

Towards Canterbury

beer, while others might be trying to settle definitely the relative merits of favourite cricketers.

For a time the shadow of the war, never very far away from this generation, crept upon us. Someone was reminded of an episode, some incident within personal experience, some sad twisted joke.

A tale or two was told in a few words. Surprisingly enough, the best of all war stories was told by our adjutant of the Salvation Army. Anyway, the time passed pleasantly, and we reached Canterbury in peace and understanding. All the same, I look back wistfully on the happier journey left on record by Geoffrey Chaucer.

JOHN PREEDY.

AGNOSTICISM

THESE, stricken, hold the winding-sheet of
Christ :
The still, straight body and the noble head
They bind about with linen bands, to lie
In myrrh and aloes on a stony bed.

These are the mourners at the burial,
Who know the stopped heart, the departed breath :
The hands that tend His body in the tomb,
The hearts that hold Him in the sleep of death.

ELIZABETH BELLOC.