

to our Heavenly Father than when we alleviate the sorrows of others. Never do we perform an act more God-like than when we bring sunshine to hearts that are dark and desolate. Never are we more like to God than when we cause the flowers of joy and gladness to bloom in souls that were dry and barren. "Religion," says the Apostle, "pure and undefiled before God and the Father is this — to visit the fatherless and the widow in their tribulation, and to keep one-self unspotted from this world." Or to borrow the words of the Pagan Cicero : *Homines ad deos nulla re propius accedunt quam salutem hominibus dando.* "There is no way by which man can approach nearer to the gods than by contributing to the welfare of their fellow creatures." *Cardinal Gibbons.*

TOUJOURS CALINO

Calineau avait pris le bateau à vapeur qui va du Havre à Coen.

Il se promenait de long en large sur l'arrière, portant sa malle sur son épaule.

— Mais posez donc votre malle, lui dit quelqu'un.

— Merci, répondit Calino, le bateau est déjà bien assez chargé comme cela.

NOS MORTS

C'est le temps où l'oiseau n'est plus dans nos bocages,
Où le ciel gris d'automne amasse ses nuages

Et les tisse en linceul.

Partout un air lugubre, un air de cimetière !

Plus de nids, de chansons, et la nature entière

Semble avoir pris le deuil.