

treated as infants, we are free children of God who have the right to eat at our Father's table, even if sometimes we happen to break the glasses. We do not first see Christianity as a complicated system full of inhibitions and restrictions. We know full well that the surest way of avoiding evil thoughts is to have good ones, and that self-detachment, so difficult to produce by mental gymnastics, comes easily to him who gives himself to others. We know also that the spirit of poverty will not be lacking in those who love the poor; loving them for themselves, and not for the spiritual profit that may be derived from charity, for surely God invites us to honour and serve them, and not to honour and serve ourselves by making use of them. French Christianity knows these secrets—these humble secrets, the possession of which cannot rouse the envy of the Sages and the Doctors—they are tools of somewhat rustic shape, but we know how to use them, they are fashioned to our own hands. They are ours as our language is ours, and, if I may say so, like the wine from our ancient vines.

GEORGES BERNANOS.

THE NEW WINE

Bitter is the fate of the grape. In golden weather
the million clusters of the vine are borne away
and in the groaning press the gatherers lay
the purple grape and the yellow to die together.
Hard, long is the treading; after, in deep earth,
the grapes ferment, lie still. Each season makes
its subtle stage in the wine, till that day breaks
when the long-nurtured vintage comes to birth.
God is your vintner, France. He is treading alone
the vat of His wrath and purple is His hem.
He will tread you to the end. Some day unknown,
when the deep cask after long ferment clears,
the world, thirsty for France, will not condemn
the blood-besprinkled vintage of these years.

P.U.F.