

The QUIET HOUR

THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. O Sacrament where dwells my Lord Divine! How sweet Thy coming near our hearts which need Thee sore, when Thou in love dost come to feed Our souls with bread of Heaven and with wine That maketh virgins. Take, Lord, this heart of mine And make it Thine. Here ever Thou dost heed Our prayer, who come in sorrow now, to plead For grace and strength to conquer, not repine. Sweet Jesus! hidden God of deepest love! Near Thee is peace the world can never know. No sin of ours should cause Thy Heart to bleed; Thy love should lift our thoughts to Thee above; Nor let our lives but in Thy friendship grow. In Thee, dear Lord, we have a Friend indeed.—Rev. J. F. X. O'Conor, S.J.

THE BLESSED MARGARET MARY The proposed beatification of the Blessed Margaret Mary of Alacoque makes the following brief sketch of special interest at this juncture: The Blessed Margaret Mary was born in 1647 at LaThecote, France, and her youth was passed in innocence and piety. When twenty-four years of age she embraced her religious life in the Order of the Visitation at Paray le-Monial. From her earliest childhood God had this privileged and highly favored soul into His school, and constituted Himself her guide and teacher in the spiritual life. When she had been sufficiently trained in this school and prepared for the task which was shortly to be entrusted to her, our Lord commenced the series of revelations and instructions concerning His Sacred Heart, which must be guarded as the starting point of the devotion. Margaret Mary had already been several years in the convent at Paray when the first revelation respecting the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus was made to her. She was engaged in prayer one day before the Blessed Sacrament, when our Lord appeared to her, and opening His breast, permitted her to behold His Heart. It was surrounded with fire and flames, resplendent as the sun, transparent as crystal, encircled with a crown of thorns, and surmounted by a cross. Disclosing to her the marvels and mysteries of His love. He spoke thus to her: "My heart is so full of love for men that it can no longer contain within itself the fire of charity. Through thy instrumentality it must flow out and make itself known to men, in order to enrich them with the treasures; they are salutary and sanctifying graces, and they alone are capable of rescuing mankind from the abyss of perdition. In spite of thy unworthiness and ignorance I have chosen to carry out this my purpose, that it may be all the more evident that all is my work."

And again our Lord, appearing to her on June 16, 1675, said to her: "Behold this Heart which has so loved men that it has spared nothing to testify its love for them, even to the exhausting and consuming of itself for their sake. But in return for this I receive nothing from the generality of mankind but ingratitude through the contempt, irreverence, sacrileges and coldness with which I am treated in this Sacrament of Love. What, however, afflicts Me most that even hearts, which are consecrated to Me do Me this wrong. Wherefore I require of thee that the first Friday in this octave of (Corpus Christi) should be appointed as a special festival in honor of My Heart, that satisfaction may be made to it on that day by solemn act of holy Communion to make amends for the outrages which are committed against it when it is exposed for veneration upon the altar. I promise thee that My Heart shall so expand as to pour out the effect of its charity in superabundant plenitude on those who honor it, and who endeavor to prevail on others to pay homage."—Holy Angels Calendar.

SINCERE FORGIVENESS. When we are forgiven by God we should be humble and grateful, and this should prompt us to be merciful and kind to all, no matter how much they may offend us. We must not be ready to say, You have offended me; now make satisfaction, or

I will not forgive you. No; we must imitate our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who even on the cross, when they reviled Him and spat at Him, only replied, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do." Our Lord suffered all sorts of indignities in silence. He never said a word because He Himself was insulted, but only when the honor of God was concerned. "Like a lamb He was led to the slaughter, and He opened not His mouth." What does our Lord say about this in the Sermon on the Mount? "Blessed are you when men persecute you and revile you, and speak all manner of evil against you falsely for My sake, for great shall be your reward in heaven." But sometimes our fellow-men do us a great injury. They use vile and insulting language to us. They call us names which we cannot endure. They are our enemies, and express their dislike and hatred freely. How can we be friendly with them? Often we can say with truth: Such a one has cheated me; he has defrauded me out of a large amount of money; that rascal has owed me money which he is well able to pay, and he has not paid it and he never will. Another has slandered me, and told lies about a member of my family; such a one is mean and despicable every way.

Well, I cannot enumerate all these cases in which we plead that we cannot forgive. They are included in the hundred pence of the gospel. That is, they are all trivial in themselves and not worth dwelling on. What are all the pains and sufferings and trials of this world compared with the eternal weight of glory which awaits us? All our wounded feelings, all the pain given to us by the conduct of others, will be over and gone in a few years. It will be like a cloud that goes over the face of the sky. But every act of forgiveness merits an eternal reward. In this light of faith an injury done us is a precious jewel, a glorious opportunity, a grand successful speculation which makes our fortune. To do this may cause us a struggle, for we are human after all. They will arise in our minds in spite of ourselves, and sometimes will keep coming back upon us, even after a long time, perhaps years, have gone by; just as a venomous serpent may hiss at us when he cannot bite. But this is not sin so long as we do not consent; on the contrary, a great occasion of merit. And when we have overcome our enemy who has tempted us, and kept charity with all men, the charity of God will diffuse itself in our hearts. We shall love God, and we shall be consoled and strengthened and more firmly united to Him. With this principle made habitual in our hearts, we shall be confirmed in grace and be united to God in heaven forever.

WEAK FAITH. (Catholic Union and Times.)

There seems something strange in the gospel narrative where our Lord reproached the ruler for his want of faith, and yet it is not strange. He had, indeed, some faith in Christ, or he would not have come to Him and asked Him to come down and heal his son; but his faith was not a full and ready faith, since wonders must be performed before he would believe, and hence our Lord reproached him. How different in the case of the centurion mentioned in another part of holy writ. He, too, had a child ill unto death at home; but God's words were enough. "Say, and the word," he said, "and my son shall be healed." Our Lord praised him for his faith and held it up to the admiration of all, saying He had not seen such faith in all Israel. These two men had the same opportunities for having faith, since the miracles of Christ confirming His divine character and the truth of His doctrine were seen and spoken of on every side. All were saying, "Who is this that the winds and seas obey?" Thousands had been fed from a few loaves and fishes; not only had the sick been healed, but even the dead had been raised to life, and yet how little and how weak the faith of this one who was still looking for signs and wonders and must have ocular demonstration of it, since he asks Him to come down and heal his son. But is this not the case with many of us? We have faith, it is true, but is it a full and abiding faith? Is it a faith like the centurion's, that trusts for its confirmation all to the word of God, or is it like the ruler's, weak and wavering? Is our faith resting for its permanency not on the

signs and wonders done not only in the time of Christ and since, but even from the creation of the world? But is our faith dependent on some particular miracle, or sign or wonder that must be done in the present—a continuation, indeed, of all that has gone before, but brought down to our time and day and to our own insignificant selves? The crime of the age is, indeed, the weakness of faith. I do not say the want of faith, for that term belongs only to the pagan and infidel, but I say the weakness of faith among those who profess to have the faith. How many will, at the first ill-wind that blows against the Church, have their faith shaken, though Christ has promised always to be with His Church even to the end of the world? How many will cavil at its teachings or its action when something is said or done that goes contrary to their ideas, though Christ has promised that the Holy Ghost would enlighten His Church and teach her all things, so that who would hear her would be hearing Christ Himself? And what desertions from faith and religion and virtue and all that is good through faith being questioned in this way, and the rebellion to its rules and regulations following it!

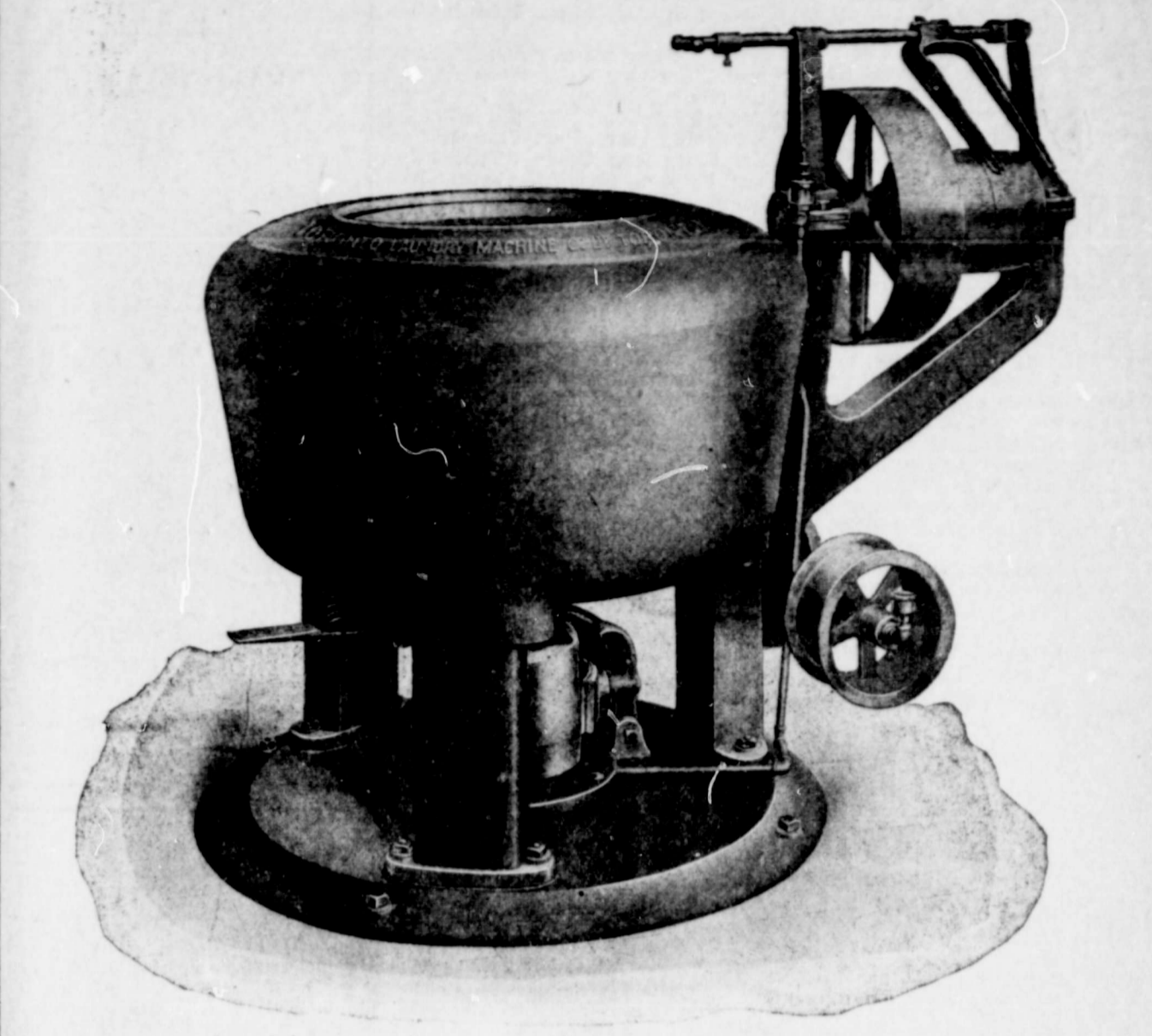
Again, how faith is weakened in individuals because some trials overtakes them, or some adversity is met with, and they rush off and declare there is no God, or if there is that He is not just, because they experience some little sorrow or suffering. How different they act from Job, who, no matter how great his affliction and losses, exclaimed, "God gave, God took away; blessed be the name of God forever!" And how different their words from St. Paul's, who exclaimed, "What shall separate me from the love of Christ? Shall sorrow, shall tribulation, shall imprisonment, shall stripes shall the sword? No, not one, or all of them shall separate me or cause me to give up that love. I live for Christ Jesus our Lord!" Must God tell us again and again that he loves us with a mother's love and that He has loved us from all eternity, and that it is because He loves us so much that He will sometimes afflict us and try us in order that He may love us the more, because of our loving Him more in suffering for His sake? Let us away, then, with self-love and have a generous love of God, prompted by a faith in Him that nothing can shake and with the apostle exclaim, "Here cut! Here burn! Here try in every way you will, but spare, spare in eternity!"

But though there is so much to blame in the ruler's conduct, yet there is something to praise, and that is his readiness to profit by the presence and the power of God. The opportunity came and he took advantage of it. It was the favorable moment, the time of God's visitation, the acceptable time and he embraced it and his son's soul was saved. A day's delay, a putting off the time would have passed and death would have him for its victim. Here, then, is a lesson for ourselves to take advantage of the grace of God. "There is a tide in the affairs of man," says the poet, "which taken at the ebb, leads on to fortune," and so it is with ourselves, there is a grace, a day and occasion, a circumstance which contains in its folds our eternal salvation. It is a mission, a retreat, a good book, a holy word comes to us among the daily things of life and this is God's grace for us, a grace the like of which may never come again. Let us ask God the grace to be ever faithful to grace.

Romance of a Lost Nickel (Continued from page 6.)

"Just what I am prepared to admit," said Rupert. "It might, of course, be true," said the young woman. "It is," said Rupert. He gathered himself up again. "If you will take the trouble to look in your purse, you will find the proof." "I will look," said the young woman. "It will necessitate my going upstairs." She turned in the doorway. "Did you say your name was on the coin?" "No," said Rupert; "there is only a cabalistic sign on it." She turned again. "Will you be seated, Mr. —?" She paused expectantly. "Pratt—Rupert Pratt," replied the young man. "Thank you," and he sat down. As he did so a lightning glance passed between the ladies. And then the younger lady disappeared. "There was one thing in your favor," said the elderly lady, with a frown. "Lena, our maid, never admits suspicious looking strangers. The fact that she let you in is greatly to your credit." Rupert laughed. "It may be to my credit," he said, "and yet I have never been prepared to admit that there was the slightest suggestion of a suspicious character in my general appearance. At the same time I will acknowledge that I have felt during the last quarter of an hour as much like a confidence man as it is possible for an innocent youth to feel." Then the young woman reappeared. "It is too bad," she said, "but just as I was entering my room my purse dropped to the floor and scattered the coins in every direction. You nickel must have hidden itself with great care, because I failed to find it." Rupert hastily arose. "I'm very sorry to have put you to all this annoyance," he said, "and I am especially sorry that I have been unable to prove the honesty of my purpose in intruding upon you. Good afternoon." "One moment," cried the young woman, "I haven't given up yet. I will make a more thorough search, and you must call again." "Come to-morrow evening if you are not engaged," said the elderly lady. Rupert stammered that it would be a pleasure and a moment later was hurrying down the street to catch a car. He felt strangely exhilarated. She certainly was a remarkably pretty girl. He called the next evening and found that the precious nickel was still undiscovered. Miss Leslie had been too busy to make the promised search. And yet Rupert stayed on through the evening. When he started to go the elderly lady suggested that he might like to come up Sunday evening and accompany them to church. And the bashful Rupert accepted the suggestion without a murmur. On the way home from church on one never to be forgotten evening the elderly lady had suddenly startled Rupert by inviting him to dine with Miss Leslie and herself. And so Rupert enjoyed the most delightful meal that ever was eaten—but the nickel did not turn up. Pretty soon he began to call without being specially invited—and after a little while he never alluded to the nickel. Sometimes he felt quite dazed by his good fortune and by the remarkable assurance he displayed in accepting it. Yet he was a shy lover still. He asked no questions; he took everything for granted—much as if he were living through a delightful dream and feared he would awaken if he moved. Why, it was a fact that he didn't even know the lovely girl's full name. She was Miss Leslie to him as to the household, and he could invent many delightful names to call her when he was not at her side. One evening, it might have been six weeks from the memorable day he lost the nickel, he was with Miss Leslie in the little reception room at Mrs. Morgan's, for that was the elderly lady's name. Suddenly the sweet gray eyes looked up at him. "I have found the nickel," said the gentlest of voices. "Have you?" cried Rupert. Then his voice changed. "Really?" on, "I don't believe I'm half glad over its discovery. It brought me such wonderful luck, you know, the day it disappeared."

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sets Catholic Order of Foresters, were established at the corner of Dartmouth and Tremont streets. The parade marched through Tremont street to Massachusetts avenue, to Columbus avenue to Harrison avenue, East and West Newton streets, Shawmut avenue, Union Park street, Harrison avenue, East Brooklyn street, Washington street, to the Cathedral. When the head of the line was seen coming down Union Park street, Archbishop O'Connell came out on the side porch to review the parade. With the Archbishop were the Rev. Thos. J. Gasson, S.J., President of Boston College; Rev. M. J. Spaine, D.D., chancellor of the Archdiocese; Rev. F. X. Dolan, D.D., Rev. T. R. McCoy and Rev. J. J. Crane, of the Cathedral. As the Stars and Strips passed the Archbishop each time doffed his purple beretta in salute to the flag and hundreds of men gathered about did the same. The procession ended in the Cathedral, where Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament closed the day's ceremonies. This was preceded by a short sermon by Rev. Father Thomas I. Gasson, S.J., president of Boston College, who spoke on what the Holy Family Temperance League is doing and can accomplish. The children then renewed their pledges and Rev. Dr. Mullen officiated at the Benediction service. Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

Then you do not want it?" she softly questioned, with a blush. "I am not as anxious about it as I was," replied Rupert. "Then," said the gentle voice, "why not give it to me?" Rupert started. "If I dared," he muttered. "Dared what?" asked the young woman. To Rupert's ears it sounded like a defiance. "This is madness," he murmured. He caught Leslie's hand. "Will you be my wife?" She dropped the veiling lashes over the bright grey eyes. "I—I accept the nickel," she stammered and blushed as she said it and gave him the other hand. A little later she drew him towards the mantel. "Rupert," she said, "you're the victim of a mild conspiracy. I knew you that very first day. I knew the nickel. I told auntie who you were." "You knew me!" cried the dazed Rupert. "I knew all about you through Tracy's glowing praises. I am Leslie Grant, Tracy's sister." "What!" cried Rupert, sinking into a chair. "Tracy's sister?" Then you knew about the nickel?" "I knew all about it," said Leslie, demurely. "And, then, too, we have your photograph. Look here." She reached behind the clock and drew the portrait into sight. Rupert gazed at it with a dazed expression. "We'll put a frame of gold on it," he murmured. "On your portrait?" laughed Leslie. "No," said Rupert solemnly; "on the nickel."

A Carefully Prepared Pill.—Much time and attention were expended in the experimenting with the ingredients that enter into the composition of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills before they were brought to the state in which they were first offered to the public. Whatever other pills may be, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are the result of much expert study, and all persons suffering from dyspepsia or disordered liver and kidneys may confidently accept them as being what they are represented to be. Juvenile Temperance Demonstration (Boston Pilot.) A grand juvenile temperance demonstration was held in Boston on Sunday afternoon, when the annual parade of the junior members of the Holy Family Temperance League of the Archdiocese took place. It is estimated that about 6,000 children were in line, while several hundred men and women acted as escort to them. The procession was a most impressive and inspiring spectacle and moved the spectators all along the line of march to heartily applaud the little ones. There were nine divisions and each was headed by its banner and a large American flag, while every boy and girl carried a small one. The headquarters of the chief marshal, Major John J. Leonard, high secretary-treasurer of the Masseche-

The Women are Coming Too

A despatch from Kenosha, Wis., under date July 13th, says: A sensation was caused in Church circles in Kenosha to-day, when the announcement was received that Mother Edith, Mother Superior-General of the Sisters of St. Mary (Episcopal), in charge of Kemper Hall in this city, had been baptized into the Roman Catholic faith at Philadelphia and has left the mother-house at Peekskill, N.Y. Sister Margaret Clair, Mother Provincial of the western district, who is now at Kemper Hall in charge of the work, and Sister Catherine, the Mother Provincial of the southern district, who is at Memphis, have conferred on the matter and it is possible that both of them will go to Peekskill to prevent any of the other sisters at the main home of the Order leaving the sisterhood. The Order is probably the largest Order of women in the Episcopal Church in the United States. Are your corns harder to remove than those that others have had? Have they not had the same kind? Have they not been cured by using Holloway's Corn Cure? Try a bottle.

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