

*Blackfriars*

And still beyond our seeing,  
Our human life and death,  
The Heart of hearts remembers  
The place of Nazareth.

ELIZABETH BELLOC.

*THE PARTING OF FRIENDS*

**N**OT now the time, not now, nor this the place  
For love's unbroken, restful interchange,  
Not now nor here, for love's encircling range  
Demands a richer earth, a nobler space  
In which to unfold his grandeur's dazzling grace,  
Than this world's meagre soil, 'a moated grange,'  
So narrowing, and so often cold and strange  
To that expectant heart and wistful face.

But this the place and now the appointed time  
To dig the great foundation broad and deep  
On which the leisur'd ages, soon to be,  
Shall rear those glittering temple walls that climb  
Up to the skies of God, a home to keep  
Love's toys and treasures for Eternity.

ROMUALD ALEXANDER, O.S.B.