JUNE 13, 1908.

THE SACRED HEART.

What wouldst thou, trembling soul ? Strength for the strife— Strength for this flery war That we call life.

Lo ! I can find no guards, No weapons borrow : Shrinking alone I stand, With nighty serrow.

With intend of the soul, Grief thou must bear, Yet thou cased find a strength Will match deepsir; Within thy Baviour's heart Seek for it there.

A CONDUCTOR'S CONSCIENCE.

There was no elasticity in the air. season was spring—early spring—and it was suddenly hot weather. The sun's ray

The day was warm and enervating.

untempered, fell through the budding but still leafless trees with feverish in-

but still leaking a glare upon the pave-ment, the baked bricks and roofs of the house. The wind, which came up from

the south, was fitful and gave no relief.

It was a dry wind, charged with dust

It was a dry wind, enarged with dust which got into people's mouths and eyes and which sported weakly with the bits of paper and the straws that lay about in odd angles and corners.

lay about in odd angles and corners. Out in the country men in their shirt sleeves were planting peas in dusty rows, and bunches of blue-green garlic were thick and high in the pastures,

where thick and high in the pastures, where already the grass was waving in the fence corners. The willows were green by the brooks, and the farmers

a day or two. But in town people were afraid to lay aside their winter gar-

afraid to lay aside their winter gar-ments, which were oppresive almost beyond endurance. John Flinn, conductor of car 3498 on the People's Traction Co.'s line always

face, a pair of forbidding gray eyes and

need, a part of close under his ragged, inkempt beard. It was plain at a glance that he was dull of thought,

slow of apprehension and as obstinate as a mule. But, also, he was trust-worthy. This last characteristic kept

him in a place eagerly sought by an apparently better man. The other men

on his route felt sorry for him-a fact

on his route telt sorry for nim-a fact which he suspected and resented. Those who knew about his life might have told that his wife was a trial to him every day, and that he found little pleasure for the super for a strike the second term is the

in his children. There were few nights when he did not return late to find his home in disorder, the children in tears

or crouching in corners away from the

reach of their mother's heavy, if un-certain arm. The dinner in John's

A sandwich of meat, a pie cut in half, both from the shop at the corner, with

both from the shop at the torthe torthe same half a pint of coffee made in the same place were his usual refreshments. But he always declined the offers of

But he always decimed the others of more homely but appetizing fare from the men who took their noontide meal beside him, resenting the fact that they knew of his wife's shortcomings and offered the fruits of their own wives'

industry with a not unnatural pride

John Flinn's route was a long one and

through a most unpleasant section of the vast city. There were squares and

squares of little, inadequate houses and

plenty of empty, ragged lots, in some of which were improvised stoneyards

where material for other rows of miser-

able, cheap and unsanitary houses were

being prepared by shifty stonecutters, who rarely worked for sharp contractors, who knew they were shifty. Upon every other corner of many of the cross

streets were grog shops of a more or less flourishing character, and John often cast lowering looks upon these, for wore not just such places the approx

certain arm. The dinner in John bucket was not always cooked at home

apparently better man.

He had a heavy, sullen

him

taciturn, was more than usually vnco

municative.

therein

aid that with the rain, when it me, the trees would burst into leaf in

-ADELAIDE PROCTOR

NE 13, 1903.

nture beyond their

Fears gather thickly round ; Shadowy foes, Like unto armed men. Around me close. not what they say. t there is nothing and the unknow. What am I. frail and poor, When griefs arise? No help from the weak earth Or the cold skies.

out that which we mte and Harrise s humanity. "a herd of wild humanity to in of sand in the on that individual pressure of passion an all the pleasures the umanity. Haec as the first and last ip. Matter! It is tread upon; it will uls. And where in

any inspiration for nowable is the doc-; it has never re-Humanity, the told us, is supreme. e thought of it is on tempted to suicide nity is to live, per, if virtue is t to live, if invoke over us the alfour and Mallock the great princip nity there is nothing And so we are eeds of our nature, f society, to invoke allegiance. Let us mples and then go asy world with the they will give us, ist be the model of

THE SACRED ART.

I.-New Century.

to the Sacred Heart ce and comfort of all. says: "In this ador-d arms to defend ouremies, medicines for ful assistance against sweetest consolation he purest joys in this

our thoughts, words the day to be conse-left to the world? It to them to the Sacred iting and suffering for It it so easy to make ing of yourself in the you sometimes forge How badly you fee friends is apparently Then you can under-cred Heart feels to be , so often slighted by has suffered and bled. or the future, to be that "Heart that has

Man is come to which was lost." He sinners; He suffered h, and now His Sacred them and pleading with Him once more. e is shown in this deefficacious for the He offers full forgi past and promises to protect and help all ve Him only some little

efuse His pleadings ? itate any longer? Let h love and confidence, our lives to his service o commence and repair nave done Him by our ide, and each day strive ore and more : and to know and love Him by evotion of the Leagu eart.

D WORDS.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD. out of his face. There was a look of

share.

words he heard. "A man with as kind a heart as you have should not be too mean to give his

Like a slowly kindling light in a

of absolute joy in his voice, "O Lord! I never thought of it!"

pearance, never a very cheerful one, but subject to occasional flashes of amiability, and, at least, of toleration

of the world at large. The morning he returned to work he was even chcerful,

and his first act as he boarded his can

was to transfer a nickel from one coat pocket to the other, and then, to pull

the strap that registers a fare.—E. Barnett Esler in the Irish Monthly.

THE AVERAGE BABY.

and gave the signal to "start her up

Generally he had the baby in his cashmere skirt, torn and badly mended ing. arms or on his knee, if she would stay with him, or when her mother, washing in the yard, left it to him to get her to in places, showed many a spot and stain. Her coat of shoddy black was stain. Her coat of shoddy black was heavy without being warm and was pinned unevenly over her thin form. Her dull, scanty hair was fastened tightly under a miserable felt hat, the in the yard, left it to him to get her to to sleep. Bat often he would sit quite alone and silent, while the neighbors passing by looked at him askance. One night his wife's brother—a worth-

less fellow with a turn for emotional religion—came in for a visit. He was a trimming (save the mark) a greasy ribbon and two hopelessly shattered religion—came in for a visit. He was a talkative, entertaining creature, for whom every one had a good word, al-though he was universally acknowl-edged to be "good for nothing," and, feathers. From the look of her sharp, colorless face she must have been starved of hope, of faith, of love, of food, bodily and spiritual, all her weary life. Yet she like his sister, not always sober. For this reason John did not encourage his was decent and a mother honestly, for a ring of doubtful gold shone on her left hand and she held the sleeping coming and gave him but a cool welchild carefully. Boyhood retains for a time a certain come.

"Did you know the Jesuit Fathers is givin' a mission up at St. John's? Won't you go up, Flinn?" aspect of royalty, the possession of which is independent of fine raiment. John made no answer. He was brooding and did not seem to hear what which is independent of the raiment. This boy, in his outgrown clothes and worn and dirty shoes, with his head covered by a caricature of a cap, might have posed to any artist for the Infant Jesus and have required ltttle idealiz-But the brother-in-law continued the subject, describing with great gusto the splendid sermon of the evening before, when the church was was said.

crowded. 'They're great, them Jesuits is

in the car who had entered it just before the poor woman, and these fares They've a power of words, every wan of 'em, but this wan has the most of all I ever heard. There'll be hundreds of pledges took agin the drink when his John Flinn had not yet taken up. When he had passed the next important crossing he came into the car and began to collect at the upper end. When he reached the woman he paused for the preachin's over." "Will you take the pledge, Barney?"

ng. There were several other passengers

least fraction of time and then went out

on his platform. With care not to waken the child the

woman had managed to get an old purse from her pocket, but John had passed

still holding it in her hand, she waited.

still holding it in her hand, she walted. Some passengers got out and others got in, and again John passed through the car, collecting their fares. The woman, seeing him coming, took out a dollar

bill from that poor purse and sat hold-

ing it in her fingers. The conductor eyed her where she sat

holding the child, and his ugly, ill-tempered face grew sharper and uglier, but several times he passed out to his

When her journey-which was a long

in her soul that he knew it.

her before she had time to open it.

asked his sister, curiously. "I will," he replied. "Then it'll be the tenth time, to my knowin', that you've took it !" she com

mented, admiringly. When the visitor was gone John got up, and, putting on his coat and hat, went after him to the church, arriving in the middle of the sermon.

In the middle of the sermon. Patiently standing in a corner he waited until the preacher had finished, and then, cleverly treading his way through the crowd, he managed to reach the door of the sacristy at the same time with the priest and to whisper quickly a word in his ear.

quickly a word in his ear. "Come to confession. My box is the first one from the door," was the reply.

place without seeming to see her money. As he brushed by her she did not offer But John shook his head and followed As ne brushed by her she did not offer the dollar; she simply sat holding it where he must see it as he passed. There were very few stops now and the car travelled very swiftly. It was a quiet part of the city and there was no descent of the city and there was no the priest until they reached a quiet spot. Then he said : " I've a thing I'd like to have settled

if you've got a little time. It'll not take long.

duret part of the city and there was no danger of accident from rapid travel. The motorman thought to create a breeze to cool his hot face. The con-ductor did not get this refreshment, for the car cut off the current from bin The good man, though weary, led the way to a room, where he sat himself down to examine the curious human study before him. "You're not well," he began.

"No, I'm not well. But I'm strong enough most times for what I've got to

one—was nearly ended, and still John had not taken up her fare, instead of handing it to him boldly, the woman Then he began in a queer, rambling vay to tell of a thing he had done. 'It was nothin', just nothin' at all. handing it to him boldly, the woman slowly, very slowly, folded her dollar bill and returned it to her purse. She did not look at the conductor as she did this, nor did he look at her. Yet he knew what she was doing and she felt is her could that he knew it It's not as if I done a real sin. Many a worse thing I've got back of it, and no worse thing I've got back of it, and no worriment to speak of. But it sticks in my mind like a splinter, and I want to be shut out of it, and I know I'll get no rest till I tell it to some one who'll understand and not dog me about it when once it's out." Presently the corner for her debark-Presently the corner for her depara-ing was reached and she made a motion to rise. John stopped the ear, and as carefully as he had helped her on he now assisted her to get down. There

understand and not dog me about it when once it's out." The priest folded his hands and looked at John from under his eyebrows. All this was an old story to him. "If it's a sin you have on your soul, why not come to confession and make the one telling of it and save your time and mine?" was not a word spoken on either side, nor did either face change its expression

a particle. Gradually after this a change crept

Gradually after this a change crept over John Flinn. It was like the slow brewing of a storm which takes long to gather, cloud by cloud, spreading over the blue almost imperceptibly. Always taciturn, he grew silent, more somer of aspect less and less resonasive to the and mine?" "It's no sin," replied John, doggedly. Then he told of the woman with her child: how he had taken her up where she stood, instead of making her walk taciturn, he grew silent, more somber of aspect, less and less responsive to the good-natured advances of his fellow-workmen. His unappetizing meals were often untasted, and he fell into she stood, instead of marine to rule; to the next corner according to rule; how he had passed her by without taking her fare. He smiled with his taking her fare. eyes down and cast aside, as if there were a flavor in the story sweet to his the way of bringing a bottle of ale or beer instead of coffee in his dinner pail.

These exhilarating beverages had not, however, the effect of cheering him at all, in fact, after a while it looked as if more than mere creature comforts of meat and drink would be needed to arrest his progress to melancholia. In the several seve arrest his progress to melancholia.

In he asked: Iohn '' But you know of course, my man, '' But you know of course, my man, with that while your motive was a charit-ness, able one, your act was wrong.'' able one, your act was wrong.'' '' Dishonest, you mean ? She was '' Dishonest, you mean ? arrest his progress to melancholia. In old times there were days when John seemed to look out upon the world with indulgence, if not downright kindliness. But of late his eyes had changed in ex-pression and had, an uncoving inter-

poor and sick, tired and hungry. That was her last dollar. How do you sup-pose she come by it? Where do you judge she was going? I think of her Maybe her husband all the time. Maybe her husband drinks. Maybe he beats her-her and

OUR RELIGION.

out of his face. There was a how of exhaustion there that was not accounted for and showed the man incapable at that time of reasonable argument. John, having spoken, sat brooding in his place. Suddenly the priest asked: "Why didn't you pay the woman's form out of rour own pocket? In one of the very first articles on this subject we described the vessels used on the altar. Among these was mentioned the Monstrance. At that time we stated that it was used to hold the Blessed Sacrament while giving Benediction. It might not be out of place just here to say a word concerning fare out of your own pocket? John looked up slowly, as though with difficulty putting aside his own thoughts to take in the meaning of the bis rite of the Church. One of the most simple, it is at the

same time one of the most beautiful, rites in the Catholic Church. The priest ascends the altar steps, spreads the corporal on the altar and then un-locks the tabernacle and opens the door. place that was in darkness the face of John Flinn lost its haggard look. The server strikes the gong to call at-tention of the congregation to the ex-posed presence of our Lord. The priest having genullected removes the Biessed Rising to his feet he exclaimed, a ring Sacrament and inserts It in the Mon-strance, which is then placed on an ele-True to his word, the "boss" gave his place to John Flinn when he re-ported "fit for duty" a few days later. His rest had evidently "done him good," for he had resumed his old ap-

Returning to the foot of the altar he bows low and offers incense to the King of Heaven. The choir sings the "O Salutaris." Following this is sung the Salutaris." Following this is sung the "Tantum Ergo," during which inconse is again offered. At its conclusion the priest sings the prayer, "O God, Who, under a wonderful Sacrament, has left us a memorial of Thy passion, grant us, we because the sector woney to the we beseech Thee, so to venerate the sacred mysteries of Thy Body and Blood that we may ever feel within ourselves the fruit of Thy redemption. Who livest and reignest world without end. Amen.'

The server then places the veil over the priest's shoulders. He ascends to the altar, and taking the Monstrance in his hands turns to the people and The average baby is a good baby-The average baby is a good baby cheerful, smiling and bright. When he is cross and fretful it is because he is unwell and he is taking the only means he has to let everybody know he does not feel right. When baby is cross, blesses them, making the sign of The server again sounds the cross. bell to call attention to the cerem bell to call attention to the order of the blessing. It is God's solemn bene-diction over His people. What a beau-tiful and fruitful blessing then it must not feel right. When baby is cross, restless and sleepless don't dose him with "soothing" stuffs which always contain poisons. Baby's Own Tablets are what is needed to put the little one are what is needed to put the little one

At the close of the Benediction the right. Give a cross baby an occasional Blessed Sacrament is removed from the Monstrance and returned to the taber-Tablet and see how quickly he will be rablet and see now quickly ne will be transformed into a bright, smiling, coo-ing, happy child. He will sleep at night, and the mother will get her rest too. You have a guarantee that Baby's nacle by the priest. Descending to the foot of the altar he remains standing while the choir sings the psalm, "O praise while the choir sings the psaim, O praise the Lord, all ye nations; praise Him all ye people. For His mercy is con-firmed upon vs; and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Glory be to God," etc. It is, therefore, a ceremony God," etc. It is, therefore, a ceremony full of deep meaning and deserving of frequent attendance. While not made compulsory by the Church for her children, it is one which they should be eager to attend. For there is nothing that we need more than God's bleesing nothing that can be more blessing, nothing that can be more beneficial.—Church Progress.

> INQUIRING INTO THE LIVES OF OTHERS.

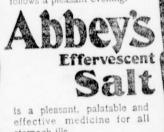
them ?

and at what his intention aims.

come upon h deceive Me. himself, because he cannot

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When you get up in the morning with a bad teste in your mouth that the tooth brush will not remove, a coating on your tongue, and a general "out of sorts" feeling, ion't blame it on what you to eat the night before A healthy stomach would be able to look after that. It's poor digestion that makes you feel so badly. A teaspoor of Abbey's Effervescent Salt in half a tumbler of water at rising will make you feel better —will cure you if you follow directions. **Abbey**'s revitilizes every organ of the body_it clears away fermenting matter and refreshes and cleanses the stomach. It prevents the suffering that often follows a pleasant evening.



stomach ills.

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AS PORT

too. You have a guarantee that Baby's Own Tablets contain not one particle of opiate or harmful drug. In all the minor ailments from birth up to ten or twelve years there is nothing to equal the Tablets. Mrs. W. B. Anderson, Goulais River, Ont., says: "My little Goulais River, Ont., says: "My little boy was very cross and fretful and we got no rest with him until we began using Baby's Own Tablets. Since then

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druggist, or they will be sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. DEVOTION TO THE SACRED

HEART.

Outside of God the substantial and inreased good, the greatest good which is within our reach, the only one eter-nally durable, is grace, gratuitous grace of God, mysterious but real participation of His nature. Given to the human race by the merits of the re-

demption, grace is acquired for each of demption, grace is acquired for each of us by baptism, it is lost by sin, re-gained by penance or acts of perfect contrition, and fed by the sacraments. It is our whole perpetual fortune; our capital, the first foundation of which God gave us at baptism, and which each of our good works augments after-

each of our good works augments after-ward. According to the degree of grace, otherwise called holiness, thus acquired during life, will correspond the degree of our eternal glory. All graces are evidently presents from divine charity. A great love gave them originally; a still greater love gave them to humanity. They burst forth from the Heart of Jesus, the month dedicated to which is at its zenith. This Heart, this love is really the source, the storehouse. When we

he source, the storehouse. When we wish them, then, we must not ask them of the justice of God, but of His Heart. of the justice of God, but of His Heart. Everything in the supernatural order comes from this Heart. The Gospel has already told us that. What the devotion to the Sacred Heart teaches us, and guarantees us in addition, is a means of opening this Heart more casily a more simple process to make

Be not curious, son, and give not way to useless cares. What is this or that to thee? Do thou follow Me. For what is it to thee whether this man be such or such, or that man do or say this or the other? Thou art not to answer for others, but must give an account for thyself; why therefore dost thou meddle with them?

IMITATION OF CHRIST. THAT WE ARE NOT TO BE CURIOUS IN

all things that are done under the sun; and I know how it is with every one, what he thinketh, what he would have, All things therefore are to be com-mitted to Me; but as for thy part keep

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of carns, warts, etc. It is a complete extinguisher. The superiority of Mother Graves' worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give is a trial.

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Be not curious, son, and give not way

Behold, I know every one, and see

thyself in good peace, and let the busy-body be as busy as he willeth. Whatsoever he shall do or say will

are the music of the have a power which eyond natural causes. a power on earth equal ms as if they could al-reality God alone cau en the hard and angry Even quarrels give way or an unforgiving heart ster. Words have a own for good or evil. that an unkind word are the music that an unkind word in the heart than an nay, oftener than a

e like revelations from lling complicated mis-and softening the hards of years.

are we ever else but n words? There are ss. It is hard for a be kind in his words. nptation a temptation the irresistible-to say and, somehow, clever adly ever kind things, over of acid or bitter on the whole, to say of others is hardly ever There is something in s analogous to a sting ts delicacy, its pain, its has all these things as g. A man who lays him-se is never a safe man to nd or even an acquaintot a man whom any one No one was respects. No one was rer to God by a sarcasm. ds in the gospel should -Father Faber.

osses that come to us, if ute confidence in God, will be able to make us of heart.

LY ONE ECLECTRIC OIL-be it medicine or anything pular, initiations invariably te advantages from the origi-nemselves could haver win on a fullations of Dr. Thomas' re been numerous but never se who know the genuine are substitute, but dem and the

VIOLENT IN ACTION.-Some they wish to cleans the speedy in their action, bat nt good. Their use produces and if persisted in they injare rid o they act upon the intea-cial way. Parmelee's Vege-r all purposes in this respect, rior,

for were not just such places the curse of his life? Perhaps a daily passage through more cheerful and agreeable streets might have brightened the poor man's mods occasionally. But he had passed several were and and had an unseeing, intro-spective look, as though their powers of utward perception were lost, and he appeared to dwell in thought far away from the things which surrounded him a should have claimed his undivided moods occasionally. But he had passed several years already amid those sordid attention. It was not often, however, that he surroundings and had never thought of missed the fulfilment of his monotonous change. He was a man who in his slow way was observant of little things, a duties. But he performed them with the air of a somnambulist, going up and change. He was a main who have have a subservant of little things, a characteristic fraught with much possibility of discomfort, and so well did he know every yard of his route that it was quite within the range of possibility that he often slept where he stood, and yet attended to his duties. That he was often exhausted from fatigue is certain, the bis part was not work were very often down among the people who crowded his car at certain hours with an automatical movement which, of course, no matical movement which, of course, no one noticed. For was he not, with all of his kind, a mere human machine at work for the public comfort and noth-ing more? Whenever he came to the corner of

for his hours for rest were very often short and his sleep often broken by his wife's drunken mutterings or the cry-ing of the baby, who was cutting her teeth with difficulty and distress to herself and her entire family.

The warm day, following a night of The warm day, following a night of more than common restlessness, had found John in a very depressed and cynical humor. As he boarded his car he growled out a deep curse, and each time that he pulled the dangling end of his bell strap, the sharp ring might have stood for the expression of another oath as deep and low. There were not many passengers go

ing his way, either up or down the route, and the day wore along monoton-ously, wearily, hopelessly for John But about 4 o'clock in the afternoon,

as he banged and bounced over the un-even track, he saw standing at the corner of a sloppy, dark court a woman with a bild in

with a child in her arms. It was not the rule for the trolley cars to stop at such insignificant pas-sage ways—this was in the middle of the square—but at the sight of the woman an impulse, as undefinable and woman an impulse, as undernable and sudden as are all impulses, seized upon John. He pulled the bell strap and the car stopped. Then he leaned down and helped the woman up the high step by muticar bia head, under hea any at by putting his hand under her arm at the shoulder. She went in and sat down in the corner next the door, the

drank herself, being usually consumed "You'd better take a day or two off, Flinn," his motorman said to him one day, and the suggestion agreed with his own ideas. Whereupon he asked for leave, and another man—one of the hundreds waiting for the chance— slipped into his place, though the "boss" promised to take him " on " when he should be fit for work. "It looks as if Flinn was took bad with some kind of a fever," said the motorman to his new comrade. "Most likely it's worriment with that wife he's got." down in the corner next the dor, we have the dor we have the d

the child."

"It was right to be sorry for her,

but-" "But you think I was wrong to leave her pass. Which do you think could best bear the weight of that lost five-best bear the weight of that lost fivebest bear the weight of that loss ave-cent fare, the woman, poor like that and weak and helpless, or the great, big, selfsh corporation ?" John's voice was deep and his words

fell like blows.

You had no right to judge of that. You know it as well as I do. It was stealing.

Five cents !" exclaimed John, con-

temptuously. "It would have been stealing had it

Whenever he came to the corner of the narrow court where he had taken up the woman and her child he looked out eagerly, as if almost expecting she would again be there. At such times he was totally oblivious of all else. Once he actually fancied he saw her, and miled his hall, the sound of its been but one cent." John shook his head stubbornly. " Do you think one of them rich, fine Once he actually fancied he saw her, and pulled his bell, the sound of its folks that makes up the company would ever miss it ?' he asked with withering

and putted its belt, the sound of riss ring and the stopping of the ear rousing him from his reverie and bringing him to himself and to a flash of anger at his contempt. "That's not the point as between you

own stupidity, expressed by a contemp-tuous spitting aside and an oath. and your conscience. You cannot dictate to any one the amount of charity dictate to any one the amount of charity he shall give, nor give in charity for another without his knowledge and consent. Least of all are you in a position to dictate to the company which employs you or to contribute to charity out of that company's pocket." "I'm glad I let her pass !" muttered John. "She might have been the The weather continued to grow warmer, and this may have accounted for the dull flush that came into John for the dull flush that came inte John Flinn's face and the haggard, glassy eyes which flashed unnaturally if any one addressed him. Any physician of the flesh would have told him that he the first would have told him that he was suffering from malaria. His wife said he had "the spring fever," and she bought some sarsaparilla, which she drank herself, being usually consumed John. "She might have been the Blessed Mother herself. I've many a time since thought she was. Why should I have stopped like that in the

middle of the square for a common woman? I never done it before—never. She just stood there, helpless like, look-ing up at me, and I stopped like a shot and took her up. The Blessed Mother has appeared to other people, and may-be she comes like that just to try me. If she ever gets on my car again, whether she's just a poor woman or not (and I hope she will come, if she's not the Blessed Mother with her Son come to try me). I'll do the same thing again. I tell you, Father, I coulkn't break that dollar bill, anp I'm glad I didn't do it." She just stood there, helpless like, look-

means of opening this Heart more easily, a more simple process to make race run in torrents from It.

First of all it is a question of habitthat grace. We necessarily acquire it in giving ourselves up to a devotion to the Sacred Heart, since the fundamental practice of this devotion is an act of the love of God, and such an act draws grace into the soul which produces it. The love of God is the life of the soul ; ts maladies and death come from the diminution and disappearance of this diminution and disappearance of this love. Just as we give life to a person ashpyxiated by re-establishing the play of his respiratory organs, so the devotion to the Sacred Heart gives life to the soul, by re establishing in it all the motive power of the love of God. vacation. strength use to the soul, by re establishing in it all the motive power of the love of God; thus can It rightly promise pardon to sinners who adopt it. It is not all to live the life of grace. This life, hke all life needs to grow and expand. Now the devotion to the Sacred Heart assures our supernatural grace a marsummer as in winter. assures our supernatural grace a mar-veltus growth and surprising fertility. The devotion to the Sacred Heart, habituating souls to grow by love keeps them in the best disposition, the dis-Tore

position which merits the most graces. The devotion to the Sacred Heart is The devotion to the Sacred Heart is by the very nature of the motives which animate it, and the practices which constitute it, the investment that yields the largest interest. That is what Blessed Margaret Mary wrote: "I flyou knew how much merit and glory there was in honoring this amiable heart of the adorable Jesus, and what the recommense will be, what Richmond St. and goty distribution of the adorable Jesus, and what the recompense will be, what He will give to those who, after having consecrated themselves to It, ask only to be no It. Yes, it seems to Yes, it seems t to honor It. . . . Yes, it seems to me that this intention alone will give ESTABLISHED 1859

me that this intention alone will give more morit and approval to their actions before God than all they could do be-sides, without this application." And again : "The treasures of benedictions and graces that the Sacred Heart in-closes are infinite : I do not know that there is another express of devotion in HOLD GOVERNMENT DEFORM Losses Pald Since Organization, \$ 3,250,000.00 Business in Force, 623,090.16 HON, JOHN DRYDEN, GEO. GILLER, President, Vice-Pres H. WADDINGTON, Sec. and Managing Director L. LEFTCH, D. WRISNILLER, Supt. JOHN KILLER, Inspector closes are mante : i do not know that there is another exercise of devotion in the spiritual life that is more calculat-ed to raise a soul to the highest perfec-tion."—Father Swan, S. J.

lives would have been pared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughe, colds and all affections of the throat and lugament com-plaint of any kind send at once for a summer com-plaint of any kind send at once for a summer com-ful rapidity in subduing that dreadful disease that workens the strong set man and that de-stroys the young and delicate. Those who have used this choiers medicine say it acts promptly, and never tails to effect a thorough cure. BOARDING SCHOOL AND ACADEMY CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME Cor Bagot and Johnston Street KINGSTON, ONT. Disease takes no summer Pupils prepared for Commercial Diplomate and Departmental Examinations. Special Classee in Music, Drawing, Painting, Shorthand and Typewriting. If you need flesh and For terms, Etc., apply to MOTHER SUPERIOR Scott's Emulsion ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE BERLIN, ONT. CANADA. (G.T.R.) Commercial Course with Business College features. High School or Academic Course – Prepar-ation for Professional Studies. College or Arts Course – Preparation for Degrees and Seminaries. Board and Tuition per Annum, \$140.00. For Catalogue Address-REV. JOHN FEHRENBACH, C. R., Pres. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Ontario. soc. and \$1.00; all druggists. IT'S TOO BAD... that your Plumbing is not working right. Telephone us at once and have us put it in first-class order. The Royal City Painting and Decorating Co. of Guelph F. G. HUNT PLUMBER, 82 UPPER WINDHAM ST. 52 OFFER WINDHAM ST. E. BRANN, E. W. COOFER, W. A. MAHONY, Pres. Manager. Treas. Expert Painters, Paperhangers, Grainers, Hardwood Finishers, The London Mutual Fire SIGN WRITING AND CHURCH DECORATING INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA. A SPECIALTY. Estimates Furnished and Skotches Submitted HEAD OFFICE TORONTO, ONTARIO Telephone 360 DEALERS IN WALL PAPER, 1237-50 FULL GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT

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