

AUGUST 17, 1909.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

ON FREQUENTING THE SACRAMENTS.

"Go show yourself to the priests." (Luke 17, 1.) If reproach of the body is a sad picture of the still more deplorable leprosy of the soul, namely of sin, then the admonition of our Lord to the cured lepers "Go show yourselves to the priests" is also addressed to us, and signifies nothing less than: Go, confess your sins: go, show yourselves to the priest in the tribunal of penance; wash your soul and cleanse it from all stains. Yes, my dear Christians, go to confession, not only once a year, but frequently, and if you always make a worthy confession, I promise you that you will lead a holy life, die a happy death, and after death, enjoy eternal happiness in heaven.

All those who try to lead a good and holy life, daily experience what the pious Job expressed so well in these few words: "The life of man upon earth is a warfare." (Job 7, 1.) Yes, life is truly a continued warfare against three great powers, the flesh, the world and the devil. We are in the midst of the battle, and alas, only too easily do we succumb to our frailty and weakness. Many are fatally wounded by the mortal sins which they commit and even the most valiant soldiers feel their weakness when by the commission of venial sin the beautiful garment of grace is tarnished. What, then, my dear brethren, can be more beneficial than the frequent cleansing of the soul from these stains, what more necessary than the speedy application of the remedies to the wounds, what wiser than the frequent reception of the spiritual strength of the soul, if we do not wish to incur the danger of suffering defeat in this spiritual warfare and thus losing our eternal salvation. Our Divine Leader, under whose banner we are fighting, knew so well our infirmities and our needs that He instituted His Holy Church, an asylum wherein the soul can be purified, strengthened and healed. The soul finds there a laver wherein to cleanse itself from the stains with which it has become defiled, and a banquet at which it finds the means of strength when it has become weak. You all know this laver, it is the sacrament of penance, you all know this banquet, it is Holy Communion. During our earthly pilgrimage, these sacraments are always within our reach, and hence we should make frequent use of them, that our soul may remain pure and strong to battle for, and to obtain heaven.

To confine the reception of these sacraments to the performance of the Easter duty would be to do only what would be absolutely necessary to remain within the pale of the Church, but this would scarcely suffice to obtain heaven. For temptations, in general, are so great, the occurrence so frequent, that one will be easily overcome unless frequently assisted, encouraged and strengthened. An occasion presents itself, a violent temptation comes, the Christian falls, falls again, grows weaker in grace and strength of resistance, his falls occur more frequently, and thus a sin becomes a habit, which becomes more powerful the longer one remains away from the sacrament of penance. When a sin has once become habitual, the only remedy is frequent, good confession. Conscience must be frequently roused, the will often fortified and new courage infused into the drooping spirit. The hammer must be wielded often to break the chains, the healing waters of grace must be often applied to cool the fiery passions. Where can this be more effectually done than in the sacrament of penance, where our Lord, like the true physician of the soul, knowing all our ailments and the wounds of our soul, heals them with the balm of sacramental grace.

My dear brethren, if you earnestly resolve to approach the tribunal of penance regularly and frequently, if you make it an inflexible rule to go to confession at the first opportunity after having been so unfortunate as to fall into mortal sin, how different will not be the condition of your soul! The evil habits will soon be overcome and your bad inclinations will gradually disappear. You will soon become strong in good, take pleasure in the practice of virtue, in fine, you will become, as it were, a different person, a faithful, valiant disciple of our Lord.

We must also remember, my dear brethren, that the sacrament of penance has been instituted not only to cleanse the soul, but to preserve it from sin. By the reception of the sacramental grace, the light of faith shines brighter, the fire of divine love is more enkindled, the will inclined again to good, new courage infused into the soul, enabling it to persevere in the path of virtue. Consider also the inestimable benefits you receive in Holy Communion, where you possess the Source of all divine graces, and you will understand how beneficial the frequent reception of these sacraments is for your spiritual welfare. One grace will follow another in a continued chain, and the last link will be the grace of a happy death which will bring you to your eternal home. Amen.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A LEGEND.

BY FATHER CHEERHEART.

Ave Maria. In forest deep, on mountain lone, A hermit saint once dwelt; The wild beasts' roar he heeded not, In silent prayer he knelt.

Full many a time the queen of night Illumed his lonely cell, Full many a time the sunbeams too In silver radiance fell.

From Matin hour till shades of eve, Of prayers but one he breathed,— To Mary, Virgin ever pure, A garland bright he wreathed.

Ave Maria! sighed his heart, And this was all he said; Yet, mounting high, by angels borne, At Mary's throne 'twas laid.

Unseen by all save one, he passed His peaceful, happy life, Till, full of merit, Heaven decreed Should end earth's mortal strife.

And now to human view was given A sight most wonderful rare, For from his humble grave there rose A lily pure and fair.

In golden letters, finely carved, On leaves of snowy white, "Ave Maria!" loved salute!— Shone forth most wondrous bright.

Thus had the Queen of Heaven proved By this most precious flower That Gabriel's words she loves to hear,— Those words so full of power.

A Little Blind Lamb. People who always live in cities miss many sweet joys and pleasant sights. What could be more interesting, for instance, than to see fields dotted over with flocks of sheep, the heavily-fledged mothers with innocent-faced lambs gambolling by their side?

A writer in an English magazine called Nature Notes tells of a sheep with twin lambs he once saw. One of the little creatures seemed quite different from the other, wandering about aimlessly, and not as others of the kind, though even more shy and gentle. The cause was soon discovered—the poor little thing was blind. The mother and brother were quite alive to the fact, and watched the little one with tender and unwearied care; one or other, as they saw it getting into danger, rushing forward to the rescue, and with a kindly "butt" turning the little blind one out of danger and into a safer path.

There is a good lesson to be learned from this story of the blind lamb.—Uncle Austin.

The Man in the Moon. All our young folks are familiar with the dark spots and lines which form what we call the Man in the Moon. These peculiar marks are supposed to be the shadows of mountains. There are no less than 100,000 of these great hills brought into view with a telescope of medium power, many of which are supposed to be extinct volcanoes—relics of the period when the moon was changing from a molten mass into the dead world that it is at present. The largest and perhaps the most beautiful of these craters is the one called Copernicus, which is a circular wall estimated to be 51 miles in diameter and 13,000 feet in height.

One of the most common fancies connected with the Man in the Moon is the legend that he carries a huge bundle of brushwood perpetually—being exiled to the moon for gathering sticks in the forest on Sunday.

The Miracle of the Birds. St. Bonaventure, in his life of St. Francis, thus recounts this famous miracle: "Drawing nigh to Bevagno, Francis came to a certain place where a vast multitude of birds of different kinds were gathered together: whom seeing, the man of God ran hastily to the spot; and, saluting them as if they had been his fellows in reason, while they all turned round and bent their heads in attentive expectation, he admonished them saying: 'Brother birds, greatly are ye bound to praise your Creator, who clotheth you with feathers, and giveth you wings to fly with, and pure air to breathe in, and who careth for you who have so little care for yourselves.' While he thus spake the little birds, marvellously agitated, began to spread their wings, stretch forth their necks, and open their beaks, attentively gazing upon him. And he, glowing in the spirit, passed through the midst of them, and even touched them with his robe; yet not one stirred from its place until the man of God gave them leave; when, with his blessing and at the Sign of the Cross, they all flew away. These things saw his companions who waited for him on the roadside; to whom returning, his simple and pure-minded man began to blame himself greatly for having never hitherto preached to the birds."

A beautiful picture by Giotto in the church of Assisi represents this miracle which was an act of literal obedience to the command: "Go preach the Gospel to every creature."

Brave on all Occasions. After the Seven Years' War, General Zieten became one of the most frequent guests of Frederick the Great. He even occupied the place of honor, unless there were princes at the table. One day when he had received an invitation to dine, he prayed Frederick to excuse him.

"Tell his Majesty that this is a day on which I am accustomed to receive Communion, and I do not wish to put myself in the way of any distraction." "Some days after the King said to his favorite general: "Well, Zieten, how did your Communion go off the other day?" at which all the courtiers laughed. But Zieten rose, approached Frederick and said gravely:

"I have dreaded no danger, and that I have fought courageously for you and the country. What I have done I am ready to do again, when Your Majesty commands me. But there is one above us mightier than you, than I—than all mankind. I will never allow any man to insult Him in my presence, even in jest; for in Him is my faith, my hope, my consolation."

"Be Steadfast, Brother!" During the terrible days of the Indian mutiny a young English ensign, while bearing his colors at the front, fell a victim of the Sepoys. He was but sixteen years old, had been tenderly reared by loving parents in a quiet country home in England, and now lay dying alone, without one friendly face to look upon, or one kind voice to say farewell. He could not raise a hand to drive away the swarms of insects; and high in air birds of prey were circling, waiting for their prize. He knew that death could not be far off, and said the prayers his mother had taught him, and waited calmly for the end. As he was lapsing into the forgetfulness which precedes death he heard terrific shouts, and soon there came trooping along a fierce band of Sepoys, dragging with them a young native convert, whom the ensign recognized.

"Give up your Christian God," they shouted, "or we will deal with you worse than we do with the English!" The wounded ensign saw, with sorrow, that the dark faced catechist showed some signs of yielding; so, raising himself upon his elbow, and making one supreme effort, he called: "Brother, brother, be steadfast! Do not lose your place in heaven for a little place here."

Then he died, but his noble words had done their work. The convert regained his courage, and said, firmly: "I will not renounce the Christian God." At that moment a troop of white horsemen came clattering up, scattering the Hindoos, and rescued the catechist, who never afterward ceased to testify how the dying words of the poor lad kept him in the true faith. There is not one of us, however humble, who can not say by voice or example, "Be steadfast!" to some fainting brother who is tormented by enemies more cruel even than the Sepoys.—Aunt Anna.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Surer of Success.

A pound of energy with an ounce of talent will achieve greater results than a pound of talent with an ounce of energy.—William Matthews, LL. D.

True Loftiness of Aim.

It was a noble saying which is recorded of a modern sovereign, who, on the day of his accession, suddenly encountered a conspiracy which threatened his life and his throne: "If I am an emperor for only half an hour, in that half hour I will be every inch an emperor." What he said of the loftiest of all earthly spheres may be said no less of all below it.

A Wrong Conception of Success.

Mayor S. M. Jones, of Toledo, who is mentioned as a candidate for the Democratic nomination as Governor of Ohio, makes these observations: "The trouble with a great many young men is that they have a wrong conception of success. Large numbers imagine it lies in mere money-making. Yet the average millionaire is not a happy or even a contented man. He has been so engrossed from his youth in piling up dollars, that he has had no time for the cultivation of the higher qualities of his mind and heart, in the exercise of which the only true happiness is to be found. You may remember that Emerson said: 'Happiness lies only in the triumph of principle.'"

"Of course, a certain amount of money is a necessity, and more of it enables one to enjoy things which would be an impossibility without it. I am not advising any young man not to do all he can in a legitimate way to make money; but, if he is successful, he must be careful to keep money his servant, and not let it become his master."

"Many rich men are the slaves of their own wealth, and their sons, growing up, without a purpose in life, never know what real living is. I know what poverty was when I was a young man, and few have suffered from it more than I. Yet now I am thankful for it because it made me work. To live, we must work, and one must work to live. It is not birth, nor money, nor a college education, that makes a man; it is work. It has brought me commercial success. I am a practical man, yet I can never express too earnestly my thankfulness that I learned from my good mother to set up usefulness as my standard of success,—usefulness to others as well as to myself."

Pointed Items.

Chauncey Depew says: "In my observation, extending over the work of sixty thousand men employed by our company, I find the young man who entered business without going through a course of training is enormously hampered in his progress of life."

There are many young men looking

for soft snaps. They do not realize that the educated man has spent his days and years of hard work acquiring his training, and therefore they think a few lessons will be its equivalent. A young man recently said: "Don't you think I will get as much from a two-years' correspondence course in electricity as I would at a technical school in four years?" This is ridiculously absurd, and reveals the total educational depravity of many well meaning young men.

Schools and teachers advertising short and easy courses of instruction can be found all over the country. The Aurora (Ill.) Daily News says: "The man who has been teaching bookkeeping and penmanship in ten easy lessons has departed for greener fields, but not without leaving some people wiser than he found them. Experience comes high but we must have it."

Modern Education, Ill., says: "A pamphlet was recently received offering to teach shorthand to any person in two weeks for \$10, and of course guaranteeing success. The circular did not state whether this price included board and room, but we suppose it does."

A young man entering college asked the president if it would not be fully as well for him to take the one-year course as the full four-year course. The president replied: "It depends upon what you desire to make of yourself. If God wants to make an oak He takes many years, but if He only wants to make a squash He takes six months."

A Hard Battle.

At a gay party, the other night, claret punch was served. One young man declined it. Several of his neighbors rallied him on his abstemiousness. Still he refused to drink. Then the daughter of the house, in honor of whose birthday the entertainment was given, exclaimed: "I'll make him take it!"

So she filled a glass and presented it to him herself, saying: "Drink it for me!" "No, thank you!" he replied. "Now do!" she urged him, "as a favor to me on my birthday," he said, "Please don't press me, as I have made a promise not to drink."

"Oh, do," came from some one on the right. "A little wine won't hurt you," said some one on the left. "This doesn't count," chimed in some one else. Still he refused, embarrassed but politely and quietly firm.

The daughter of the house turned away from him in displeasure and some of the others present murmured at his obstinacy, when the head of the house, who had become aware of the incident, joined the group and said: "I admire your grit, Fred; you are made of the right metal."

After the party the head of the house said to the daughter: "Why did you persist in asking Fred to take the punch? Don't you know that his father fills a drunkard's grave and that over the corpse the lad was made by his mother to vow never to taste a drop of intoxicating drink?" He is the most agreeable young man that I know, and he must have had a hard battle to keep his word to-night. Thank God that he remained the victor. I would not have had you to be the means to make him break his promise for all the world!"

There were tears in the eyes of the girl as she answered: "If I had only known, I would not have asked him. O, I'm so sorry!"

To Live Their Lives Over Again.

There is a strange and startling contrast in the expressions of two men, both of whom coveted youth and strength that they might live life over again. One man, old and blase at forty, who had burned out nature in revolting excesses, said to a temperate man in manhood's prime and strength: "I would give thousands of dollars for your physique, that I might take another ten years' round at life's pleasures." A disgusting brute! The other man, wearing lightly threescore and ten years of intense and honorable Christian service for his fellow-men, still working with remarkable force and keenness, wrote to a young man with superior promise, ability and opportunity: "I envy you your youth with so much of it ahead of you. The promised land of the twentieth century with its opportunities and glories of conquest, breadth of knowledge, wealth of invention and development, and the extension of the power of the Church, lies before the young men now coming to manhood. What more inspiring words than Longfellow's salute to youth:

And ye who fill the places we once filled, And follow in the furrows that we tilled, Young men whose generous hearts are beating high, We who are old, and are about to die, Salute you! hail you; take your hands in ours And crown you with our welcome as with flowers! How beautiful is youth! how bright it gleams With its illusions, aspirations, dreams. Book of beginnings, story without end, Each maid a heroine, and each man a friend! Aladdin's lamp and Fortunatus' purse, That holds the treasures of the universe! All possibilities are in its hands, No danger daunts it, and no foe withstands In its sublime audacity of faith.

How to Win.

To get a start in life has perplexed young men of every age. What shall I do? How can I obtain a foothold? Where shall I go? These have been problems not easily answered. Relief and an answer to these questions come first, in a knowledge that these questions have been and are being continually solved. Second, in the desire

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BOYS' AND GIRLS' ANNUAL FOR 1899. THIS BEAUTIFUL AND VERY ENTERTAINING little Annual for 1899 contains something to interest all boys and girls, and as it costs only the small sum of FIVE CENTS it is within the reach of all. The frontispiece is a very nice illustration of St. Anthony proving by a public miracle the Real Presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.—The King of the Pacific (illustrated); How Jack Hildreth Freed Winneton from the Comanches, by Marion Ames Taggart, author of The Bilippania Post Office; Three Girls and Especially One, by Frances River, etc., etc.; Fast Asleep (illustration); Fast Mending (illustration); Mary, Queen of Heaven (illustration); You're Out (illustration); Playing with Kitty (illustration); Stolen Fruit (illustration); An Army of Two; A True Story; Our Blessed Mother and the Divine Infant (illustration). This little Annual has also an abundance of games, tricks and puzzles—The Magic Dart, Shadows in Disguise, The Impossible Cat, Fire, The Inverted Glass, A Home Telephone, To Preserve Flowers, Another Way to Keep a Bouquet Fresh as well as splendid recipes for Home-made candy. Altogether it is one of the nicest little books that we know of, for the price—five cents. Orders mailed at once on receipt of price. Address:—Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, LONDON, Ont.

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Get a start in life has perplexed young men of every age. What shall I do? How can I obtain a foothold? Where shall I go? These have been problems not easily answered. Relief and an answer to these questions come first, in a knowledge that these questions have been and are being continually solved. Second, in the desire