

Thus closed the last chapter of the tragedy of the yellow fever in Memphis. In the short space of six years it had almost depopulated a fair and promising city, destroyed the profits of many decades of toil, and retarded the city as no other force could have done. Hardly a family could recall those trying days without a sigh for some friend or relative. The Dominican family also had its dead to remember and pray for. Upon the heights of Chapel Hill in Calvary cemetery at Memphis there rest eight of that spiritual family. A monument spreads protecting and angelic wings over all the priests of Memphis who died in the yellow fever. Among them, as sharers of their toil and partakers of their glory lies the small colony of Dominican martyrs. Two modest marble slabs erected in the transept of St. Peter's Church at Memphis preserve to each rising generation the story and the names of those generous souls who loved the fathers of Memphis and the common religion of the ages better than life itself.

—Bro. Martin Shea, O. P.

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### A REVERIE AT TWILIGHT

Softly—o'er my spirit stealing, comes the spell of Memory—  
Softly—like the moonlight gleaming—o'er the slumbers of  
the sea;  
Softly—like calm billows laving—on the dim and distant shore—  
When the waves have ceased their heaving and the tempest  
ceased its roar.

Like soft music sweetly blending—sadness with its strains of  
light;  
Like the pensive stars now lending—lustre to the gloom of night;  
Like the dreamy twilight flinging—shadows o'er the flow'ry lea—  
Saddened as the night-birds singing—are the charms of Memory.

—Bro. Maurice O'Moore, O. P.