

Blackfriars

the tantalising changes of the Flavian and Alexandrian episodes are scarcely credible. Yet, even in this second portion, there appears such a delightful scene as Josephus' conversation with the peasants in the tavern in Galilee. The fact that Karl Alexander and Vespasian both seem to bear the same relation to their Jewish protégés throws a clear light upon the relative success of the two studies. Viewed from this standpoint a failure to envisage the first century Jewish Faith becomes apparent. It is under the stress of an uncomprehended Semitic religious background that the latter story fails. There is here in this intricate involved religious detail nothing of the confident humility of Judaism, the calm and constant spirituality which found expression in Reb Joseph's cry of 'Adonai.' It is only a praise to *Jew Süß* to point out that its author's later works have failed to reach that profound unity.

D.M.

COSMOPOLIS. By Rupert Croft-Cooke. (Jarrolds; pp. 331; 7/6.)

This is the tale of Utopia—the advanced new school, set high up on an alpine peak for the children of the rich. It tells how a young society beauty, disillusioned of life, comes to visit it, and learns the meaning of simple, unspoilt love; and how her introspection and hesitations bring tragedy to herself and ruin to the school.

These are but the bare bones of a novel packed with life and humour, satire and malicious wit. Whether Mr. Croft-Cooke is dealing with certain trends in contemporary education, whether he is illustrating the effects of nationalism on the universal brotherhood of man, his touch is sure, and his satire kept within bounds. Some of his writing is in places unnecessarily outspoken, but what may cause more pain to the Catholic reader is the atmosphere of futility and impermanence which pervades the book. The world is suffering to-day from knowing too much, without having any firm foundation on which to order this knowledge; the result is an outlook similar to that of the Epicureans of old, who were part of a civilization not unlike our own; a longing to be free of this vale of tears, and to rest for ever in unbroken sleep. There is only one force to-day which can save the world, and Mr. Croft-Cooke hints at it in an isolated sentence.

S.U.

GOLD OF TOULOUSE. By John Clayton. (Heinemann; 8/6.)

Mr. Clayton owes much to an older school of romantic novelists, but he writes with a vigour to which they seldom at-