

Somewhere. 'Tis always morning somewhere, little heart: Somewhere the sky is ever fair and blue.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fourth Sunday after Easter.

EVIL CONVERSATION. And he said to them: What are these discourses that you hold one with another?

Brethren: Suppose our Lord should stand in our midst to-day and demand from each one of us, as He did from those two disciples, What are these discourses that you hold one with another?

And you, fathers and mothers of families, what are these conversations which you hold one with the other? What are the topics most commonly treated in your Christian homes?

And from you, young men and women, an answer might be profitably demanded to this important question: What are the conversations which you most readily indulge in one with the other?

Indeed, brethren, to all of us this question of our Lord brings home an important lesson. For if we would lead good Christian lives we must not only abstain from all that is unbecomingly scandalous, but we must also regulate with all diligence our ordinary commonplace conversations.

Brethren, if we think often of this question of our Lord, if we are diligent in following these rules, our conversations will be always edifying to our neighbors and useful to ourselves.

Satisfaction. Is guaranteed to every one who takes Hood's Sarsaparilla fairly and according to directions.

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls. The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice.

No More Bothers. GENTLEMEN—I have used Hagyard's Yellow Oil for my chilblains and it cured them.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

To a Child of Mary. Praise thy title, Child of Mary, Far beyond all rank and fame;

In her arms, O Child of Mary! Thou wilt breathe thy life away; Like a tired child that slumbers.

But that waking, Child of Mary! Bids thy happy spirit soar

Conquests of Our Lady of Victory. In the month of May, 1879, the following notice appeared in a ribald journal of Paris:

A gentleman, who had formerly been a writer for the paper, surprised at such an announcement, made it a point to be present in the church on a Thursday evening between the hours of 7 and 8.

After he had been reconciled to God, he went back one day to see the priest and said to him: "I feel such happiness that I am anxious to make an offering to the Madonna."

"Our Lady asks one thing of you," replied the priest, courteously. "You were brought here by a notice in La Laterne. On Sunday next bring the editor of that journal here."

"That is impossible, Father," answered the new convert. "I do not intend to have anything further to do with the miserable sheet, and consequently I have ceased visiting its editor."

"And yet," insisted the good priest, "Our Lady wishes you to make this conquest."

The pastor said no more, and left the new convert undecided. But, feeling a strong impulse in his heart, and determined not to fail in showing his gratitude to his heavenly protectress, the gentleman went next day to the editor's office.

"You have just come in time," said the latter. "I am writing the items of news. What have you of interest for me?"

"The most important item that I have is that on Thursday last, according to your invitation, I went to the Church of Our Lady of Victories."

"Splendid! Tell me about the miracles. Did the priest do things up well?"

"Miracles are performed there, without a doubt, replied the other, gravely. 'but I wish you to see them for yourself. I will call for you at 7 o'clock.'

The editor tried to excuse himself, alleging that it was impossible for him to spend his evening in that way; but his friend insisted, he yielded.

"Things seem nice enough here; the music is good, the church is ornamented with taste, but where are the miracles?"

"Have patience for a few minutes, and you will see," answered his companion.

Soon the pastor appeared in the pulpit. At this the editor turned to his friend and said:

Not many physicians make great therapeutic discoveries. For the most part they content themselves with administering judiciously what is prescribed in the books.

CATHOLIC FAITH.

One Convert Tells of the Paths She Trod Toward Home.

Boston Republic. In the light of a recent event, and now when every day we read and head so much in favor of and against the Roman Catholic faith, it comes to me almost as a duty to add my testimony, slight though it may be, for the Church of Rome.

brought up among the Baptist people, and with acquaintances in all the denominations other than Catholic, I was surely not unprejudiced in the start.

For five years I have studied the Roman question, at first perhaps in a coldly critical or careless way, as a mere fascinating study, and then, as its importance dawned upon me, with all my intellect and soul.

I threw myself wholly into it as a deeply interested seeker for truth, I looked at it in its every phase, from high and low, rich or poor, ignorant and educated, priest and people.

In the privacy of home I read, in connection with the Bible, the writings of the holy fathers, history, theology, the catechism, books of prayer and devotion, the councils of Trent, the lives of the men and women whose memories are so precious to the Church.

I learned the meanings and witnessed the beautiful, solemn ceremonies of the Church; I listened to the heart-thrilling music and felt as I read of Rome, the Eternal City, how much, surely, if even of beauty alone, it had bequeathed us.

Then, turning to the present, I read the modern writers and visited the different institutions of all kinds, convent, college, Sunday school, parochial school, asylum, home and hospital. I sought conscientiously for inconsistencies—and found them not.

I did not rest content to hear the Church maligned by others. I sought the proof myself. I found how firmly it (the Church) stands on the great question, temperance. I found it not a whim, but a matter of thorough and advanced education, that indeed this is considered important and imperative, as witness the school buildings increasing on every hand, only it is imposed that instruction of brain and heart shall go hand in hand, as of equal worth.

I have studied it from the Atlantic ocean to the Pacific. I wish to be impersonal, but I cannot refrain from mentioning a few instances of learning: One where I was shown by a French nun, a cultured, refined woman, through the beautiful Convent of the Sacred Heart at Berkeley, Cal., where, surrounded by fine scenery, and among the best mental advantages, young ladies are graduated; also that of Notre Dame, Mission Dolores, near San Francisco; the one standing upon the heights near Niagara, and numerous others. No colleges in the land are better managed, nor pupils more efficiently taught than those conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, whose lives are given to this work and to constant study.

I met them personally at the colleges of St. Ignatius, San Francisco; St. Francis Xavier, New York city; Loyola, Baltimore, and at Georgetown University, Washington, D. C. They did not hold aloof from me, but rather on every side encouraged my search for information. There were no closed doors, but help was cheerfully and patiently proffered, and many a fervent prayer from the lips of some sweet-faced Sister or earnest priest was voluntarily offered up for the seeker that she might have given to her the light to see the truth, and when it was recognized strength to embrace it.

One Father placed in my hand his own private book of devotion, "A Manual for Interior Souls," with a wish that it might help me on the way, and it did. Another, one of Italian birth, in a city far away, rested not at all in his zeal to do spiritually everything he could for me.

I wish here to testify, from my own personal knowledge, to a deep and lasting impression made upon me by the patient, beautiful lives of those women, young and old, who have renounced the world, and "live in Christ," especially to the noble devotion shown by the Little Sisters of the Poor.

I was resolved that no sudden impulse, or any feeling of personal influence, however pleasing, should lead me to embrace with any undue haste the faith. I now, however, began to realize the

CHANGELESSNESS OF THE ONE CHURCH, especially so when from listening to some taking, brilliant sermon, quite often interspersed with bits of philosophy, politics, and the lesson dramatically drawn from the last sensation of the day. I witnessed the solemn Sacrifice of the Mass, the rich and the poor kneeling side by side in devotion, and heard from the pulpit that which alone is preached, "Christ and Him Crucified," yet still I lingered.

Christmas night a year ago, at the conclusion of the evening Vesper service in a large and stately Roman Catholic church, a young lady, who was with me, an artist of promise, with a look of unshed tears in her dark eyes, said: "That is my idea of true

devotion to God; surely on the awful judgment day, it is adoration akin to this which we shall offer to the King of Kings." Poor child, she had been drawn early through some influence and association into one of the shifting sects of the day and her restlessness now was evident and pitiful.

But yesterday, a married lady, member of a prominent Baptist church in the city across the river, said to me: "I will say this for the Catholics, that they are consistent, they live up to their faith. With them it will never be a creed to-day and none to-morrow."

Of the tender reverence paid to Mary, the Mother of Christ, how falsely it is termed Mariolatry. To what little profit do they read the Scriptures of her who was honored among all women, that "henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." From a letter that lies beside me I quote: "If people would only inquire from the proper sources and investigate unprejudiced for themselves many would become Catholics."

And again: "I cannot see how anyone can enter a Catholic church and not take away something they can never forget." The Bible is not kept from the people by the clergy, though by them guarded and honored as a sacred volume, and the churches set apart, temples of worship; and what more beautiful one than the marble cathedral in New York, where rich and poor

KNELT SIDE BY SIDE, ignorant and learned alike are welcomed! And I turned away from the flower-clad hills of Tiburus to follow the humble fishermen and farming people to their little wooden chapel on the heights, where the same Mass was chanted as in the more stately building on Fifth Avenue.

In the narrow limits I have assigned myself I would give only my personal record. It is not for me to "prove the faith;" and of the liberalism, restlessness and growing unbelief of the different sects, none of which I am wholly acquainted with, I have nothing to say. They speak for themselves, and each day the results are more apparent to us.

It was that inconsistency, instability and liberalism which first roused me to seek the Church which alone claims authority and infallibility; and this conceded, the rest follows easily as a matter of course. When my seeking was practically ended, I placed myself in the hands of one of fine education and noble life, who some day will merit the crown he has so labored to earn on earth. He smoothed away the few remaining difficulties, and I was received into the Catholic Church.

What my next step will be I cannot tell. I know not what lies before me, save that there is no higher calling than that of those who labor for the Church.

I present this necessarily abbreviated review in the earnest hope that some one, faint-hearted like unto myself, may be induced to persevere to the end, and be saved. I would only speak as one soul to another, and to those who read and are restless, drifting about in the changing faiths of to-day, I would say: Seek and falter not; be not discouraged or deterred by false affirmations or sneers, but search on undaunted. Prove for yourself, and, God willing, in His own good time, you may find rest and peace as I have, where alone it is to be found, in the one true Church of God.

O Holy Mother Church, to thee at last have I come. Gladly do I give myself up, unworthy though I am, to thee, and henceforth in thee alone do I believe, live and have my being. With St. Augustine of old I would cry: "Too late, alas! have I known thee, O ancient and ever new! Too late have I loved thee."

IDA LOUISE ROBERTS. Boston, Easter, 1892.

The brusque and fussy impulse of these days of false impression would rate down all as worthless because one is unworthy. As if there were no notes in sunbeams! Or comets among stars! Or cataclysms in peaceful rivers!

Because one remedy professes to do what it never was adapted to do, are all remedies worthless? Because one doctor lets his patient die, are all humbugs? It requires a fine eye and a finer brain to discriminate—to draw the differential line.

"They say" that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have cured thousands.

"They say" for a weak system there's nothing better than the "Discovery," and that the "Favorite Prescription" is the hope of debilitated, feeble women who need a restorative tonic and bracing nerve. And here's the proof—

Try one or both. If they don't help you, tell the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N. Y., and you get your money back again.

Mr. John Anderson, Grassmere, Ont., writes: "The Vegetable Discovery you sent me is all gone, and I am glad to say that it has greatly benefited those who have used it. One man in particular says that it has made him a new man, and he cannot say too much for its cleansing and curative qualities."

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, &c. was used. The contents of one bottle completely reduced the swelling, killed the pain and cured her. "ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT!"



STOP! comfort and ease, with clothes neater and cleaner than the ordinary way. STOP now a moment to consider if it is any advantage to use a pure Soap like Surprise, and save yourself, your hands, your clothes.

READ the Directions on the Wrapper.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

Table with lottery prizes: 3134 PRIZES WORTH \$52,740.00, CAPITAL PRIZE WORTH \$15,000.00, TICKET \$1.00, Quarter Ticket 25 cts. Includes list of prizes and terms.

A Food that is eminently The Great Strength-Giver. Should be SOUGHT AFTER by those seeking to attain Physical Development and good powers of ENDURANCE. HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages.

ANNUAL MEETING. PURSUANT to the Act of Incorporation, Notice is hereby given that the 22nd Annual Meeting of the Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Company will be held in the TOWN HALL, WATERLOO, ONT. on THURSDAY, May 28th, 1892, at One o'clock p.m.

A GREAT OFFER

The CATHOLIC RECORD FOR ONE YEAR FOR \$4.00. By special arrangement with the publishers, we are able to obtain a number of the above books, and propose to furnish a copy to each of our subscribers.

THE DOMINION Savings & Investment Society

MONEY TO LOAN. In sums to suit at lowest rates, and on most convenient terms of repayment. Payments made at the option of the borrower if desired.

WILSON & RANAHAN GROCERS.

205 Dundas St., near Wellington. NEW TEAS—Ceylon, Congou, Japan, Young Hyson, Gunpowder and English Breakfast. NEW COFFEES—Chase & Sanbourne and Blend Coffees. NEW CURRANTS, Raisins and Figs. NEGARS of all grades.

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STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES. PUBLIC AND PRIVATE BUILDINGS. Furnished in the best style and at prices low enough to bring it within the reach of all. WORKS: 484 RICHMOND STREET. R. LEWIS.

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COMMERCIAL HOTEL, 54 and 56 Jarvis street, Toronto. This hotel has been rebuilt and furnished throughout. HOME comforts. Terms \$1.00 per day. M. DONNELLY, Proprietor.

Send 25 cts. and get a copy of "Burglar's Home Almanac for 1892." THOS. COFFEY, London, Ont. Also can be had from our travelling agents.

A LITTLE GIRL'S DANGER. Mr. Henry Macombe, Leyland St., Blackburn, London, Eng., states that his little girl fell and struck her knee against a curbstone. The knee began to swell, became very painful and terminated in what doctors call "white swelling." She was treated by the best medical men, but grew worse. Finally ST. JACOBS OIL was used. The contents of one bottle completely reduced the swelling, killed the pain and cured her. "ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT!"