

lately given another and no less impressive token of its vitality, as well as a tangible testimony of its determination to provide well for its future conservation and advancement. Dunwoodie Seminary, but lately completed at a cost of something like a million dollars, is this latest triumph—a triumph all the more praiseworthy since the new building is not encumbered by a single cent of debt. But why should we wonder at this latest token of munificence in raising edifices to God's glory? That the American Catholics, and, in particular, the New York Catholics are not accustomed to do things by halves, there is throughout the record of the past one hundred years, many a convincing proof. With their inherited Celtic promptness and self-sacrificing Celtic liberality in matters pertaining to their cherished faith, they begin unhesitatingly the erection of churches, seminaries, colleges, schools, convents, hospitals and other similar edifices, they go on with the work uninterruptedly, and when it is finished, they pay for it with ready hands. Why this remarkable expedition in every work tending to the embellishment of Catholic New York? Is it because the Catholics of the Empire City are immensely richer than their co-religionists under other flags? Surely not; it is because they are earnest whole-souled members of a church they love, and of which they are rightly proud. Many of them have an abundance of worldly goods, 'tis true, but, what is incomparably grander still, the entire hundreds of thousands are rich in something that endures beyond the threshold across which perishable things can never pass,—rich in a mighty treasure, the glorious old faith which, as Our

Lord Himself says, is able to move mountains. They recognize the grave importance of their mission in a land where there are astray so many sheep "that bleat to God;" they know their momentous responsibility amongst their fellow-citizens of other religious persuasions. The best church-supporters of what are, at least nominally, more Catholic cities might dwell a while in New York, watch the diurnal working of its piety, its charity and its devotedness, and thence learn many a useful, perhaps soul-saving lesson.

On two occasions it was the writer's good fortune to visit New York, and there gather a wealth of edification from the every day religious fervour of its Catholic population. Although both these visits were paid at a time most unfavorable for judging the great city's piety,—a time when the fiery July sun had driven thousands of citizens to the various sea-side and country summer-resorts, still the pure Catholic spirit—we might say, the grand old Irish Catholic spirit—was everywhere in evidence. Morning after morning, as the great copper-like sun rose higher and higher above the surging harbour in promise of another sweltering day, thousands could be seen wending their pious ways to the different Catholic churches there to humbly participate in the august Sacrifice of the New Alliance. No matter what temple of Catholic worship one might enter, no matter what might be the day, no matter what might be the hour, from early morn 'till shades of eve had fallen, devout persons of both sexes and of all ages could be found kneeling in rapt adoration before the tabernacle where dwells the Prisoner-God. Sunday mornings saw the Churches crowded at many successive services.