

other two sisters of Doncaster and Penryesse' were burnt at Chelsea. Mr Gillett describes with a detail that is sure to interest every pilgrim there 'the wrackes as now do shoue Of that so holy lande'; and the enthusiasm with which he writes of the gradual return of Catholics to Walsingham should turn many of his readers themselves into pilgrims. They will get, on Catholic terrain, only so far as the Slipper or Slype Chapel—the chapel 'on the way there'—but having read the story of how that chapel was acquired they will not doubt that our Lady will find a means to restore even the shrine itself to Catholic devotion.

Mr Gillett writes with evident love of every stone in the shrine. It is a pity that he shows rather less insight into the human characters involved, notably Erasmus. But to ask for every excellence is to forget our human condition. The thirteen full-plate photographs of Walsingham, and the interesting material collected in the appendices already by themselves earn our uncarping gratitude.

COLUMBA RYAN, O.P.

OUR LADY'S FEASTS. By Sister Mary Jean Dorcy, O.P. (Sheed & Ward; 8s. 6d.)

In the last hundred years, since our Lady's appearance to Bernadette and to the children at Fatima, there has been a constant stream of 'devotional literature'—books, pamphlets and papers—professing for the greater part, 'to enable us to see our Lady more clearly'. And since so much of what has been written has only served to cloud the Mother of God in greater obscurity, and to sicken Catholic and non-Catholic alike by its treacly artificiality, new books in our Lady's honour tend to be immediately suspect—especially when written, as this one is, by an American-born religious, primarily for the 'teen-age'. Moreover the illustrations—silhouettes 'made with scissors'—and the 'illuminated' initial letters are in the main very definitely of the sugar-cake tradition—a fact all the more deplorable in view of the excellent type and setting of the letterpress.

But, disregarding the occasional 'purple' patch, the accompanying prose passages—10 of them, 'meditating' in turn eight of our Lady's major feasts and those of the Nativity of our Lord and the Holy Family—have a very attractive directness and simplicity which is in refreshing, and fitting, contrast to the tone and language dear to the intellectual exponents of 'modern' materialism. It is this directness which will commend the book to all those who love our Lady, whether they are within the prescribed age-limit or not, and to all who are not too proud to 'apply for the heavenly help of the holy family'. M.C.

FROM SIX GREAT CITIES. By Berners Wilson (Collins; 2s. 6d.)

Quite recently some of the leaders of our Y.C.W. boys' section came to me with the request for a mid-week young workers' service. Their only stipulation was that it must be lively and in their own language. (There must be in the parish 1,000 Catholic boys and girls, 80 per cent. of whom seldom go to Mass, and 99 per cent. of whom never go

to an evening service). The young leaders said that they were always hearing and talking of Christ, but that they seldom got a chance of feeling him. They believed that, if we could have a young workers' service in their own language, it would help their spiritual life and they could make it a great success. But if it was in Latin and in big English words about pie in the sky, then it would be a flop.

So we got together and, first with the boys, then with the girls, hammered out the tools for this task of feeling Christ. We enjoyed doing the job and hope we will be allowed to use the tools and make new ones.

Now the interesting thing is that the content and shape of the service is not unlike that devised by the B.B.C. for the series of talks and youth services which were broadcast last winter and which are now published under the title *From Six Great Cities*. The book was only sent me for review after our draft for a young workers' service had been submitted to authority.

The book, published for the reasonable price of 2s. 6d., contains the talks as given before large gatherings in each of six big industrial cities and also the form of the service used. The talks are first-rate, lively, concrete and deeply Christian. Bernard Wilson, the Church of England minister, who gave the talks, stands four-square on the divinity of Christ and on man's absolute need of Jesus.

The speaker went straight, simply and honestly, to the heart of young people's problems—problems of prayer, of work, of friendship, of love, of home, of play, in fact of life. And he handled these problems with gentleness, firmness, clear insight, and always found the solution in a return to Christ—the Christ of the Gospels, the Christ in our midst.

The weakness of the talks, hidden by the speaker's faith, insight and persuasiveness, is that a devotion to our Lord not tied upon and expressed in Eucharistic prayer is bound to dry up when the cares and lures of this life encompass it. And of course to 'feel' Jesus, one must love his Mother.

In one or two places, the speaker, having faced up to one or other acute modern problem, slips off with a too-easy appeal to return to Christ—and youth services. Thus, in his talk on 'You and Your Job', he faces the terrible problem of those 'whose work has nothing whatever to do with the life of the nation or with people's needs, such as standing by a conveyor belt and never seeing the finished product', but his only solution is to find compensation in a club or youth service, and later on, perhaps, in a county college.

Again, in the talk 'You and Your Friends', he deals with the question of 'necking', and maintains, quite rightly, that, at times, it can be quite as immoral as promiscuous intercourse. But he thinks that the main cause leading up to it is vanity—the girl not wishing to seem old-fashioned, and the boy wanting to show that he is tough. Are not ignorance, with its concomitant curiosity, on the one hand, and a deep, if unconscious, sense of frustration on the other hand, just as potent causes?

However, these points are open to discussion, for which, no doubt, there was not time during the original talks. And they in no way lessen the value of the book, which is most interesting, inspiring, exemplary and encouraging.

BERNARD GOODE.

THE GOD OF THE CHRISTIANS. By Dom Augustine Morris. (The Dacre Press; 5s.)

This book is a plain statement of the Christian belief in God, and as this it is valuable and highly successful. It is written for those who have a vague belief in God as Ruler of the Universe, but little more; who turn to God in a crisis, but seldom or never at any other time. It would not convince an agnostic or open the eyes of an atheist—to them it would seem to beg the question; but it does not set out to do this; the purpose of it is to explain lucidly what the Christian Faith teaches about God.

Whether this book will be read much by those for whom it seems intended, is doubtful. We believe the author to be too sanguine in thinking that no one can altogether escape wondering what is the purpose of life and whether there is a God. The vast majority of men and women seem to go through life quite unconcerned about God so long as their bellies are filled and their appetites are satisfied. If the average man or woman of our era turns to God at all, it is only as a last resort, as something that will not do any harm and might do some good. If people could only be stirred to think, the battle would be half-won. But whether this book will be read by many or by few, certain it is that no one could read it without profit. We ourselves could not put it down, and sat up late into the night to finish it.

Every chapter, almost every page has something good, the whole book is steeped with fundamental truths that should be obvious and well known, but, even by Catholics, are too often neglected and forgotten. We cannot resist from quoting a few passages taken at random: 'It is not petition but adoration which is the most essential element in prayer'; 'The woman who wastes time in observing a glorious sunset, time which ought to have been spent in visiting a sick friend is by no means growing in the love of God. The married couple who invest in a car to enjoy the beauties of nature instead of having a baby are worshipping themselves rather than God'; 'God's liberty is in no way limited but greatly augmented by the fact that he cannot sin'; 'The special characteristic of a holy man is that the actions of his life are deliberately directed towards God and performed in constant dependence upon his grace. An atheist may be a good man; but no man can be holy unless he is a man of prayer'. All this is excellent and needs saying, and there is much more of the same.

BRUNO S. JAMES.

#### ERRATUM

In the October issue, page 120, paragraph 2, from St Jerome on Purgatory, read: The Seraphim . . . are also sent . . . to those who need purification, and who, for the sins of their former life, ~~need~~ *need purgation by punishment* (Ep. xviii, 9).