

book, with its explanation of the Christian doctrine of charity, its survey of Catholic charities before and after the Reformation and its very full and detailed account of Catholic charities in America to-day. The author notes that 'Catholic social work naturally falls into two important divisions, namely, the work of caring for individuals and families in need of special assistance and the betterment of the economic conditions of the wage-earning group.' 'While these two types of work are inextricably bound up one with the other . . . we find that they are widely separated. The persons interested in what is known as Catholic social action constitute an entirely different group from those engaged in Catholic charity work in Germany, France, Belgium, England and to some extent also in the United States.' It was otherwise with that great man Frederick Ozanam. The author knows more of America than of England. When he tells us 'under the leadership of Cardinal Manning they'—'the Catholics of England'—'rallied to the support of the organised labor movement,' we can only regret that the Catholics of England generally did nothing of the sort, though a few notable exceptions might be named.

J.C.

'BONNE MERE' REV. MOTHER CHUPIN. By R.P. Mortier, O.P. Translated by the Dominican Nuns at Portobello Road, London. (Sands & Co.; 5/- net.)

Thérèse Chupin was born at Nantes under the very shadow of the Terror and the names occurring at almost every page of her biography are eloquent of the tragic times with which the eighty-three years of her life were interwoven. But the chief interest of this book lies not so much in its historic setting as in the dealings of Divine Providence with the soul of its humble Bretonne heroine.

Strength of character and holiness above the ordinary were certainly the endowment of the young girl who at twenty-four years of age was made, sorely against her will, Superintendent of the St. Lazare Prison for Women. She began her task by obtaining the King's pardon for two unfortunate women who were under sentence of death, and within a few years worked a marvellous transformation in the place even then known as the worst spot in Paris. So well did she make herself loved that when the revolutionaries of 1848 stormed the prison the women saved her life by covering her with their own uniform. Her work of heroic and unfaltering charity continued for twelve years and then, the Government having decreed that

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the supervision of the prison should be given to nuns, Thérèse Chupin left St. Lazare and went to live in a tiny flat in the Rue de Vaugirard. There one dark night two discharged prisoners knocked at her door. They were homeless and alone, and in their need had sought the only friend they knew. There was but little room, little furniture, and only six francs fifty of capital—borrowed, at that—but Thérèse opened her door and her arms to the outcasts, and thus began St. Anne's Refuge, later to develop into the Congregation of Our Lady of Grace.

The history of this development now published is a timely tribute to the memory of one who would have rejoiced at the recent amalgamation of the Congregations of Dominican Sisters whose English Congregation, sprung from her own foundation of Our Lady of Grace at Châtillon, loses its identity 'for the greater good of the Order and its work.' This, in her sublime humility, was ever the ambition of her who was known to all by the simple but eloquent title of 'Bonnie Mère.'

The translator seems to have had some little difficulty with the preface, but the rest of the book is well done.

M.D.

THE INWARD VISION. By R. H. J. Steuart, S.J. (Longmans, Green & Co.; 5/-.)

Having been asked to review this book I have read it and re-read it and dallied over it and enjoyed it—and quite by the way, of course, severely tried the editorial patience. I must admit that I am not the person who should review it. Don't let us discuss the question of competence or incompetence. That is the Editor's affair. I can only say that the book has the same effect upon me as those books which are called mystical. Now, I am not a mystical person. I've never even wanted to have a vision. No nonsense about me—that is my secret boast, though I suppose to the eyes of others I have as much nonsense about me as any other average Tom or Dick. But when I read the Psalms, or *The Cloud of Unknowing* or Richard Rolle, I am afraid I get thoroughly out of my depth. I have a vague impression that I am not always understanding the full meaning of what I read, yet I go on reading, gripped and as it were haunted and possessed by the words before me. Father Steuart explains that one may hold a truth yet without inwardly possessing it. It is the reality beneath all the verbal wrappings that matters: it is not the formula or the symbol or the glass through which you see darkly that should concern us so much as the