

and he conveys more of what Ireland means to the Irish than anything else I have seen.

URBAN FLANAGAN, O.P.

GLASGOW. By J. M. Reid. (Batsford; 25s.)

The name of Scotland's largest city, Glasgow, conjures up for many people, especially those who do not know its warmth and friendliness, an unattractive picture of an industrial, somewhat uncouth, town, the more repellent when compared with its gracious sister city, Edinburgh. How wrong they are is shown effectively by Mr J. M. Reid in this, almost unexpected, Batsford book with its fine illustrations. There is a great deal more to Glasgow than big business, football and the Gorbals. Unlike the industrial towns born of the Industrial Revolution, Glasgow has a long history, narrated here with a reassuring competence and pleasing objectivity. It divides clearly into four epochs: 'the settlement which was not yet a town; the little city of the bishops created for and by the Church; the merchant burgh, which stretched its interests over half the world'; and, finally, the Glasgow which began with the beginning of the United States.

An intriguing aspect of the last stage of Glasgow's evolution is that it is a Victorian city. 'You might almost call it *the* Victorian city', says Mr Reid, 'the one great town which has maintained a nineteenth-century face of which it may be reasonably proud.' It has, though, its old buildings as well as its eighteenth-century and Victorian gems of architecture. And its citizens are proud of their Art Gallery, which houses, as Mr Reid justly observes, 'a municipal collection that is the finest of its kind in Britain'.

Glasgow is a friendly city. Its citizens are open and generous. They will surely be grateful to Mr Reid who displays here so brilliantly the *nova et vetera* of St Mungo's city.

KIERAN MULVEY, O.P.

HEART OF SCOTLAND. By Charles Richard Cammell. (Robert Hale; 18s.)

This autobiography opens with a lyrical description of the author's return to Scotland at the age of forty after a self-chosen exile of over twenty years. The decision to return came about through a medium with the unusual name of Leigh Hunt telling Mr Cammell that his deceased Highland godmother urged him to go back. He did go back and this volume of memories, from the spring of 1931 till the end of 1935, is the result.

Mr Cammell had the good fortune to meet many fascinating personalities in Scotland, of whom he gives biographical studies and