

If you bear not in your bosoms the  
unselfish love of God."

In the outer court sat playing a sad-  
featured, fair haired child;

His young eyes seemed wells of sor-  
row—they were God-like when  
he smiled!

One by one he dropped the lilies, soft-  
ly plucked with childish hand;

One by one he viewed the sages of  
that grave and hoary band.

Step by step he neared them closer,  
till, encircled by the seven,

Thus he said, in tones untrembling,  
with a smile that breathed of  
heaven:

"Nay, nay, fathers! Only he, within  
the measure of whose breast

Dwells the human love with God-love,  
can have found life's truest rest;

For where one is not, the other  
must grow stagnant at its spring,

Changing good deeds into phantoms  
—an unmeaning, soulless thing.

Whoso holds this precept truly owns  
a jewel brighter far

Than the joys of home and children  
—than wealth, fame and glory  
are.

Fairer than old age thrice honoured,  
far above tradition's law,

Pure as any radiant vision ever an-  
cient prophet saw.

Only he, within the measure—faith-  
apportioned—of whose breast

Throbs this brother-love with God-  
love, knows the depth of perfect  
rest."

Wondering gazed they at each other  
once in silence, and no more;

"He has spoken words of wisdom no  
man ever spoke before!"

Calmly passing from their presence to  
the fountain's rippling song,

Stooped he to uplift the lilies strewn  
the scattered sprays among.

Faintly stole the sounds of evening  
through the massive outer-door;

Whitely lay the peace of moonlight on  
the temple's marble door.

Where the elders lingered, silent since  
He spoke, the Undeiled—

Where the Wisdom of the Ages sat  
amid the flowers—a child.

—*The Xaverian*.

"Buss, to kiss; rebus, to kiss again;  
pluribus, to kiss without regard to  
numbers; syllabus, to kiss the hand  
instead of the lips; blunderbuss, to  
kiss the wrong person; omnibus, to  
kiss everybody in the room; erebus, to  
kiss in the dark."—*Ex*.

The "*Xaverian*" is a splendid paper  
with a number of short stories and  
articles, some dealing with questions  
of the Catholic faith. With all the  
opinions expressed we cannot agree.  
But there is a great advantage in hear-  
ing that side of the question which  
Catholicism lays stress on—reverent  
and unquestioning faith. "Except ye  
become as little children, ye cannot  
enter the kingdom of heaven." Too  
often Protestants tend to lose the  
faith of little children, and in that re-  
spect Catholicism has much to teach  
us. And it is wonderful to what ex-  
tent we agree in the fundamental  
principles—though we might shock  
our Catholic friends if we were to  
enumerate those doctrines which we  
do not regard as fundamental. A  
criticism of "*Milton*" seems rather  
presumptuous; but we did not have  
time to read it carefully.

"Captain (to awkward squad)—  
'When I say, Halt, put the foot that  
is on the ground beside the foot that  
is in the air, and remain motionless.'"  
—*Ex*.