

What a mission, then, is the Dominican's! That black and white uniformed Legion of Preachers; their only weapons the Cross and Chain of Roses, whose truths coming from the heart of Mary, filling the sin-stained soul with grief; joining heaven to earth for the repentant—as they come down the ages realizing the ideal of their founder, fulfilling the words of the Saviour, "Preach the Gospel to every creature."

—Bro. Dominic Morris, O. P.

A MORNING IDYL

Dawn like a rose has come,
And softly one by one,
The petals pink unfold,
Revealing purest gold,
The saffron sun.

Flown is the sable night
And dainty blossoms bright
The meadows trip along;
O hark, the birds in song
Upwing their flight!

Arise then, let us go
Where woodland breezes blow,
And bless each joyous thing,
And lift our hearts to Him,
Who made it so!

—Bro. Gregory Herold, O. P.