

for the Catholic, he has but to reflect upon the words of Christ to His Apostles: "Behold I am with you all days even to the end of the world."
—Bro. Aloysius Georges, O. P.

Works consulted: Catholic Authorities: Catholic Encyclopedia; "A Study of American Freemasonry," Preuss; "Freemasonry," Rev. Lucian Johnston: Truth, Feb., 1923; The Catholic Mind, Aug., 1920; Ecclesiastical Review, Feb., 1923; Homiletic Monthly, Aug., 1922; Catholic Union and Times, Jan., 1923.

Masonic Authorities: "Masonic Ritualist," Albert G. Mackey, M. D.; Encyclopedia of Freemasonry, Editions of 1906 and 1912; "Morals and Dogma of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry," A. Pike; "Genius of Freemasonry and the Twentieth Century Crusade," J. D. Buck.

THE RAIN

Like a thief in the night, how the storm clouds come stealing,
The blue sky is hidden, the white clouds retreat.

At first but a rumble and then low long pealing,
A hurry of people, large drops on the street.

'Tis the Rain, God's own Rain that has started a-falling,
To give back to earth what it took by sunbeams,

The flowers rejoice for the Sun was appalling
'Twas drying the life from the plants, so it seems.

Now the Sun is most kind to the flowers in blooming,
He helps baby buds to grow stronger each day.

"But why" asked the flowers "when we've all stopped blooming
Keep sending his beams that will lead to decay?"

"Ah! 'tis true" sighed the Rain "in God's lessons thou'rt lacking
Don't know I'd not come if the Sun did not shine,

Be thankful to Sunshine he gives you your backing
And lift up your proud heads and thank him, he's fine."

So the flowers a truth from the Rain were a-learning
And proudly they lifted their heads to the sky,

The Sun it had gone as if thanks it were spurning.

The Rain poured on down, it would stop bye and bye.

—Bro. Arthur Kelly, O. P.