

## REVIEWS

MISSION TO THE POOREST. By M. R. Loew, O.P. (Sheed and Ward; 10s. 6d.)

This is the sort of book that makes one thoroughly ashamed of oneself. If only for that reason, it should be read by every Christian, and, in particular, by every Christian priest. Criticisms there may be, though one hesitates to make them about a man like Père Loew and his work among the dockers of Marseilles. It is so easy, too easy, to sit back comfortably with *Mission to the Poorest* propped up before one, and pick holes in the enthusiastic methods of this group of men on fire with the charity which the grace of the gospel has kindled within them. What man, and especially what priest or Christian, could remain deaf to the sighs that rise from the depths and call for justice and a spirit of brotherly collaboration in a world ruled by a just God? Such deafness would be culpable and unjustifiable before God. While we must be resolute in our fight against error, we must also be full of sympathy for those who err, and open-minded in our understanding of their aspirations, hopes and motives.

I have been told, or maybe have read somewhere, that Cardinal Suhard said to his young priests that he was concerned less with their possible mistakes, their errors of judgment, than with their zeal. 'Get a move on', he told them in effect; 'I don't care *what* you do, but *do* something to spread the truth of Christ. If you go too far, or stray from what is prudent, I will tell you where you are wrong. Meanwhile make full use of the graces you received at ordination.'

What the Abbé Godin did for the 'Mission de Paris', the Abbé Michonneau for the parish of Colombes, has been done, *mutatis mutandis*, by Père Loew in Marseilles. The story of his work, so ably translated by Pamela Carswell, and framed by an introduction and epilogue by Maisie Ward, is the old one of the Grasshopper and the Ant. . . . but with a difference. The ant worth his salt must be ready, when occasion demands, to become a grasshopper among grasshoppers.  
D.S.

VESSEL OF CLAY. By Leo Trese. (Sheed and Ward; 7s. 6d.)

Few things are more difficult than to preach to one's fellow-priests. Fr Trese has adopted the device of preaching to himself and letting us overhear him. He sets down in a diary his reflections on the priestly life. The time covered is one day, from 6.30 a.m. to 11.45 p.m.; and the place is America. If this is a typical day, then it is no wonder that American priests die young. The diary is plainly artificial, but if the reader can accept the convention, he will derive much profit from Fr