

presumption to think that these even suggest an idea of the sweetness of Heaven.

May we not conclude then, that to die and go to Heaven is as natural as to be born. And true it is, because we are born to a new life, a perfect life, full of knowledge, of satisfaction, of wonders, of love. Surely, this is not the lazy, sluggish, insipid state of existence that people are wont to picture our Future Home—Heaven. Bearing all this in mind, and considering who God is, and His infinite promise: "I am thy reward exceeding great" (Gen. 15-1), without a doubt we should be bouyed up in the trials and vicissitudes of this life and be incited to live better lives by considering this reward than by fearing the terrors of hell.

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## A FRIEND

*By BRO. CAMILLUS BOYD, O. P.*

More precious than earth's treasured prize,  
More trusted than the tongue can tell;  
The silent guard with sleepless eyes  
Who watches where our fond hopes dwell.

To him we go when all beguile  
With him our joy and triumphs share;  
Life's rainbow is his sunny smile,  
The pledge of true love burning there.

Life's road is rough, its ways are cast  
O'er miles of mount and rocky bend;  
Yet he is faithful to the last,  
God's greatest gift to man—A friend.