

BOOKS ABROAD

The Gods of Mexico, by Lewis Spence. London: Fisher Unwin, 1923. 30s.

[*Daily Telegraph*]

IN this important work Mr. Lewis Spence brings the extraordinary myths of ancient Mexico into a coherent system. He has a first-hand knowledge both of the language and of the ancient native manuscripts which are the main source through which the Aztecs' curious and remote faith may be discovered. Their terrible rites, their demons, the symbolism of their deities, the relation of their myths to those of other countries — all these secrets of the past have been disclosed with a picturesqueness and animation that make the research of a specialist attractive to the general reader. Perhaps this point should be a little accentuated, for it is the author's lament that Great Britain is alone among all the countries in resisting the spell of old Mexico.

his book — all who love Rome as it is to-day, and there is no more lovable city, will thank him.

Roman Pictures, by Percy Lubbock. London: Jonathan Cape, 1923. 7s. 6d.

[*To-Day*]

WHEN the average traveler writes about Rome he gives the average reader the impression of an eternal city of eternal monuments springing in various stages of decay out of the remains of the various civilizations which have made Rome their headquarters. The view is partial and misleading. There are monuments in Rome which are sometimes beautiful and always interesting to the student of history, but the predominant and most interesting fact about Rome is Rome: the living fact of a living city which has gone on living from centuries before the legionaries of Caesar as it will most certainly go on for centuries after the Fascisti of Mussolini.

Mr. Lubbock, in a prose which readers of his earlier book, *Earlham*, need not be told is a joy in itself, adopts the method of the few who write travel-books and remain artists. Such are, for instance, Kinglake, Samuel Butler, and more recently Norman Douglas. He realizes with the most shallow-sighted mortal that Rome is Rome, and being so is more or less entangled in an amazing past which has many links, material and spiritual, with an equally amazing present, but he does not separate the two. The result is an entrancing book of Roman studies in which the living and the dead, the spiritual and the material, commingle and jostle one another delightfully and naturally, as, in fact, they do in Rome. By giving us attractive pictures of living Romans, Mr. Lubbock has made Rome live in