

can imagine that never would two saints have been bound together with so mighty a bond of love. We find in each the same glowing love of God, the same gentleness and meekness, the same sunny smile, the same winning sweetness of speech, and the same intense zeal for the salvation of souls; even the charm of natural disposition, and the serene beauty which comes of unsullied purity of heart were alike in both; and in both we find that unlimited kindness and considerateness which is not weakness but the perfection of self-sacrifice."¹⁷ One may, then, he pardoned the supposition that during those moments something went out from Philip into the soul of Francis and that he returned home, determined not only to become a priest, but also to hand down to a changing world that spirit which he had always loved and now would make others love also. A new epoch had opened in the history of the yearning of men for their God, which is the spiritual life. The teacher was to be the Bishop of Geneva, all the more gentle and gay and human because he had once looked upon the gentle and gay and human "Apostle of Rome," who was Saint Philip Neri.

¹⁷ *Op. cit.*, p. 432.

THANK GOD

CAMILLUS LILLIE, O.P.

Thank God for birds and bees and little things,
For mountains, ocean, heaven's blue, and star,
For days of light, and nights of fearful dark;
Thank God for all we have, and were, and are.

Praise Him, Who brings us down on bended knee
In dreadful doubt, that, pausing in our pain,
He might approach and pour the soothing balm
And heal the wound, that seemed to bleed in vain.

Thank Him with silent love, with gracious deeds;
Praise Him from day-life's dawn till curfew late;
Love Him through life, through death—eternally;
Love's echo sounds in thanks—Thank Him and wait.