

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany. THE SLEEP OF CONSCIENCE.

But He was asleep. Matt. 8, 24. In the midst of the howlings of the winds and the roarings of the tempest-tossed waves the Lord is in the ship, sleeping. The disciples are beside themselves with terror, they see before them the jaws of death and fear that at any moment the angry sea will engulf them. But their Lord and Master is asleep. Oh! sweet repose of the Redeemer! Verily, such a sleep is the image of a good and peaceful conscience, which is not disturbed, though the entire world be shaken to its foundation. There is, however, another terrible sleep,—the fore-runner of eternal death. It is the sleep of that soul which no longer hears the warnings of conscience,—it is the sleep of conscience.

A rich man, living in the vicinity of a mill, was so annoyed by the monotonous rushing of the waters and the clacking of the wheels, that he wished at any price, to procure rest. Since the owner would not sell the mill, the rich man finally bought a large automatic organ which continually played sweet melodies. In this manner he achieved the end, for the music sounding louder than the disagreeable creaking of the mill, he was no longer disturbed. As did this rich man, so also do many sinners. Their bad conscience rages and thunders within like the rushing of the waters and the clattering of the mill-wheels, and that is for them a terrible martyrdom, an intolerable torment. Is it then surprising that they seek to destroy it at any cost? When conscience reminds them of their depravity, or of death and eternity, they say: Begone, melancholy thoughts, forsooth, I am an honest man! Begone, tormentors, there are thousands worse than I am! Begone, fancies, I can reform later. Begone, follies, for who knows whether there is another life after this? Who would pay attention to what the priests say? Thus they speak, seeking to smother the warning voice of conscience. And to succeed the more readily, they give themselves wholly to temporal affairs. From morning to night they tear and chase, labor and speculate, plunging themselves body and soul into the distractions of life. Or they reach after the cup of pleasure, which the world smilingly presents to them. This deadly draught never again leaves their lips, one round of pleasure and sinful amusements succeeds the other, until their conscience is dead to all that is good. When the devil has allured them so far that the seven capital sins have become, so to say, their bread, then sleep on, conscience, there is little hope of awakening you! Be not astonished at this, beloved Christians: this is only according to the laws of nature. The soldier in war becomes finally accustomed to the battle smoke, the miner in the bowels of the earth, so familiar with the danger of death that he ceases to think of it. Thus the sinner, after a length of time, is habituated to his many transgressions and he no longer feels the twinges of conscience.

But everything has an end, even the longevity of God. The hardened sinner may be compared to a certain animal in Tyrol, named the dormouse. While still asleep it is taken from its winter burrow, thence it is brought to the kitchen and it awakes not before the knife is in its throat. So it is with the impenitent sinner: sleeping, as it were, he goes to eternity before the judgment seat of God, and he awakes not until he is buried in hell and there he utters his first, but not his last, outcry of despair: for the cry will last forever. Behold, dear Christians, this is the sad fate of those who rest in the slumber of conscience. Let us apply this to ourselves by taking a searching look into our interior. Is the unseen monitor within us, viz: conscience, still awake? Does it raise its warning voice whenever anything unholy wishes to penetrate? Happy are we, if we can truly answer this question in the affirmative! For it is the good shepherd, it is the merciful God, who wishes to save our soul. But unfortunate are you, my brother, if you no longer perceive the reproaches of conscience, if your interior monitor is asleep! Alas! it is an evident sign that God has abandoned you, that the measure of your iniquity is filled up, that you are rapidly advancing towards eternal perdition. O most miserable of miserable beings! what remains for you? What can still save you? Only one thing! Go, cast yourself on your knees and exclaim from the bottom of your heart: Have mercy on me, O God, have mercy! If Thou dost not aid me, I am lost. Father in Heaven, cease not to rouse me, until my conscience awakes! And if it will not hear the voice of Thy grace, take the scourge and strike, take the sword and wound! It is better to suffer here than burn forever in hell. Amen.

There is no happiness in the world like that of a disposition made happy by the happiness of others. There is no joy to be compared to it. There is no sorrow that is not softened by it: for it is the balm of unselfishness. There is no inheritance a mother can leave her children comparable to that which flows from the luxury of doing good to others. The jewels which wealth can buy, the rewards which ambition can secure, the pleasures of art and scenery, the abounding sense of health, and the exquisite enjoyment of mental creations, are nothing to this pure and heavenly happiness.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

What a Child May Do.

A little girl I am indeed, And little do I know, Much help and care I yet shall need, That I may wiser grow. If I could ever hope to do 'Things great and good and useful too. But even now I ought to try To do what good I may; God never meant that such as I Should only live to play. And talk, and laugh, and eat, and drink, And sleep and wake and never think. One gentle word that I may speak, Or one kind loving deed, May, though a trifle, poor and weak, Prove like a tiny seed. And who can tell what good may spring From such a very little thing. Then let me try each day and hour To act upon this plan: What little good is in my power To do, I will I can. If to be useful thus I try I may do better by-and-by.

A Gold Medal. I shall never forget a lesson I received when at school at A. We saw a boy named Watson driving a cow to pasture. In the evening he drove her back again, we did not know where, and this was continued several weeks. The boys attending the school were nearly all sons of wealthy parents, and some of them were dunces enough to look with disdain on a scholar who had to drive a cow. With admirable good nature Watson bore all their attempts to annoy him. "I suppose, Watson," said Jackson, another boy, one day—"I suppose your father intends to make a milk-man of you?" "Why not?" asked Watson. "Oh, nothing. Only don't leave much water in the cans after you rinse them—that's all."

The boy laughed, and Watson, not in the least mortified, replied: "Never fear. If ever I am a milk-man, I'll give good measure and good milk." The day after this conversation there was a public examination, at which ladies and gentlemen from the neighboring towns were present, and prizes were awarded by the principal of our school, and both Watson and Jackson received a creditable number, for, in respect to scholarship, they were about equal. After the ceremony of distribution, the principal remarked that there was one prize, consisting of a gold medal, which was rarely awarded, not so much on account of its great cost, as because the instances were rare which rendered its bestowal proper. It was the prize of heroism. The last medal was awarded about three years ago to a boy in the first class who rescued a poor girl from drowning. The principal then said, that, with the permission of the company, he would relate a short anecdote.

Not long since, some boys went flying a kite in the street, just as a poor lad on horseback rode by on his way to the mill. The horse took fright and threw the boy, injuring him so badly that he was carried home and confined some weeks to his bed. Of the boys who had unintentionally caused the disaster, none followed to learn the fate of the wounded lad. There was one boy, however, who witnessed the accident from a distance, who not only went to make inquiries, but stayed to render service. This boy soon learned that the wounded boy was the grandson of a poor widow, whose sole support consisted in selling the milk of a cow, of which she was the owner. She was old and lame, and her grandson, on whom she depended to drive her cow to the pasture, was now helpless with his bruises. "Never mind, good woman," said the boy, "I will drive the cow." "But the kindness did not stop there. Money wanted to get articles from the apothecary. I have money that my mother sent me to buy a pair of boots with," said he, "but I can do without them for awhile." "Oh, no," said the old woman, "I can't consent to that; but here is a pair of heavy boots that I bought for Thomas, who can't wear them. If you would only buy these, we should get on nicely." The boy bought the boots, clumsily as they were, and has worn them up to this time.

"Well, when it was discovered by the other boys at the school that our scholar was in the habit of driving a cow, he was assailed every day with laughter and ridicule. His cowhide boots in particular were kept matter of mirth. But he kept on cheerfully and bravely, day after day, never shunning observation, driving the widow's cow and wearing his thick boots. He never explained why he drove the cow, for he was not inclined to make a boast of his charitable motives. It was by mere accident that his kindness and self-denial was discovered by his teacher.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, I ask you—was there not true heroism in this boy's conduct? Nay, Master Watson, do not get out of sight behind the blackboard. You were not afraid of ridicule, you must not be afraid of praise."

As Watson, with blushing cheeks, came forward, a round of applause spoke the general approbation, and the medal was presented to him amid the cheers of the audience.—The Child's Own.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Columbian. Men of Character.

Tell me, candidly, are the men we meet in books—in novels—adorned with all true and manly traits, creations of brain only, but ideals compared with the so-called true men in real life? Is it not a rare thing to find men in actual life who reach the standard of them we find in books? Just as things in actual life are stranger than the strangest things ever woven into fiction, so, unquestionably, are there living men who have reached the standard of men in books, who have not only reached that standard but have passed it. A close—mark you, I say close—acquaintance with men always strengthens this opinion. Of course, there are all kinds of men in real life just as there are all sorts of men in fiction. But equalize things and place the best men around us on a par with the best men in fiction, and the living men will surpass them. They surpass them in the sense that the men of fiction live the qualities which are only portrayed in the characters of men of fiction. But the lives we live are not as open to us as are the lives we read in books. The right kind of men do not carry their souls on their sleeves, and we only learn to value their characters as they come to know them intimately. Then their qualities reveal themselves, one at a time, and the grand whole, when put together, makes the living man far superior to the man of fiction. To live in the ideal world of a book is one thing; for a man to live in the real world of life is another. The better qualities of the men of fiction are almost invariably portrayed from living men. Those qualities are sometimes idealized, but the quality itself, strong and pure, is either possessed by the novelist or by some one whom he uses as his model. No faith in this world is more requisite than that which, while it concedes weakness in man and woman alike, also sees and acknowledges their stronger and superior qualities.

The Poor Man's University. A good library is a poor man's university. In it, he can get an education, without cost, without labor, using only his leisure time. The best books are the garnered wisdom of the noblest minds. They are peerless company. The young man who has a taste for solid reading, a guide to the right volition, and an opportunity to gratify his thirst for knowledge, is three-fold fortunate. Ruskin has made an oft-repeated distinction between books for the hour and books for all time, by which he means the books which embody and express their own age, and are useful in informing, instructing or impelling those who have their part to play in it, and the books which embody and express not merely one age, but all ages, because they ground themselves on human nature as it is in all ages, and which, while they inform, instruct and impel, go deeper still and inspire. Each of these classes of books has educational value, but the first chiefly appeals to the intellect and to the will, while the second touches and molds the heart, the center and source of the best development. What little reading the average young man does is ordinarily among the books for the hour. He reads the newspapers, which are pre-eminently ephemeral. He picks up now and then a novel of the day, reading it perhaps in a magazine with other articles, which soon "have their day and cease to be." Now and then, perhaps, but much more rarely, he picks up a volume of travel or exploration. All these have their value, but that value is by no means of the deepest kind. Books for the hour mean most as educational influences to him who knows them in their relation to the books for all time, who reads them with an open mind for the instruction they contain, but who cannot be satisfied with their message, who finds soul satisfaction somewhere else.

It takes no more time to read the best books than it does to read the second best. Indeed, to read the best books usually saves time by making other reading unnecessary. In every subject there is usually one great book which is the fountain-head of the knowledge of that subject. Those who write afterward do little more than dip their pint cups into the spring. Read that book, and it will make unnecessary the reading, with much care at least, of most of the other books on the subject. The same applies to every department of literature. There are not many great writers in any age. Only a few men, as someone has put it, are large enough to be seen at the distance of a hundred or a thousand years. Read their books, if they were writers. The other men of their time, as of our own time, have their place, but it is not what theirs is. We have only so much time for reading, not a great deal, even those who have the most leisure, and we cannot afford to waste it on what is not the very best.

But how shall we know what is best? If you do not, put yourself under the direction of some one who does. There is always in every community some man who knows the best literature and who is more than glad to impart his knowledge to a seeker. Do not think you are imposing upon him when you ask his help. It is an imposition to ask the lover of natural scenery to show you the view from the top of his hill behind his house—the little lake at its foot, the mass of the mountain opposite, the stretch of plain and sky and forest in the distance? It is the great joy of his life to share with you what he himself has seen.

Socialism Rejected. Socialism of late years has been industriously endeavoring to capture the labor element in this country. It has made, however, little progress, and last week received a staggering blow from the American Labor Federation in convention at Kansas City. Resolutions were introduced by Socialist delegates seeking to pledge the Federation to Socialist principles. President Gompers in a forcible speech denounced the attempt, telling the assembled delegates that nothing would more quickly ruin the true cause of labor than affiliation with Socialism. The result was an overwhelming vote against the resolutions. Labor is to be congratulated upon its vigorous and unhesitating condemnation of Socialism. It is evidence of the good health of the labor movement. It shows that the labor cause has an inherent strength of its own and relies upon its natural vigor and energy to bring about the ends which it is seeking. Socialism is the last resort of weak minds; an open confession of the failure of any economic reform movement in seeking the redress of real or imagined grievances. It is the sickly dream of the man, who is too lazy or incapable of looking out for himself and hugs the crazy delusion that society ought to take care of him. The cause of labor would be stultified by any alliance with such a theory. It could not afford to yoke itself with an economic folly, which denies the fundamental principles of social health and the development of national energies.—Church Progress.

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TO CHURCH ON SUNDAY IN A BOAT.

Catholic Columbian. Men of Character.

One of the most characteristic and most charming incidents in rural Norwegian life is still, as it must always have been, to go to church on Sunday in a boat. The parishes are of enormous extent, and it is a common thing for one old priest to have charge of three or four remote churches. Early in the morning, at distant points, the congregation puts out upon the fjord, and nothing is more picturesque than at the close of the voyage, to see the little flotilla of red-brown sails collecting toward the point of worship. When service is held but once in three or four weeks, a short sermon would detract from the congregation. I sat out one of fifty minutes the other day, in a great bare church that was all a flutter with enormous white head-dresses (or skorts) of peasant women. This sermon seemed lengthy, yet it was only an incident in the service, which lasted four hours; after those of them, however, a stranger may slip out, and will have done wisely if he brings some sandwiches with him to eat under the birch trees by the shore. The churches in these secluded havens, where never a tourist comes, are marvelously large. Behind the church, if we stroll about, we see a crowd of carriols, and many plump white ponies eating their heads off the mothers with their foals beside them. These people think nothing of coming twenty miles to service, by sea or land, and throughout the interminable office they preserve an earnest and hushed decorum.—From Norway Revisited, by Edward Cosso in North American Review, for November.

CHEERFUL CATHOLICS. A pleasant anecdote of the celebrated German Jesuit, Father Koh, serves to point a moral for the times. He was once accosted in Hamburg by a Protestant preacher of his acquaintance, who asked him: "How comes it, Father, that Catholics in general are more cheerful? I might say jollier—than Protestants?" "Ah," replied the Jesuit, who was never at loss for an answer, "I will tell you why, Herr Pastor. When the mother of a family is still living, the children are usually in good spirits, but when she is dead, they are inclined to mope around sadly. So it is with you Protestants. You have no mother since you Reformers have done away with the devotion to the Blessed Virgin, but we Catholics have still a Mother and therefore we are cheerful."

A deep truth is contained in these playfully uttered words of the eloquent Jesuit. It is the same idea that is all so beautifully expressed by Father Meschler when he says that the Catholic Church "is not a family whose mother has died."—Baltimore Mirror.

To be entirely relieved of the aches and pains of rheumatism means a great deal, and Hood's Sarsaparilla does it. BE THERE A WILL, WISDOM POINTS THE WAY: The sick man, pinched for relief, but he dislikes sending for the doctor, which means bottles of drugs never consumed. He has not the resolution to load his stomach with compounds which will surely and surely kill him, but he will do it to deal himself with his ailment, wisdom will direct his attention to Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, which, as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive organs, have no equal.

BUY Colman's Salt THE BEST

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & PEALS. FURBER BELL METAL, COPPER AND TIN. SHEPHERD BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

O. LABELLE, 372 Richmond Street, Good Business Suits from \$15 upwards. The best goods and careful workmanship.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

MRS. W. ROWE, OF WOODSTOCK, TELLS A THRILLING STORY.

Prostrated by Female Weakness, Kidney and Liver Troubles—Her Doctors Gave Her Up to Die—Saved by Dodd's Kidney Pills. Woodstock, Ont., Jan. 25.—Mrs. W. Rowe, who keeps a grocery store at No. 311 Dundas street, here, and who is known to, and respected by, a very large number of people in the town, had a very narrow escape from an untimely death, recently. To our reporter, who called on the lady, and asked for particulars of the incident, Mrs. Rowe said: "I have had an experience such as fall to the lot of very few women. Twelve years of my life were made almost unendurable by 'Female Weakness,' together with Kidney and Liver Complaints. My physicians did all they could for me, but they could not give me either relief or cure. They finally announced to me that I could never get better. Then I began to try what the various proprietary medicines that were advertised in the papers, would do for me. I took a good many bottles of one remedy and another, but my case continually grew worse. One day I was advised by a friend to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. They will cure you, I know, for they saved my daughter's life, and she was worse than you are."

"Well, I took her advice. In two days a wonderful change for the better had occurred. I felt myself growing stronger daily. My appetite returned, the dull, heavy, weary ache went out of my back; the terrible leaden weight from my legs, my headaches vanished, my sleep became sound and refreshing. To day I am healthier, stronger and better every way than I have been for twenty years. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the best medicine on earth for weak, sickly, suffering women."

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. When you would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach? The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickie's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membranes of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Mr. Montague, DUNVILLE, Ont. Has an Interesting Chat about Dr. Chase's Ointment. His suffering from Ulcerating Piles Cured. He says:—I was troubled with itching piles for five years, and was badly ulcerated. They were very painful, so much so that I could not sleep. I tried almost every remedy heard of, and was recommended to use Dr. Chase's Ointment. I purchased a box, and from the first application got such relief that I was satisfied a cure would be made. I used in all two boxes, and am now completely cured. Every remedy given by Dr. Chase cost years of study and research, and with an eye single to its adaptation for the ailments for which it was intended. Dr. Chase detected cure-alls, and it has been proven ten thousand times that not one of his formulas leave a bad after-effect. Dr. Chase's Ointment is based on lanoline, and the best physicians prescribe it. Sold by all dealers. Dr. Chase's Cloth Band Recipe Book 1,000 pages, sent to any address in Canada, price 50 cents. Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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 divinity of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.—The King of the Precious Sacrament; How Jack Hinderbush Won the Golden Ring from the Conchobee, by Marion Ames (Fagart); author of The Bismarckian; Post Office; Three Girls and Especially One, by Bransome River, etc., etc.; East Astoria Illustration; Post-Mending Illustration; Mary, the Mother of Jesus Illustration; You're Out Illustration; Playing with Kitty Illustration; Sicilian Fruit Illustration; An Army of Two; A True Story; Our Blessed Mother and the Divine Infant Illustration; This Little Animal also has 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 cash. Address: THE CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, THOS. COFFEY, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.

GOOD BOOKS FOR SALE. We should be pleased to supply any of the following books at prices given: The Christian Father, price, 35 cents (cloth); The Christian Mother (cloth), 35 cents; Thoughts on the Sacred Heart, by Archbishop Walsh, (cloth), 40 cents; Catholic Belief (paper), 25 cents; cloth (strongly bound) 50 cents. Address: THOS. COFFEY, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, LONDON, ONTARIO.

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