

words. She gave birth to Benjamin and died, calling her child "Benjamin, the son of her pain". But with far greater reason could the Saviour call every Christian "the son of his pain" since it was with such anguish that he won for each of them the dignity of being a son of God. Thus we see clearly that every reason for loving him is to be found by his faithful servants in Christ our Lord. For he loves them as the father and mother love their children, as the head its members, as the Bridegroom the bride who was taken from his side when he slept the sleep of death on the Cross, for it was then he was wedded to the Church. Look, then, on the vile worm whose love in return should correspond to that of so great, so noble and so faithful a Lover.

(To be continued).

REVIEWS

MARGARET PRINCESS OF HUNGARY. By S.M.C. With a Preface by Benet O'Driscoll, O.P. (Blackfriars; 5s. net).

Miracles, sweetness, terrifying penances, all the ingredients of the traditional hagiology are here. But they are made credible and interesting by an authoress who has a very special facility for recalling to the present age the message of another and perceiving the signs by which the Holy Ghost manifests his presence at all times. Margaret found the way to sanctity hard, but straight and sure; her simplicity and the avoidance of complicated processes of spirituality were indeed, as S.M.C. insists, the result of *her* Dominican vocation: they were specifically Dominican, but the genus belongs to all the saints. But her way of helping her country was less simple: even the papal dispensations could not persuade her to enter on marriages which seemed immediately advantageous, but which might have deprived Hungary of her intercessions and our bewildered age of her challenge. Perhaps this is not the most suitable place, but at least a non-Dominican reviewer may congratulate BLACKFRIARS on the quiet distinction of this—the first?—venture in book-production.

EDWARD QUINN.

Blackfriars, November, 1945 (Vol. II. No. 21). *Price 6d., if purchased separately.* The Ditchling Press, Hassocks, Sussex.