

Blackfriars

the bottom of page 40 should be supplied, and the last word but two on page 150 should be *cope* instead of *hood*. Some of those for whom it is written, especially among parish priests, can ill afford to spend fifteen shillings on a book, however far beyond that price may be its intrinsic worth. How welcome to these would be an abridgement, made, if possible, by Dom Roulin himself, which would bring the book within the scope of a greater number of purses and so widen the sphere of its much needed influence.

M.B.

ESCAPE

WASTE not on trivial things
Thy passionate heart. Small cares
May heavy weigh, slight stings
Smart sorely. Spread thy wings;
Elude thy dull despairs
In the bright regions of the upper airs.

There brooding love distills
Healing from bitterest bane;
Beckon the lights on hills
Aquiver with daffodils;
There, as the grass drinks rain,
Thou too mayst drink of long-lost joy again.

There shall thy heart be free
To spend, sans loss, its power—
One with the shouting sea,
The deep-dug swaying tree—
Exultant, hour by hour,
In the glad life that beauty brings to flower.

THEODORE MAYNARD.