

(*cf.* Eph. iv, 14-16). Hence her right to define the content of our faith.

Finally comes a consideration of the relations between priest and state, and priest and layman. This latter part of the book rather labours the distinction between the man and the office, the infallibility of the Pope, and the fallibility of popes, the holiness of the Priest and the unholiness of priests; necessary perhaps as an answer to Nazi attacks on individuals.

The book is topical, occasioned by the attempts to establish Nazism as a religious and not merely a political creed, but it has notwithstanding some permanent value to the Catholic layman even outside Germany: Dr. Laros achieves his purpose of providing a handbook of the Catholic faith.

VALENTINE WOOD, O.P.

MISCELLANEOUS

SAINT JUST. By J. B. Morton. (Longmans; 15s.)

Mr. Morton's biography of Saint Just is an admirable representative of Mr. Belloc's biographical convention. There is the sense of psychological tension, the power to recapture a particular moment, the perception of moral issues, the careful period sense, the sustained and vivid use of imagination.

It is a method admirably suited for a study of Saint Just. He had made his first speech in the Convention when he was twenty-five, he was guillotined less than two years later. His work for the reorganization of the armies was primarily achieved in a single winter as commissary in department of Bas-Rhin. Necessarily he can only be studied by spotlight. Yet he remains one of the most significant of the leaders of the French Revolution, for he represented its possibilities rather than its facts. It is clear that Mr. Morton has provided a tenable psychological reconstruction which must affect the conventional estimate of the events of Thermidor and strengthen Mr. Belloc's conception of Robespierre. There is no trait of his Saint Just which can be questioned; the logic and integrity of thought, the clear passion for justice and due order, the final act of loyalty that cost his life. This is the Saint Just of the bust by David d'Angers, austere yet classical in its serenity. Yet there was perhaps another Saint Just, that of the Greuze portrait with the careful pose of the eyes, and the mobile sensual lips; the Saint Just suggested by such stray curious documents as the letter from Sceaux—self-centred, self-loving but not self-deceived, a speculator of small sums,

sporadically a libertine. The first Saint Just is that of Mr. Morton. It is only by combining the two together that a biographer could have conveyed the complex tangle of a single human life.

GERVASE MATHEW, O.P.

CATALAN FRANCE. A Study of the Roussillon and the French Cerdagne; with an Excursion to the Co-Principality of the Valleys of Andorra. By Basil Collier. Illustrated by Helen Knapp. (Dent; 18s.)

THE LAND OF FRANCE. By Ralph Dutton and Lord Holden. (Batsford; 8s. 6d.)

'For every thousand Englishmen who have visited Provence, perhaps three have visited the Roussillon.' Had wartime travel-restrictions not intervened in time, it is to be feared that Mr. Collier's seductive description might considerably have reduced that ratio, to the irreparable hurt of that Arcadian corner of Catalonia which still preserves its distinctive regionalism under the gracious and tolerant wardship of Marianne. But though political circumstance will not permit us to avail ourselves of Mr. Collier's services as companion and guide, or to cosmopolitanise the Côte Vermeille after the manner of the Côte d'Azur, we may yet profit from him by vivid vicarious journeyings to that happier and saner land, with gain to ourselves and without hurt to the Roussillon. For, with his more factual grasp of history and topography (not to mention his businesslike Gazetteer, Bibliography and Indexes), and his no lesser power of conveying the spirit of the land and its people, Mr. Collier serves the Roussillon even more effectively than Ford Madox Ford has served Provence. He has enough indeed of the Britisher's prejudice to take Roussillonnais gaiety and nonchalance at their face-value, as indicative respectively of immorality and impiety, but on the whole he is reliable and shrewd so long as he depends upon his own observation. When he relies on hearsay he is over-credulous, and travellers will be deprived of the most unique experience of 'unique' Collioure if they allow Mr. Collier's terror of octopuses and sea-urchins to keep them from swimming in its bay, just as they will go very hungry if they search out its mythical restaurant *Chez Pauline*. There are other indications that the Roussillonnais have added to the joy of living at Mr. Collier's expense. But his book, even without Helen Knapp's evocative drawings (the wash illustrations are less successful), will arouse almost unbearable homesickness in