

ages it is amusing to notice St Joseph as patron of house-hunters, St Joseph of Arimathea of undertakers and grave-diggers, a patronage he shares with Lazarus, and St Thomas as patron of pencil-makers and booksellers. Medieval stationers and booksellers must have been grateful to the schoolmen. Little boys should also be thankful to Blessed Claude of Besançon, a Benedictine bishop, patron of whistle-makers.

Looking at the work through Dominican spectacles, we may be permitted to note an error on page 85 where Hugh de St Cher, or Caro, O.P., is stated to have an approved cult. Unfortunately this is not so. Nor has Peter Cerdan, O.P., the companion of St Vincent Ferrer, although he is credited with one on page 108.

W.G.

AN AESTHETIC APPROACH TO BYZANTINE ART. By P. A. Michelis. (Batsford; 30s.)

This is a translation from modern Greek of a volume published by Dr Michelis in 1946. It falls into three parts—'The Aesthetic Character of Christian Art'; 'The Sublime in Byzantine Art'; 'The Aesthetic Approach to the History of Art'. Like so much modern Greek work, it has been profoundly influenced by nineteenth and early twentieth-century thought. The third part seems dominated by H. Wolfflin's theory of the fundamental concepts of the history of art first published in Munich in 1915. The first two parts centre round Hegel's classification of Christian art as an 'Art of the Sublime'. There are 150 illustrations in the text, for the most part too small and indistinct to be helpful.

G.M.

ONE THING AND ANOTHER. By Hilaire Belloc: A Miscellany from his Uncollected Essays. Selected by Patrick Cahill. (Hollis and Carter; 10s. 6d.)

Was Belloc serious, when he complained of hating what he called the trade of writing? In certain moods he groaned under the necessity of having to write for a living and 'to provide pearls and caviar for my family.' 'Would that I had £300,000. . . . Then would I chuck for good my stinking trade of writing tosh at one and six a quire.' He who turned out so many quires of print, who wrote so naturally and with such vigour and gusto, in every known literary form and on every conceivable subject, surely must have got some fun out of his rare gift and gigantic genius. The masterly ease of an almost careless, effortless style certainly showed no sign of grinding strain and suggests rather 'the spouting well of joy within that never yet was dried'. However, we cannot be too grateful that he conquered his repugnance and left us so much that is worth reading. Some of these essays we have read

before, but most of them are between the covers of a book for the first time and deserve re-reading again and again.

It is interesting to read his praise of Newman's *Callista* as that rarest of rare things—a good historical novel, 'the only accurate piece of historical fiction written in English in the past generation'. This is great praise which would probably have surprised Newman who considered *Callista* a mere trifle, 'having in it little of actual history and not much claim to antiquarian research though it entailed a great deal of reading'.

The writers of horror comics should read the essay on Children's Books to find out the right technique and the due proportion of horror and comedy that the normal child can stand.

The tributes to the two Chestertons, Cecil and Gilbert, to St Thomas More and Foch show Belloc revealing his own ideals on human heroism. The essay entitled *Tender Farewell to the World* begins as a thing of lyrical beauty and then suddenly switches into an almost savage diatribe against the modern world, soiled and smeared with the horrors of our mechanical civilization: it is embittered and severe, but the wrath is surely justified. Belloc is here in all his moods, analysing the modern man, discoursing upon cookery and the choice of wines, on spelling, on his travels and on I know not what: and in it all he lives up to John Buchan's estimate, 'No one has in our time written nobler and purer prose in the great tradition'. Belloc himself tells of 'a German of a hundred years ago who said that the art of writing was to get the words down on the paper so that they could rise again from the paper alive in the reader's soul. To do that is to be lucid.' Belloc did not believe in the mystification of the moderns. He was lucid.

B.D.

THE NATURE OF SYMPATHY. By Max Scheler, translated by Peter Heath. (Routledge and Kegan Paul; 30s.)

There can be very few books which say so much of importance and say it so badly as the present work, now competently introduced to English readers by Dr Stark in the series *Rare Masterpieces of Philosophy and Science*; and it is difficult to understand how Scheler could have prepared three editions of it between 1912 and 1926 without doing more for it than making minor alterations and supplying it with additional chapters. In its present form it consists of a number of loosely connected essays on various aspects of human affectivity: its only real unity is in the extraordinarily fertile, restless, sensitive personality of its author. This simultaneous incoherence and unity appears both in the larger structure of the work (for instance, the chapters range in length from twenty-two to two pages, Freud is discussed in two places on