

ANDANTE

(St. Mary's Loch from Megget Water Bridge,
January.)

LEAN evenly, white pool of light,
before the spirit held
intent, each power of sense impelled
into one point of sight;
no radiance on the glassy face
or aught created eyes
the vision holds, absorb, embrace;
so all in silence lies.

The eyes behold a hundredfold
a million ripples lap
inaudibly upon a lap
delicious curves enfold;
around the water's sinuous verges
where the meek hills loll
feliculously intermerges
long lines' rhythmic roll.

In a bright vault stand little clouds
immobilized by frost,
which yesterday were rolled and tossed
and dragged in ragged shrouds.
Hushed is the wild and rainy west
before the tender north,
to still the scene for one rough guest
whom chance has driven forth;

Blackfriars

round whom, attentive, motionless,
each happily unseen
in his impenetrable screen
of leaves which once twigs dress ;
from odorous moor and windy height
and opalescent haze
like planets on a starry night
all those spirits gaze.

JOHN GRAY.

THREE WONDERS

AT two things stands my mind amazed,
But a third costs my heart its glee :
A woman by a woman praised,
A good poor man to honour raised,
And Christ dead on his Mother's knee.

VINCENT McNABB, O.P.