

logian, dogmatic and mystical. She has written very simply and clearly about these matters and thereby has drawn a portrait of the true natural philosopher; one who understood that the specialist is an incomplete man, and that anyone who neglects any branch of knowledge is the less thereby; one whose vast learning was coordinated and directed to one end, to doing of God's will by the promotion of truth and destruction of error. Therein St Albert is the pattern of the Catholic scientist, and one that all can follow. Few, if any, of us have his gigantic capacity, but we can follow his exemplar by aiming at exact truth in our knowledge, the utmost width in our outlook and the syntheses of all our activities in the service of God.

F. SHERWOOD TAYLOR

PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM MORRIS. By Esther Meynell. (Chapman & Hall, 15s.)

One is sometimes surprised at the significance of the title *The Hollow Land*. Morris saw his contemporaries in an industrialised world pursuing 'filthy shadows'; yet he in his turn pursued shadows, not filthy it is true, and the substance was never realised. Morris and his contemporaries were the natural consequence of an incomplete Keats and equally natural partners of Pater's art for art's sake. To all of them beauty was the panacea for every ill; but Morris lived long enough to see that alone it was no answer to social problems. Despite his espousal of the middle ages he did not finish his life in pursuit of Saint Truth like Langland; indeed his adventures with the Socialist League in Stepney and Limehouse brought him close to disillusionment and discouragement. Somehow the ideal of beauty was not sufficiently robust to thrive in the gutter. Morris's was the tragedy of the man with the right intuitions but without the power to rationalise them or the vision to penetrate beyond appearances. He learnt much around and about his master Chaucer, but somehow he never understood the central truth that all created beauty mirrors the 'Pleine Felicite that is in hevене above'. For that reason William Morris stands as a finger post pointing forward to those people of the present day who have retained the trappings and paraphernalia of traditional European culture without the inner faith. Theirs is the hollow horror which Morris found at the end of his life and which cannot be filled up by beauty alone but only by Saint Truth.

Mrs Meynell gives us a clear picture of all this. She makes no attempt to present a new thesis; there is no need. Sir Sidney Cockerell's qualifications and corrections of some of her statements have been observed elsewhere, but the story remains substantially the same—the failure to create life by imposing a pattern from outside. Morris saw his contemporaries 'leaving behind them a beauty which, to him, was the principal meaning of existence'. He died broken hearted because he had never learnt of the truth concealed in the heart of that beauty, still less of the truth that may remain when the face of beauty is disfigured.

FATHER. A Portrait of G. G. Coulton. By Sarah Champion. (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.)

After a splenetic public debate on papal infallibility, a rough hour of fantastic and irrelevant arguments, of which the alleged epilepsy of Pio Nono in his childhood was a fair sample, your reviewer invited G. G. Coulton to some celebrations in honour of St Thomas, a formal disputation followed by the usual hospitality of a priory. Instantly the blaze went out of the blue eyes, the angularity softened, there