

What a lesson! It reminds us of the words of Solomon: "All is vanity except to love God and serve Him alone."

To the rich St. Joseph will offer the example of how to respect and love the poor, our equals, not servants and subjects, and who have been called by God not wretched, but blessed. And you, who are poor, learn from Nazareth how God honors the poor; but be resigned, not the rebellious poor, the poor who love and pray, not the poor who curse and harbor hatred. He who curses hatred against the rich merely because of their riches, is not poor with the poverty of Jesus; he who covets the goods of others is no longer poor in spirit, he cursed for his sinful desires. When then, O ye poor, are refused the leavings from the tables of the rich, think of St. Joseph, who consoles you, saying: "Poverty is no dishonor, neither is wealth sanctity nor happiness. I, too, have suffered, and my former sufferings create in me a great sympathy with you."

Here then is the saint whose symbols is the lily, the King of Virgins, and after Mary Immaculate, the purest

among God's creatures. O, youth, in whom the fire of life and love burns so ardently betake yourselves to St. Joseph. From him you will learn the beauty of love and modesty. He will comfort you in conflict, hold out his hand to you, if perchance you may fall, and with paternal love will place on your brow the victor's crown in the home of your eternal reward, the Paradise of God.

In St. Joseph you indeed behold the true saint, humble and modest. Yet, what has he done? What has he said? In all other saints we ever find something eminently splendid in their virtues, but in St. Joseph all is hidden, and of his words not a single saying remains to us. Though master of the mysteries of Heaven and Earth, he asked nothing for his own glory. He is a poor artisan of Nazareth, unknown and perhaps despised; whom, however, the Church has placed next to Mary, the mother of God, for God, who can not go from His word, said: "He that exalteth himself shall be humbled, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

F. A.

## PARADISE LOST.

There are hours long departed which memory brings,  
Like blossoms of Eden to twine round the heart. —MOORE.

Wise men tell us that the world is growing happier—that we live longer than did our fathers, have more of comfort and less of toil, fewer wars and discords, and higher hopes and aspirations. So say the wise men; but deep in our hearts we know they are wrong. For were not we, too, born in Arcadia, and have not—each one of us—in that May of life when the world was young, started out lightly and airily along the path that led through green meadows to the blue mountains on the distant horizon, beyond which lay the great world we were to conquer? and though others dropped behind, have we not gone on through morning brightness

and noonday heat, with eyes always steadily forward, until the fresh grass began to be parched and withered, and the way grew hard and stony, and the blue mountains resolved into gray rocks and thorny cliffs? and when at last, we reached the toilsome summits, we found the glory that had lured us onward was only the sunset glow that fades into darkness while we look, and leaves us at the very goal to sink down, tired in body and sick at heart, with strength and courage gone, to close our eyes and dream again, not of the fame and fortune that were to be ours, but only by the old-time happiness left so far behind

As with men, so it is with nations. The lost paradise is the world's dream-land of youth. What tribe or people