

of their dead friend, Zhivago; and as they sit it seemed to them 'that on that very evening the future had become almost tangible in the streets below, and that they had themselves entered that future and would, from now on, be part of it. They felt a peaceful joy for this holy city and for the whole land. . . .' How legitimate a dream or anticipation of the future this might be in the context of Moscow in 1948 is not really our concern. It is more to the point for us to consider how far the achievements of men and women like Père Pire may not also be an anticipation, and to ask ourselves what we are doing to co-operate in bringing about that possible future of peaceful joy for Europe and the whole world which these achievements forecast.

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### IN MEMORY OF BERNARD KELLY

Like Dante's a memory of God  
Seemed to me your mind's music; though  
Withdrawn, unheard in the clamour; its beauty  
Bound by the London streets. By humility  
The power of this poet was imprisoned. O Word,  
Re-maker of man, may this stammerer  
Speak now, the seed unfold at last,  
And love find all its words.

K.F.