THE SWEETEST NAME. BY B. F. DE COSTA.

Sweet is the fragrance of the summer rose,
The flower of all flowers
Which flings its fragrance far and wide,
At morn and noon and eventide,
While light and shade alternate glide
Around its blushing bowers:
But sweeter than the rose's breath,
The Name that lives in life and death,
The Name of Jesus.

Sweet is the music of the wild bird's song,
That tunes the heart to gladness,
When first the magic days of spring,
Fair Southland copes conjuring,
The warblers swift, true minstrels, bring,
To chase the winter sadness;
But sweeter than the wild bird's voice,
When springtime blooms and fields rejoice
The Name of Jesus.

Sweet is the ozone of the summer sea,
Distilled by waves of ocean,
The write capped move an ordered band,
In swan like beauty toward the land,
To comb and break on golden sand, To comb and break on golden sand,
In jubilant commotion:
But sweeter than all ozone rare
The ocean's buoyant breezes bear,
The Name of Jesus.

Sweet is the incense of the summer morn,
Amid the waking mountains,
When all the earth in beauty gleams,
Bathed in the joyous sun's rich beams
That glad the rushing, sparkling streams,
And gild the brimming fountains;
But sweeter than the perfumed air
Of morn amid the mountains fair.
The Name of Jesus.

Aye, sweet the odor of the summer rose,
The ozone of the ocean,
The balmy air of pine clad hill,
The wild bird's dulcet matin trill,
That moves the soul as sweet bells thrill
When calling to devotion;
But sweeter than earth's sweetest thing
The Name enraptured angels sing,
The Name of Jesus.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. LITTLE RODY.

He was a fair, fragile little urchin, with light curly hair and clear blue eyes that looked straight at you when he cried.

"Buy a paper, sir?" "Carry your par-

Yes, Rody was a veritable street Arab, with no one to love him, no one to care for him; a poor waif, that the world seemed to imagine was made of tougher stuff than fiesh and blood. But Rody was not accustomed to think over his misfortunes, and did not consider himself illused because cold and hunser formed. ill-used because cold and hunger formed a part of his daily existence. When a few crumbs from the rich man's table fell new crumos from the rich man's table fell to his lot he erjoyed them, and called himself lucky if a kindly passer-by dropped him a copper. Eleven years was the precise time this small boy had insplited our globe and was he had a great and the had a great and the had a great stable as the had a great stable and the ha the precise time this small boy had in-habited our globe, and yet he had suffered more, much more, than many of us easy-going, well-to-do worldings suffer in a life-time.

and to picture to himself the cottage where he had knelt at his mother's knee, where he had kneit at his mother's knee, and learned the first lessons of piety, truth and love. Yes, Rody liked to dream of that happy time, and relate to his wondering companions how he had once lived in a cozy, thatched cottage, and gathered violets from mossy hedges and cowslins in green fields.

Uncle Joe was in the habit of spending the greater part of his week's wages in the public-house, and his slatternly wife was very little better in this respect. Alas! poor Rody was the chief sufferer, for he came in for blows from both parties. Often when Aunt Ellen feared to vent her Often when Aunt Ellen leared to vent her angry passion on her husband, the child proved a convenient object on which to revenge herself. So, too, on the other hand, Uncle Joe relieved his feelings by beating the poor child.

beating the poor child.

Very soon Rody's dimpled cheeks lost their roses, and a hunted, hungry look stole into his great dark eyes. For hours together he sat, with his little face pressed against the dirt-besmeared window, his little heart breaking for one word of love or other. Things did not improve with time pity. Things did not improve with time in Uncle Joe's dwelling. Each year a greater number of blows fell to Rody's lot. Each year he longed more and more to get away from his inhuman protect-

ors.

One dark winter night, when the child had been maltreated more severely than usual, he fled from his wretched home to return no more. Alone, hungry and miserable, Rody started to eke out a precarious existence. Poor little mite! He faced the world with a braver heart than many a man, yet what a sickening feeling of despair often took possession of him of he stood at nightfall at the corner of some deserted street, a bundle of unhim of he stood at nightfall at the corner of some deserted street, a bundle of unsold "Evening Telegraphs" under his arm, and not a penny to call his own. Everywhere around him was food, money and warmth, but only cold and hunger were his portion. But what had this small waif done? Of what crime was he guilty that he should gaze with famishing eves at the good things of this world guilty that he should gaze with famishing eyes at the good things of this world and yet never taste of them—no, were he slowly dying of hunger! Poor little Rody! He had injured no one—done no evil—but he was poor, wretchedly poor, and, therefore, passers-by thought, if they thought at all, that it was meet, that it was neutral that he should suffer.

Rody even more than cold and want, and that was the longing of his soul to love and be loved. Even when he had been unusually lucky in the sale of his paper, or Dame Fortune had bestowed one whole shilling on him as his own, the child felt that vague feeling of loneliness which han ever could have explained. Perhaps it was this emotion which made him cling to the sweet memory of his mother, and perhaps, too, it was the thought of her which kept him so long from sin.

But the boy was human—intensely human—be did not pray; in fact, he had forgotten God and prayer, and when the poor, as we all know, become unmindful

There was a time when Rody was neither a waif nor an outcast, when he had a little cot and a fond mother, who tucked him away each night in warm blankets, as she kissed him, whispering softly, "God bless my own boy! my own little Rody!" That was a long time ago now, nearly four years, but Rody remembered it well, and often, when he felt cold and miserable, it did him good to think of those far-off days, and to picture to himself the cottage and sorrow to keep to the right path.
Rody was not an exception to this rule.
He often felt it would be much more
profitable to cheat or steal than be honest,
much easier to lie than speak the truth,
but then there was no one to care particularly, he thought, what he did—it
was all the same whether he was good or
bad, and the fact of being upright had
only left him destitute.
Such was the train of Rody's thoughts
one cold winter evening as he stood at

one cold winter evening as he stood at Grafton street corner with a few unsold "Evening Telegraphs" in his hand.

favorite little ones!"

As she spoke, a faint flush stole into the child's cheeks, for those words awakened in his childish heart pangs of keen remorse, and he felt a great tearless sol rise in his throat. The sad recollection, like a painful picture, rose before him, that he had been a bad boy—he had forgotten God, he had stolen—and, oh! what would mother say if she knew all? And as the thoughts crowded on him Rody covered his head with the blanket to hide his grief.

but he was poor, wretchedly poor, and, therefore, passers-by thought, if they thought at all, that it was meet, that it was matural that he should suffer.

Rody did not seek pity, or wail out in distress. He bore his privations with a mute callousness which might have shamed many a stronger soul. He beat his cold, mud-besmeared feet against the wet pavement when they were cold, and contented himself with gzzing in at savory dishes in cook shop windows when adverse fortune had left him supperless. But there was something which grieved Rody even more than cold and want, and that was the longing of his soul to love and be loved. Even when he had been one will be a supperless. But there was the longing of his soul to love and be loved. Even when he had been one will be supperled to the weighing on his soul to love and be loved. Even when he had been one will be supperled to the weighing on his soul to love and be loved. Even when he had been one will be supperled to the weighing on his soul to love and be loved. Even when he had been one will be supperled to the was always very frequent. He was a slways very shy and reserved when she spoke to him, and yet she was convinced he regarded her as a great fired. It was very true that Sister Winifred's visits to Rody's bed were very frequent. He was "such a friendless to say, Sister Winifred's visits Rody's bed were very frequent. He was "such a friendless to say, Sister Winifred's visits Rody's bed were very frequent. He was "such a friendless to say, Sister Winifred's visits Rody's bed were very frequent. He was "such a friendless to say, Sister Winifred's visits Rody's bed were very frequent. He was "such a friendless to say, Sister Winifred's visits Rody's bed were very frequent. The such as a friendless to say, Sister Winifred's visits Rody's bed were very frequent. The such as a friendless to say, Sister Winifred's visits Rody's bed were very frequent. The such as a friendless to say, Sister Winifred's visits Rody's bed were very frequent. The such as a friendless t

bring him relief!
One wild evening, when the wind was sobbing and moaning pitifully around the city hospital, Rody seemed more disturbed than usual.

"Are you weary and tired of the bed, darling?" asked Sister Winifred, laying her hand gently on the child's throbbing forehead. For a moment Rody was silent, while the wind outside mercilessly heat against the window panes, and ent, while the wind outside mercilessly beat against the window panes, and shrieked through the keyhole. Ah! it reminded him so much of his last night in the streets, and that stolen shilling!

"Sister Winifred," he cried, in broken accents. "Sister Winifred, I want to ask you to sak you so many things that my you to ask you so many things that my head is aching with the thoughts of them!"

"I am listening, Rody," the nun answered contin

"No, Rody, no! you are in the hospital
—a place for good little boys who are
sick," answered the nun. Rody at once
raised his confiding eyes to the Sister's
sweet face, while his cheeks glowed like
scarlet, and his lips quivered, as he said,
hurriedly:

At last, however, the plaintive cry grew lower and lower, and then died away altogether. The fever had gone, and weak, white and wasted Rody lay, his great together. The fever had gone, and weak, white and wasted Rody lay, his great interest in the child, when he be larges when they came to his bed, and said that the child might linger some died that the child might linger some died done their work—he could never recover.

Meanwhile Rody had grown very patisent and quiet. The comfortand kindness which surrounded his cot puzzled his little brain—it was so different to the misery to which he was accustomed! He listened wonderingly to Sister Winiferd's gentle voice telling of the love when Sister Winiferd's gentle voice telling of the love of the Sacred Heart for little children, and how Jesus used to take them in His arms and bless them, and say: "Suffer little children to come to Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Gradually Rody began to lose his sense of loneliness. He knew God cared for him and watched over him even more tenderly than his own long lost mother. One day, when Sister Winifred seld him where she should send for his father and mother, he replied, raising his eyes to sister Winifred's sweet face in annazement: "They are dead long ago!" he said, sobbingly. "I have been working for myself ever so long."

"Poor little mite!" murmured the nun. "God loves you all the better for being unnaverage in his ghildigh heart pangs of keen which shall it be! and shall it be! and shall it be long with and heart for little children to come to Me, for of such land to the whole were such that the child's cheeks, for those works awakfunction his grade with his child's cheeks, for those words awakfunction his grade with his child's cheeks, for those words awakfunction his grade his child scheeks, for those words awakfunction his grade his child scheeks, for those words awakfunction his grade his child scheeks, for those words awakfunction his grade him significant pangs of keen when his and list of the words we

Which shall it be, lads I which shall it be?
God, or the devil, bond or free?
Whi you boldy and cheerfully take your stand
With the chosen few, with the noble band
Who are steadfastly doing all they can
For God and the right and fallen man?
Or will you sink, debased and blind,
To herd with the ruck of humankind?
God, or the devil, bond or free—
Which shall it be ! ads? which shall it be?
Which shall it be? The home-life sweet,
Gay with the patter of tirty feet;
Or the squalid tap room, grimy and grim?
The drunkard's curse, or the children's hymn?
Wrecked lives, or the strength that never
flags.
Peace and plenty, or ruin and rags?
Which shall it be; lads? which shall it be?
Which shall it be; lads? which shall it be?
Which shall it be; lads? which shall it be?
The right leads appward, the left, ah! where?
Others may give you counsel true,
But the 'choice dear lads, is for you, for you!
And remember now in your boyhood's prime;
Is the turning point and the seeding-time;
The sot's bent back, or the saint's bent knee—
Which shall it be, lads' which shall it be?
Which shall it be ! —Sacred Heart Review.

-Sacred Heart Review

It is false humility for a young man to indulge the notion that he is too in-significant to be influencing others. Day by day, whatever may be the rules and destrines that proceed from his lips, his life constitutes the law to be obeyed by those around him. Consciously or unconsciously, though his position may not seem exalted enough to command observation, somebody with whom he is brought into contact is feeling the force of his influence, and either con-tracting injury or being thereby sure ly lifted upward.

The Uses of Adversity. Ex - President Grover Cleveland is the author of this article :

"No young man should wistfully look ahead at the bright awards of a grand career and allow himself to be prevented from entering the race for their possession by adverse surround Of course, there may be condiings. tions of his own mind or character that wered, gently.

"Sister Winifred," he cried, "where absolutely and unrelentingly close the am I? Has the place anything to do with a prison? You know I should be letting, deficient in self-reliant persever ance, lacking in courageous, ambition ance, lacking in courageous, ambition or generally weak in disposition he cease the contemplation of a high should career and fix his eye on something lower and less difficult. Ease may bring to such a man contentment, but neither ease nor adversity will make him great. To those who are courage

soon corrected. The battle with adversity is waged not only to vanquish an antagonist standing in the way, but for the fullest enjoyment of the results of victory, and those results will be larger, better and more satisfying as the capacity to profitably and rationally utilize them is increased. The riches of an ignorant man can easily make more prominent his morti.

education and as much social and moral cultivation as came within his reach. If the lack of these is caused by un-avoidable or excusable privation, and if the disadvantages resulting from this lack are borne in a modest, manly manner, they need not cause any diminution of the respect and esteem otherwise deserved. But different treatment will be accorded those who, with disgusting pride and a vulgar display of riches, openly make a virtue of their ignorance and mock at the restraints and amenities of decent social association. Fighting qualities we must have

if we would conquer adversity, but there is no danger that they will be weakened or diluted by their association with educational opportunities and refining influences.

The consideration of our topic cannot be better concluded than by a few words suggestive of the kind of success most worthy of struggle and effort. The best quality of success is not oftenest found in relationship with affairs ordi narily considered the most practical and material. The strife to put one's self in the way of acquiring a fortune, and gaining popular praise and adula-tion, or power, or even fame, involves an element of self-seeking and selfishness which cannot fail to cheapen the heroism of the struggle. The young man who engages in the fight with difficulties for the purpose of acquiring riches may become a new and important recruit in the busy forces that create and increase the vast volume of the world's progress and greatness; he may be charitable and may devote a fair share of his wealth to the ameliora tion of distress and the relief of desti tution, and his career may fittingly il lustrate the helpful needs of adversity These things are by no means to be de-preciated. But the young man who enters upon the contest for the sole purpose of fitting himself for a life that will be useful and valuable to others, who loves success only as a means o doing good and who sees as the pleasant fruit of victory an increased opportunity for leading his fellow man to higher plane of conduct and to a purer moral and mental atmosphere, will achieve a career free from any taint of selfishness and whose grandeur will shine as a bright light guiding those who seek self sacrificing human virtue and making manifest every feature of the sweet uses of adversity

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blood-making and blood enriching medicine that they so speedily cure these troubles. But you must get the genuine, with the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People print.

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