

The truth of Thomas is mighty and prevails ; contradiction has but helped in its preservation.

“ Truth crushed to earth shall rise again ;
 Eternal years of life are hers ;
 But error, vanquished, writhes in pain
 And dies among her worshippers.”

What of error ? What do we witness to-day ? Science has scattered her brands so far that she cannot regather them. False systems have wrecked social order and the bourgeois of this century may learn a lesson of fear like the aristocrat of the 18th. Politics no longer recognises herself. Heresy has ceased to be a serious issue, has given way to agnosticism and the last message is the collapse of atheism. What of truth ? Round its banners to-day gather the increasing nucleus of the faithful, the youth of the world who wish to be men of character, and Catholic always. 'Tis but reasonable to suppose that from among them will arise great souls for future emergencies, great saints perhaps. But whether a better day be dawning for Holy Church, and we feel it is, or whether new trials await her, we feel no apprehension. We have Thomas Aquinas ! With him we shall always have a standing point of doctrine on which to plant the flag of truth high above the seething storm, and illumined by the celestial fires of revelation, that crag where the mighty engineer has heaped the granite of an impregnable position, stored with provisions and munitions of war, the citadel of reasonable faith.



Ave Maria ! blessed Maid !
 Lily of Eden's fragrant shade !
 Who can express the love
 That nurtured thee so pure and sweet,
 Making thy heart a shelter meet
 For Jesus, Holy Dove ?

—JOHN KEBLE.