

A FLOWER!—A SONG!—A WORD!

A little flower we'd cast away
Without a second thought,
 Might cheer a heart
 Or a joy impart
To a life with mis'ry wrought.

A little song of Love Divine,
Comes floating on the air,
 It brings sweet cheer
 To the list'ning ear
Of a soul bowed down with care.

Only a word but kindly said—
Falls soft as ev'ning light,
 Its silvery ray
 Will change today
From the darkness of a night.

Only a word!—a song!—a flower!
May turn the course of Fate,
 Let's give them—then
 To fellow men
Ere we hear the sad—"Too late."

—Bro. Maurice O'Moore, O. P.

CAMPO SANTO

Our city of the dead is small,
White pickets form its only wall;
Their silent guard o'er them that sleep,
Five rows of marble crosses keep
The Saviour watching over all.

Their shade the locusts, lithe and tall,
Whose fragrant blossoms gently fall,
And in a sacred perfume steep
 Our city of the dead.

Though here but few await the call
To God's great final judgment-hall,
Those few were heroes. Strong and deep
Their love of Christ and of His sheep.
Fond memories cover like a pall
 Our city of the dead.

—Bro. Francis Vollmer, O. P.