in the same blessings (1 Cor. xii., 13). and the same life (Eph. iv., 16), while the spiritual relations that unite them one to the other, find expression in an exchange of prayers, the Apostle remembering in his supplications to God the Churches he has founded, his grateful children in Christ commending their spiritual father's labors to God. 'For God is my witness, Whom I serve in my spirit in the gospel of His Son, that without ceasing I make a commemoration of you, always in my prayers making request' (Romans i., 9). 'I beseech you, therefore, brethren, through our Lord Jesus Christ, and by the charity of the Holy Ghost, that you help me in your prayers for me to God, that I may be delivered from the unbelievers that are in Judea, and that the oblation of my service may be acceptable in Jerusalem to the saints' (Romans xv., 30-31). 'By all prayer and supplication praying at all times in the spirit, and in the same watching with all instance and supplication for all the saints and for me, that speech may be given me, that I may open my mouth with confidence to make known the mystery of the Gospel' (Ephesians vi., 18-19). It was, moreover, a common practice for the whole congregation to pray for all men, even for those who had not as yet come to a knowledge of the truth: 'I desire, therefore,' writes St. Paul, 'first of all, that supplications, prayers, intercessions, and thanksgivings be made for all men . . . for this is good and acceptable in the sight of God our Saviour, Who will have all men to be saved, and to come to a knowledge of the truth' (1. Timothy ii., 1-4).

Here, then, we have St. Paul looking upon the Church, the Kingdom of God, as a great brotherhood, the members of which are the faithful in heaven, in the middle state, and on earth, under the One Head, Christ Jesus, and these brothers being bound to one another and to God, their common Father, by the golden chain of prayer. And this is the Catholic doctrine of the Communion of Saints.

The Storyteller

THE LESSON OF THE DAY

Mrs. Morrison rustled into Bernard Chester's largest and most fashionably equipped dry goods store, trying to appear at ease and unconscious of the gaze of those who passed, as befitted a true aristocrat and woman of the world. It was a new sensation to be noticed among the crowd of shoppers, to be glanced at with curiosity and interest.

Though she had recently put behind her, banishing even the distasteful memory of it, a life in which toil and economy played the leading parts, she knew her present sphere, for she had lived its fairylike existence in imagination while humble household duties kept her hands employed long before the real world had opened its doors and said to her hungering, willing spirit, 'Come.'

Down among the hills of Berkley, the rural community from whence the Morrisons had come to Chester —because Chester was the retiring place for the well-to-do and the wealthy—people had always recognised some subtle quality differing from themselves in Mrs. Morrison, and they had with no slight contempt analysed and labelled that quality 'pride,' pointing for its source to the ancestor in velvet and lace whose oil portrait hung in the little parlor of her home.

She had spent much of her meagre allowance of egg-and-butter money for books and magazines, which some of the pious old ladies of Berkley, who read nothing but prayer books, considered a foolish and idle waste of means; she had made her few simple clothes after the prevailing fashion; and remade them when fashions changed, and this they regarded as indicating a vain and frivolous mind.

The head clerk of the dress goods department came forward affable and smiling, as Mrs. Morrison paused at his counter.

'What can I show you, Mrs. Morrison?' he asked.

'Something in a rose silk for Sunday—' she paused and bit her lip in mortification over the slip. She still found herself often on the brink of the chasm which separated the past from the present.

'Something for an afternoon dress,' she added quickly, trusting he had not noticed this lapse into the vernacular of the Berkley hills, where a silk dress was always a Sunday dress. With true discernment Mrs. Morrison recognised the vast difference between a rose silk for Mrs. Tilden's reception and a rose silk for church going at Berkley, even though they were cut from the same pattern.

She allowed the smiling salesman to take down bolt after bolt, examining them with the assumed air of a critic, and yet with the keen and undisguised enjoyment of one revelling for the first time in a new delight. There was a fascination in lingering over those bolts of soft, filmy goods, hanging on the brink of purchase over one piece, then passing easily on to examine something of a richer texture, without experiencing that haunting nervous fear of going beyond her means. She had hung in the background often, enviously watching others at this fascinating task of selection. The dallying ways of these more fortunate women had seemed to her trivial and foolish then. She would have snatched up joyfully the poorest piece of the shimmering masses others cast aside, in those days when the rigid practice of economy allowed nothing finer than ginghams and calicoes. Now that she had come into the class of leisure and wealth she regarded it as her province to daily harass busy clerks, to linger on the brink of purchase and then, if she chose, purchase nothing at all.

'I'll take this,' she said at last, when the bolts were piled high on either side of her, and the salesman's smile had faded into a look of annoyance.

'All right, Mrs. Morrison,' he replied, resuming an affable tone; 'it's a beautiful piece and will make up splendidly. How many?' he asked, measuring off the shimmering yards.

'Ten will be enough,' she answered, not sure in her own mind that it would be, but she would exhibit no ignorant uncertainty in the matter. When the purchase was completed she ordered it sent to her home on Howard Avenue, and left the store with that feeling of satisfaction which comes to those who are able to gratify their wants, however extravagant they may be.

As she approached the big handsome house on Howard Avenue, her home, she felt again that thrill of satisfaction. Five months of ownership had not sufficed to dim the pleasure she experienced daily in the feel of velvet rugs under her feet, the broad expanse of polished floors, artistic furniture, and rich cut glass and silver. Her husband had denied her nothing in the first flush of prosperity. She had at times thought him ungenerous, in the days back in Berkley, before the big inheritance from his uncle had come, engulfing them like a flood in the night. They lived even yet a sort of dreamlike existence, grasping up what treasures money could buy and selfishly revelling in the joy of their possession.

She entered the house and walked softly across the long hall, pausing at the library door. In a chair drawn up before the grate sat a young girl poring over the pages of a magazine. A wealth of dark hair crowned a sweet, attractive face in which there seemed to be something of an artist's soul reflected, something very much akin to the ancestor in lace and velvet, whose portrait now hung above the mantel opposite. Her dress of dark material, cut after the fashion of the season, in some way fell short of what fashion intended, fitted idly and looked out of place in the handsome room. A painful recognition swept across Mrs. Morrison's face. The girl was her niece, Mary Carrol, from Berkley. The very atmosphere of Berkley clung to her; it was evident in the ill-fitting dress, the coarse heavy shoes, and the tired, drooping pose of the wearer.

'Why, Mary, when did you come up?' she asked, moving slowly across the room towards her visitor.

'On the noon train,' Mary replied, after a moment of startled recognition. Then, with a soft laugh: 'You