The morning's golden splendor
Through the chancel window strear
Till like masses of precious jewels
The radiant colors seemed.

But around the central picture Of the Carist upon the Rood, It shone like a wondrous halo As the priest upgazing stood

The prayer of Consecration Began he low and clear, And at the mystic sentence Bowed down in holy fear,-

Bowed lowly over the Paten, As he took in his hands the Bread; And likewise the mystic sentence Over the Cup he said.

When lo! in the golden Chalice, Distinct in the purple wine, He saw reflected the image Of the Crucified Form Divine.

Filled with a sudden tremor, His eyes deep fixed on the sight, Scarcely the prayer he followed. Or knew if he said it aright.

And still when the Chalice he lowered, Distinct in the purple wine, From the chance; windows reflected, He saw the Image Divine.

Did he hear in the hush that followed The words of his Lord anew, Brought down by the Church thre' the The mystical charge, "This do"?

Did he hear from the Holy of Holies, The s-cret, eternal shrine, The Priest who is Priest forever Renew the assurance divine?—

"Le! I am with you alway, Biessing the Cup that you bless; Under the Bread you have broken, My Presence proclaim and confes "Lo! I am with you alway, Mine own command to fuifil. I am the Sacrifice offered, The Friest and the Victim still.

"Lo! I am with you alway, Feeding the flock that you feed: My Fiesh the manna unfailing, My Blood the drink indeed."

O blessed, O wondrous commission! It seemed to the lowly priest Like a precious new revelation, As he shared with his flock that Feast.

And ever enshrined in his bosom, He treasures with holy awe The memory of the vision That, veiled in the Challee, he saw. HARRIET MCEWEN KIMBALL, in The Inde-

PHILISTA.

Maurice F. Egan in Catholic World.

It was Sunday in Philista. Philista is a town in one of the Middle States. It contains several flourishing pottery-works, a caual, and numerous first families of intense respectability. The first families are very aristocratic and exclusive. They know who their grandfathers were; and in Philista, given a grandfather, a genealogy of radiance is easily constructed. Of late a genealogy has become so necessary a part of every well-regulated household in America that the familytrees of the Philistans are much regarded by visitors; and the old graveyard, which dates much beyond the time when Washington crossed the Delaware, has lost one or two of its tombstones, so great is the rage of our generation for memorials of its ancestors. The Stokes, of Beverly, of its ancestors. The Stokes, of Beverly, Del., for instance—whose family congress is held in September of every year—have in their parlor, between the spinning-wheel of their alleged great-grandmother and a suit of armor bought in New York, one of the tomb stones of Philista neatly framed in gold. What can be more convincing of the antiquity of a family than this? Gossip may maliciously say that the Stokes had no grandfather. But even

has been dissipated, when the baked pota-toes are cold and mangled, and the "help" in the Philiston kitchens softly clatter the dishes and murmur, "I know a happy land," only rising to high C when she

breaks anything.

It was a drowsy and wretched hour.

Dinner was done; the younger Philistans had, on August Sundays, nothing to look forward to. There was not even the mild diversion of the cold-weather Sunday-school or Bible-class. All the books permitted to be read were of the kind that the young Philistan despised—"memoirs" of holy Methodists and pious Baptists, the doctrine of predestination arranged in an attractive primer for the use of the young, and school books about consumptive little boys who would not play on Sunday, and who died young. To add to the hor-ror of this time, when the sweet hope of dinner that had buoyed up the young soul through the long sermon of the morning had been lost in fruition, the parlor organs and melodeons in Jackson Street were let loose. To whistle would have been profanation; to draw a violinbow across the strings sacrilege; to touch a piano, except to bring forth some sanc-timonious tune, would have made the Sunday sunshine assume a rakish and week day look in the eyes of the Philistans. But to manipulate the melodeon

or parlor organ, of which instruments of tortune each house in Jackson Street possessed one, was considered the proper thing for Sunday. And now, to such an accompaniment, voices, young, old, and middle aged, were humming the various middle-aged, we're numning the various vocal arrangements of Moody and Sankey. Heard through the hot air, "in the hush of the sunshine," there was something indescribably dreary in the sounds. It seemed as if all Jackson Street had taken to this dismal form of amusement because there was nothing else to do:

The elder Miss Catherwood sat at her melodeon in the little parlor murmuring "Beulah Land." The door was slightly ajar, kept so by a brick, in an embroidered hich was wedged between it and cover, we come cover the door was its frame. On week-days the door was open; on Sundays it was thought proper to keep it sjar. The window-shutters were "bowed," and the room was in semi-gloom. The chromo of "Washington cross-glanced quickly at the visitor, as if she door, nearr and soul, and nothing could change us. But the children aren't like us. They're among new people, in a land of Protestants; and who's don't get it in the schools? Sure, we

were always in motion; and, to mark her juvenility, she had her gray gown disten-ded by a hoop of the fashion that came in when the Empress Eugenie ruled the

world.

Miss Catherwood's slim, long hands and low voice glided from "Beulah Land" into "Almost Persuaded." It was doleful enough. An unusually big fly perched on Miss Tamar Ann's palm-leaf fan, and, being disturbed, hummed drows-ily among the green slats of the blind at the window. Miss Tamar Ann dropped her fan, ceased to rock herself, and quietly contemplated the hot brick wall across the street. There was no other occupation left for her on Sunday, except to read the bible, as she "did not play the reader or or a sunday, except to read the bible, as she "did not play the

parlor organ."

Miss Catherwood's voice broke on one of those particularly strained notes which the adepts in Protestant devotional sing-

the adepts in Protestant devotional singing so often use.

"I was thinking," said Miss Tamar Ann, in monotone suitable for the time, "that it was a day like this when poor little Jimmie Reed was drowned. It was an awful warning to Sabbath breakers. He would go to fish in the canal, and he fell in, you remember? It was on the 15th, the Sunday after I turned my black silk, and I remember thinking, 'I hope Jimmy put on his clean underclothing, for if he didn't his mother would be so mortified.' Dear, dear! And to think of the poor

and I remember thiname, put on his clean underclothing, for a didn't his mother would be so mortified. Dear, dear! And to think of the poor child going to perdition that way!"

Miss Catherwood had not attended to this reminiscence. Her eyes were full of tears. The dismal hymns she had been singing were very pathetic and solemn to her. They brought into her heart a yearning that almost broke it—a memory and which was nothing but a memory and which was nothing but a memory dear which was nothing but a memory and which was nothing but a memory dear we'll see you at tea."

But in order to be polite, and perhaps we'll see you at tea."

But in order to be polite, and perhaps we'll see you at tea."

But in order to be polite, and perhaps we'll see you at tea."

But in order to be polite, and perhaps we'll see you at tea."

But in order to be polite, and perhaps we'll see you at tea."

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But in order to be polite, and perhaps we'll see you at tea."

But in order to be polite, and perhaps we'll see you at tea."

But in order

alia to me, Tamar. I have heard the Romanists pray for their dead. It would be a great relief to pray for Rosalia now, or to pray to her, if she is in the 'Beulah Land.'"

If Miss Tamar Ann had been a Catholic she would have made the sign of the cross; but she detested the sign of the cross, except as an ornament for the collar or in

a patch work quilt.
"I am surprised at you, Jane!" she said, shaking her head. "Poor Rosalia married a Papist and died young; and if John O'Brien hadn't sent for a priest at the last, she'd have died a Baptist and the Catherwoods would have been spared the disgrace of seeing her buried among the Irish Catholics. I don't underthe Stokes had no grandfather. But even Gossip ought to be silent in the presence of a tombstone.

It was Sunday in Philista, and it was Sunday at the Catherwoods', which is the concentrated essence of all the Sabbatarian characteristics of the Philistan Sunday.

The street was very quiet. The sunshine fell hot on the well-swept pavements; the leaves of the paper-mulberry trees rustled lazily, stirred by the ghost of a breeze. It was at that hour on Sunday when the smell of roast beef taken from the oven has been dissipated, when the baked pota-

pma "Yes," he said. "She was kind enough to ask me to come to see her, and, as I was obliged to—but here she is."

A girl not work." she had said over and over again to his father, "the faith's in us, blood and bone, heart and soul, and nothing could change us.

ing the Dolawara," and the oil-painting of old Mr. Catherwood in the suit he wore in the great Federal procession in Philadel phia, were carefully covered with pink gauze to keep off the files. On the marble topped table near the window was a big bible, and upon it a glass case containing a pyramid of wax fruit, supposed, out of respect for tradition, to be very natural. The wall-paper was covered with large green roses with glt leaves, and the carpet was read and green. Tidies of worsted work were arranged in a mathematical manner on the backs of the hair cloth sofa and the chairs. On Saturday very atom of dust had been ruhlessly traced to its lair by the Misses Catherwood and green that of the word and green. On Saturday traced to its lair by the Misses Catherwood and green that of the catherwood and green that of the word and green the proceeding the word and green the procession in the green that of the word and green the procession of the word and green that of the word with the green tha

disappear when the young folk had visitors.

"I hope you'll invite your friend to
tea, Alice," Miss Tamar Ann said.

"This is Mr. Blake—"
"Oh! yes," said Miss Tamar Ann, "we
know."

"I don't want to interrupt your
music," said Mr. Blake, showing a very
good row of teeth to both aunte, and
appealing to Miss Catherwood. "Do go
on with your music. I am very fond of
it."

There was an oppressive silence.

it."

There was an oppressive silence.

Music! The mention of the term in connection with the singing of bymns on the "Sabbath" seemed most incongruous to the sisters. Music, as music, was not for the Lord's day.

"I declare, Miss Catherwood," continued the visitor, with his brightest smile, thinking he had not said enough, "if I have an idol in this world—if I have an idol in this world," he repeated, fancying from

this world," he repeated, fancying from something in Miss Tamar Ann's look that she was deaf, "it is..."
"We don't speak of idols," murmured

"We don't speak of faois," murmured Miss Tamar Ann, nervously drawing closer to the young man. "It might hurt Alice's feelings. She's a Romanist."

The young man lost his smile for a moment, and then laughed.

moment, and then laugued.

"So am I!" he said.

Miss Tamar Ann gazed at his fashionable suit of clothes in amazement. The Catholics in Philista were, she said afterwards, "such a very different class of peo-

their bed rooms to read an appropriately gloomy book, "that a nice young man like that should be obliged by the Pope to end all his prayers with an invocation to the Virgin !?" to the Virgin!

"it's a good thing for young men nowa-days if they pray at all," Miss Catherwood answered. "Most of them don't."

II.

Cornelius Blake was "a promising young man." His father and mother had come over from Ireland, with a little money carned by shop-keeping in Cork, before the famine. They had settled among the Philadelphians and done well. They were frugal, cateful people, and their six chil-dren found themselves with a snug sum to begin life with when the old folk had passed away. Cornelius was the second of

Alice sticks to her religion who's going to marry her, I'd like to know? Not that I think she'll stick to it when she sees how very low everybody considers it."

"I don't know," answered Miss Catherwood. "I can't tell. I wish." she added with some fierceness, "that John O'Brien had never met our Rosalia. If she was right, Tamar, we're wrong. And if she's in heaven, we'll—but I want to see her again! It wouldn't be heaven, if she wasn't there!"

"Sister!"

"Miss Tamar Ann's eyes actually snapped. If!

"For my part," she said, in a voice raised above the appropriate monotone, "I'd rather go to a place where the Good Man isn't than find there's nothing in all the Bible curses against idolaters. I declar I would!"

A faint knock sounded at the door, and if was pushed open after Miss Catherwood it was pushed open after Miss Catherwood it was pushed open after Miss Catherwood it had said "Come in."

claie I would!"

A faint knock sounded at the door, and it was pushed open after Miss Catherwood had said "Come in."

The gentlewomen were very much fluttered when a young man entered. He was rather tall, with brown hair close-cropped, a wide brow, full, bright blue eyes; a thick, reddish moustache covered his lips, but the chin it left visible was too finely moulded for a man's. He smiled good humoredly at the Misses Catherwood, and fumbled with the red rose in the buttonhole of his light tweed coat. wood, and fumbled with the red rose in the buttonhole of his light tweed coat. He gave Miss Catherwood his tall white hat, which she placed on the cover of the melodeon, and then he esked if he might see Miss Adice.

Miss Catherwood said, "Certainly." And then, with a little flush on her cheeks, "Shall I tell her your name?"

"Mine? Oh! I beg pardon," the young man answered, with a crispness of accent no influence on his life.

And then, with a little flush on her cheeks, "Shall I tell her your name?"
"Mine? Oh! I beg pardon," the young man answered, with a crispness of accent and a slight trill of the "p" that contrasted pleasantly with Miss Catherwood's rather flat enunciation. "Cornelius Blake."

Miss Catherwood and Miss Tamar Ann smiled. "You are the young centlemen smiled. "You are the young centlemen and the struck to the heart by any known omission of his "duty." His brothers and sission of his "du Catholic parents. His mother—poor, ignorant old soul!—had always struggled Alice met at her cousin's in Philadel. against his going to the public-schools.

"A born crator,"

He was "smart," and, though he had come out of school with the conviction that he was literally a master of all arts worth studying, he was by no means more worth studying, he was by no means more of a fool than nine-tenths of his fellowcitizens. What he did not know—speaking of reading and study—he despised. He felt that he was well equipped for life; he was sure he was equal to anybody; he resolved to be of importance in the world. He had read a stray volume of Controversy between Bishop Hughes and Breckenridge and Smarius' book of Controversy just after a "mission," when his mind had been inflamed to a point of unusual devotion. But he had forgotten them easily. His teacher had recommended him to read Draper's Conflict of Religion and Science. He looked on that work as worthy of respect, as, indeed, he had no means of contradicting the felsehoods concerning the church it contains. He had, by dint of reading reviews and editorials of a fool than nine-tenths of his fellow means of contradicting the falsehoods concerning the church it contains. He had, by dint of reading reviews and edutorials in the daily press, acquired a knack of quoting Tyndall and Huxley against his Catholic acquaintances, as if he had read those popular authors. He had worried through Daniel Deronda and Middlemarch, in order to talk about them. He had never bought a book of any kind. He read newspapers unceasingly and "kept up" with the magazines. Once or twice a year he heard a sermon. But it made

had emigrated. He had a kind heart; good impulses

constantly arose from it. He would have died rather than have done anything dishonest or acknowledged that his Christian name was Patrick. He wanted to be good and he wanted to be well thought of. So far the facts that he was a Catholic and had a suspicion of the brogue had not gone much against him. He had felt that ne was an "outsider" when some of his friends had made social arrangements in ricends had made social arrangements in which he had participated; but he was not sure whether this had been only a feeling of his or really a feeling of theirs. Taking him altogether, he was a man of excellent possibilities warped by the atmosphere around him. He had all the best qualities of his Irish parents, tempered and strained a little, the charming facility

Celtic of the Irish.

III.

When the Misses Catherwood had left the parlor Afice untied the cord that kept the window-shutters "bowed" and let in a little more light. The young people little more light. Alice Alice "But why can't I overcome these obstationally. "be-

but I suppose you intend to will not grow the city. Your beaustalk will not grow as rapidly as Jack's in the story. If it keeps pace with Philista in growth it will be ready for you to climb when you're seventy years of age—at least."

Cornelius feit a little piqued by her cornelius feit a little piqued by her worn it. I'm a Catholic for the same reason—I've always been one."

"A Mohammedan might say that," she wonlied, with a serious look in her eyes

keeps pace with Phuista in growth it will be ready for you to climb when you're seventy years of age—at least."

Cornelius felt a little piqued by her easy tone. When a young man comes from a large city into a comparatively rural town, with all the tone of progress that raidenes in a centre of culture raral town, with all the tone of progress that residence in a centre of culture gives, he expects the simple country lass to show a sense of his condescension.

"I don't know Philista at all," he said.

"Therefore, with a serious look in her eyes and a note of seorn in her veice.

"Or a Methodict, or a Presbyterian—yes. Have you a better reas on?"

"Yes. The Church is true—is truth itself. I believe."

"That must have been the reason you came here. After all, you may find it lively—in comparison with Philadelphia.

The result is most interesting. There's an interesting is most interesting. having 'cake love feasts,' sociables, oyster suppers, and fairs, and we had a troop of negro minstrels last week. At election time the excitement is intense. On last election day twelve men passed our window."

"Is there much society?" "Is there much society?"

"Much! The churches, particularly the Methodist, are circles within circles of gayety. But I'm a Catholic, so I'm barred out of that. Our own people are mostly factory-hands and that sort of thing. Positively there are not ten Catholic young men in Philista that a nice girl could marry. Not that I ever think of that. I'm a school-teacher, you know, and we neither die nor resign."

Cornelius felt more at ease.

Cornelius felt more at ease.

"They are not fond of Catholics here."

"I should think not. The first families

Those that have travelled are broader in their religious views, but they consider it socially 'low' to be a Catholic with an Irish name. It took all the influence of the Catherwoods to get me a place as teacher in one of the schools. And I know there would have been less mourning in the best would have been less mourning in the best circles if my mother had married a negro instead of my dear, dear father. With

circles if my mother had married a negro instead of my dear, dear father. With your Irish look and that touch of the broque you'll have a hard time here." Cornelius flushed so deeply that his red-dish mustache looked yellow by contrast. "Do you really think that I talk as if I was Irish?" he asked, with an ingenuous-ness and anxiety that made her eyes twinkle.

ness and anxiety that made her eyes twinkle.

"Certainly. No man, except an Irishman, could talk with an echo of the music of the old sod in his voice." She broke off with a slight blush and a little laugh. "I wish I had it. I've the flat, semi-nasal accent of Philista, except when I speak a 'piece' or read poetry."

These young people, who had met only once before, seemed now quite well acquainted with each other. Young folk's friendships often grow as rapidly as Jack's beanstalk.

beanstalk.

Cornelius was mortified by her opinion about his "brogue," and, although he tried to conceal it, she said: "It is a pretty accent, not a vulgar twang. Do you sing? The choir at St. Bridget's is very bad. They want a tenor. I hope you sing?"

I hope you sing."

"Not at all. If I did I don't think I could stand choir-singing and going to church twice every Sunday. Once is enough. Protestants have a much pleas—

anter time. They don't go, if they don't want to."

never bought a book of any kind. He read newspapers unceasingly and "kept up" with the magazines. Once or twice a year he heard a sermon. But it made him tired to have the preacher tell him what he knev already.

Having hung out his sign with "P. Cornelius Blake" emblazoned on it, he discovered that there were too many lawyers in Philadelphis, and, hearing of a chance to enter a law-firm in Philista, he had emigrated.

are a Land Leaguer, the fact of your being a Catholic wouldn't carry all the Irish voters with you. I hope you'll keep out of politics."

Cornelius had come to say pretty things to this young lady, and to patronize her a little. But there she sat acting the part of monitress. She was a pretty monitress, an interesting monitress, but a man never likes a woman to teach him anything directly. If she teaches him with an had emigrated. directly. If she teaches him with an appearance of ignorance he will assimilate her wisdom and use it as his own. Alice O'Brien despised tact; she despised the male sex; she would rather have proposed marriage to a man than let him think she

was his inferior.

Cornelius, listening to her, felt as if a breeze, laden with moisture, had touched

m.
"You seem to have studied the political situation, Miss O'Brien."
"I have. Being a Catholic and half Irish, with a name that all the Cather-

woods dislike, I have been a 'looker on in Vienna.' Besides, I have always wanted "Why? I assure you, if you were a man, the world would lose a great deal

"Ob, yes, of course! Being a girl, I've On yes, of course! Being a girl, I've no chance of doing anything better than teaching the primary class in a public school. If I were not a Catholic, I might rise to be principal of Hypatia College, for instance, where they would like to have me, if it wasn't for that. If I were a man I could, I would, surmount all the obstacles in the way."

cles?"
"Oh!" she answered impatiently, "be-"Oh!" she answered impatiently, "because you are a man. They're coming from Vespers at St. Bridget's," she added pushing the shutters open. "Look at' them? Servant-girls and factory-hands Look at the clothes of the men and the bonnets of the women! And yet we are of those people; we can't escape them. I am a Catholic; I have stuck fast to the Church in spite of all jeers."

am a Catholic; I have stuck fast to the Charch in spite of all jeers."
"Why?' he interrupted maliciously.
She turned towards him with a startled look in her deeply-shaded eyes.
"Why?' she echoed. "Why?"
"Don't ask me," he returned. "When somehody asked me, the other day when somebody asked me the other day why I wore a scapular I couldn't tell. It does seem like nonsense. All I know about it

and my aunty never liked me to see the priest much. And the Catholic books I have happened to find among the people here have been silly things in awfully bad taste and more Irish than Catholic. But

believe—I sometimes wish I didn't; should have a better time every way!' "Well," he said, "you are frank. For myself, I am a Catholic through inheritance and habit. It seems to me that America has outgrown religions—I don't call Protestantism a religion—and I have never, in all my reading" (he said this quite seriously), "found any reason why I shouldn't be abreast of the country. Men are about alike, no matter what religion they profess."

they profess."
"That's a mistake," Alice O'Brien said.
There was a pause. "I wish," she continued, "there were no such things as mixed "I should think not. The first families are generally Presbyterians, who talk of one. You think that's too strong? The food. It strengthens the Catholics as Aunt Tamar Ann talks. Ah! but you don't know. I'm separa.

ted from the people I love best. I suppose I'll be separated in the next world, too. I don't know whether I ought to pray for the souls of so many dear relatives who on earth hated the church and the Blessed Virgin with all their hearts. And yet I loved them and they loved me. Here I am—a Catholic among Protestants, like a fish out of water."

Cornelius laughed. It was an ill-timed

a fish out of water."

Cornelius laughed. It was an ill-timed laugh. She showed she thought so by silence. The drone of the reading in the room above broke the quiet.

"Well," he said, with a light air that seemed frivolous to her, "as we can't give reasons for the faith that is in us, what reason have we for sticking to it? Life

reasons for the faith that is in us, what reason have we for sticking to it? Life would be much pleasanter and longer, perhaps, if religion did not demand sacrifices."

"I intend that my life shall be pleasant, and I think it will be long. I can never imagine myself dying."

"I never try to," he answered, with a laugh. At this moment the little servant-maid announced that tea was ready. Cornelius talked a great deal. The impression he made may be judged from a snatch of dialogue which Alice happened to overhear.

snatch of dialogue which Alice happened to overhear.

"I must say," Miss Tamar Ann said, "that, for a Romanist, he is very liberal."

"Yes," replied Miss Catherwood, "but just a little—limp. I like to see a man stand up for his principles."

Alice herself was divided between a vague digdin of his principle and a listing this is a vague digdin of his principle.

vague disdain of him and a distinct liking. And he said to himself that if a man wanted a clever wife who would help him to rise in this world, he could not do better than choose Alice O'Brien. CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT !

HINTS TO OUR YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Review. The circular recently issued to the Bishops of the Church by the Roman Inquisition has the following:

"It will be exceedingly advisable in the

"It will be exceedingly advisable in the interests of young men to promote among them associations under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, or any saint in heaven. In these associations, especially if priests or laymen gifted with experience and tact are at the head, young men will imbibe a liking for the practice of virtue, undismayed by the scoffs of irreligious men, and will also habituate themselves to the dislike of whatsoever is removed from the dislike of whatsoever is removed from Catholic truth and holiness."

The italics are our own, and we call attention to them because they seem to hit a tender spot in the young men's societies which have prevailed among us up to

this time.

We have had all sorts of experiments in the formation of these societies, and all sorts of theories have been ventilated and sorts of theories have been ventrated and practised in them. The military idea, the literary idea, the pool-table or amusement idea, have all had their share in working out the indirect salvation of the young men, with the result that the first two have been ridiculed out of shape, if not out of existence, and the last has been utterly reproduced. They were made the reasons why the societies should live, and they proved insocieties should live, and they proved insufficient. When the glitter of the uniform and the excitement of the pool table
failed to please, when the literary exercises grew stale by custom, the societies
dwindled to nothing, and pastors and
papers falling upon the miserable and
good-for-nothing remnant, destroyed
them to make room for the healthier stock
which is now starting out on its expect

which is now starting out on its career.

The failure of this generation to establish a permanent and powerful young men's organization is established in fact. Luckily, we yet have time to better our record, and the reasons of our first ill-success will prevent a repetition of our blunders. These seem to be mainly that we made the means the end, with the good intention of rejecting them when we had the ear of our young men. We dazzled their eyes with uniforms in order to bring them regularly to religious instructions; we tickled their fancy with the glories of the literary display before large audiences, or drew them from the saloen pool-table to its counterpart in the religious hali. Unluckily, in the majority of instances, ous standard was not raised, or the religious idea was not cultivated. The young men did not imbibe a liking for the practice of virtue. In consequence came weakness, then ruinous failure.

In forming our societies there is no need of disguising the end for which they are formed. Side issues do no harm, but the one object of every Catholic organization is simply that its members may be enabled to reach the exalted Catholic standard of virtue. The plainer this object is made to them the better for the society. Each member must know why he has become a member, and if he does not choose to act up to the spirit of his position, better that he should go than be held to his allegiance by some gewgaw.

We do not think societies will suffer

we do not think societies will suffer from adherence to this plan. It is truth-ful. It has no equivocation. It will re-quire more tact on the part of directors and officials, more energy and fidelity on the part of members. It will have its period of sharpstruggles, of despondency, of apparent failure, out there is no reason to fear that it will fail in the end.

One virtue it will generate which does

not take kindly to American self-sufficiency-that is, confidence in God. run our societies too much on business principles. We clothe them in tinsel, we blow our trumpets in the streets; we spend much money and time and make much fuss, and then we are disappointed if we do not draw a crowd. Certainly, a public Communion, a reasonable time devo-ted to saying the Rosary, would do more good to our societies.

Unless the Lord builds the house we have labored in vain! Business methods are commendable, but not when they count out God. We have followed this practice too long, and have taken it for granted that the spiritual constitutions young men were too weak to stand much spiritual food. We have now the chance to take up the forgotten principle and test it for all it is worth.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites.—In General Debility and Emaciation.—Is a most valuable food and medicine. It tends to create an appetite for food. It strengthens the nervous

Forget Thee,
Ope' not our
Ah Jesus swee
Before Thy t
Forget Thee, I
Thy peace w
Our love for G
Where He— Forget Thee, I Who gave Tl Tny woes we l Though seen Again we say When on Th

And in the per That fills with When Thy low Oh Jesus! der We'll pledge T Or sin's dark Thy Sacred He Thy touch, d

Forget Thee, I.
That deigned
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rest
How sweet to k
But brings us NOT

SERMON

On the Sunthe See of Phi Archbishop Rathe Cathedral, the Cathedra, there, expect preach. They to disappoint appear in the day of Septe Sunday service summer sea theoretically, ing the past w the year. Bu great heat man vast congregat filled every inc the great edific was represent His Grace asce end of his disc was paid by e uttered. Solemn Hi was sung. In ministers from

ary the Most accompanied l dral, Rev. Joh

him at the three Celebrant of

Rev. Daniel A

the Archdioces Rev. James I THE MOST RE Grace knelt in the "Veni Cres choir. Then h pit. Having r taken from th thew, verses 24 and last senten can serve two i fore, the kingd and all these th On these wor Christ's wonde Archbishop Ry clearly reasone to God, of whic

imperfect repo

this Sunday is a

Sermon on the admiration of t turies, and whi young Jewish should soar at o of morality—!
amongst the amongst the Je should do th announce his authority unit humility, is a p phers have vai Those words of tudes were foll sermon of de Crucifixion, wh of heart, mering and thirs sake, reviled a stamp of divin first Sermon human ground That sermon audience of all

ble, more nece nineteenth cen declarations of Seek ye first His justice and added to you"-whole Christian are the empha above the din o boisterous rev century is to 1 which threater gether this me the lessons is Teacher in this ially that of or the service of

vidence. No matter on ethical and are a few point agree, and on religious more first fundame some things rig that right thin things are no destroy the gramoments between is difficult to s is night;" but and night.

agreed upon i

powers of goods is a battle-field