

ning the difference between it and the little box-wood cribs.

The demand for variety is often only a desire to have things cheap; it is often vulgar. Art may indeed be boisterous, rampant, nervous or weird, and still be very good art in its way; but in the clamour there is danger that we overlook work that speaks clearly, quietly and steadily of holiness. Perhaps we have to train ourselves to see a beauty so unspectacular and so bare. But the effort is rewarding—and merited. There has been attempted amongst us, during the past thirty years, and in the face of most discouraging odds, the revival of an art at once Christian and rational. We Catholics cannot afford to ignore it; nor can England. And where else if not among Christians, can reason walk with beauty and poverty with freedom? It is, I think, as one who has done something to bring this ideal into his daily work that my brother would like to be remembered.

NOTICE

The April issue of *BLACKFRIARS* will contain an article on David Jones by Harman Grisewood.