

ing till we restore a sane society in which the work of man's hands is *human* work proceeding from a mind and a free will. 'Hence our immediate concern as Catholics is not with the problems of modern painters and novelists. . . . Rather it is with a fully Christian life and through it with the restoration of those conditions in which the common arts can flourish.' The essay should be used as a text book in all English schools; studied by every English Catholic; and used as the foundation for all social work today. It is to be hoped that it will be published in this country. CONRAD PEPLER, O.P.

**THE LIVING HEDGE.** By Leslie Paul. (Faber, 1s. 6d.)

Reminiscences of childhood fail too often because, inevitably, they interpret a world which was once accepted: a world that was a birthday present, a private possession that could rarely be shared. Mr Paul, the author of *The Annihilation of Man*, is an interpreter of his own boyhood and youth in *The Living Hedge*, and yet his purpose—a factual commentary, so to say, on the recovery of religion that was the theme of his earlier book—does not obtrude. The lower middle-class setting, in the Home Counties so soon to become a sprawling suburb, is faithfully seized with just that whole-hearted innocence which, in a child, can see wonders in a tram, on the beach, under the stone, while important world-shatterings (in this case the 1914-18 war) are a nuisance, noises off which interfere with what matters much more.

This instalment of memories ends with the decay of a boy's faith: the shoddy materialism of the clerks' office and the fake heartiness of the larger life of scouting and Kibbo Kift. We are promised more, and it will be of the greatest interest to follow Mr Paul's journey, which will bring him back to the candid acceptance he begins with. But that is for the future, and in the meantime *The Living Hedge* must be welcomed for its own account, as a piece of skilful writing, free from tricks indeed but containing, among other excellencies, a description (on pp. 82-85) of swimming in a rough sea that can rarely have been equalled for terror re-lived. ILLTUD EVANS, O.P.

**FRESNES MA PAROISSE.** By Jean-François Leonard. (Editions Franciscaines; 30f.)

**LES ROIS-MAGES.** By André Frénaud. (Editions Poésie 44: Pierre Seghers; 60f.)

*Fresnes ma Paroisse* is a series of meditations by a French patriot who was imprisoned during the German occupation. They are set down in free verse and, although they are to be commended more for their spiritual rather than poetical qualities, at least they do possess some of that ragged charm which can also be discerned in Peter Maurin's *Easy Essays*. Frère Jean-François Leonard has made his tribulations into a means of religious purification through self-sacrifice: the mystery of suffering for him has taken on a fresh significance and his vision of the world a new perspective. For instance, his