

Blackfriars

These gathered fragments of song that remain over and above a life of varied activities reflect and capture the hidden moods that have come to the friar preacher in his Spartan cell. A brooding tenderness is here—fitting fruit, indeed, of that Spirit of Truth whose champion the author stands proclaimed—and an air of wistfulness that find expression in homely words and homelier rhymes. Direct in pulpit as on platform, the poet characteristically shuns the inverted phrase and intrusive epithet, to follow simply each golden aim to its appointed truth. Yet he can turn an epigram with the best, and build an emblem at will. Nor is he fancy-free, with that rare fancy that can find a sacramental in the tear-stirred dust.

Sweet is morn dew. The rose is sweet at noon.
And sweet at eve the honeysuckle bower.
But sweeter—though its sweetness dies so soon—
Is summer dust new-kissed by summer shower.

God's angels have great joy whene'er at eve
White flocks of sinless earth-birds flutter in,
But O! how welcome they whose tears achieve
The timid whiteness of forgiven sin.

Any poet, except Father McNabb, might feel a just pride in those first four lines. They possess the perfect art of simplicity, pause and phrase.

The woodcuts add a stern dignity to this handsome book. But why does the frontispiece painting of the author strike us who know him so well as not *quite* true to life?

Many of poems appeared in *BLACKFRIARS*, though there is no indication of the fact in the publisher's brief note.

E.E.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF SIR THOMAS MORE. By A. B. Teetgen.
(Sands & Co.; 3/6.)

Anyone wishing to be his own cicerone over the various houses and places frequented by Blessed Thomas More could do no better than buy this little book full of the most accurate and up-to-date information about the martyr. There are some valuable reproductions of illustrations and there are also a few imaginary ones, but even these, under the guidance, one presumes, of Mr. Longstaff, have the substance of verisimilitude. No student of More's life, however well-informed, can fail to profit by this excellent piece of work.

W.E.C.