

erty but in the light of St. Thomas' doctrine they are less difficult to solve. Until the end of time the poor and the rich, the miserable and the prosperous will live side by side but if the principles laid down by St. Thomas and the Church were conscientiously obeyed poverty would not be a disgrace, wealth would lose its cold haughtiness, peace and mutual good will would reign in all hearts. —Bro. Norbert Georges, O. P.

A SONG OF AUTUMN

Lo, Autumn in a mist
Of trailing amethyst,
Enthroned her daily court doth hold,
Where gay the woodbine clings
In circling amber rings
Around the trees of ruddy gold!

Inviting you and me,
Now sweet her minstrelsy
Breaks forth into a drowsy song
Gold bees that softly hum
Beneath the mellow sun,
And rills that tinkling trip along!

"Behold our palace fair
Crowned by the azure air,
And filled with rose-enamored light;
Our damask, golden trees,
Our carpet, fragrant leaves,
Aglow with mottled weavings bright!"

"O come with us and live,
For we shall gladly give
Thee of our sylvan treasure store;
And happy thou shalt be
In our sweet company,
Nor know life's grievings any more!"

—Bro. Gregory Herold, O. P.