["At even, or at midnight, or at the cock crowing, or in the morning."]

It may be in the evening.
When the work of the day is dene.
And you have time to sit in the twilight
And watch the sinking um.
While the long bright day dies slowly
Over the sea.
And the hour grows quiet and holy
With thoughts of me:

And the hour grows quiet and holy With thoughts of me; While you hear the village children Passing along the street, Among those thronging footsteps May come the sound of my feet; Therefore I tell you—Watch By the light of the evening star, When the room is growing dusky As the clouds afar, Let the door be on the latch In your home. In your home,
For it may be through the gloaming

It may be when the midnight
Is heavy upon the land,
And the black waves lying dumbly
Along the sand;
When the moonless night draws close,
And the lights are out in the house,
When the fire burns low and red,
And the watch is tleking loudly
Beside the hed: neside the bed; Though you sleep, tired out, on your conc. still your heart must wake and watch In the dark room, 'or it may be at midnight I will come.

It may be at the cock-crow, When the night is dying slowly the sky, And the sea looks calm and holy,

The rivers chill. And my morning star is fading, Over the hill; Behold! I say to you -- Watch! Let the door be on the latch In your home.

In the chill tefore the dawning, Between the night and morning,

It may be in the morning,
When the sun is bright and strong,
And the dew is gittering sharply
Over the little law;
When the waves are laughing loudly
Along the shore,
And the birls are singing sweetly
About the door.

About the door; With the long day's work before you You rise up with the sun,

And the neighbors come in to talk a little
Of silthat must be done;
But remember that I may be the next
To come in at the door.
To call you from all your busy work
Forevermore: As your work your heart must watch, For the door is on the latch in your room

And it may be in the morning I will come

## A LESSON OF LIFE.

A. Repplier in the Catholic World for July

After a social storm there follows a found will which makes us wonder now and then if anything has really happened to mar the accustomed evenness of our lives. So it was now in Dr. Stanhope's household. Lestey, when she left her father's atidy, thou E-sie up to her room and tried to make her understand that this she must not talk about to any one. To the child's rapid questions she returned a few guarded but truthful answers. There

had been enough deception in the matter already, and Lesley was determined that she would be accessory to no further con-cealment beyond that afforded by mere at lunch the unwelcome visitor had depar-ted. What had passed between them no one knew; but Dr. Stanhope, though a trifle paler and quieter than usual, had regained his accustomed manner, and seemed in nowise troubled by the morning's interview. He never alluded to the subject but once afterwards, and then only to say a few cold words of warning, and to accede reluctantly to Lesley's demand that Jack Burroughs should be told all.

"I am sorry to ssk it of you, father," she said firmly; "but I will marry no man while concealing anything from him. I could not look my husband in the face, if I were keeping a secret he might any day

truin, and took it very easily. The laughed a little at the doctor's predicament; hoped the matter would be smoothed over without a squabble; told Lesley she was a good girl to insist on telling him everything, and then apparently forgot all about the subject. Indeed there seemed to be other and more important matters weighing on his mind, for he had grown restless and troubled of late, and had lost a great portion of the careless good-humor which had always characterized him. Lesley saw the change and pondered over it, wondering

and more important matters weighing on his mind, for he had grown restless and troubled of late, and had lost a great portion of the careless good-humor which had always characterized him. Lesley saw the change and pondered over it, wondering now and then why she feltso heavy-hearted, and why no one seemed to be just as they were before. Her father was silent and absorbed, her lover distrait and unresponding; Miss Grantly alone retained her even gentleness of manner, and in her company Lesley found a welcome distraction from unpleasant thoughts.

As the weather grew warmer Essie's school hours were shortened, and she was permitted to roam unmolested over the grounds, while her sister and governess idled away the days together—sometimes alone, often with Mr. Burroughs as an escort in their walks and drives. For Mabel Grantly these hours of pleasant luxury were golden ones, and she extracted from them all possible flavor; being one of those rare characters who, while always watching the future, can yet pause to enjoy the present. She exhausted the resources of her wardrobe in trying to look

There was no answer; Lesley, with a watching the future, can yet pause to en-joy the present. She exhausted the re-sources of her wardrobe in trying to look her daintiest, and accepted willingly enough Lesley's generous gifts without ever warm ing into a spark of legalty towards the giver. She had been cast upon the world to carve out her own fortune, and with no positive ill will towards any one, she would not have deviated a hair-breadth from the clear path of self-advancement to have picked up a fainting sister by the way. Lesley, too honest to be a shrewd observer, thought her merely a young and charming girl, whose hard lines gave her a double claim to sympathy and liking, and whose undoubted refinement made her a pleasant companion for lonely hours. She was not given to violent fancies or to the swiftly-formed attachments of girlhood; but she was slower even to distrust than to love, and was content to read others by the key-note of her own integrity. And so the ill-matched couple became what most people would call friends; and Dr. Stanhope said his daughter was fortunate in having such congenial society; and the neighbore said it was a lucky thing for that pretty little governess that the rich Miss Stanhope seemed to be so taken with her; and perhaps in her secret heart Mabel but she was slower even to distrust than to

Grantly thought that luck sometimes alongs with the tide.

It was a heavy afternoon in August, and Lesley, too resiless to read or work and does any uit to venture out of doors, had wandered, book in hand, around the house till she was tired of her own company. Miss Grantly had confessed to a headache, and had gone to her room to nurse it. Essie was invisible, and Dr. Stanhope was excertaint the house till she was tired of her own to nurse it. Essie was invisible, and Dr. Stanhope was excertaint the house till she was tired to the total the properties of her position; she only knew that her idols had been shatched up the path carrying a heavy basket be tween them, and stopping now and then to take breath and wipe their streaming faces. Lesley had often before noticed the thin, droopping faures bearing the same burden with unchildish patience, but it had never occurred to her to feel especially sorry for them. They were the washer-woman's little girls, and if it belonged to their station in life to drag around heavy baskets it was natural, of course, that they should do so. But to day the sun shone down so fiercely on their unprotected heads, and their weariness was so apparent in every step, that her heart amote her as she watched them, and into her mind crept the unbilden thought: "Had Essie's mother ever been a child like these?"

The children stared at her, shy and staried by so much notice. "It's a good halfmile, miss," said the older girl faintly, while the younger panked back her hair and shifted the basket from one hand to the other in embarrassed silence.

"Half a mile and fruit, and rest while before you think of going home."

"The children stared at her, shy and staried by so much notice." "It's a good halfmile, miss," said the older girl faintly, while the younger panked back her hair and shifted the basket from one hand to the other in embarrassed silence.

"Half a mile and in such weather: Why, it's enough to kill you!" You must have some milk and fruit, and rest while before you think of going hom

"Half a mile and in such weather!
Why, it's enough to kill you! You must
have some milk and fruit, and rest awhile
before you think of going home."
"Thank you, miss!" said the child who
had spoken before, while her sister grinned
a silent approbation; and Lesley, forgetting the heat, strolled part way up the
garden path and gave orders that the tired
little things should be fed and rested and
given some peaches to take home. Then given some peaches to take home. Then she turned off in the direction of the orchard, where the shady, low-branched trees promised a welcome retreat from the scorching sunbeams which flecked the gravel-walk with points of light and quivered over the long, hot garden and the sleepy fields beyond. But she never reached the leafy shelter that she sought, for out of the shadow of the trees and into reached the leafy shelter that she sought, for out of the shadow of the trees and into the dazzling sunshine stepped two figures, a girl in white and a man who was talking low and earnestly. The blood rushed fiercely into Lesley's face, and shrinking behind the hedge, she watched Mabel Grantly pause, laugh, and turn coquettishly away, and saw her affianced husband kiss the little hand so carelessly held out to him. The next instant she confronted them, standing white and silent in their path, with a look of mingled pain and scorn in her brown eyes that one at least of the offenders never forgot until his dying day. With the shame of his dishonor upon him, Jack Burroughs had no word of self-defence to offer; but it was plain that Miss Grantly viewed the matter in quite a different light. There was no trace of agitation in the smiling face or in the clear, even tones; but there was an evident determination to hold her own,

an evident determination to hold her own, and a subtle triumph lurking in her man-ner, as if she knew that the day was hers.

ner, as if she knew that the day was hers.

"Are you surprised to see my headache so much better?" she asked composedly.

"I have always found that the fresh air is the best remedy after all, and to day it has done me a world of good already."

Lesley did not answer. She had no intention of being drawn into a war of words, though a swift, half-pleading glance at her fiance seemed to beg for an explanation of the mystery. But the eyes which should have met hers were heavy which should have met hers were heavy and downcast, and for a minute nothing broke the silence save the impatient chirp I were keeping a secret he might any day discover."

So Mr. Burroughs was informed of the truth, and took it very easily. He laughed a little at the doctor's predicament; hoped

love her with my whole soul."

The girl quivered as if she had been struck; but her natural self-control was

stronger to help her now than even her stronger to help her now than even her wounded pride. "I will release you," she said simply; "and I hope that to her, at least, you will be true."

silence more contemptuous than words, never even looked at her, but continued quietly on her way. Mabel Grantly fol-lowed and laid a detaining hand upon her arm. She was pale now, and her soft blue eyes sparkled with an evil light. But she stood erect and unabashed, for her hour of triumph was at hand, and all things had come to her who knew how to wait. "Lesley Stanhope," she said, "you must hear me. If you do not choose to

must hear me. If you do not choose to respect me as your sister's governess, you shall as your father's wife."

She paused and noticed with cruel amusement the white, puzzled face turned to her own, and heard the sharp sound of Jack Burroughs' foot upon the gravel. "It is true," she repeated slowly, "I have only been engaged to Dr. Stanhope for two days, and I am going to take Essie to the sea-shore for the rest of the summer. In November we will be married."

She stopped, included them both in a

She stopped, included them both in a little, mocking bow, and strolled away. Lesley, without a word, turned sharply in another direction; Mr. Burroughs was left under the apple trees alone. Safe in her own room, Lesley sat for

Her painful reverie was broken at last by a message from her father, saying he would like to see her for a few minutes in the library; and, rousing herself, Lesley went wearily down-stairs. The skies were darkening with an approaching storm, and a deathlike stillness brooded over the tall tree-tops, which hung heavy and drooping in the sullen air. The same atmosphere of breathless expectancy seemed to pervade the house, as though the ominous lull which precedes the rising wind held it, too, in check. In his dim and quiet study Dr. Stanhope was pacing up and down, with a look half angry, half resolute on his face and an impatient, troubled step. He turned sharply around as his daughter entered.

"Lesley," he said, "I have something important to tell you—something you will be sorry to hear."

"Do you mean your engagement, father "" she said, in her work and a step."

be sorry to hear."
"Do you mean your engagement, father?" she asked in a low voice.

He stared at her and continued his walk. "No, no," he said. "Of course I meant to tell you that as well, but I am very glad you know it already. It is the colly softening spent in my summer's only softening spot in my summer's annoyance and worry. She is a lovely girl, and I am most fortunate to win such a gentle and judicious mother for Essie and such a charming little wife for myself. Now I can see you married with a better

Lesley made no answer. She was not thinking now of Mabel Grantly, but of her own young mother, who lay in the churchyard near, and of Hester Halleran, churchyard near, and of Hester Halleran, who lay forgotten by the Mediterranean Sea. Was there no such thing as faithfulness in the world? Her lip curled scornfully, but her eyes were dim with tears, and for the first time a sensation of pity for the low-born wife who had sacrificed so much to gain so little filled her soul. She had resented her taking her mother's place, but now they were both alike forsaken, and she felt that their cause was one.

one.

Dr. Stanhope took a few steps in silence and then continued in a lower voice and with an altered manner: "What I want to speak to you about is something I have just heard of Essie. That scoundrel Halroad, has eluded my vigilance, and has actually been all this time in the neighborhood; and, what is much worse, Essie has had constant communication with him." "Impossible!" cried Lesley, startled out her self-abstraction. "Where could of her self-abstraction.

"Oh! that was easy enough, thanks to the child being unwatched all day long. He is living in a little cottage behind the Stewart mill, and all she had to do was to cross the mill-stream unnoticed and spend as much time with him as she liked. Heaven only knows what nonsense he has

taught her by this time!"
"I am very sorry father," said Lesley, taking, as usual, the blame upon her shoulders. "But Essie has always been accustomed to run about where she liked, and I did not know there was any cause for apprehension."
"Nor I, or this folly would have come

to a speedy end long ago, as it shall now. Did Miss Grantly tell you she was going to take Essie to the sea shore?" "Yes, she mentioned it to me."
"Well, I have changed my plans, and, to insure her being safe in future from Halleran's pertinacity, I intend sending

her abroad at once.' "Abroad!" repeated Lesley, "and with Miss Grantly?" "Of course with Miss Grantly. They

are to leave early to morrow morning, and will sail from New York on Thursday. have arranged for their spending the rest of the summer at Nice, and in the fall l will go over to them."
"And be married abroad, father?" "Yes; it suits me best, and I shall be

spared the fuss and notoriety of a home wedding. It is a heavy trial for me to part with Essie for so long, but I feel the necessity to be imperative, and I shall know her to be in good hands."

One great rebellious tear dropped from Lesley's eyes, and she succeeded with difficulty in choking back its fellows. She felt so lonely and desolate that it seemed doubly hard to know that all her father's hopes and plane and effections where the state of the state doubly hard to know that all her tather's hopes, and plans, and affections were for those two, and that she alone bore no part in his calculations. She might, perhaps, be useful to him, but that was all.

"The reason why I sent for you," Dr. Stanhope went on, "was to sak you to get Essie's things together quietly, so that she will be ready to start in the morning without making a stirgmong the servants.

without making a stir among the servants.

Miss Grantly says that old Alice is ruining the child by over-indulgence, and she

prefers not taking her along. So they will cross slone, and secure a French maid in Paris. Also I want you to break the news to Essie to-night, so that she will have a good sleep on it, and not treat us to a scene to-morrow."

"Father," pleaded Lesley, "I think the child will be very unhappy if you send her so far away without even her old nurse to comfort her. She is so painfully shy with strangers, and has not yet grown fond of Miss Grantly."

"That," said Dr. Stanhope pithily, "is pure nonsense. Between you and Alice, Essie has been greatly spoiled, and the quicker she gets under new influences the better. Besides, she will learn to love Miss Grantly all the more readily if she has no one else to fall back upon. My mind is quite made up on the subject, but I want you to reconcile her as far as possible to the separation. Once among new scenes, she will soon grow happy and contented."

Lesley offered no further remonstrance.

bee then. There is no need to speak of rill cross alone, and secure a French main is Paris. Also I want you to break the news to Eude to sight, so that she will have a good sleep on it, and not treat up to a some to-morrow.

It is a some to-morrow to-morrow here have been to fall back upon. It is not that the quicker she gate under are influenced to the some to-morrow to-morrow here have been to fall back upon. It is not the to-morrow to-morrow here have been to fall back upon. It is not the to-morrow to-morrow here have been to fall back upon. It is not the to-morrow to-morrow here have been to fall back upon. It is not the to-morrow to-morrow here have been to fall back upon. It is not to the to-morrow corow here have been to fall back upon. It is not the to-morrow corow here have been to fall back upon. It is not to the to-morrow corow here have been to fall back upon. It is not to the to-morrow corow here have been to the port of the designed to the to-morrow corow here have been to the port of the designed to the to-morrow corow here have been to the port of the designed to the to-morrow corow here have been to the to-morrow corow her

The child raised her flushed face for an instant and met her sister's eyes. "It was not my secret," she whispered, "so I could not tell it. And he is my cwn dear mamma's father, and he loves me just as he used to love her when she was a little girl; and I cannot go away without saying good-bye to him. Lesley, dear Lesley"—and the small arms were wound tightly around her neck—"may I see him once just before I leave—only once to say good-by to."

Lesley shook her head. "You know very well, Essie," she said, "that it cannot be. Father has forbidden it, and you are only a little girl and must obey him. He is going after you in a few months."

"To bring me home again?"
"Derbans so, or maybe you will go to

"To bring me home again?"
"Perhaps so, or maybe you will go to school, and have a nice time with other children. And now I will put you to bed myself, for if Alice comes up you and she will cry half the night, and I want you to be my brave little sister."

be my brave little sister."

"But I cannot sleep ever," moaned Essie fretfully, "when it storms so."

"Nonsense! I will close the shutters, and then you won't see the lightning."

"Yes, I will; it shines through the chinks.

And, besides, I can hear the thunder all the same, and the wind. I am not afraid of them one bit, only they keep me awake. O Lesley! I wish there would be another flood, so that page couldn't send me away in the receiping?"

in the morning."

In truth, the night was not conducive to peaceful slumber, and when Lesley had at last escaped to her room she lay for hours listening to the rain beating furiously against the panes, and to the hoarse wind that now grant stealthily around the that now crept stealthily around the house, pushing the scattered leaves before it, and now sprang fiercely at the casements, rattling them like an angry man determined to force an entrance. Opstorm seemed fraught with a dismal meaning to her ears; and if she dozed for a minute it was only to find herself batthing with the elements or driven helplessly hither and thither by their unresting fury. Twice she arose and went with noiseless step into Essie's room, and the dimly-burning lamp showed her each time the child sleeping peacefully, one little arm thrown above her head, the other hand thrown above her head, the belief hand holding fast to something—Lesley could not see what—that she wore around her neck. With a strange softening in her heart and an affection never felt before Lesley stooped over the bed and kissed her sister's face, upturned as though to meet her own; then, going back to her room, locked herself resolutely in, deter-mined to leave it no more that night. Towards morning the storm abated, and at last she fell asleep, never wakening until the sun was streaming brightly in her window.

A low tap at the door startled her from

her drowsiness, and she opened it to see Alice, the nurse, standing outside, with a white, scared face and trembling fingers that plucked absently at the strings of her apron. "Miss Essie?" she asked hurriedly. "Is she in here with you?"
"With me!" answered Lesley. "Certainly not. She slept in her own bed last

night."
The girl gave a low cry. "She is not there now," she said, "Come and look for yourself."
Snatching her wrapper, Lesley flew bare-footed to her sister's room. The night-lamp was burning still, though the open shutters let in the cheerful light of day. The little bed was empty, and Essie's night-dress and one tiny slipper lay across the foot. Glancing in the closet, Lesley saw that the coat and hat which had been hung there in readiness

for the morning were gone.
"Alice," she said, "when you came in the room were the shutters open or closed?"
"Tight shut, Miss Lesley, all but one in
the corner here. I opened the rest my-

self."
"Then Essie must have gotten up before "Then Essie must have gotten up before daylight and dressed by the lamp. She has probably gone out for a last run, and will be back in time for breakfast. Now, don't be foolish and hysterical, Alice, but go down-stairs at once and tell Dr. Stanhope, if he is up. I will be dressed in a few minutes, and we can go and look for

breath of fresh air. The storm had kept me awake all night, and something seemed to be weighing heavy-like on my heart. The mill-stream was swollen by the rain and was running very fast; it had washed away part of the bridge, and the rest looked rotten and slippery. Down by the willow-tree there was something entangled in the branches that grow into the water, and I went to look what it was. There I saw my darling's child lying cold and dead, with her innocent face turned towards heaven."

His voice trembled and broke; he struggled for a moment with his tears, and then grew calmer. It even seemed to Lesley that his grief had invested him with a new dignity, and that he had risen

with a new dignity, and that he had risen to a nobler level. "She is safe with her

ing in the halls, yet take a certain pleasure, nevertheless, in conjecturing with many tears just how the tragedy was brought about. Outside the village children gather and it. Outside the vinege cand at all each other for the twentieth time how it all happened, and wonder what the drowned child looks like, and whether they will be admitted to the funeral. If curiosity and a breathless interest sweeten their sense of grief, it is none the less honest for that; and their tears are heart-felt as they recall the well-known little figure canter-ing down the lanes. Isolated in his library, Dr. Stanhope has refused all consolrary, Dr. Stannope has refused all consol-ation and sympathy, and will admit no one to his solitude. His best hopes and affections lie dead with his lost child, and for the time his sorrow crushes him. Miss Grantly also keeps her room, save when carriage-loads of commiserating friends arrive and she alone can see them. Her pale, tear-stained face is by far the most attractive in the house, and all who meet her go away charmed and touched by her graceful and well-bred distress. She lays up for herself golden opinions in these few days which will do het good service by and by. Dr. Stanhope's re-fusal to see her now does not trouble her in the least, for she knows well how soon a selfish grief exhausts itself; and she knows, too, that the only influence strong enough to conflict with hers is gone for ever. Henceforth she rules alone.

ever. Henceforth she rules alone.

And Lesley, forgotten in her father's heart, and no longer the mistress even of his home, is conscious of nothing but her own sorrow and pity. She glides around the house, white and silent, the ghost of her old gay self, but convered and her old gay self, but composed and rational still; so that the servants shake their heads when they meet her, and say, with many a shrug and sniff, indicative of strong disfavor, that it's wonderful how some people bear up under their losses. She sees that her father's meals are sent to him regularly, and dines alone in the to him regularly, and dines alone in the big, gloomy room, with little appetite, poor child! and to the great disedification of the cook, who considers that unlimited tea-drinking in her apartment would be a more fitting expression of her grief. When the day of the funeral comes she and Alice prepare the little corpse for its last resting-place. Around Essie's neck is a narrow white ribbon, and fastened to it a small, much-worn silver medal. Lesley looks at it curiously, but can make nothing out of the few dim outlines or the half-erased inscription. She feels sure that it

was Halleran's gift, and that it was this that her sister held in her hand the night before her death. But what she does not

what room is left for my faith now when another pair of blue eyes may tempt you away again? The affection that is built on mistrust is worthless, and we should only find it out too late. Even loneliness would be easier to bear than that,"

"Do you really mean it, Lesley?" he asks.

"And is your decision final?"

"I really mean it, and my decision is final. How can I hope to change?"

He comes close to her and looks at her pale face and in her troubled eyes, but reads there no shadow of relenting—only a listless sorrow and indifference. "And you can talk of faithfulness and love!" he cries bitterly—"you who are without a

heart !" For an instant she stares at him won-

deringly. "And if I am," she answers slowly, "it is you who have helped to break it."

He turns without another word and leaves her standing by her sister's door, and she goes softly in. White and pure and lovely, Essie lies in her little flowerto a nobler level. "She is safe with her mother now," he said simply, "aud I am alone. May it please God to call me in his good time!"

He stole a last lingering look at the child, still in her father's arms, and turned silently away, going out in his helpless old age to meet the last buffets of an unkind world. Weak, and broken, and poverty-stricken, he went forth, as he said alone; and neither Lesley nor her father ever saw or heard of him again. That his story was true none could doubt. The state of the bridge confirmed his words, and clinging to a splintered board was alone; and neither Lesley nor her father ever saw or heard of him again. That his story was true none could doubt. The state of the bridge confirmed his words, and clinging to a splintered board was found Essie's straw hat, showing too plainly where the little feet had slipped.

A silent house, where all day long the servagts speak in whispers and stand crycries out vainly for strength and consolacries out vainly for strength and consola-tion. The world is going round with her, and all that she has valued has slipped from her powerless fingers. With a sud-den cry she falls on her knees beside the little coffin and lays her face close to the pale, cold cheek.

"Essie, Essie," she sobs, "look down from heaven and listen to me now! You see your mother's face, but the face of

see your mother's face, but the face of mine is turned away from me. You stand in the full light, and I walk still in darkess. Help me, my dear little sister, that

THE END.

Don't fill the system with quinine in the effort to prevent or cure Fever and Ague. Ayer's Ague Cure is a far more potent preventive and remedy, with the advantage of leaving in the body no poisons to produce dizziness, deafness, headache, and other disorders. The proprietors warrant it.

For sufferers of Chronic diseases 36 pp, symptoms, remedies, elps, sdvist. Send stamp—DR. WHITTER, 290 (Race St. incinnai, O. (old office), State case.

Mr. Henry Harding, of Toronto, writes: My little daughter, 7 years of age, has been a terrible sufferer this winter from rheumatism, being for weeks confined to her bed, with limbs drawn up, which could not be straightened, and sufficient and arms and shoulders. The best of physicians could not help her, and we were advised to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, which we done, and the benefit was at once apparent; after using two bottles the pain left, her limbs assumed their natural shape, and in two weeks she was as well as ever. It has not returned.

Husband and Wife. Mr. James More and Wife, well-known in Leamington, were both chronic sufferers from Dyspepsia that the best medical aid failed to relieve. Three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured both husband and wife.

Mr. R. C. Winlow, Toronto, writes:
"Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is a valuable medicine to all who are troubled with indigestion. I tried a bottle of it after suffering for some ten years, and the results are certainly years, and the results are certainly beyond my expectations. It assists digestion wonderfully. I digest my food with no apparent effort, and am now entirely free from that sensation, which every dyspeptic well knows, of unpleasant fulness after every meal." The grass is green
The waters swee
The sword sleeps i
The farmer keep
Then who would i
With vaunt of bat

AUGUST 1

The brave corn lift Ten thousand sa The ricks replace The bannered ta The neighing stee These be the storie The earth has heal
The cannons plo
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They jought for pe
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SOME PRACTI THE SACRIF

(From "The Ma Vaughn, Bish It is very unb irreverent, to go the Mass expense attractive colors. to Mass just as Mount Calvary of fixion. It is the Priest and Victin Blessed Lord in the Calvary of the Calvary honor, and if y quietly for His sa will be greater t thought of.
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It has taught h poor people to a Sundays, by she even to Mass in Thus a vain and the poor from Church which is poor. Those who and carnal insole for more sins th ask herself wheth in Church corres and humble spir expiation in the

gences to the Un for their zeal in a spirit of modes among Catholic need in the Un Christian Wome ON HEAT do so, hear Mass and do not fail. Talk of discov all our preconce scientific societi confusion, the re

tific discoveries pared to that we will take place the day we shall duced on a deve As you have other way in w adoration and through the Hoof the Mass belo to the Adorable to co-operate e Divine High Pr

Trinity!
St. Charles, in

People," says, 'can;' St. Alpho Philip made all daily. This has tice of the saint 2.—In purely