

## Book Reviews

tion whatever upon their intellectual calibre. 'Invincible ignorance' of the true Church is perfectly compatible with a 'first' in Honour Mods. or Greats, or with coveted honours in any other school. Faith is a supernatural 'gift,' not an acquired commodity purchased at some educational stores. Prayer and mortification dispose the soul to receive that gift from the Giver of all good gifts, and needless to remark humility of spirit is included as a necessary condition.

R.L.H.

THOUGHTS FOR MEDITATION. Third Series. By Mother Clare Fey. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd. ; 5/-.)

JESUS THE CRUCIFIED. By Mother Clare Fey. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd. ; 2/6 paper, 3/6 cloth.)

Originally intended only for religious, these two little volumes of the collected meditations of Mother Clare Fey will be welcomed by the wider public which, through the generosity of the Sisters of the Poor Child Jesus, has already learnt to appreciate the writings of their holy foundress. The *Thoughts* are suggested by the Magnificat, the Salve Regina and feasts of Our Lady, St. Joseph, and other saints. The title of the second volume amply explains its scope.

The translation has, on the whole, been well done, but in any further editions more careful reading of the proofs should eliminate such blemishes as 'we are but the dust of nuns' on page 135 of the first-named volume and 'half-broken eyes,' and 'hands powerless from wringing' on pages 71 and 72 of the second.

M.D.

ODD JOBS. By Cecily Hallack. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne, Ltd. ; 3/6 net.)

One is tempted to speak in superlatives of Miss Hallack's new book. It is a beautiful, a delightful, a delicious work, salt with wisdom and humour, fragrant with scents of Paradise, healthy as the Sussex country which is its scene. Miss Hallack writes, as ever, because she has something to say. The book ends all too soon. Our only complaint against the author is that we have not had enough. *Job's* apostolate is so gentle and so convincing, the call of Apostle Pansy so irresistible, that one is impelled to walk up the garden path between the flowers and insist on having more. It is sad that such a happy work should be bound in mud brown.

A.C.