

in which the Saint declares that 'a man cannot be welcome to God who, when called, comes unwillingly': a wonderful and inspiring thought. And again, in the mouth of Vincent, the nephew of the Lord Anthony, it is said: 'For to all of us your good help, comfort and counsel hath long been a great stay—not as an uncle to some, and to others as one further of kin, but as though to us all you had been a natural father'—how apt an illustration of the support to us 'company of sorry comfortless orphans' of the life and prayers of the great Saint! Once more to quote a phrase so appropriate to our submission to Holy Church: 'trust well in God and he shall provide you with outward teachers suitable for every time, or else shall himself sufficiently teach you inwardly'.

The dialogue, writes Chambers in his superb life of More, 'had to be kept very secret; it was a denial of the thesis that the Head of the State might dictate the religious belief of his subjects'; and the time of the martyrdom had not yet come. When the dialogue was written St Thomas had still a year to live.

HENRY SLESSER

HILAIRE BELLOC. An Anthology of his Prose and Verse. Selected by W. N. Roughead. (Rupert Hart-Davis; 15s.)

'Mr Hilaire Belloc is a case for legislation *ad hoc*. He seems to think nobody minds his books being all of different kinds.' This was written in 1905 and there has been an output, prolific and varied, of four decades since then. Mr Roughead's selections, arranged chronologically, present excellent samples of Belloc's versatility as a writer of prose and verse. The collection will be a delight to those who already know and admire the master, and many of the younger generation are to be envied the joy of meeting him for the first time.

Chesterton describes somewhere a political meeting at which Belloc spoke: 'He spoke as well as it is possible to speak'. The same praise could often be applied to his writing: 'He wrote as well as it is possible to write'. In an age of vague and woolly writing he glows with lucidity. Maurice Baring says of Belloc: 'As a prose writer he has other chords to his lyre: wit, irony, vividness, gusto, and above all vision. . . . Grave prose like the mellow tones of a beautifully played 'cello . . . solemn, melancholy and majestic. . . .'

Mr Belloc this year reaches his eighty-second year and his writing days are over. What an immense achievement has been his! Future generations of readers will surely endorse Mr Roughead's verdict: 'Mr Belloc is a great man as well as a great man of letters'.

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