

was quite a loss to us, but the jewelry is the greater loss; it was very dear to me."

"Helen lifted the picture reverently. The gold frame was broken and several of the jewels had been knocked out by the fall. She looked at it sadly. To-morrow she would see what she could do toward mending it. At breakfast Helen found it hard to meet the children with her usual cheerfulness. With money and jewelry both gone, what were they to do?"

"The next day Helen set about mending the picture. Though the glass was broken, the canvas was unharmed. She took out the picture in order to take out the broken glass."

"She drew the picture from the picture. Beneath lay two letters. With trembling fingers she opened them. In one was the receipt for the mortgage, duly signed by Richard Price; it had been paid October 7th, 1897. The other was a letter from a New York mining company saying that they had reason to believe there was a good vein of coal under the meadow land, and asking that an expert be allowed to examine it with a view to purchasing. Folded in this envelope with a slip of paper on which was written: 'My brave Helen, from Uncle Tom, \$5,000. Helen sat like one dazed. This was what grandma had tried so hard to tell her. Uncle Tom had kept his word."

"Now she remembered that the first time she had paid the interest after her grandmother's death. Mr. Price had looked surprised, said 'she need not have been so prompt; there was no great hurry.' He learned then that she did not know that the mortgage had been paid. How hard she had struggled these few years! But now the old home was free and dear Uncle Tom's gift—\$5,000!—what comfort for her darlings! 'Here is paste, Aunt Helen,' said Marie. Miss Tracy thrust her arms around the child and burst into hysterical tears."

"What is it, auntie? You are nervous from your fright last night. Please don't cry like that. 'I had to cry, I could not help it. Marie, our ship has really come at last. I can hardly wait for Amy to come home.' 'Oh, Aunt Helen, a real, for-sure ship?'"

"A real, for-sure ship, darling; it was hidden all this time in the back of Our Lady's picture, and if we had not been robbed we would never have known it."

"Several days after a detective called. 'We have found the jewelry at a pawnshop, Miss Tracy, you will have to identify it. If we catch the thief, you will prosecute?'"

"I think not, you see," a smile lighting her soft, brown eyes, "the question is this—were we really robbed?"

"That was certainly the man's intention when he entered your house, and for the sake of justice, I think you should prosecute."

"I hope he has made good his escape," she said gently. "Whatever his intentions were, we have benefited by the deed."

"The picture of Our Lady was now doubly dear to Helen and the children. It has been enclosed in another frame and occupies the place of honor of the sitting room of the old homestead. Helen never looks into the sweet face without thinking of the time she often so near to despair. And she often whispered to the tender heart of Mary: 'Dear mother, take up your protection the man who robbed us. O, turn for him the grace to lead a better life, and guide him to the heart of your divine Son.'—Baltimore Mirror."

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Of Interior Conversation.

The kingdom of God is within you, saith the Lord. (Luke xvij 21.)

Convert thyself with thy whole heart to the Lord and quit this miserable world, and thy soul shall find rest.

Learn to despise exterior things and to give thyself to the interior, and thou shalt see that the kingdom of God will come into thee.

For the kingdom of God is peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, which is not given to the wicked.

Christ will come to thee, discovering to thee His consolation, if thou wilt prepare Him a fit dwelling within thee.

All His glory and beauty is in the interior, and there He pleaseth Himself.

Many a visit doth He make to the interior man, sweet is His communication with him, delightful His consolation, great His peace, and His familiarity exceedingly to be admired.

O faithful soul, prepare thy heart for this thy spouse, that He may vouchsafe to come to thee and dwell in thee.

For He saith, if any man love me he will keep my word, and we will come to him and we will make our abode with him. (John xiv 23.)

Make room, then, for Christ within thee, and deny entrance to all others.

When thou hast Christ, thou art rich; and He is sufficient for thee. He will provide for thee and will be thy faithful procurator in all things, so that thou needest not trust to man.

For men quickly change and presently fall; but Christ remaineth for ever, and standeth by us firmly to the end.

There is no great confidence to be put in a frail mortal man, though he be profitable and beloved; nor much grief to be taken, if sometimes he be against thee and cross thee.

Liberalists consist not so much in giving a great deal in giving seasonably.—La Buyere.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.

GENERAL INTENTION FOR MAY, 1901.

The Spirit of Sacrifice.

Recommended to our prayers by His Holiness Leo XIII.

American Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

In his letter to the English Bishops, commending their own joint pastoral letter on Liberal Catholicism, Leo XIII. observes that: "The evils which you deplore and which you warn right-minded Catholics to shun, have generally their origin in an excessive spirit of worldliness, in a reluctance to any kind of Christian self-sacrifice and in an inclination to a soft and easy life." Among other virtues which he recommends as a remedy for these evils are "self denial, humility and contempt of the perishable things of this world."

The evils in question are those which the Holy Father had already enumerated in his Encyclical letter on Christ the Redeemer. "Take away the superfluities of the world," he wrote, "and the consequences are rejection of authority, contempt for justice, despair of immortality, a mad striving for the perishable goods of this earth, rivalries, envies, hatreds and all the iniquitous designs of anarchy and revolution, wars abroad, strife at home and a social life made monstrous by crime."

We might analyze these evils and express them in more particular terms. We need only mention some which are more familiar to us than others—at least those which are daily recorded in our newspapers—to perceive that all our newspapers—in an excessive spirit of worldliness, in a reluctance to any kind of Christian self-sacrifice and in an inclination to a soft and easy life. To rash and unhalloved marriages, divorces, a morbid dread of human opinions, intolerance of dogmatic religious teaching, irreverence, unbelief, a self-constituted almost to self-worship, and a habit of self-deceit by which we hope to justify the mean design of living and thriving by another's loss or sacrifice.

Reluctance to any kind of Christian self-sacrifice is a "hard saying"—so hard and so repelling that we have heard the true-minded Toists blaming all the miseries of humanity on the Christian spirit of sacrifice; worldlings abominate it, socialists execrate it, and even some Christians turn away and when they hear the word: "If any man will come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me," for this is the indispensable condition of a Christian life. Indeed, self-sacrifice is so pre-eminently and, in its true sense, so exclusively identified with Christianity that to speak of Christian self-sacrifice seems in a measure tautological. A pagan may do many things which wear a semblance of self-sacrifice, but without the motive which Christians only can have, it is profanation to apply the term to him.

There are many goods, advantages, pleasures which we cannot, for obvious reasons, enjoy if we are poor. If blessed with riches, all health may prevent us from spending them on the satisfactions we crave; if endowed with bodily strength, a spiritual affliction may weigh us down; if attached to relatives or friends, we may behold them sicken and die without being able to aid them; if avaricious, fortune may elude our grasp; if ambitious, we may perish in vain pursuit of honor. Limited in our powers and resources we but too often attempt impossibilities or aspire to things beyond our reach. Dependent as we are on others we must restrain the desires and relinquish the projects which would lead us into conflict with them. We live here for the world inheriting the defects of our ancestors, and we must leave it speedily without one of the good things for which we have craved so feverishly and struggled so violently.

All this means sacrifice to most mortals, and the word is painful, because, unfortunately, they fret, and fume, and chafe at the thought that they are so circumscribed, so dependent upon others, so uncertain of life, so sure of death. Surely their spirit does not deserve the hallowed name of sacrifice. It means to set something apart to God, to dedicate or consecrate it, and even to dispose of it in a manner expressing its dedication to a being or a cause worthy of it. It consists not only in abstaining from what might harm one's body or impede one's salvation; not merely in relinquishing the pleasures or advantages which are forbidden or dangerous, but in doing this because we deem these things sacred as creatures of God, and, therefore, not to be used as our own or for any other end than that for which He has intended them. This, the true view of sacrifice, gives it an entirely new significance. The time, the energy, the ease, the pleasure, the means of sacrifice are all from God and belong to Him, and to sacrifice to Him is the highest tribute I can make to His supremacy. It can perform the most efficacious act of religion.

Without the spirit of sacrifice, therefore, there can be no real religion, no genuine service of God, no true love of humanity, without readiness to give up time, labor, resources, one cannot have sincerely at heart the interests of a friend or of a cause. One may be kind, occasionally, or go out of one's way to serve another from interested motives; but this is not the spirit of sacrifice or is it genuine self-sacrifice at all. The spirit of sacrifice is an abiding or habitual tendency, or disposition to serve another regardless of one's own inconvenience or loss, and it is genuine only when prompted

by a sincere desire for another's good, without thought of our own convenience or gain.

To keep God's commandments is the first sacrifice we are all called upon to make. "It is a wholesome sacrifice to keep God's commandments and to depart from all iniquity." (Ecclesi. 35, 2.) It requires self-sacrifice to love Him above all things, to be ready to suffer loss of this world's goods, of health and of life, if His law, reasonable as it is, sweet as it is, and light the burden, there are times when our own interests seem to conflict with it and it requires stern self-denial of our real interest is in ourselves, but in making a complete sacrifice of our will to adhere to Him.

To suffer adversity or affliction of spirit requires a spirit of sacrifice. "A sacrifice to God is an afflicted spirit; a contrite and humble heart, O God, thou wilt never despise." (Psalm 50, 19) To be weighed down by sorrow, poverty, infirmity; cut off entirely from the joys of life; to be subject to the bereavements of the tomb before death, and to bear all this with resignation requires a heroic spirit of self-sacrifice; and, unfortunately, few self-sacrifice; and, unfortunately, few accept, as from His hand, the trial of a few moments' abstinence, or a few others, a misery and few, a blessing. It is sacrifice of this sort that makes it so hard for many to embrace the true faith.

How rare a thing the spirit of self-sacrifice is! How many people imagine they are willing to sacrifice themselves when in reality they are forever seeking their own advantage! All seek the things which are their own, and not the things of Jesus Christ. Were St. Paul living in our days he could add: All seek their own under the pretext that they are sacrificing for the good of others. "For humanity's sake" has lately become a word among men who live, and die, and labor, and pretend to help others, while all along working solely for their own advantage.

To witness the crowds flocking to our churches one would imagine that the Church of God does not lack enthusiastic supporters, and that the clergy find in the lately devoted adherents and co-operators ever ready to sacrifice their energy and means for objects which concern them much more than their priest. It is true many of the faithful men and women, rich and poor, give valuable assistance to their pastors; in which the burden of the parish, the school, the poor, is left almost entirely to the priest. How humiliating to hear him beg as if he were pleading for himself! How unreasonable that he should have to urge parents to send their children to preparatory schools as if he should be more interested in the little ones than the parents themselves! It happens frequently that a congregation does not pay for the coal which heats the church on Sunday. What is to be said of the spirit of sacrifice in such a parish as this?

One might suppose that parents would not hesitate to sacrifice themselves for their children, for their spiritual as well as for their temporal welfare; and yet there are fathers and mothers who shrink from the responsibility and care of the children whom, by the law of Providence, they should bring into existence. When born, they are too ready to commit their care to others, not only neglecting to cherish and educate them properly, but too commonly confiding them to schools where their faith and morals are lost or, at their least, not cultivated as they should be, simply because they fear to shoulder certain imaginary social or political advantages.

The spirit of sacrifice is still less common in public and social life than it is in the Church or in the family. In the world everyone seeks his own advantage, and instead of yielding to others, seems, on the contrary, to rejoice in their losses. We have all grown too familiar lately with the fine pretenses with which whole peoples enslave or impoverish others, and we know that too many individuals have learned to make public profession of magnanimity and self-sacrifice when in reality they are hypocritically seeking their own profit. We have our altruists in these latter days who pretend to reveal in sacrificing themselves for the good of others, some of them so fatuously enthusiastic as to sacrifice themselves for some fancied good of a fellow being.

The real models of self-sacrifice are the followers of Christ who have learned to deny themselves, take up His cross and follow Him. They are in the sanctuary, the cloister and in the true Catholic home, everywhere with Christ for leader and model, and with Him solely for their reward. They alone know the true delight of suffering, laboring, spending their energies and their means for His sake, and they know how difficult this is for hearts set upon the pleasure of this world—nay, impossible, unless they obtain this grace by the prayers of those who have learned how to sacrifice themselves for God and their neighbor.

THE DUPES OF FORTUNE-TELLERS

"Read the costly advertisements of the fortune tellers in the daily papers, and you will agree with us that unbelievers who mock at miracles look on the frauds who advertise to tell fortunes as prophets. No one can fathom the depth of folly into which infidelity plunges the

unbeliever. In Paris atheists are the chief patrons of the professional fortune-tellers. The Paris correspondent of one of the London dailies says that there are as many as a thousand fortune-tellers in Paris, and that they earn on an average as much as \$2,000 a year each. Not only boys and women, but men of business, even political magistrates—men who would scoff at the idea of believing in a God, or a world to come—consult these tricksters. Of course, the practice is not only silly to the last degree, but sinful, for the so-called necromancers either have commerce with the evil one or pretend to have such commerce, which is nearly as bad."

AFTER CENTURIES

St. Cecilia's Body is Inscrutable to This Day.

His Eminence, Cardinal Rampolla, titular of the Church of St. Cecilia, in Rome, has just performed the third translation of the body of the Patroness of music, just four hundred and one years after the second. Believing that the devotion of the faithful could not be adequately satisfied in the narrow existing crypt, he had a large one erected and decorated with the remains of the remains of the saint's body, without being opened and with it those of her companions, Saints Valerian, Tiburtius, Maximus, Lucius and Urban, and all placed in the new crypt which will eventually be visible to pious visitors in the restored church.

The body of the Roman Virgin St. Cecilia has been thrice removed since its burial; once in the Middle Ages from the catacomb where it rested, to the church of her name by Pope St. Paschal; a second time by Cardinal Sfondrati in her church, during the sixteenth century; a third time the other day. The first translation was for the sake of safety. The abandoned state of the Campagna and its catacombs induced the holy Pontiff to undertake the search for the body of the famous saint and his efforts were rewarded by a vision which he himself narrates. He disinterred the body and carried it in pomp to her shrine beyond the Tiber, thus effecting the first translation, of which the occasion was thus: In the first year of the reign he translated into the different churches of Rome the relics of many martyrs, and among them some of the Popes who had been buried at St. Callixtus. He wished also to remove those of St. Cecilia, but he was unable to find them amidst the ruin which had befallen the whole place so was compelled to desist from his design.

Four years afterward he had a dream in which St. Cecilia appeared to him and told him that when he was removing the relics of the Popes he had been so near to him that they might have held a conversation together. Accordingly, he renewed the search and found the body in the place specified, "fresh and perfect as when it was first laid in the tomb." It was clad in rich garments mixed with gold, with linen cloths and lying in a cypress coffin. It is he himself who gives us the account. He adds that he clad the body with silk, spread over it a covering of silk gauze, laid it in a white marble sarcophagus and placed it beneath the altar in the Church of St. Cecilia in Trastevere. Thus far the history of St. Cecilia's martyrdom, and of the translation of her relics, as it has come down to us from the earliest times.

Eight hundred years afterwards—that is, in the year A. D. 1599—Cardinal Sfondrati, of the title of St. Cecilia, was restoring the church, and whilst digging for foundations, beneath the high altar, he came upon two marble sarcophagi. In the presence of competent witnesses one of them was opened. The Cardinal himself drew back the coffin lid. First appeared the precious lining and silk gauze with which Paschal had covered the body nearly eight centuries before. Its color had faded, but the fabric was still entire, and through its transparent folds could be seen the shining gold of the robes in which the martyr herself was clothed. After pausing a few moments, the Cardinal gently removed the silken coverings, and the virgin form of St. Cecilia appeared in the very same attitude in which she had breathed her last on the pavement of the house in which the spectators of the Urban and Paschal had ventured to disturb.

She lay clothed in her robes of gold, as in the days of her life, and her face, on which were still visible the stains of her blood, and at her feet were the linen clothes mentioned by Pope Paschal and his biographer. Lying on her right side, with her arms extended in front of her body, she looked like one in deep sleep. Her head, in a singularly touching manner, was turned round towards the bottom of the coffin, her knees were slightly bent and drawn together, and by a special miracle retained, after more than fifteen hundred years, all its grace and modesty, and recalled with the most truthful exactness Cecilia breathing her last.

A signal vindication of the Church's traditions, a consoling spectacle for Catholics mourning over the schemes and heresies of these modern times, a striking commentary on the divine promise. The Lord keepeth all the bones of His servants. He will not lose one of them. The body was exposed for weeks, during which time Maderna made his celebrated statue now to be seen under and in front of the high altar of her church in Trastevere. The body was re-enclosed. The marble statue was placed beneath the magnificent high altar which the Cardinal built to celebrate the event.

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