

THE LANE AND THE CHAPEL

Leaves, like mingling waters, kiss above the lane,
While I, an Israelite, pass by dry-shod;
But for the son of Egypt fast behind
Their union will turn to tempest strain.

Cow parsley all along the verge reminds
The Israelite of manna in the wadi,
Rock-born, sand-blown, a sweet viaticum;
But weed is what the false Egyptian finds.

Around the bend a dyke collects the rain,
As if the tarmac flowed like Horeb's rock
Before the patriarch's prophetic wand;
The stranger only sees a drain.

This little gradient's my Sinai;
I live in clouds and thunder haunts my ears.
Here, where the tables of the Law were broken,
Daily in stone and bread and wine in token
A Surrey hill becomes new Sion.

HUGH FARNASH



CATHOLICISM AND ADAPTATION IN SOUTH AFRICA

FINBAR SYNNOTT, O.P.

IN every mission periodical you open now you will find articles on adaptation, on developing Catholic life according to local custom, on 'making the word flesh'. But it is not so easy to find many detailed suggestions of what to do here and now. Not long ago I heard of a special lecturer being called in, at a Catholic college, to lecture on this subject. When asked to