

The Literary Corollary

Art, Poetry - and Sanity

The publishers seem to be outdoing themselves this year. Albums and notebooks, collections of masterpieces—all are bringing before the American public some of the fine

treasures in the world. Despite the scarcity of paper, the thinning ranks of skilled craftsmen, and the overlooked that has been placed on aging presses, many firms have performed an estimable service this holiday season.

Foremost among these—and happily in time for the Christmas trade—is the beautiful *Christmas Story*, published by Dodd, Mead.

It is not a thick book if you count by pages. But it is a large, expansive book, of such dimensions as to do justice to the many reproductions that of Luigi Varga, art director of Little, Brown, selected. The paper on which these paintings have been reproduced is of the most enduring kind.

The world, spends his whole time and energy in trying to destroy beauty and goodness or cynically reducing every human ideal to dust and ashes. This true poet has kept a faith through tragic bereavement and suffering, in a man not worthy to be described as Henley's "Invictus." Let it render descriptive the character of our true hero; that being done, let it tell today the bitterness and sheer hardness of life expressed by writers with everything that the world can give them, and belief in or care for any other writers completely at ease Babylon; and then compare their miserable cynicism with the reverence for life, the sacredness of life, in the secret supplies of the poem by Maynard's exquisite: "Bread a Wine."

The artists: the giants of the Renaissance.

The subject: the Nativity.

Here are large reproductions of the Annunciation, one by Fra Angelico, the other by Van Eyck, Botticelli's "The Adoration of the Kings"; Fra Filippo Lippi's "The Adoration of the Kings"; "The Flight into Egypt" by Giovanni Bellini. Raphael and Leonardo are included, of course. And there is also Gozzoli's "Journey of the Kings" from the several walls of the Medici chapel.

More art treasures of the old world can now find their place in the homes and libraries of America. Let it not be said that we have spurned the wealth of art about the Babe of Bethlehem.

Theodore Maynard's *Collected Poems*, having at last been

Published by the Macmillan Company. Some of these have appeared in print before in major and minor periodicals; others will be new to the reader. And, as Alfred Noyes points out in the introduction, a number will last for generations to come.

The reviewer, for instance, confesses to a certain weakness for such lines as in "Bethlehem":

"So all poor men,
Wherever you be,
Come warm your hearts
At this mystery:
For even as you are
So was He."

Mr. Noyes makes an important point in the introduction:

"... It is to be observed that while many a pseudo-modern, without a real care in

This work is not for the outside the Church alone. It is also for a great many who are in the Church. It should prove a stimulant and enable them to grasp reality, if nothing more. Milder, but much in the tone of his equally brilliant contemporaries, Dr. Bedoyere and E. L. Watkins. Mr. Sheed remarks:

"... the same influence that form other people's minds form ours — the same habit of thought, inclination, bodily sense, indifferences, worked by the same newspapers, the same radicals, best-sellers, film and radio programs. So that we have not so much Catholic minds as worldly minds with Catholic patches. Intellectually, we wear our Catholicism like a badge on the lapel of the same kind of suit that everyone else is using."

Near East Mission.

Francis Cardinal Spellman, President
Very Rev. Thomas J. McMahon, S.T.D., National Secretary
Rev. Andrew H. Rogosh, S.T.L., Assistant Secretary

God With Us!

To you, dear Near East benefactors, who have helped to assuage some of the bitterness in our poor world, go our heartiest good wishes for a holy and happy Christmas.

IMMACULATE

The immaculate Heart of Mary
embraced me as I lay on my knees.
First Night, was the first altar,
first in a Near East chapel cost
fifty dollars. It can be your singular
rascal of devotion.

SWADDLING CLOTHES

We heard Jesus in the crib
who must have shivered. Holy Child
Blessed Christ, give us
DAMIAN LEIFER FUNG arms to
dampen these poor outside.

— — —
 you in their hearts on Christmas morning.
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YOUR MANGER
 Your sturdy little manger for His coming child will be your Holy Mass. If you cannot give a thousand dollars needed to build a sturdy Near East chapel, why not have even a small part in the Shrine Chapel of Our Lady of the Snows which we shall build in the Holy Land of Christ's blessed birth?

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CHURCH HANDS
 Churchy hands of a Holy God founded a Mother's Ace. Thirty-three

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BLANKETS
 Affectionate prayers warm W. S. Socky. Thirty dollars, or a daily monthly membership in the World Guild, our Near East Holy Socialism will provide ill-clad missionaries with fitting vestments at Mass.
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ILL ASSORTED
 Gold for a king, incense for God, but myrrh for men. Myrrh, used by the holy, was the gift of the Divine Child, shivering in stable. Fifty dollars will provide medical kit for the Sisters of the

years later, those hands held the chalice of the First Mass. How would you like to stand out front, adopted son, hold the chalice of His Mass, through your material help? Six hundred dollars represents a priest in the Near East.

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CRIB UNVISITED

Visits to the Crle are straw for His manger. A crib unvisited is like a campfire unkindled. Can hundred dollars will give you the altar and the sacred vessels of Eucharistic devotion.

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MADONNAS

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TENDER LAMBS

Discontent, little children of Bethlehem were the first martyrs for Christ in the Near East, relics of the Church.

New Year's resolutions of the
 New Year, our dear names by your
 Christmas deposit in KARY'S
 BANK.

They are seen in the excitement
 on which the chalice runs during
 Mass. One can be given for a
 dollar.

Send all communications to
Catholic Near East Welfare Association
 480 Lexington Ave. at 46th St. New York 17, N. Y.
