

and his attitude towards the policies of that country during the two world wars. This is interesting enough, and understandable in view of the author's background and of the Pope's long term as Papal Nuncio in Berlin. But it results in a lop-sided view of Vatican policy and of the Pope's interests and influence. There is little or nothing here about his social teaching, his many pronouncements on science, morals, world affairs and war, his deep interest in Asia, his attitude toward new liturgical and apostolic movements, his interest in education, and much else. The form of the book, compounded of anecdotes, invented and reported conversations, and the opinions of men in the street, makes it lightish journalism rather than a serious study. For all the admiration Prince Constantine expresses for the Pope, it seems that the essence of his subject has escaped him. —J.C.R.

TALES FROM THE IRISH

IRISH SAGAS AND FOLK TALES, retold by Eileen O'Faolain, illustrated by Joan Kiddell-Monroe. Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press. English price 12 6.

HERE are many children's books on sale today, good of their kind and profusely illustrated, about "The Little Engine Who was Tired" or "How Bill and Patsy Built Their Trolley." These are part of the imaginative world of the modern child; yet at times they seem also too efficiently extroverted, too consciously a stage in the education of Healthy Citizens. Children themselves will still listen hungrily to the story of the Snow Queen or sad Pinocchio; for folk tales and fairy stories are unexpurgated fantasy, the coil of dream knowledge, the delusive third road seen five centuries ago by Thomas the Rhymer, which leads neither to Heaven nor Hell, nor for that matter to the Welfare State. In praising almost without reservation these tales from the Irish, I am aware of deep prejudice rising from a childhood saturation in myth and folk-tale. Fergus, Oisín, and the Children of Lir were known to me also, as intimately as the face of the New Zealand night sky. Eileen O'Faolain has not avoided entirely the Irish trick of prettification. But no one (barring St. Patrick) can make the Irish heroes into Christian gentlemen. They are incurably gluttonous, arrogant, quarrelsome and bloodthirsty—in a word, heroic.

And the tumult of noise, said Fergus, was the crashing of shields, the jangle of javelins, the ringing of helmets and the clangour of breastplates, the straining of ropes, the whirr of wheels, the tramping of horses and the creaking of chariots, and the great battle-cry of the fierce and terrible, bloodthirsty Warriors of the Red Branch hastening to the cleaving and the carving, the hewing and the hacking of the Men of Erin.

I look forward to the time when I will have the opportunity of reading the
(continued on next page)

FRIENDS' SCHOOL, Wanganui

(Co-educational Boarding School)

Required from Term 1, 1955:

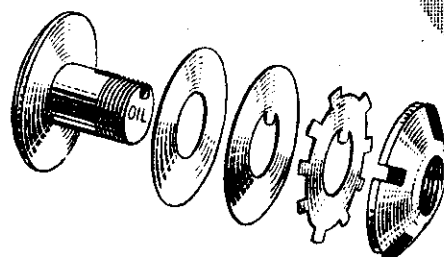
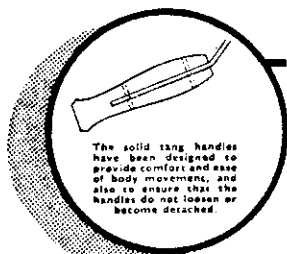
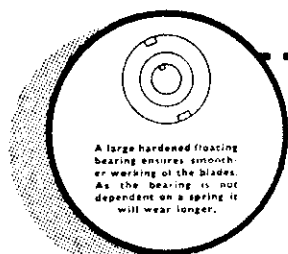
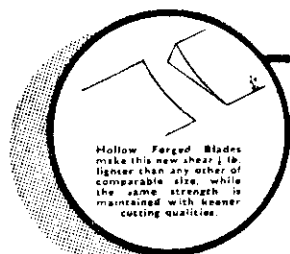
- (1) ASSISTANT MISTRESS FOR STANDARD 3.
- (2) ASSISTANT MISTRESS FOR STANDARD 4.

Salaries according to Government Scale.

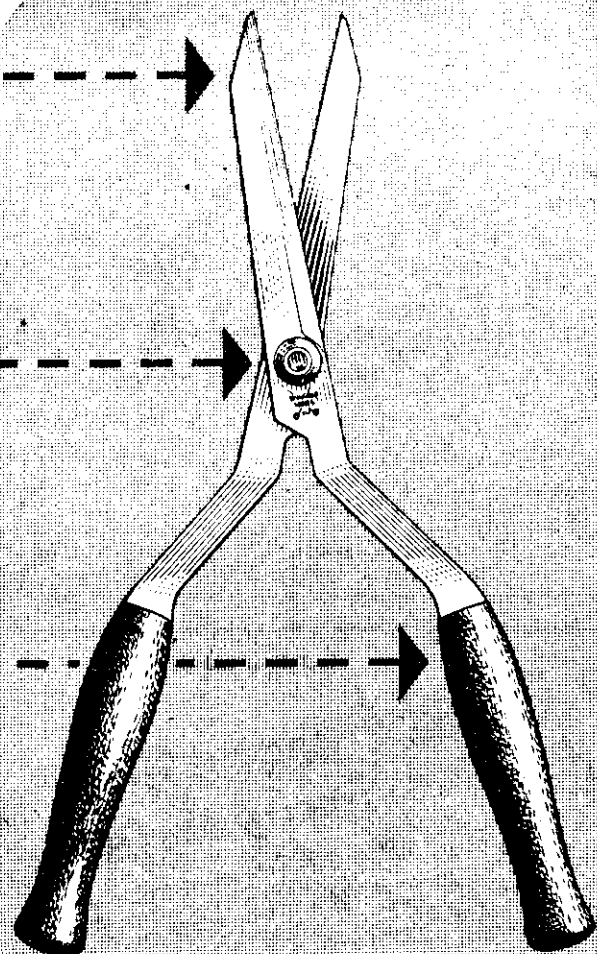
Grading and Superannuation Rights Safeguarded.

Apply to the Headmaster.

Garden shear . . . modern version!



This diagram shows the Floating Bolt assembly—a unique feature which ensures long wearing life and smooth easy action.



The Wilkinson Sword W.412 Garden Shear represents a revolution in Garden Shear design. The tapered rust-resisting hollow forged blades combine strength with lightness. The Floating Bolt gives a smooth easy action. Using no spring it offers a long wearing life and is adjustable when necessary. This shear has been scientifically designed with an eye to ease of cutting, and is undoubtedly the finest instrument of its kind available.

WILKINSON SWORD

Renowned since 1772

GARDEN TOOLS

AVAILABLE FROM ALL GOOD
HARDWARE STORES AND
SEEDSMEN.