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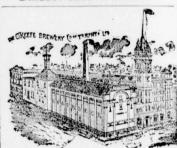
troubles, and for the cure of headache caused by these derangements, Ayer's Fills cannot be equaled. They are easy to take, and Are the Best

all-round family medicine I have ever known."-Mrs. May Johnson, 368 Rider Ave., New York City. AYER'S PILLS

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## FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Pentecost, or Whitsunday.

HOW TO PURIFY OUR SOULS. There appeared to them parted tongues as were of fire, and it sat upon every one of gm." (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, to 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 Ghost, the third person of the ed Trinity: "The Paraclete, the Blessed Trinity : Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send my name, he will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind, whatsoever I shall have said

This sending down of the Holy Ghost, His descent upon the Apostles and the other believers, we are cele-breting to-day, the Feast of Pentecost. when the days of Pentecos were accomplished they were altogether in one place: and suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a mighty wind coming, and it filled the whole house where they were sitting. And there appeared to them parted tongues, as it were of fire, and it sat upon every one of them: and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they began to speak with divers tongues according as the Holy Ghost gave them to

You have noticed, in these words of to-day's Epistle, that the Holy Ghost came in the form of tongues of fire; now, as one of the principal properties of fire is to purify, we may naturally conclude that the Apostles were from that time purified from their former imperfections and defects. Concerning these faults of the Apostles we read that they were easily excited and gave way to feelings of revenge : speaking of the Samaritans they say: "Lord, wilt thou that we command fire to come down from heaven and consume them? And, turning, our Lord rebuked them, saying: "You know not of what spirit you are.

The Apostles were ambitious, they sought precedence and distinction, and our Lord again rebukes them by placing a child in the midst of them, saying at the same time: Amen, I say to you, unless you be converted and become as little children, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Lastly, we all know of the threefold denial by Peter of his Divine Lord and Such, my dear brethren, was Master. the condition of the Apostles before the descent of the Holy Ghost; they were filled with the faults and imperfections of human nature, and remained so after the Ascension of our Lord, and hence we see the reason of their fear and sad condition.

But the time has now come for their purification, and the fire, the grace of the Holy Ghost, performed a wonderful mind. change in the followers of our Lord, "Ih for just as in nature fire purifies the iron, consumes the rust, and renders all things bright, and by fire only can these results be obtained, so also the grace of the Holy Ghost, the fire of Divine love, penetrates the hearts of the Apostles, changes them from proud, ambitious men, to men full of humility, of meekness, and of love; so that henceforth all worldly desires were banished for ever from their souls, and their aspirations were directed with ceaseless zeal to things heavenly; such are the workings of Divine love

in man's soul. dition of the Apostles before and after the Descent of the Holy Ghost, and what a marvellous effect the grace and fire of the Divine love of God had on their souls. Now, if such was the case of the Apostles, may we not hope for and obtain the same favor from our Heavenly Father? Surely we can it we but pray for it, and pray earnestly and patiently with entire trust in the goodness of God, that the Paraclete may descend into our souls and abide with us for ever.

# The Chinese Welcomed the Priest.

The Rev. Thomas McLaughlin, of the Church of the Transfiguration, New York, who has been spending a few months in Europe, was accorded an unusual welcome home last week His church is in the heart of the Chinese quarter and he has so endeared himself to the Celestials by his kindness to them when they are overtaken by trouble and sickness, that when they learned that his parishioners intended giving him a reception they begged to allowed to take part.

Permission was given them, and had the Emperor himself been expected their enthusiasm could not have been more sincere. Never did Mott Street witness such decorations. Myriads of Chinese lanterns illumined the way; the houses and stores were in festive attire, and Caucasians and Mongolians, Christians and Pagans joined hands in welcoming the good priest home.

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

# OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

" Nearer to Thee." "Nearer to Thee."
They were singing, sweetly singing,
And the song melodiously
On the evening air was ringing:
"Nearer, O my God, to Thee!"
In my eyes the teardrops glistened
As it stirred the twilight dim,!
And I wondered as I listened
If it brought them nearer Him,

Were they like the wanderer, weary, Song and life in sweet accord, Resting in the darkness dreary In that nearness to the Lord? Had His spirit ever sought them, To be slighted or denied? Had that dear song ever brought them Closer to the Saviour's side?

I have heard the music often, Felt its meaning deep and sweet,
And my weary heart would soften
Singing at my Master's feet
"Nearer to Thee "—O precious feeling!
Nearer Thee hin gain and loss;
Nearer Thee when I am kneeling
In the shadow of the Cross!

Nearer Thee when, love descending,
Falls in blessing on my head:
Nearer Thee when I am bending
O'er the graves that hide my dead!
Nearer Thee in joy in sorrow,
'Tis the same where'er I roam;
Nearer Thee to-day, to-morrow
O my King, my Christ, my home!
—Frank L. Stanton, in "Songs of a Day."

The month of May is here. Nature is oright with sunlight and flowers. The birds twitter gaily in the blossoming trees as a greeting to the rising morn. New life and warmth pervade the earth and sky. Beautiful May, Greetings to thee! The child of Mary welcomes thee with a renewed joy, for thy fragrant flowers will make charming gar lands with which to deck the shrine of our heavenly Mother. Fair are thy blossoms O May, but still fairer is our Mother. Thou art all fair and there is no spot in thee! Mary, our Mother, accept the homage we make to thee of this month of flowers, and, in return plead with thy Son, that through thee He may shower His choicest graces upon thy trusting children in this val

#### Going to Leave the Farm.

The work of the farmhouse was over for the day; the children-with the exception of the oldest son, who had gone to the village—were in bed, and in the big comfortable kitchen, Farmer Harwood, his wife and his wife's sister, Mrs. Lucas, were sitting around a centre table. The farmer was reading a paper, his wife was putting a patch on the knee of little Harry's diminutive knickerbockers, and Mrs. Lucas was crocheting a hood of blue and white zephyr for a small niece.

There was silence in the kitchen, save for the snapping of the fire in the stove, the ticking of the big eight-day clock in the corner, and the rustle of the farmer's newspaper, and when Mrs. Harwood sighed deeply, both her sister and her husband looked up in surprise. "What's the matter, Sarah?" asked

the latter. "That sigh was the loudest I ever heard you give. Has any-thing gone wrong? You look as though you have a big load on your

"I have," answered the wife. "And it is a load you must share, John. I have borne it alone as long as I can bear it. There is great trouble in store for us, husband-George is going o leave the farm.

The newspaper fell to the floor, and for a moment the farmer looked at his wife, too much surprised to utter a word.
"Going to leave the farm!" he re-

plied at last. "Sarah, you must be dreaming.

From all this we clearly see the con- his mind to leave it. I have noticed for months past that he seemed dissatisfied and restless, and since you sold Vixen he has grumbled a great deal about work and the dullness of his life. And to-day I heard him say to Jasper Flint that he would not be here a month from now; that he had enough of farm life; and if we refused our consent to it he would run away and take his chances.

"We'll see about that," said the farmer, angrily. "Consent to it! rather think not! I won't consider i for a moment. What would he be a year from now, if I let him go! He'd fall in with all sorts of rascals in the city, get us all into trouble. Besides, need him here. It'll be ten years at least before Harry can take his place, and he's got to stay if I've got to tie

him down.
"Why don't you make him want to stay, John?" asked the gentle voice of his sister in law. "If he's got the city fever on him all

the talk in the world wouldn't do any good," rejoined the farmer. wouldn't listen to a word." "Don't talk. Don't let him ever suspect that you are aware of his desire to leave you. Try a new plan, John,

plan I have been thinking of all "The best plan I know is to tell him my mind freely, without any beating about the bush, and the sooner it's done

the better."
"Now, John, don't be above taking a woman's advice. Let me tell you how to deal with George. I have been here three months now, and have taken a deep interest in the boy. I have seen his dissatisfaction, and recognized the cause. I have heard him talking to conquered. Has cured others, will cure you.

Dyspessia and Indigestion—C. W. Snow & Co., Syracuse, N. Y writes: "Please send us ten gross of Pills. We are selling more of Parmelee's Pills than any other Pill we keep. They have a great reputation for the cure of Dyspessia and Liver Complaint. Mr. Chas. A. Smith, Lindsay, writes: "Parmelee's Pills are an excellent medicine. My sister has been troubled with severe head ache, but these pills have cured her."

The staircases, doors and this spotless walls and dainty appoint its spotless walls and dainty appoint.

There is danger in neglecting a cold, Many who have died of consumble and that he owed it to her its spotless walls and dainty appoint its spotless walls and dainty appoint its spotless wal Jasper Flint more than once, and only yesterday I heard him say that if he

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 collie 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

"It seems a pity to keep a horse that no one but George ever rode," said the farmer, "and she was too light for I'm a poor man, Hester, and can't afford playthings for my chil-

"You can better afford to keep an extra horse than to have your son leave you, John. Whom could you get that would take the interest in the work that George has? You have thought it only right that George should do a big share toward ruuning the farm, and have considered your duty done in giving him a home. You are disposed to think him ungrateful because he wants to leave you. Every year his services are more valuable. The boy is ambitious, and is not satisfied to travel in a circle. He wants to make some headway, and it's only natural. The farmer leaned his head on his

hand, a look of deep thought on his grave, weather-beaten face. His gentle sister in-law's plain speaking had given rise to thoughts which had never before entered his head. "I believe you are more than half right, Hester," he said at last. "I'll

my mind what to do. I'd be lost here farm if I can help it." 'Force won't keep him, John ; remember that," and 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 France and learned to love it. her own room.

out of the window saw John trotting away on Roan." Where can he be going at this hour?" at 6 o'clock, George was standing by the kitchen table, having just come in with two pails of milk. His face wore

discontented, unhappy look, and he merely nodded in return to his aunt's cheery "Good morning."

A few minutes later his father entered, but George, who had gone to one of the windows and was looking out dejectedly, did not even glance up. "You were out early, John," said

"I heard you ride away at day break." "Yes, I went to Pine Edge on a matter of business."

"That's were you sold Vixen, papa isn't it?" asked little Harry, and Mrs Lucas saw a quiver pass over George' face as the child spoke.

"Yes, my boy, I sold Vixen to a lawyer Stanley. George," turning to his son, "I've made up my mind to part with that fifty-acre lot by the river. What do you think of that?" "Of course you are to get a good price for it, sir," said the young man indifferently, "It's the best piece of land you have.

"But I haven't. I am going to give it away."
"Give it away!" repeated George,
roused out of his indifference and star-

ing at his father as if he had not heard aright. "Yes, deeded it, every inch of it, to

some one I think a great deal of, and who deserves it," laying his hand on his son's shoulder, and his voice weakened a little. "I'm going to dreaming."

Mrs. Harwood shook her head sadly.

"I wish I were," she said. "No,
John, it is true, George has made up
his mind to leave it. I have noticed
"To me! You intend to give that

fifty acres to me, father?" "Yes, my boy, and with my whole eart. You've been a good son, heart. George, and I wish I only were able to do more for you. But I am not a rich man, as you know, and I have your mother and three little ones to provide for, too. Still I want you to have a start, and this fifty-acre lot will yield you a handsome profit. You can have three days a week, to call your own, and that will give you a chance to work, and if you choose to break that pair of young oxen I bought the other day from Bagley, you can have them

for your trouble."
"This—this seems to be too much, sir," stammered George, "I don'

know how to thank you."
"Too much! Then I don't know what you'll say to this," and the farmer took his son by the arm and led him out on the porch. "There's another present for you, my boy."
"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 "Oh, father, I'd rather her neck. 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

### Best for Wash Day Every Day For quick and easy work For every use about the For cleanest, sweetest house Surprise works and whitest clothes See for yourself. Surprise is best

ST. BONIFACE HOSPITAL.

F. B. in Winnipeg Kindergarten Magaz

"The voyageur smiles as he listens
To the sound that grows apace;
Well he knows the vesper ringing
Of the bells of St. Boniface.

"The bells of the Roman Mission,
That call from their turrets twain,
To the boatman on the river,
To the hunter on the plain!"

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 right, Hester," he said at last. "I'll Broadway bridge, and "Au Bon think it all over to-night, and make up Marche" being out on the main street, mark the transition; the houses with without George, and he shan't leave the their green shutters, the people with their dark, expressive faces and their patois—even the very horses and carts themselves have a warms the heart and stirs the memory of one who has travelled through

In writing of St. Boniface within Just at daybreak she was aroused the limits of a short article, one's prime from a sound sleep by the sound of horses' hoofs in the yard, and looking riches," as our French neighbors wou 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 When she came down stairs building east of Broadway bridge, and is met by the most beloved of its guardians, with his charming grace of man ner, 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 Provencher and Dumoulin remind the Anglican that to the Roman Catholics is due the honor of first estab lishing 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. 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 ell its waters are somewhat muddy, one leaves on the right the Archbishop's Palace; the twice built cathedral, with Riel's grave in its church yard; the schools, and prettiest of all, the convent, 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 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 spires and towers and the imposing buildings of the city are clearly by a belt of green woods; to the west, Winnipeg's Government Houses, the pretty suburbs of Fort Rouge and 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 poor ufferers find a source of pleasure and alleviation in the ever-moving river, with its boats and canoes. The hospital is in charge of the Grev

Sisters of Mercy, an order founded in the last century by the widow of a cer-tain Sire d'Youville, Marie Marguerite Dufrost de Lajemmerais, who died in 1771. There are eighteen Sisters at the hospital, who are responsible for its conduct, the giving out of medicines, aking of temperatures and such nursng as the rules of their order allow. The more serious nursing is done by wo day and night nurses in each vard, the ward being under the superrision of two Sisters. These are all Roman Catholics, but the visiting doccoman Catholics, out the visiting doc-lors and patients may be of any or no jenomination. As a matter of fact, the invalids are mainly Protestants, and very happy and contented they eem. An air of peace and home like mfort pervades the pretty place with

merry, too, in their quiet way. ing "struck" on my first visit the small but perfect operating room at an unhappy moment, anxious to test my strength of nerve, I had seen an operation on the foot of a nine year old boy. While talking with a Sister in the private ward, I was reduced to sitting down suddenly and begging for water. Sister Leo laughed a little, and brought some water with a strong dash of brandy in it. When I demurred, she said, with a twinkle of her large, dark eyes, that one must take what

"the Pope" sent without question,
"the Pope" being her soubriquet
among the Sisters. She also told an
amusing story of a small patient who on recovery objected strongly to leav ing the Hospitil. you do, my little man, if you stayed here?" "I'd be a Sister!" was the stout reply. "But little boys can't be Sisters, you know." "Can't they?" sadly—then brightening—"But with the good God everything is possible!" Till quite lately the Hospital was ruled by Sister Mary Xavier, who, after forty two years spent in devotion to it, has been sent by the Mother House, at Montreal, to establish a new hospital at Edmonton, her place being taken by

Sister Letellier. It is impossible to exaggerate the loving veneration given o Sister Mary Xavier by all who were fortunate enough to know her. Cath-olics and Protestants have but one word for her-" the loveliest and most saintly of women." One could trust her so absolutely, and she never failed. A strong, noble woman," said one of the doctors, in speaking of her. atmosphere of gentle, unpretending devotion that pervades the hospital is the first and last impression one re-Standing in one of the pretty, private bedrooms, looking out of the window, I noticed another window on my left. "What does that look into?" Into the chapel on the first floor below us," said the nurse, raising the window. We looked down upon the little House of God, set in the heart of so much suffering. It is richly but quietly fitted up, and is of exquisite spotlessness. One favored Sister has

he sole charge of it. As we looked, fourteen of the Sisters came softly in, and, kneeling in front of the altar, recited the Miserere and the Angelus. At the moment, an operation was taking place in the operating room above, and the thought of it gave an added and pathetic dignity to the prayers offered daily by these pure, devoted women, for the mercy of Him whose beloved Son was Himself "a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief." Will those whose love of Him is greater than any sectarian differences, remember the hospital? It is doing good work under many difficulties. Winnipeg will not have forgotten the devotion of its Sisters during the small-pox outbreak There is a significant motto written upon the entrance door of the hospital, the context most of us can remember ' He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord.

# The Pope and Christian Union.

Recent and authentic news from Rome states that the subject which interests Pope Leo above and beyond all others is the reunion of Christendom. None knows better than he the magnitude and the complexity of the difficulties which stand in the way of its achievem nt. He has reckoned with the marked against the brilliant sky ; to powers of pride and prejudice, of misthe south are meadow lands framed in conception and ignorance, of hatred and distrust, of intolerance and apathy of political interests and private ambi tion, and in the face of them all has Armstrong's Point, and the meeting of the Red and Assiniboine rivers. The cause of Christian unity. Surely it is cause of Christian unity. Surely it is one of the most sublime spectacles in history to see the tireless Pontiff, with the weight of eighty-seven years on his frail shoulders-years of toil and responsibility and teeming fruitiongird himself, like a new Judas Maccabeus for a last and most glorious conquest. He must not be single-handed in the fight. Catholics of all ages, conditions and countries must help in holding up his hands while God's battle is being fought, and before the sun goes down in the night when his work will be done. Within the last twelve months it has become little short of a positive duty for every intelligent Catholic to understand and take an interest in this subject of Christian re-union, which Leo XIII. has made the great religious question of the hour. N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Pulmonary consumption, in it early stages, may be checked by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It stops the distressing cough, soothes irritation of the throat and lungs, and induces much-needed repose. Hundreds have testified to the remarkable virtues of this preparation.

#### 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 mild-He made some announcements in a monotonous drawl, gave the intenion and scope of the particular institu tion, began dilating on asylums in general, and at that point falling involun tarily into a fit of abstraction, I listened no more. His manner was so dull and his voice so lifeless that I let my attention concentrate itself unchecked upon speculating why the little woman be ide 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 knew 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 inflexibil ity, it vibrated with sympathy, and through its tender cadence one seemed to hear the pleading tones of little I looked around upon the congrega-

tion; that voice had found an ear in every heart. Every face was lifted toward the speaker, and was touched by some feeling that refined and softened 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 list-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 fashioned; grace of bearing and gesture; a voice that nature had made sweet and art render ed 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 eye 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 mira-cles that have been wrought in you, they had long ago done penance in sackcloth and ashes." He read beau-tifully; his voice fell upon the ear with the authoritative warning of a

After a well-calculated pause his discourse followed ; it was brilliant, over flowing 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. "T 'That was

He spoke to men and women of repentance and their eternal salvation, subjects of deep interest in 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 oburate 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 the digestive powers were weak it has been followed by good results." H. P. Yoemans, A. B., M. D.