

lecturer-designate in International Affairs at Trinity, produces a book of essays in which wisdom plays—as she should never forget to play—before the Lord. The old Dublin that ‘tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky’ persists in these happy pages. Their marriage of enthusiasm and scholarship enlivens even old music-hall songs; and the author plans a school for buskers, so that these ineluctable minstrels may entertain their bus-queues more melodiously. He is less intolerant of slug-a-beds than the Curé d’Ars. Like Thackeray, he has no use for ‘literary gents’. In fact he is one of us, magnified, as an essayist should be.

H. P. E.

ENGLISH SPORTS AND PASTIMES. By Christina Hole. (Batsford; 15s.)

In her latest book, *English Sports and Pastimes*, Miss Christina Hole continues her work as a recorder of our social history. She has given an absorbing account of the English at play from the middle ages until recent times.

It is interesting to notice how the larger issues of history are reflected in the national recreation. Although the English have perhaps a less scientific approach to modern sports and amusements than the Americans, one cannot but reflect on the contrast between the carefree approach to pleasure of our forefathers and the earnestness which characterises our attitude today. The development of the professional expert has led to the increased popularity of sport; but at the same time caused a great decrease in active participation. Thus we have a vast majority of ‘sportsmen’ who are content to remain spectators.

Miss Hole has traced the history of almost every conceivable form of amusement with a tenacity that is admirable; it is surprising to find how far in the past many of them have their roots. The book is well worthy of the immense amount of research it must have involved. The selection of the many illustrations which decorate the pages is also a matter for congratulation.

MAURICE McLOUGHLIN.

CORNISH YEARS. By Anne Treneer. (Cape; 12s.6d.)

A lovable book, and a welcome successor to that lyric of childhood’s primrosing, *The School-house in the Wind*. We are now taken into the world of a student and teacher, but we can still wander at times in faerie, and be caught enchanted between cliff and sky.

Miss Treneer’s descriptions of landscape are vivid. ‘Cornwall is a poem’, she declares; but she finds poetry also in the streets of Exeter, in the Bodleian Quad, and even in her Liverpool interludes. We may challenge her wildest flights, or sense an occasional turgidity, or regret a superficial philosophy of life, but we cannot fail to enjoy the gaiety and sparkle of these pages.

Miss Treneer is perhaps inclined to view Cornwall *couleur de rose*, but we are grateful for her vignettes of its characters and her records of a dialect passing away. ‘We don’t belong to talk like that now’, someone said of her earlier book!