

Jesus and His Gospel to the inhabitants of the New World. But the other, the recovery of Jerusalem, so dear to his heart, he could only hope that it might be accomplished in the person of his sons. It was the thought that he was unable to carry into execution this, his most cherished desire which rendered intensely painful his last days of distress and poverty. He had lived for the achievement of these grand enterprises. He willingly sacrificed all to bring them about. When he was dying he thought not of the ingratitude offered to himself but his noble apostolic heart was broken by the thought that his condition was such as to render him unable to do more for the Holy Name of Jesus.

What though he died in poverty and disgrace! He had performed the work marked out for him by Divine Providence; he had brought the knowledge of the Holy Name of Jesus to the Western world. In the accomplishment of that mission he had sacrificed himself and dying had merited the martyr's crown.

At first men were slow to recognise his greatness. They begrudged him a place among the world's greatest heroes. But soon the tide turned in his favor and his life and labors became the subject of the greatest pens and chisels. Now many cities claimed him as their own and the country he discovered has lately honored him by erecting in its Capital a magnificent monument.

But his glory and fame do not depend upon anything human. There may come a time when the sweet Castilian tongue will be forgotten, when the grand marble monument which stands in the Capital of the land he discovered will have crumbled into dust, when his name may be effaced from the annals of human history; but his glory will never be diminished where it was first sounded—in heaven; nor will his name ever be effaced where it was first written—on the Book of Life; nor will his martyr's crown ever be struck from his noble brow to be trampled in the dust.

Damian Kennedy, O. P.

HOME.

"Oh what is a home?" I asked one day,
And listened what the world might say,
Of all responses this is best,
"The place my mother's presence blest."

Theodore Finnegan, O. P.