also their real community in the divine nature. In other words, we see that there are three divine persons' (pp. 15, 16). This is, to say the least, an exaggeration. We have not the space to argue the point, but we will quote some words of Père Lebreton, S.J., whom no one will accuse of minimizing: 'A ne considérer que le texte même de saint Luc, il n'est pas douteux que les deux expressions Esprit-Saint, Vertu du Très-Haut, soient équivalentes; ni l'une ni l'autre n'a l'article; la seconde n'est pas dans la langue de saint Luc, ni dans celle des autres auteurs sacrés, un nom personnel du Saint-Esprit. Ce passage indique donc une action, une force divine; mais il ne permet pas de conclure avec certitude à l'existence d'une personne divine distincte du Père et du Fils.' (Histoire du dogme de la Trinité, T.I. p. 335).

L.W.

ANNETTE AND PHILIBERT. The New Children's Crusade. By Henry Bordeaux. Translated by the Benedictines of Teignmouth. (Sands & Co.; 5s. net.)

That most prolific French Catholic writer, Henry Bordeaux, has written no more charming story than *La Nouvelle Croisade des Enfants*, and the Benedictines of Teignmouth are to be congratulated on their idea of translating it.

It is astonishing that the writings of Henry Bordeaux are not more frequently 'done into English.' He is a great apologist, devoting all his energy, all his superb gifts, to the service of the Church, and his tales consist, for the most part, of magnificent expositions of the rightness of Catholic teaching. But he rarely preaches. Rather his characters convince us, by the truth of their reactions to one another in circumstances that might arise for any one of us, of the tragedy of individualism, of ignoring our clear duties to God and to society. It is true that many of his tales are laid in his beloved Savoy, as, in fact, is the story of a pilgrimage that now concerns us. But, though the scene is remote, the problem is always that of the unceasing struggle between good and evil in human nature. The setting provides merely a background to the plot. In the present case it is the lovely country through which a band of children travel in search of God, and to free a Pope whom men speak of as a saint, and a rainbow hope overarches such tears

Book Reviews

as these children and their pursuing parents let fall. The whole story is so true, so convincing, that at first reading one believes it as one believes a beautiful legend. The Benedictines of Teignmouth have evidently felt this. They have translated it, one feels, eagerly, reverently. If, having received so much, one were so unkind as to reproach them for anything, it would be for a trifle of scrupulosity in setting to work. Had they been a little more careless, their translation might, here and there, have run more easily. But the colloquial, yet exquisite, French is difficult to render into English, and we owe them a debt in that they have got so far on the road to achievement. The illustrations are pleasant and the book well printed and cheerfully bound . . . very, very much better than the corresponding French edition.

M.C.

CHRIST LEGENDS. By Selma Lagerlöf. Translated from the Swedish by Velma Swanston Howard. With illustrations by Horace T. Knowles. (Elkin Matthews and Marrot, Ltd. ; 8/6 net.)

A Catholic's pleasure in the beauties of this book is necessarily eclipsed by regret that the author's gifts should be used in the service of something less than fiction. In legends that are obviously pure fancy or allegory, such as *Robin Redbreast* or *Our Lord and St. Peter*, imagination may be allowed free play; but legends of Christ written round the historical facts of the Gospel should not contradict those facts. Yet in this book the Holy Innocents are said to be between two and three years old: Our Lady and St. Joseph are pictured as falling into despair at the prospect of dying of thirst during the flight into Egypt, though to both the destiny of her Son had been divinely revealed, and the angel's command, to fly into Egypt, 'and be there until I shall tell thee,' must needs have been also an assurance: and the Child Jesus in the temple is shown with no apparent consciousness of being about His Father's business, and no knowledge of His mission or His Godhead.

I purposely appeal to the witness of the Gospel only, since non-Catholic writers cannot be expected to start from the same theological premisses as Catholics; and the book would not call for remonstrance but for another grievance. The writer says that the first legend was told her by her grandmother on a Christmas Day when 'all the folks had driven to church' and they had been left behind, 'because one of us was too old and