

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