

## Book Reviews

A visitor to a Montessori school will always be struck by the multiplicity of apparatus. The same thing will be noticed in a Catholic Church: there is a crucifix that someone is kissing, beads that are being fingered, candles that are being lighted, and round the different Stations of the Cross someone is making a little procession all on his own. This is like the Montessori school where everyone is busy with some contrivance. Liberty in a prepared environment is the Montessori aim—liberty, not licence, for no child may misuse his apparatus.

One of the most attractive passages of this book tells how in a school in Spain the children in their own garden sow wheat and plant vines. Then in due course they gather the grapes and crush them for wine. With their own sickles they cut the wheat and grind it. Then they make the hosts from the flour. Then on their First Communion day certain of them are chosen to carry to the altar at the Offertory of the Mass the bread and wine which they have themselves so reverently prepared for God.

DEATH OF MY AUNT. By C. H. B. Kitchin. (The Hogarth Press; 7/6.)

Such a title might lead you to expect the traditional detective story, but you would be misled. There is a murder and a police inspector endowed with the limited intelligence that fiction usually accords such a character, but you will not find the sleuth-minded individual who can arrive at the right solution by improbable methods. For the book is not a study of detective work but of the behaviour of the murdered woman's relatives, and in particular of that of the young man who is represented as telling the story. His psychological reactions to the situation in which he finds himself may or may not be true to life, but they are amusing and supply a humour which adds to the interest of a story in itself enthralling.

J.R.H.

THE MASTERFUL MONK. By Owen Francis Dudley. (Longmans, Green and Co., London; 5/-; paper covers 3/6.)

It is possible that certain recent and unfortunate *obiter dicta* of Fr. Dudley have tended to produce an atmosphere somewhat unfavourable to the launching of his latest book. Seeing that I, for one, was of the number of the disaffected, it is no small tribute, from my point of view, to the author's power of writing that this novel held my approving interest throughout.