

ing the Alps by coach to reach the Mother House in Paris was extremely uncomfortable. But it was nothing to the later adventures of this heroic nun. For Mother de Rousier was sent as a missionary to found houses of her Society in South America. Her Superiors had obviously no idea what the conditions of travel were in that part of the world. The details of that terrible journey from North America into the wildernesses of the South, in order to reach Chile, are hair-raising. Mother de Rousier was neither young enough nor strong enough to enjoy being hurtled about on the back of a mule, a capricious creature leaping at one moment on to rocks five foot or more in height while at another moment refusing to move at all. On crossing one of the most dangerous summits of the route the mule suddenly lay down on its side and threw Mother de Rousier over the edge of a precipice. Had it not been for the branches of a tree projecting from the cliff half way down, which caught her in her fall, she would have been dashed to pieces on the rocks below. As it was, it was all she could do to hang on to the tree until two unwilling natives were lowered down to her rescue. In spite of everything Mother de Rousier arrived at her destination. The delays and setbacks seemed endless, but in face of all the difficulties put in her way, and of every kind of hardship Mother de Rousier and her two or three companions succeeded in making not one, but several foundations in South America.

This little book, which is not lacking in humour, is a simply written record of a valiant and saintly woman.

FFLORENS ROCH.

THE CURE OF ARS. By Sister Mary Ansgar, O.P. (The Bloomsbury Publishing Co.; 2s. 6d.)

A delightful little book. Pictures are half the battle in a book for children, and this book is full of pictures, well drawn, nothing vague or uncertain or niggling about them. The 'reading' too is easy 'reading' in very clear black print. One wonders a little why Sister Mary Ansgar writes of the devil, when he has to be brought in, as the 'dibble'. Perhaps she thinks the word 'dibble' will frighten children less than the word 'devil'. But children are not so silly. The child of today likes to call a spade a spade and a devil a devil, and why not? However, that is a very minor criticism. The book is a joy, and one wishes more books for children were brought out like it. It teaches holiness without talking about it.

FFLORENS ROCH.

THE CARPENTER SAINT. By Wilkinson Sherren. (Organ; 2s. 6d.)

'In writing this little work', says the author, 'I have had in mind . . . that St Joseph belonged to what we should call today the working class.' And he dedicates the book to the Young Christian Workers. The illustrations by Rosemary de Souza suggest that the

workers in mind are very young; and the style of the life, which is inevitably full of 'Mary must have been', 'likely enough Joseph', 'one naturally supposes', indicates that they are also feminine rather than masculine. But it is a simple little book which will appeal to the simple of all ages. The only criticism to be offered is against the tendency here typified of giving to the simple what they expect in art and letters instead of what they might so easily be taught to appreciate—for they still expect vision through Victorian eyes.

J.H.

MONSIEUR F. PORTAL, PRETRE DE LA MISSION. By H. Hemmer. (Bloud et Gay, Paris; 220 frs.).

The Abbé Portal is known to English Catholics chiefly through his part in the discussions on reunion which culminated in the Malines conversations. One advantage of this very full biography is that it shows us many other aspects of his zeal and apostolic charity, his seminary teaching, his formation of the young men at the Ecole Normale, his direction of souls. But his main interest was in the problem of reunion, to which he was moved by his ardent charity in the first place but also by the impression made on him at his first meeting with Lord Halifax. The delicacy of his position is admirably explained, but it does seem as if his biographer had not even to the end fully appreciated the outlook of English Catholics. There is much to be said for proceeding gently and learning to appreciate the Christian spirit of our separated brethren, but—knowing the unrepresentative character of the Anglo-Catholics and properly insisting that there is no Catholicism without the Pope—it is not surprising that Cardinal Vaughan and others should have asked first for signs of readiness to submit to Rome. Indeed the Cardinal seems to have been particularly gracious in inviting the Abbé to call on him in London, unfortunately in a letter delayed in the post until the addressee had returned to Paris; it does not seem to have occurred even to his biographer that a Catholic priest coming to a foreign country to discuss reunion with acknowledged schismatics ought himself to have made an effort to see the representatives of his own Church: 'Le peu de temps dont il disposait ne lui laissa pas le loisir de poursuivre son enquête auprès des évêques catholiques d'Angleterre' (p. 50).

On p. 193 Fr Vincent McNabb is described as 'un dominicain de Dowerside (presumably Downside).'

EDWARD QUINN