

freely we have received of God. At times we may look in vain for an earthly recompense. In this we might also strive to rise to the stature of the saints who were too big to worry over such passing trifles. They laid up their treasures in heaven, where they knew them to be safe from thief and moth, and where they could share them for eternity with Christ and His brethren.

**A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM**

*PHILIP HYLAND, O.P.*

When we come to Heaven's Gate  
We'll, most likely, hesitate—

Awed and blinded by the glare  
From the wond'rous Golden Stair ;

Fearful, too, to stand alone  
At the massive Judgment Throne—

Then a little Child we'll see,  
Hear the words: "Come, follow Me!"

Meekly grasp the proffered hand  
Haste to answer the command ;

Bow to Peter's smiling nod  
And enter—hand in hand with God.