

## *Blackfriars*

Still, there is a diet more pitiable, more disgusting even than that of acorns. It is that to which the Prodigal in the Parable was driven when he left his father's house to batten on the husks that the swine did eat ! But from the misery and despair of that death in life he was restored, rose up and returned to blessing. Some have to experience the worst to know the best. Any gospel worth its name of good-tidings is nothing but a proclamation of sanity and of health ; how to reach them when lost, how to preserve them when gained.

One reaches them by giving up the acorns and husks of folly and sin, and by arising from the stagnation of self and its weight of death. One preserves them by the persistent exercise of virtue, and by feeding upon the Bread of Angels which came down from Heaven, which contains in itself all sweetness, and by which the life of the soul is so sustained that it earns the immortal wages of

“Going on and still to be.”

G. E. BIDDLE.



## *THE NUN*

SOMETIMES across the spacious silent hills  
I walk alone in thought at evening-time,  
And see in skies of palest daffodil,  
The faint warm crescent sleep, . . . then slowly climb  
Over the dreaming sea, all broad and still.

She is a cloistered maid, whose glimmering face  
Is turned to watch the fiery setting sun,  
She wears the holy veil, of cobweb lace,  
That silver-violet spider-clouds have spun  
To hide her strange unearthly grace  
From those who know not that she is a nun.

VIVIENNE DAYRELL (aged 15).