

EDITORIAL

National Declaration Committee is anxious to know whether the country wants peace or war, let them take a plebiscite but let the one question be: Are you willing to accept the Incarnation in all its implications as the practical norm of life? Thus will it be discovered, perhaps, whether the people of this country are ready to pay the necessary price for peace.



We take this opportunity of wishing our readers a Happy Christmastide. We are happy to be able to promise them another special number of BLACKFRIARS in January, this time treating of divers aspects of the correlation between the Incarnation and human life.

EDITOR.

TOTA PULCHRA

HE that hath made thee; and hath made thee fair
Doth worship thee, the work of His own hand.
His wedding gift of stars bedecks thy hair.
Beneath thy maiden feet, by His command
She whom all sorrows worship Queen of Night
Meek homage yieldeth thee. His glorious Sun
Enwraps thee as a cape of gold. Its light
Shows dim against thy blushes as they run
Urged by thy maiden lowliness. He thus
Adorneth thee as Queen, whose flesh sin free
Gave Him His flesh. O God most courteous!
How shall I quit thee of idolatry
Who bowest in lowly rank with me, Thy brother.
And worshipest thy handwork as Thy Mother.

VINCENT McNABB, O.P.