

## *Blackfriars*

him. He then made a commendation of her soul. And never did he cease to remember her during the remainder of his long life. A quarter of a century later, he could write, 'Dear Boothby is at my heart still.' And when each Easter Morn he made his customary Communion in the Church of St. Clement Danes, his ardent and elaborate preparation included prayers for his much-loved dead—his relations, his wife, and Hill Boothby.

ROBERT BRACEY, O.P.

## THE STOP-GAP

*(To one temporarily lapsed—for whom please pray.)*

**T**HOUGH desecrated, yet not prayerless lies  
The altar of your soul. Your cry of need,  
Although your lips be dumb, from mine shall rise:  
My tears within your tearless eyes shall plead.  
I praise in you the God Whom you despise.

I hide within your heart, nor will molest  
Your mirthless revels or unrestful sleep.  
I keep guard for the Master dispossessed,  
So haply from your thriftless hands to keep  
Some of the treasures that He loved the best.

Shall He not hear when from your heart I cry?  
But when He comes, unworthy of that day—  
The robe, the ring, the feasting—then shall I,  
Kissing your threshold, make no longer stay;  
And you will never know the stowaway,  
Your heart's unbidden guest of days gone by.

M.B.