

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