

kindling, not merely the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart." The brotherhood of man without the Fatherhood of God is but a vain chimera and an empty dream. Purely natural kindness and generosity are poor substitutes for that true Christian charity, which is so intimately connected with the spirit of that day upon which Our Heavenly Father gave as His Gift His Only Son to be the Little Brother of all the world.

—Bro. Nicholas J. Ehrenfried, O. P.

TO A ROSE

Thou sweetest bloom! thou cloistered rose
 Washed red by Love's sad weeping
 O'er faded friends thy tears rain fast
 To calm their troubled sleeping.

Thou emblem of the Heart of Love!
 Enclosed in cloister bower—
 Teach me to watch when eyelids droop—
 At sunset's lonely hour.

How can I leave you dreaming here—
 To crush thy life in sorrow—
 To fade alone 'mid sobbing winds
 And die ere dawns the morrow!

O treasured bud—at Mary's feet
 I'll gently leave thee sleeping
 That dying there—thy breath—thy life
 Will rest in Heaven's keeping.

O would that I like thee could die,
 No grief—no tear—no sighing
 Could be my lot if Mary's smile
 Would beam upon me—dying.

—Bro. Maurice O'Moore, O. P.