

ury, surrounded by all the blessings of life. Surely this crying mockery of divine justice cannot go on forever. God owes it to Himself to avenge His outraged law and to vindicate His rights as Supreme Ruler of the universe. The time must come when He will render to every one according to his works. Death will tear the mask from the faces of the hypocrites; man's soul must bear the responsibility in another life for his actions in this one. Nor will the soul be alone in the final accounting, for our faith teaches us that the body will sooner or later be freed from the humiliation of the dust to share with its natural principle of life either an eternity of happiness or an eternity of woe.

The soul of man is immortal. Man, whole and entire, will one day be immortal also.

—Bro. Peter O'Brien, O. P.

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### FORESHADOWING

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The consecrating words have all been said:  
The Angels' Food, the God of boundless might,  
Is waiting there, on linen white.  
The loving Master's feast is spread  
Where He Himself will feed our souls with Bread  
From highest Heaven brought.—And yet in spite  
Of festive glow and sacramental rite,  
The Cup of sorrow shadows all with dream.

E'en thus, when long ago the Child was born  
Upon this earth, while winter's silvern snow  
Like altar-cloth lay cov'ring o'er the ground,  
E'en on that joyous, blessed Christmas morn  
The saving Cross, the Cup of pain and woe,  
Behind the Crib its fitting station found.

—Bro. Nicholas Ehrenfried, O. P.