

upon their world could not even begin to express in human language the beauties he saw therein.<sup>7</sup> But from the little given us to know, one's mind is wont to wander off and pleasantly lose itself in contemplation of the ineffable beauty of their heavenly abode, whose streets are of purest gold; the foundations of whose walls are of sapphire, emerald and sardonyx; whose gates are of pearl;<sup>8</sup> and where countless millions of spiritual voices peal forth the melody of their majestic spiritual symphony. One begins to long for the time when God, having benignly helped us by His grace, will gently call us to Himself, to fellowship with these wondrous creatures, to the ravishing sweetness of their angelic harmonies. One longs even to join these sweet voiced troubadours in their unceasing chant of Deity's praise, to sing with them their joyous, never ending song of

Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God of hosts  
Heaven and earth are full of Thy Glory.

<sup>7</sup> II Cor. xii, 4.

<sup>8</sup> Apoc. xxi, 19-21.

Saint Thomas, "Summa Theol.," I, qq. 50-64; 106-114.

## SUNDOWN

*JOHN McLARNEY, O.P.*

Lord, to the traffic of the market-place  
That was his arrant soul's inquietude,  
Thou camest, sunbeams faltering at Thy Face,  
To ask, alert and splendid, why he stood  
The long day idle. Stilled all reckoning  
And noisy bartering of levity  
And pleasure's trill, her lashes beckoning,  
He heard one Voice, and saw, and followed Thee.

Now in the falling sun's abating fire,  
These trembling hands into Thy press have cast  
A burden sweet, the fruit of Thy desire.  
O Thou Who art all Good to first and last,  
Though last, shall he be lost among the many?  
Nay, he too at eve shall have a penny.