

Blackfriars

and tumble-down altars, grotesque with Spanish artistry, seem like rugged strongholds of the undying-conservative spirit of the ages.

Twentieth century Spain is a land of transition where cosmopolitan ideals are working themselves out to the detriment of historical association. And yet, perhaps, this is saying more than the strict truth warrants. For, after all, the spirit which is resurrecting Roman glories from the dust of antiquity is alive here, too; and, although the old proverb has been relegated to the earlier pages of the Latin grammar, the very humane sympathy which first evoked it, with a sigh, we imagine, augurs as little change as does humanity itself.

T. D. SHEILS.

AT COMMUNION

NOW I love to this unloving breast
Has come, abandoning a throne;
And trustful as a child at rest
He lays His head—upon a stone.

The Holy One to this foul cell
Descends to banquet there with me.
What can I offer but the smell
And running sores of leprosy?

Ah God! Ah Son of Man! Without
A miracle how can it be?
Make now the very stones cry out,
The leper clean to welcome Thee.

THEODORE MAYNARD.