

very often during my work I say the little prayer he taught ut.' This simple avowal explained something which had often surprised us—we noticed that this carpenter often touched his cap without apparent reason, but we were far from suspecting that he was breathing the little aspiration he had learned so many years ago from the zealous Redemptorist."

That intention would turn into heavenly gold the labors, amusements and sufferings of every day. It would make them precious in the eyes of God. It would lay up treasures that would make a competence for eternity.—Catholic Columbian.

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### THE PRAYERS THAT SAVE.

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(BY. C. H. GALLAGHER.)

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IT was six o'clock on a cold raw evening in December. Business was over for the day in the offices of Weston, Davis & Co., and Mary Russell, the little typewriter employed by the firm, left the Equitable Building and started on a rapid walk up Calvert Street. Her right hand, which was hidden in the pocket of her coat, clasped a rosary, and, as she hurried along, her mind was filled with thoughts of the morrow and the happiness it would bring, for to-morrow would be the First Friday of the month, that holy, happy day, so full of joy and peace. How dearly she loved it all!—the Communion of Reparation, made in the solemn stillness of the early morning, when the Divine Guest came to her in love and mercy, filling her soul with such a heavenly sweetness that, at times, she felt her heart could not contain its joy; at noon also, when she had her hour off for luncheon, what happiness it was to slip into the church (for Saint Ignatius' was not far from her office) and spend a quarter of an hour before the Blessed Sacrament, pouring out the inmost thoughts of her heart to the loving Heart of Jesus, and gaining such comfort and peace as the world cannot give; then, at night, the devotions of the League of the Sacred Heart, the prayers and, best of all, Benediction of the Blessed