Mr. Lindsay's thesis, if I understar

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Dr. Hay, after a survey of the conditions which make for health and disease, discusses some common ailments and their prevention, including three chapters on appendicitis.

Prospectus of both books, including specimen recipes, from HARRAP (S.T.), 182 High Holborn, London, W.C.1

John Bunyan: Maker of Myths. By Jack Lindsay. (Methuen. 10s. 6d.)

By EDWARD SHANKS

"is a biography of Bunyan." ceeded to become themselves exploite lescribed, but it is certainly other things the simple standard of wealth and as well. Among other things, it is a consequent ability to exploit. Bunyan striking example of the number of points of view from which one author may be regarded. Mr. Buchan's Peter he began it—though he was not v Pienaar, it may be remembered, was a rich even then. reat reader of "Pilgrim's Progress," ind "thought that with luck he might resemble Mr. Standfast, for, like him, he ad not much trouble in keeping wakeil. 'and was also as 'poor as a howlet,' nd didn't bother about women. He only haracter. To Kipling, Bunyan was a

Now he hath left his quarters, The wisdom that he taught us Is proven prophecy— 🤇 One watchword through our Armies.

No dealing with Diabolus

One answer from our Lands:—

So long as Mansoul stands!" To Kipling he is also "the Father of the Novel," an opinion in which Mr. Lindsay concurs, though he inserts the word bourgeois" before "novel." To many tenerations of children he has been a writer of vivid and exciting stories -stories which to generations earlier ian our own had the extra merit of being suitable for reading on a Sunday

Complications

To Mr. Lindsay he is primarily an labouring classes against the Church and illustration of the theories of Marx and the Monarchy, and then proceeded Freud. When he was not proving the enjoy for itself what its allies had help tensions set up by an imperfectly it to take from these two victims. Li adjusted human economy, he was brune and the Independents, and ma proving that all myths arise out of the more of the Parliamentary. Army objected to this process, and might hav ymbols created by the unconscious. It is unfair to describe Mr. Lindsay's initiated what would have been to a ook in this way, but that will be imme-lintents and purposes a Communist rev diately obvious to anyone who knows his lution. But here Mr. Lindsay interje imagination and sharp historical insight. since the level of productivity was no He can hardly fail to throw some flashes sufficiently high. It must be inferred tha of illumination on any subject to which the historical function of Nonconforn he gives his attention. But I wish he had has been to raise it to the required poin

by expounding him also as the mouth-fully to convey the impression that does understand it only too' well. It piece of the unconscious. The first is profoundly interesting, but used here in all sincerity. I am not it is also complicated enough in itself, a all sure that I understand what N mot on which even Mr. Lindsay seems Lindsay has been trying to tell me, and not guite to know where first to begin to will add with equal candour that I do n pull. Characteristically, he goes back think that this is entirely my fault. F or an explanation not merely to the has tried to throw light on John Buny Elizabethan Settlement and the enclo-from so many different angles that ures and the Wars of the Roses, but as batteries of searchlights obliterate th ar as the historical origins of object and dazzle the beholder. Soo

not complicated his exposition of Very often the reviewer's parenthetica

Bunyan as a product of political stresses "if I understand it "is meant sorrow

or later Mr. Lindsay, whose interest The creation of the Roman Empire gave range from Catiline to Calvin, will an enormous lift to productivity—but in himself obliged to write a history of terms of a slave-economy. The produc- world. When he does, I promise to tive advance, linking men together on a an eager and, I hope, more comprehe scale without parallel, was therefore felt ing reader of it. as a terrible mockery. The Son had been utterly sacrificed to the Father of Power. The thwarted sense of a new bond flowed into the old mystery forms of religion. The Village Carpenter. By Walter Rose. burst them with an unprecedente

intensity, and created Christianity. road .Mr Rose is a master carnenter lik field in his major endeavour, which to show Bunyan as one of-the founder of Nonconformity and to show how t movement arose, and the meaning of came. It is not surprising that he rapidl ills his stage, fills it so full, indeed, that I Bunyan occasionally looks like ntruder on it.

Puzzling the Reader

The problem which most troubles him s to explain how the Nonconformis pirit, which began as an attempt to eturn to primitive Christianity, became the inspiration of the capitalist system. craft—there was then no "special Bunyan was early influenced, he says, by tion" as a factory-ridden age has taug he ideas prevalent in the army which us to understand the word; a carpente religious imagery in a manner such as a boy to fetch the (wrong) instrume to make the result quite bewildering for for with towards are well known to him, can loubtful key. The struggle against the forms of the Church of England repre- The book is written wisely sented, according to Mr. Lindsay, a con-without affectation. The text is i crete issue. The surplices of the clergy trated with appropriate photograp represented a social difference, against and there is an appreciative introdu which the exploited rose in one of the tion by Mr. Frank Kendon.

ENGLISH STREAMS

Down the River. By H. E. Bates. With 83 wood-engravings by Agnes Miller Parker. (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.)

If you pick up this book and casually glance through it you may decide that it is a nice book to put in your guests' bedrooms and nothing more. You may be tempted to suppose that the letterpress is merely an excuse for the pictures, and that Mr. Bates is acting as compère to introduce Miss Agnes Miller Parker's extraordinarily beautiful Tengravings.

You will be hopelessly wrong. "Down the River" is by no means the slight. elegant, rather precious essay which it appears to be. It is a piece of honest and sturdy prose, without any of the peevishness and petulance which you find in much contemporary writing; it is never precious, and sometimes it is not even elegant, having the awkwardness, the grandeur, and the strength of those old gnarled willows which line the banks of Mr. Bates's rivers. Indeed. i is the sort of thing which Hudson would have been proud to have written; and he needed no pictures, however beautiful, to make people read what he wrote.

It is chiefly an account, remembered LAURENCE in tranquillity, of a boyhood spent beside the Ouse and the Nene; of their changing moods, their floods and frosts, their popuation of beasts and birds and flowers. With a quiet and loving intensity Mr. Bates writes of ducks, caught in whirlpools, "spinning downstream like bits of "frothing seed" on the banks in July, of the "dynamic and sinister" stillness

of a sunning pike, of a cloud of dragonplay of blue gauze over the snowy flowers above the sun-glassy water." He has an exquisite passage about

Walking, I saw ahead of me a space of forget-me-nots. As I approached they grew not more clear, as they should have saw that they were not tall enough for cloud of powder: a large host of tur-quoise butterflies, a miraculous cloud of pale-blue flying ghosts.

A Rook Comedy

England. And here, for contrast, is a glorious description of a flight of rooks before a storm:—

They go over in a flight of serio-comic disorder. And they are followed, far behind, by a solitary rook who is the personification of all rooks and all rook up the rear, a great bird cackling and cawing in fear and wrath as though he is a Jehovah among rooks, as though, after all, it is not man or storm but only he himself that is the terror. It is anger, of an awful rook-god descending with a loud voice on an offending people. All that spoils it is that it is so funny.
It is as though God were to have appeared and chastised the Israelites with

an irate umbrella. It is the great merit of Mr. Bates's writing that he can see at one and the same time this divine comedy of rooks or ducks and the huge tragedy of men. He perceives, not only the river and the birds and the "old-world" country cottage, but also the inside of the cottage, where "some poor devil cannot stand upright, can write his name with his fingers on the wall's wetness, can hear the rats running over his head at night, and must walk fifty yards to his wretched

The Artist's Part

Indeed, Mr. Bates's landscape is not always idyllic, nor is his prose always gentle; he tears to pieces the otterhunters with a savagery which their own woolly, clumsy, and rather stupid hounds shooting men sky-high with thunder louder than the explosion of an 8-bore.

Miss Agnes Miller Parker's woodengravings are nearly, but not quite, as good as Mr. Bates's prose. Her swans and her fishermen and particularly her "still-life" subjects are perfect, but she is less successful with the swifter creatures—there is a pike that looks stuffed, and a most painfully academic

But it would be ungrateful to grumble. The book is worth much more than 10s. 6d.; indeed, Mr. Bates tells half a dozen stories which are each worth as much as that; they are the sort of stories, as sweet and as tart as country cider. which must have been told a hundred times in riverside pubs and which are all the better for having been told so often.

Professor J. E. Neale's review last Sunday of Lord Eustace Percy's interestor with tenderness, and after long years ing study of John Knox should have those who do not possess Mr. Lindsay's of use take on something of his per- ended with the words "this is a biography studded with the reflections of a statesman." The succeeding (and final) paragraph was interpolated in error from the Dean of Exeter's review of "The Diary of a Country Priest," which followed in the same column.

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(Cambridge University Press. 8s. 6d.)

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