

CURRENT THEOLOGY

I F I could—purring as a kitten purrs—
Rub up against the golden gate of
heaven

With sportive movement of my brindled furs,
All innocent of sins to be forgiven ;
If I could play with Peter's scapular
I think he would undo the golden bar.

If as a wild bird, gleaming in the sun,
I took my turn upon the brooding nest,
And fluttered out to meet the hunter's gun
To save my nurselings : when, with bleeding
breast,

I stained the covert where I dying lay,
An angel sure would take my soul away.

If I, the soul of me, had but been born
A leaping goatling on a mountain rock,
Butting my milky dam with budding horn,
Sporting 'mid saxifrage in hairy frock,
Then—month-old—slain to feed the goatherd's
child,
I think God would have snatched my soul and
smiled.