

NAZARETH

BY one enchanted boyhood
In Nazareth on the hill
The light of childhood lingers
About its roadways still.

There in the narrow woodyard
Beside the upland track,
A boy, he laughed and laboured
With sunburnt hands and back.

He watched the twin-yoked oxen
With heavy steps and slow
Ploughing the stony hillsides
In summers long ago.

Came there an end to laughter
O Christ, when thou wert young,
When all the dreams were over
And all the songs were sung?

The road went steeply southward
That led from Galilee—
O Nazareth, Christ-forgetting,
Still Christ remembered thee.

A land of high horizons
In springs and summers gone—
The eyes of Christ remembered
What long they looked upon.

The cold well-water springing,
The sun-scorched village street—
The heart of Christ in exile
Remembered these were sweet.

Blackfriars

And still beyond our seeing,
Our human life and death,
The Heart of hearts remembers
The place of Nazareth.

ELIZABETH BELLOC.

THE PARTING OF FRIENDS

NOT now the time, not now, nor this the place
For love's unbroken, restful interchange,
Not now nor here, for love's encircling range
Demands a richer earth, a nobler space
In which to unfold his grandeur's dazzling grace,
Than this world's meagre soil, 'a moated grange,'
So narrowing, and so often cold and strange
To that expectant heart and wistful face.

But this the place and now the appointed time
To dig the great foundation broad and deep
On which the leisur'd ages, soon to be,
Shall rear those glittering temple walls that climb
Up to the skies of God, a home to keep
Love's toys and treasures for Eternity.

ROMUALD ALEXANDER, O.S.B.