

prelate's atmosphere of long-accustomed dignity, very taut and amenable. The face is drained and white with the effect of a transparent marble faintly flushed, and there is a little sensual mouth which humanizes his too-composed figure. Thus Dr. Abbot sat at Lambeth' (p. 95). A little higher up on the same page we read: 'Personally he was a little gloomy; full of kindness; unascetic; a divine of manifest integrity with that consciousness of right which was found so often in his school of thought. It is said that he was not ambitious, but he could not divest himself of his instinctive knowledge of each rung on the ladder of success.' I wish Dr. Mathew, whilst mentioning the unfortunate accident in which a keeper was killed by the archbishop's misdirected shot when out hunting in Bramshill Park, had given a little account of the grave concern this caused in the English Church from a point of view of Canon Law. Lingard makes very interesting reading of this episode and its aftermath.

A reviewer would willingly linger in the many pleasant places in this delightful work. Suffice it to say that we are very much in the author's debt for a contribution to English History of so great value and unwonted charm. WALTER GUMBLEY, O.P.

FROM UNION SQUARE TO ROME. By Dorothy Day. (Preservation of the Faith; \$1.50.)

There is something specially revealing about a book that is not merely dedicated but is, from beginning to end, addressed to a person: just as a volume of letters will speak to the soul more than a whole shelf of biography. This story of the conversion of the editor of the American *Catholic Worker* is all the more moving because it is addressed to the writer's own brother, a Communist sharing the same beliefs that she herself had accepted so generously. Through him she speaks to those many others who are ready to give their lives for an ideal, but who have not yet found its fulfilment in Him who said to the crowds, 'Come to Me all you that labour,' and whose earliest followers had 'all things in common.'

This book is not so much an autobiography as a succession of 'glimpses of God,' found through joy and thanksgiving. 'I found Him through His poor, and in a moment of joy I turned to Him. I have said, sometimes flippantly, that the mass of bourgeois smug Christians who denied Christ in His poor made me turn to Communism, and that it was the Communists and working with them that made me turn to God . . . I know now that the Catholic Church is the church of the poor.'

Her early work of writing for daily papers in several large cities; her membership at different times of the Socialist Party, the International Workers of the World, and a number of Communist inspired organizations were, in themselves, preparation of a very special kind. She has known the inside of a prison.

When Dorothy Day was at the University of Illinois she shared rooms with Rayna Simons, a young Jewess, who was afterwards to become a prominent member of the Communist Party, and who worked with Madame Sun Yat Sen and Borodin in China, and whose ashes repose in an urn in Moscow. In one of the finest chapters in the book Dorothy Day shows her love and understanding of this misguided but truth-seeking soul, so joyous, pure and generous. It provides a commentary on that doctrine of the harmony between the visible and invisible Church, and, like the author, our hearts too are 'comforted about Rayna, for most assuredly she loved truth and justice.'

There is a reticence about the last chapters that causes us to read much between the lines. What was written must have cost the author much to write, what remains unsaid we can only reverence. The gift of faith generally asks for sacrifice, but when the issue involves, so acutely, a husband and child, we must tread softly if we would dare to approach.

Those who know Dorothy Day as the heart of the House of Hospitality movement in America, and an inspirer of it elsewhere, may have hoped to find some first-hand account of the work in Mott Street; something about the bread line, the soup ladling, the laughter and tears, the giving of clothes and, above all, love to thousands of Christ's poor in New York. They will look in vain. Yet it is well that this most Christian book stops short at Rome; the works inspired by the living faith she received are best left to speak for themselves. One day we shall hear more of this pilgrimage, probably from another pen, and it will not stop short, but be continued through Rome to New York, Canada, even to Wigan and London, and—who knows?—throughout the wide world.

PETER WHITSTONE, O.P.

MISCELLANEOUS

APPROACH TO SHAKESPEARE. By D. R. Traversi. (Sands, The Paladin Press; 6s.)

This is an excellent introduction to a study of Shakespeare from a modern angle. Mr. Traversi's approach does not exclude the well-worn avenues of Coleridge and Bradley, but it sees the plays, not as the great Victorian critics tended to see