

praised that night. The messenger could only wonder at the joy. Perhaps his rude soul little knew the glory of that sacrifice. But the white-haired priest, who stood in his accustomed stall, knew well. It was the answer to his prayer, "Remember me."

Long has the saintly old father been dust. He is happy now with the youth he loved. Both wear a crown of sacrifice; the one for his love, the other for his charity. But their memory still lives in the hearts of men. For not very many years ago to that once stricken city a blasphemer came to slander Christ and His martyr band. Had the people forgotten the deeds of love? Far be it from them to forget! The mayor took the scoffer for a drive through the prosperity and its life out to the city of the dead. They drove up to a green turfed mound that was planted around with mouldering graves. The carriage stopped and the magistrate pointed to the spot. "Here they lie whom you would malign—heroes who freely gave their lives to nurture our fathers in fever times." Then they rode on. But a few minutes later found the mayor on the station platform watching the train pull out. The wretch was aboard and the parting words were still ringing loudly in his scoundrel heart: "Begone! Dare never to return!" Thus did a grateful people defend their just, and another grace from Heaven was wrought through the echo of "Remember Me!"

—**Brother Arnold, O. P.**

SAINT DOMINIC'S LEGACY

"Silver and gold, I have none, but what I have I give thee" (Acts iii, 6).

When, Father great, thy holy race was run,
 And battles for His Name and souls were done:
 Then knelt thy little band to beg of thee:
 As children dread the setting of the sun,
 Who fear when shadows and the night are come:
 As arms to shield, some blessed gift to thee,
 Thou spoke and gave in full of all thy wealth,
 Things precious, coined of Christ's own charity.
 Riches of heaven to thy own heart won,
 To pass untarnished, whole, from son to son.
 Sweet yoke and burden light, each heart hast felt
 Fraternal love, to guard humility
 Endowed of wantless poverty each one:
 This triune gift thy sacred legacy.

—**Brother Alphonsus, O. P.**