

Blackfriars

south wall, and it had gone. I felt I must come to the surface again after this plunge into the past. I had done what I came to do. Back, then, through Mailly-Maillet and Contay over roads which here and there wave back a memory to me as I pass. I am coming up again like a diver, and making for the shore. Here is Amiens, with the Cathedral freed from its defacing sand-bags, and with all the dim beauty of its glass restored. It is March again, 1932; but years seems to have passed since I left the city this morning.

DOMINIC DEVAS, O.F.M.

THE HOUSE OF CHIRON

WHERE is the place in the mountains hidden,
A strange house builded in sun and rain,
Where the Centaur solaced his ancient hunger
For the flowers that grew in the fields forbidden
And winds that blew when the world was younger?

Where the wild beasts crowd to the pool unbidden
By the thyme-sweet slopes and the windy spaces
The shepherds seek for his house in vain.
They have heard his hoofs in the upland places,
But no man knows where his house is hidden.

A house of echoes, a house of shadows—
But who shall follow the hoofs of Chiron?
Where the torrent turns in the mountain meadows
The silver sapling, a light-leaf dancer,
Watches his tracks lest he come again.
But the shepherds seek for that house in vain
While the loud stream calls and the high hills answer.

ELIZABETH BELLOC.