

Blackfriars

reflected from the panelling which has grown velvety with dust and age—it was necessary to feel one's way and the soft surface of the wood came off like soot on touching it. On the second landing even so much of convenience ended; after that there is no more than an open ladder rising in darkness to the next floor—no windows at all, no light of any sort, and the narrow steps thickly coated with the detritus of generations. The fine rooms are partitioned off and their beauty spoiled; the openings of the carved stone mantelpieces are bricked up into small hearths, and the splendour of the corsairs is vanished altogether. Yet here, and in these narrow streets, they were at home; and we, who fought them—and did not always conquer—may well spare a thought to their memory.

M. C. BALFOUR.

JESUS AD PETRUM PISCATOREM

I YIELD not to thy word :
' Depart from me, O Lord,
I am a man of sin.'
Say true thou once hast been ;
But at Love's cry : ' Depart '
I draw thee to my heart.

The glistening catch despise
As seeing with love's eyes
The God Whom men forget
A captive in thy net.

VINCENT McNABB, O.P.