

and grace." St Augustine, on the other hand, is alluded to with a surprising lack of cordiality; his conflict with Pelagius is regarded as "wearisome controversy". St Thomas's influence on the author appears to be nil. The fact that grace is essentially a revealed mystery is obscured by a too humanistic and empirical approach. "The catholic doctrine of the supernatural means that life may become a series of delightful surprises". All things considered, we are at quite a distance from the Catholic Church's teaching on grace.  
A.G.

TRANSLATION (LONDON). Edited by Neville Braybrooke and Elizabeth King. Phoenix Press; 1945.

This booklet starts a series which will, its editors hope, "open a new channel in English letters"—that underrated channel which translators explore. What is not done formally and on purpose will probably not get done at all; and you have to be rather a peculiar person to be interested in translation as a craft, intrinsically. Hence our thanks are doubly due to the editors for starting something so incapable of starting itself. Besides this small collection—small, yet ten languages have been pillaged—is worth having for its own sake, in spite of the tedious Aragon and a few dull renderings of better poets. Somewhat randomly I would pick out the work of Allan Laing, Hugo Manning and Vernon Watkins as showing hints of a special distinction. Some have been over-bold: thus John Heath-Stubbs is quite at his ease with Petrarch and quite out of tune with Leopardi; and Vernon Watkins gives us a magnificent Hölderlin and a very tame Ronsard.

It is all very curious. These double-tongued poems: ten languages echoing in English.  
K.F.

THE POETRY OF NORA GRACE. (Dublin: Cahill & Co.; 5s.).

An introduction by Oliver St. John Fogarty pays just tribute to the "slender spirit fair" of Nora Grace, who died at twenty-five and left behind her a few lyrics to give some hint of what she might have achieved. As it is, this exquisitely produced volume deserves a welcome for revealing, amidst the contemporary postical Babel, a quiet serenity of mood knowing that "minds moored to earth must love the sky."  
I.E.

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