

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Pentecost, or Whitsunday. HOW TO PURIFY OUR SOULS. "There appeared to them parted tongues as it were of fire, and it sat upon every one of them." (Acts ii.3)

Ten days ago, my dear brethren, we celebrated the feast of the glorious Ascension of our Lord into heaven, at that time He departed from the midst of the Apostles, leaving them, at all appearances, in rather a sad and perplexed condition as to their future mission; but not so, for though He, their guide and chief Pastor and Teacher, had gone from amongst them, yet before doing so He had promised in His place another Comforter in the Holy Ghost, the third person of the Blessed Trinity: "The Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind, whatsoever I shall have said to you."



Mrs. May Johnson.

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"I have taken Ayer's Pills for many years, and always derived the best results from their use. They are easy to take, and

For Stomach and Liver troubles, and for the cure of headache caused by these derangements, Ayer's Pills cannot be equalled. They are easy to take, and

Ayer's Pills Highest Awards at World's Fair.

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Our Altar Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy, and our Chalice will compare favorably with the best imported Bordeaux.

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It is a fortunate day for a man when he first discovers the value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a blood-purifier. With this medicine, he knows he has found a remedy upon which he may rely, and that his life long malady is at last conquered.

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For Grand Rapids Carpet Sweepers Superior Carpet Sweepers Sincere, the latest Wingers, Mangles Cutlery, etc.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"Nearer to Thee" They were singing sweetly singing, And the song melodiously, On the evening air was ringing; "Nearer, O my God, to Thee!"

John. He is eighteen years old, and has worked faithfully for you ever since he could talk plain. He has his food and lodging, and two suits of clothes a year, to be sure, but all he actually owns is the collar dog which is always at his heels. You even sold the only horse you had that was fit for the saddle, and George was extremely fond of Vixen.

"I'll believe you are more than half right, Hester," he said at last. "I'll think it all over to-night, and make up my mind what to do. I'd be lost here without George, and he shan't leave the farm if I can help it."

"Force won't keep him, John; remember that," said Mrs. Lucas, feeling that she had said enough, folded up her work, and taking up a lamp from the shelf by the stove, went upstairs to her own room.

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ST. BONIFACE HOSPITAL.

D. F. B. in Winnipeg Kindergarten Magazine. "The voyageur smiles as he listens To the sound that grows apace; Well he knows the vesper ringing Of the bells of St. Boniface."

To one who possesses imagination or heart, and even so small a modicum of history as the present scribe, the first sight of St. Boniface is full of interesting suggestions. The fact that by crossing a bridge, one passes from Protestant English-speaking Winnipeg, into a bit of Roman Catholic, provincial France, is in itself fascinating. Such signs as "Bureau de Poste" on the first building at the right beyond Broadway bridge, and "Au Bon Marche" being out on the main street, mark the transition; the houses with their green shutters, the people with their dark, expressive faces and their patois—even the very horses and carts themselves have a Gallic look that warms the heart and stirs the memory of one who has travelled through France and learned to love it.

In writing of St. Boniface within the limits of a short article, one's prime difficulty is an "embarrassment of riches," as our French neighbors would say. Visions of all sorts of fascinating subjects rise as one enters the Jesuit college, a large, white stone building east of Broadway bridge, and is met by the most beloved of its guardians, with his charming grace of manner, his wide culture and calm self-control, common to the order of Jesuits, but most marked in Father Drummond. Listening to his history of the founding of the College, the names of Fathers Provencen and Dumoulin rise before the Anglican that to the Roman Catholics is due the honor of first establishing the Church in Manitoba. Anecdotes of the simplicity and saintly self-sacrifice of their lives, of their patient and unceasing toil, invite the visitor to linger here, having learned, amongst other things, how happy was the choice of the name "St. Boniface" for a settlement peopled by mixed nationalities. The patron saint, St. Boniface, an Englishman by birth, and first to use the ritual of consecration for a Frankish king, Pepin le Bref, is the chosen apostle of Catholic Germany.

Leaving the college and turning southward along the banks of the Red River, dancing under a summer sun and light west wind, yet scarcely clear enough to reflect the delicate white clouds that sail across a sky of almost Italian depth and color, for truth to tell its waters are somewhat muddy, one leaves on the right the Archbishop's Palace; the twice built cathedral, with Riel's grave in its chancel; the schools, and, in its frame house the content, a long, white frame house with a deep roof of weather colored shingles, green shutters, and pleasant avenue of trees and garden ways. Beyond is the hospital, standing on the river bank. It is a large building of white stone, with stables, outhouses, and gardens, and from its three stories of windows and balconies it commands one of the finest views in the country. To the north and east lie Winnipeg and St. Boniface, with the winding Red River between them. The church buildings of the city are clearly marked against the brilliant sky; to the south green meadow lands framed in by a belt of green woods; to the west, Winnipeg's Government Houses, the pretty suburbs of Fort Rouge and Armstrong's Point, and the meeting of the Red and Assiniboine rivers. The windows of the house are built so low that the patients can see the surrounding country from their beds, and this is one of the reasons why the hospital loses so few lives. Too sick to read, too weak to see many visitors, the patient suffers find a source of pleasure and alleviation in the ever-moving river, with its boats and canoes.

"Vixen!" The word came from George's lips with a long sigh of joy, and with one bound he was at the side of the black mare he had thought never to see again, and had both arms about her neck. "Oh, father, I'd rather have Vixen than anything else in this world!"

And he buried his face in the pretty creature's mane, and in spite of his eighteen years, fairly broke down and sobbed.

That ended George's desire to leave the farm. He was never again heard to mention the subject, and he grumbled no more about hard work and the monotony of his life, but in every way tried to show his appreciation of his father's kindness. In fact, John Harwood was wont to say occasionally in confidence to his wife that he had reason to bless his sister-in-law for her good advice, and that he owed it to her that he had a stalwart arm to lean on in advancing years.

But George never knew to what he owed the change in his fortune.—Angelus.

POOR DIGESTION leads to nervousness, chronic dyspepsia and gastralgia. The best remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

TWO SERMONS.

The sermon had been announced the Sunday before; it was to be a plea for charity for a local orphan asylum. The speaker was unknown to me; and when he rose, I mentally commented that the cause of charity would not prosper in his hands.

He was a man past middle life, with a heavy figure and a face of stolid mildness. He made some announcements in a monotonous drawl, gave the intention and scope of the particular institution, began dilating on asylums in general, and at that point falling involuntarily into a fit of abstraction, I listened no more. His manner was so dull and his voice so listless that I let my attention concentrate itself unchecked upon speculating why the little woman beside me wore such a worried frown. Suddenly something in the speaker's voice caused me to look again toward the pulpit. It was not the same man. The face had utterly changed. The eyes glowed with sweet benevolence; the mouth had softened to almost a womanly tenderness; pity had glorified an almost common face into beauty. He was saying: "Mothers, think of the ache of your hearts, if you know your children would never receive a smile except by chance; that there was no certainty of love for them in this world. It is cruelly hard for us to see a little hand thrust out to beg for a penny, but how much harder to know little hearts are begging for love."

His voice had lost its dull inflexibility, it vibrated with sympathy, and through its tender cadence one seemed to hear the pleading tones of little children.

I looked around upon the congregation; that voice had found an ear in every heart. Every face was tilted toward the speaker, and was touched by some feeling that refined and softened it.

It was a wonderful effect wrought by genuine sympathy. The man's great humanity had become articulate, and all that was human in his hearers listened.

At the close of the sermon, when the collectors rose to get their baskets, there was a stir, then for a few minutes nothing was heard but the tinkling of silver and the rustle of bills. Four baskets were heaped with generous alms, and as we left the church I noticed that the fathers' faces wore a look of deep tenderness as their eyes fell upon their children and that mothers held very closely the little clinging hands.

The second sermon was by a man whose eloquent tongue had won for him both popularity and fame. He had everything in his favor. A head and face nobly cast; grace of bearing and gesture; a voice that nature had made sweet and art rendered capable of expressing every shade of thought. He was a pleasing figure in the pulpit, and as he rose and faced the vast congregation, his eyes wore the look of a conqueror. You felt his glance would hold a multitude. He took for his text: "Woe to thee, Chorazin; woe to thee, Bethsaida; for if in Tyre and Sidon had been wrought the miracles that have been wrought in you, they had long ago done penance in sackcloth and ashes." He read beautifully; his voice fell upon the ear with the authoritative warning of a prophet.

After a well-calculated pause his discourse followed; it was brilliant, overflowing with illustration and imagery. One could not help but listen; the ear was pleased with the measured music of his voice; the mind satisfied with the fullness of his thought. But soon I found that I was giving him the same kind of attention that one would bestow upon a clever actor who was playing a difficult part. Involuntarily I found myself saying: "That was capital! What a clever hit!"

He spoke to men and women of repentance and their eternal salvation, subjects of deep interest to most human lives, one would think, but in the faces near I could see nothing deeper than intellectual expectancy.

He spoke to the soul, but it was the mind that heard, and when the hour was ended, not one humble aspiration had lifted any man nearer heaven.

In contrasting these two sermons I could not help thinking of the Cure d'Ars, that simple, almost illiterate priest who wrought such wonders in an obscure country parish. Although not gifted with eloquence in the common acceptance of the word, when he preached there flowed from the rich garden of his soul such a stream of sympathy and sincerity and tender pleading that his words, vibrating through responsive chords, touched hearts the most obturate and mellowed the soul for the influx of divine grace. The despondent found cheer, the penitent hope, and all renewed strength under the magic of that humble, earnest, sympathetic presence.—M. C. in Catholic Columbian.

A Member of the Ontario Board of Health says: "I have prescribed Scott's Emulsion in Consumption and even when the digestive powers were weak it has been followed by good results." H. F. Vennans, A. B., M. D.