

Catholic Christendom.' (Still, there are other peasants, in India, for instance, and in eastern Europe, of a different creation; and what of the pre-Christian peasant?) Carlyle unfortunately is 'the peasant who has lost the priest and taken to philosophy.' And then, unfortunately again, Carlyle never read Cobbett; and 'Cobbett could have told him that the Catholic Church was not dead.' If he had only taken up with Cobbett, instead of Cromwell, sighs Mr. Sagar, Carlyle 'might actually have seen the Middle Ages'; and as Cobbett's biographer 'what a life he could have given us!' There it is, and we must put up with the un-Cobbetted *Past and Present*. As for *Frederick the Great*—the 'thirteen years of toil in the barren sand of Brandenburg barbarism is perhaps the most tragic waste of splendid talent in English literature.' Mr. Sagar's essay marks a fresh approach to the subject of Carlyle and avoids the too well worn paths.

J.C.

THE FOUR CHURCHES OF PEKING. By W. Devine. (Burns, Oates and Washbourne; 7/6.)

Peking is worthy of notice, not only as the habitat of primitive man or the goal of the fighting war-lords of to-day, but as the centre of the history of Catholic Missions in China. We welcome the appearance of the book named 'The Four Churches of Peking,' by W. Devine. It gives in a short compass a concise and fair account of the rise and progress of Catholicism in China, and it will prove most useful and interesting to those who desire some knowledge of the story of the Church there. We are grateful to the author both for what of that story he has given us and for what he has omitted, *e.g.*, the dispute on Chinese rites and other matters of controversy. What he says about the future of the Church in that land (p. 219) is probably true, namely, that Catholicism will become a great and recognised power in the country, under much the same conditions which obtain in other so-called Christian lands; though the people as a whole will not be converted to the faith.

If, as we hope, another edition of this book is called for, several corrections will have to be made. There are some awkward misprints, *e.g.*, in dates (p. 138, p. 176). 'Procure' as a substantive is rather French than English; and when the Procurator of Tien-Tsin wrote of Mr. Dunn (p. 178) that though he was a Catholic, he was '*peu pratiquant*,' the English translation, 'he is little practical,' does not convey the real sense of the French. Again, the expression 'the fast of Quarter tense (*sic*)' requires explanation to the ordinary reader. And why,

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oh why, when Chinese words are transliterated for English-speaking readers, may we not have it done according to some English instead of some French method? Why not some system such as Wade's, where the consonants are pronounced as in English and the vowels as in Italian? Why write Tchou when Chu will do better? An English-speaking reader might recognise 'Shun-chih' as the first Manchu Emperor, why then call him 'Choundje.' This French method of writing Chinese names disfigures several English books, showing, of course, that the author derived his information from French sources, but it serves no other purpose and misleads the reader.

The book would be improved by an index.

M.W.

GLIMPSES OF CATHOLIC ENGLAND. By T. S. Westbrook; with an Introduction by the Very Rev. Bede Jarrett, O.P. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne; 4/6.)

This is an excellent little book. *Glimpses*, the author calls it; and such are what he provides; pictures, brief, incomplete—necessarily—but clear-cut and vivid. He is better with persons than with institutions. His sketches of St. Stephen Harding, Langton, St. Gilbert of Sempringham, and of that illustrious but little known trio SS. Edmund Rich, Richard of Chichester and Thomas Cantilupe of Hereford, are very good indeed; and especially the somewhat lengthier account of the last named. Will not Mr. Westbrook try his hand at a complete biography? His treatment of 'guilds' is too rosy; they were not all that has often been claimed for them. Readers of *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism* may remember the evidence Mr. Tawney adduces which should give pause to our enthusiasm. On p. 36 the fascinating tale of the fortunes of the two friars at the grange of Abingdon is sadly mis-stated. As mummers they were *welcomed*, and for *disappointing* the hopes of a little fun were they turned out. The monks' of the story were very human, and we love them the more for it.

O.F.M.

IMPRESSIONS OF A PILGRIM. By A. J. Francis Stanton. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne; 6/-.)

This brilliant book is unlike the average apologia. It is autobiographical, but not an autobiography. There is a breadth of subject which will make it a mine of quotation for the priest or lecturer on controversial subjects, and the knowledge is all first-hand. It is clear cut by the four great qualities, sincerity, pertinence of matter, reticence, and charity.