

Olive had occasion to meet Father Selgmacher. They both opened up the conversation on that ever-convenient topic, the weather.

"The heavy rain we had last month did a large amount of damage," said the priest. "It somewhat injured the walls of the church, and I notice that the picture on the Blessed Virgin's altar suffered from the dampness. Perhaps its present pitiable condition will induce some good soul to start a collection to buy a new statue for Our Lady's altar—something to correspond to the one on the Sacred Heart altar. It is fitting that the two *Holy Hearts should be together in one temple.*"

These last remarks of the priest seemed to cause a slight blush on Olive's face, and as she was telling Father Selgmacher that she would have a new statue in position before the Feast of the Pure Heart of Mary, she at the same time turned her head slightly aside, presumably arranging one of her sleeve-puffs. The priest, unconscious of any double meaning in his remarks, which I have emphasized, noticed Olive's slight embarrassment, and to judge from a far-off twinkle in his eye, suddenly divined the cause of it, so to relieve his fair visitor, he said:

"It will soon be time to commence the novena for the Feast of the Scapular. I suppose, Olive, you have, as usual, plenty of particular favors to ask of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel?"

"Yes, indeed, father," replied Olive. "And this time I have a *very* important request. I hope you, father, will join your prayers with mine that I may obtain what I am asking for. I have every poor person in the parish praying for my *special* intention."

"Since you mention the poor, Olive, that reminds me of a very poor family in my parish," said the priest. "Probably you are unaware of their existence, since they live away out in Bogland. Their name is Wright. I wish you could find time to call on them."

"Certainly, father, and with pleasure," said Olive, "and if I can't find the place I'll ask my friend Lena Front. There is not an abode of misery in town that she doesn't know."

The next morning bright and early, every one in Bogland Square was wondering what

business brought such a fine lady to "Wright's Roost," as they vulgarly called it.

The first thing Olive did, when she stood in the room with the springless sofa, was to give the family a little lecture on cleanliness. Then taking an immaculate apron from her embroidered shopping bag, she put it on, and went to work with a will, being entirely oblivious of Mrs. Wright, who stood staring with astonishment. Olive soon put a new face on everything.

"Why, it looks as good as new again," said Mrs. Wright, looking at the stove with its shining new coat of black.

A large pile of rubbish was swept together ready for cremation, and Jus spied something in the pile of dirt, what he declared to be his "week-day hat".

"Never mind, my child. I'll get you a nice new hat," said Olive soothingly.

When Olive was emptying the debris into the stove, she noticed a piece of paper with writing on it which was very familiar to her. She unconsciously exclaimed to herself in an almost inaudible tone, "Why, that's my own writing, how did it get here?"

She threw the paper in the fire little thinking that any one overheard her. But she was deceived in this, for few things escaped the sharp ears of Jus, who remembered every word on the paper. He repeated the words to the delight of all except Olive, who was confused, and entreated them to say nothing of it. But in vain. The next day every one in Bogland knew who was the "Friend of the Sacred Heart," who had unknowingly sent such timely help to the Wright family on the first Friday in June, as it stands boldly written in Jus' "Account and memorandum book."

This offering of Olive on behalf of Christ's poor would draw upon her the friendship of the Divine Heart, which has declared that what is done to the least of His brethren is done to Him.

But Olive was to make another offering. Of what kind? We shall see.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HERE in our streets we pass face after face without a sign of recognition, but in heaven the common happiness will speak through all eyes.