

of pilgrimage, one on custom and tradition, and a conclusion entitled 'Microcosm of History'. Readers who have made the pilgrimage to Lough Derg or Croagh Patrick will find some interesting matter on the customs which have grown up during the centuries, and explanations of some features, like walking *deiseal* round the beds at Lough Derg, which had their origin in pre-Christian sun-worship before being adapted to the service of the Sun of Justice. Altogether the book is rich in interests. Almost a handbook for those who 'long to go on pilgrimage', it is a study of popular, traditional prayer and penance in common, and an introduction to the lives of the Celtic monks.

The book is well produced. The photographs are excellently chosen, but occasionally rather faint in reproduction.

B.M.

BEDE: A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH AND PEOPLE. A new translation by Leo Sherley-Price. (The Penguin Classics; 3s. 6d.)

This useful translation will be welcomed by readers who have come to believe that the racy and homely style of Bede is concealed by the Tudor ornament of Stapleton. From the beginning the translator captures and retains Bede's feeling for contemporary events, his careful scrutiny of authorities and, above all, his account of the affairs of men in the light of their salvation. Saint Bede does not moralize; but the prayer at the end of the *History* reveals that his task was more than an essay in research, excellent as this was, because we have the overflow of the author's *lectio divina* and of his conviction that the account of saints and sinners 'might bequeath a means of salvation to the living'. The *History* is also a prayer-book. In its present convenient form it should help to acquaint many readers with the saint who wrote it and the saints he describes.

B.M.

TOWARDS EVENING. By Mary Hope. (Sheed and Ward; 10s. 6d.)

This is an unusual book, written with a great deal of charm by a woman in her early sixties. One wonders at first how a book of this nature, written in America, will appeal to the English aged and ageing public, where the aftermath of a war is worn into the tissues of the nation, and where the grandparents still do the odd job, or put aside the shilling meant for baccy, so that the grandchildren do not have to know what privation means. How many, I wonder, in our crowded streets, have time to reflect on the beauty of the dawn, or listen to the clear note of the thrush, or prepare, with leisure, for the arrival of their grandchildren and parents? The author thinks of herself as blessed, inasmuch as she does not anticipate lack of means to pay for