## FIVE - MINUTE'S SERMON.

Fourth Sunday After Pentecest.

HOW TO RENDER YOURSELF WORTHY OF GOD'S BLESSING

" At Thy word, I will let down the net." (Luke

Everything depends on God's bless ing, says so beautifully and truly an ancient Christian maxim, and more than three thousand years ago the royal psalmist said: "Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it." (Ps. 126, 1.) How true this is, we experience every day, we see it also in to day's gospel. Peter and his companions had labored all night, and probably drew up a few stones, but no fish. When, however, stones, but no fish. the next morning they again let down their nets at the command of Jesus, they caught so great an abundance fish that they filled two ships. Here you see, dear Christians, what God's elessing can do. But you learn also what you must do to secure success in your labors and affairs; you must, like Peter, let down your net at the command of Jesus, that is, labor for

Jesus and with Jesus.

I say with Jesus, you must begin your work, that is, in the state of grace, of love and heirship of God, if heaven's blessing and eternal recompense shall rest upon it. If you are no longer in the happy state of grace, but if, on the contrary, mortal sin separates you from God, you are, according to the teaching Church, an enemy of the Most High, a horror and an abomination in His eyes, and how could you expect to catch fish, while your soul is in so fearful a condition? No, God has no blessing for His enemies and despisers, but only for His children. On the contrary instead of fish, you draw with your net only stones from the abyss of your impenitence, stones of divine penalties, stones of divine anger, of maledictions and misfortunes in all your ways. For "multa flagella peccatorum," says the royal prophet in his pealms (31: 10) "many are the scourges of the sinner, and the experience of life confirms this daily in numberless examples. Hence that we may not willfully close the door against blessing and choose malediction, let us, above all, see that we remain in the state of grace, let us confirm this state by the worthy recep tion of the sacraments, and preserve i faithfully all through life, that we may always labor with Jesus, and conse quently with happiness and blessing,

for time and eternity. But not only must we let down our nets with Jesus, but also for Jesus, i. e., He must offer Him all our works. troubles and difficulties, sanctify them by a good intention, for the purpose of honoring Him, serving Him, and accomplishing His holy will. It is this good intention which God principally regards in all our actions. This it is which makes every drop of the sweat of our brow precious, holy and meritor ious; without it, however, even our most exalted works have no value be fore God, no claim to eternal recompense. The poets tell us of the Phry gian king Midas, who by his prayer obtained from the gods the favor that everything he touched was converted into gold. This is a fable, an anecdote for us it contains a doctrine of faith, that by the good intention, even our most ordinary daily actions, as the holy father of the Church, St. Anselm, expresses it, becomes golden and divine, i. e., immensely valuable and meritorious. A piece of blank paper is of very little value; for a trifle will purchase several sheets. And yet, as a check from a responsible person, it may be worth ten, twenty, fifty, yes, hundreds or thousands of dollars. Even so, O Christian mechanic, may also your hammering, your planing and sawing in the workshop; or, Christian house-keeper, your cooking cleaning, washing and ironing in it self, certainly, something altogether indifferent before God and Heaven, and yet, if you do it for the love of God and to honor Him, with the aim o glorifying Him thereby, then your whole labor is converted into an inces sant and beautiful prayer, and your every drop of sweat will, for all etern ity, glitter as a precious jewer in your heavenly crown. And, therefore, do not omit making fervently a good in tention early in the morning, at the beginning of your day's work—yea, according to the admonition of the cate chism, frequently renew this good in tention during the day, by looking up to God, saying in the silence of your heart: "Lord, all to your glory, all for love of you!" "The hand at work for love of you!" "The hand at work the heart with God!" says the beautiful maxim. Oh, that you could work in this manner,—united with Jesus in love, by sanctifying grace; offering to your Redeemer all difficulties, by the good intention; how easy and sweet would everything be for you! How would, not only the most magnificent heavenly reward, but terrestrial bless ing in richest abundance, be your consolatory portion !

Well, then, O Christian, devoutly do what you have learned to day. In the name of Jesus let down your net, i. e., labor with Jesus in the state of grace and heirship of God; labor for Jesus i. e., with a good intention to love and honor Him, and you, like Peter, will catch fish in abundance. The bless ing of God will drive them into your met. Amen.

# A Banker's Experience.

"I tried a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of
Linseed and Turpentine for a troublesome
affection of the throat," writes Manager
Thomas Dewson of the Standard Bank, now
of 14 Melbourne Avenue, Toronto. "It
proved effective. I regard the remedy as
simple cheap and exceedingly good. It has
hitherto been my habit to consult a physician
in troubles of this nature. Hereatter, how
ever, I intend to be my own family doctor."

And as he foresaw so it happened.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

ST. ANTHONY'S CLOCK

Dawn Graye, in the Ave Maria.

Long, long ago, a legend tells us, there lived in the old French village of Epinal a skilful clockmaker named His fame had Antoine Turenne. spread so far and wide that the eople of Nancy, Domremy, and even Strasburg, who came to monthly market days, never failed to pay a visit to his shop in the Grande Rue, to inspect the latest novelities his genius had evolved. For Père Turenne was a human spider-never idle, never discouraged: spinning webs to catch Time in. "Time," said he, "is one of the most precious things that the good God has entrusted to us. must do our best, our most, with it while we can divide it into moments and hours ; for, ere we know, it will have slipped away from us and become

About the noon of his life, Père An toine had begun the work which had been his heart's dream from boyhoodthe construction of a huge clock, full

hidden springs and elaborate mechanism, which, when completed, should adorn the steeple of his native village church. With this pious thought ever in mind, he labored for years-testing now one, now another fancy; and welcoming with a pleasan smile those curious neighbors who paused at his work-room door to watch him.

"How does my clock go? It does not go at all yet," he would respond, cheerily. "But, with Heaven's blessing, it will some day. I think, though, I have been so long engaged upon it, I shall be sorry when it's done. We have grown old together, my clock It is become a friend-a part and I. of me. When you hear it summoning you to Holy Mass some morning, after have lain under many seasons of green grass and immortelles, maybe you will remember, and say, 'There is Père Antoine asking us to pray for the repose of his soul, on our way.

They would answer: "Readily will we do that, neighbor. But if you are as long upon it as you have already been, 'tis our children and our chil dren's children whom it will be remind

ing to pray for our souls."
"Circles are the only things in the round world that have no ends," per-sistel Turenne. "My clock, you see, is square.

And, in truth, news went forth at last that the wonderful clock was fin-ished; that, mounted temporarily in the courtyard of his dwelling, it would sound its first stroke at noon one day in Advent.

Long before the time designated the villagers began to assemble. Tall and imposing, in his Sunday blouse and cap, Pere Antoine moved among them, his honest eyes full of joy, and little Antoinette, his favorite grandchild, perchei like a bird upon his broad shoulder

"It is 'Toinette who has helped me to finish it," he said, drawing her golden head against his silver one. "In the five years that she has been here to laugh for me when I was disto sing for me while I couraged, to sing for me while I work d, I have done more than in all my li e previous. Yes, neighbors, it is 'Toinette's clock; not so, sweet-

"No, grandpere!" cried the child. "It is the good God's clock, because there is a cross on top like there is on His house." And she pointed her tiny hand toward the distant church. "But, grandpere, hush!" as a low rumbling made itself heard. "Listen! G grandpere, look! It is going to

And I wish I could tell you all that marvellous clock said and did. There were twelve doors, one of which opened at each stroke of the bell. We may imagine how grand it must have been when all swung back in succession and the scenes within were revealed :- the Adoration of the Magi; a cock that flapped its real feather wings and crowed thrice : Our Lord on the prow of a rocking boat stilling the waves of the sea; the Twelve Apostles in stately procession; and for the last of all dear Anthony of Padua kneeling with outstretched arms before the vision of the Christ Child. In copying that scene from a picture that hung above his bed, Père Turenne had been in spired with tenderest devotion. Never had he been happier than when, after repeated efforts, he succeeded in ad justing the delicate springs so that both

Little Toinette had clapped her wee the marvels unfolded themselves : but at sight of her beloved patron Saint there rippled from her parted lips one of those sparkling cascades of laughter in which childhood's suppressed ecstasy finds outlet.

arms would be extended simultaneous

"St. Antoine! St. Antoine!" she cried, bounding forward as though to meet a recognized friend. "But he is even more beautiful than in the pic ture over the bed. He lives, he moves O grandpere, please make it strike all over again till St. Antoine comes back

"That can not be," said Père Turenne, smiling. "We must wait for his hour."
"Marvellous! marvellous!" ex-

claimed the gathered villagers. "Our little church will be famous. Quick! let us have the new clock in place

Those who came next day to witness a repetition of the clock's performance found its maker working upon it. had stopped, the hands pointing to

4 o'clock. "Ha, ha!" commented Epinal's rival in clockmaking. "Od Tur-enne's clock will never be placed in our steeple. Tis a pretty toy for him to play with till he dies. But the majority clung to their be-

lief in their skilful neighbor. 'Twas simply a spring out of order he who had made a thing could surely

mend it.

And his workshop once again became the village lounging-place, till the morning they found its door for the first time closed; and Turenne, look ing down upon them from an upper window, enjoined them, in anguished accents, to speak softly, tread lightly. Little Antoinette is sick—sick unto death."

Like a broken lily, the child lay in her white bed, the great eyes open wide and the smile flown from them. Waking, fevered and delirious in the night, she had suddenly passed from a

night, she had suddenly passess state of excitement into lethargy.
"God help you, friend!" whispered the old doctor. "The loss of a child the old doctor. "The loss of a leaves a wound that never heals. this potion every hour; but unless she can be aroused from this stupor, I see

"Antoinette!" murmured Pere Tur enne. "Heart's love, dost thou not hear me? Look up! The sun will soon be dashing round with his red horses, and we must open the morn ing's gate for him. And mayby a wild goose will come flying over, calling 'Good day!' to us in his hoarse voice : and if thou art not listening, thou wilt not be ready to ask him how his great-great-grandmother's is, that she caught on that first Christmas. - thou rememberest, speeding through the bitter midnight offer her downy white feathers to Blessed Mother to make a pillow for the dear Babe Jesus. And there is a bud on thy rosebush. Dost thou not wish to go with me to gather it? But the little girl did not hear.

"Darling! darling!" cried the old man, in despair. "Tel me — tell grandpere what would please thee. "Make the clock strike till St. An toine comes," she murmured, faintly. "Let me see dear St. Antoine!"

His heart sank. That which his darling asked was beyond his power. "His clock has stopped, dearest," e replied. "I have not had time to he replied. make it go. If thou art better to-morrow-

"Oh. no. no !- now !" moaned the child, fretfully. "Now

The old clockmaker raised his eyes eseechingly, with a wordless prayer, o the picture of St. Anthony that hing above his bed. "Mignonne," he said, after an in-

"grandpere will go and try stant. But he can not leave thee. If thou wilt be very good, he will wrap thee warm and carry thee down to where thou canst watch him while he works. But it must be many hours yet before Now it is just sun St. Antoine comes.

rise, and his hour is noon."

As tenderly he laid her in the bed of pillows he had prepared for her beside him on the scaffold that surrounded the great clock, heavy eyes fluttered open and, brightening, rested contentedly on its familiar face.

"Hush, "randpere! It is going to eak! Wait one minute!" she exspeak!

claimed, suddenly.
"No, Toinette darling,—it will not

strike vet," he answered, sadly. But just then there was heard a lov rumbling of the unwound wheels: the hidden heart began to throb steadily tick, tick, tick; and clear and strong on the dawn rang out twelve strokes at each one a door opening, according

to the original design. At the first stroke a quiver passed over 'Toinette; at the last, the impeded current of life rushed back. Starting up, she clapped her little hands, no longer fevered; and from her parted lips there rippled once again that sparkling cascade of rapturous laugh-

ter.
"St. Antoine, dear St. Antoine!"
she cried aloud. "I am so glad to see thee again! I have been sick, sick but now thou hast made me well

"Hola!" remarked the neighbors St. Anthony's clock is growing erra There it is striking 12 o'clock when it is only 5, true time.

But when they beheld Père Turenne come hastening out, with Toinette rosy and smiling in his arms, on the way to church to give thanks for the cure to God and His blessed Saint, they, when it was recounted to them, failed not to rejoice with and for him, like good friends and good Catholics.

And we are told that, until its de struction during the Revolution, the wonder-working clock filled its place in the steeple of the church for which its pious maker destined it, -marking sad and happy hours, without ever losing one. And for years after Toinette's grand - children were old men and women, the children of Epinal were wont to call 12 o'clock "St. Anthony's hour," and taught to twine their noon Angelus with this

prayer: "O dear St. Anthony, who so loved little children and was beloved by them, we are little children. us, pray for us; and let there be no moment of our lives that thou wilt not come to belo us in our need." come to help us in our need.'

Successful at Last.

Successful at Last.

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The talk is now of vacation, for vaca tion must come with the coming of the heat of summer time. For vacations we must have. The string cannot be drawn tight all the time. The bow must have its turn to soak in water. the brain must have its to soak in cool water or And space fresh air that the webs may be blown or washed out of it. The fores stream, the mountain pass, the country farm house, keep the clots from break

ing on the brain.
Whether one should rest wholly and let this summer vacation be a mere vegetating vacancy, during which the empty fountain of life shall be slowly filled up, or whether vacation shall a change of employment, depends on the exhaustion produced by the year work, and the idiosyneracy of each One who does not work very person. hard during the winter does not need to rest very passively during the summer. To such, a change of occupation, travel, out-of-door study nature, may be the best rest. somehow, and by some form of change, all whose work is monotonous and ex acting should have plenty of rest. of deep, quiet rest, with abundance of sunshine, fresh air and out-door life

The Editor's Retreat. Dr. Henry M. Field, that clever

writer, gives this prescription for brain-workers:

You ask me for a suggestion about a summer vacation. I am afraid that my ideas, however they suit me, wil not be good for much to others. But believe in the old Indian philosophy that to have a bow at once supple and strong-that will bend to the utmost strain and fly back with such force as to send the arrow straight to the mark -it must be now and then unstrung and well soaked in water. The human frame must be unlimbered once in a while, or by and by it will snap and go to pieces. Every doctor will tell you this. The principle is settled; it is only the where and the how that have to be considered. And here, as in other things in life, every man hath his proper gift, his special taste; and what would suit one would not sui another.

If you ask me where I would choose to spend a summer I can answer very quickly: Here, on this very spot that ou, Mr. Editor, know so well-on this hilltop that my neighbor, Mr. Choate, thinks to be so near Heaven that he is not impatient to make the change. all my wanderings around the world I have found no such place of rest. There is peace in the very air. drink it in with my breath. I had rather swing in a hammock than rock in the cradle of the deep. look on sea or shore draws me upward so much as to lie on the soft grass and look up and see the clouds go sailing

"Why then "-you may well ask-'if you are so perfectly satisfied with your home, don't you stay there? That is a very simple question and has a simple answer. It is that while I am with all my books and papers here. around me. I am haunted and pursued by the demon of work, from which I cannot escape. You know by experi ence that there is no man who is les master of his time than an editor, with the incessant calling of printers for copy "-a call that must be answered on the instant, for the paper cannot wait: Men may come and men may go, but the newspaper goes on forever The editor may be in a state of collapse, but dead or alive the paper must ar pear! Even his own home is no pro tection for him, and his only safety is

to bolt—to cut and run!
Cut and run, indeed! How easy it is to say that, but how hard to follow one's own direction! An editor is ommonly a man who is in dead earnest about something or other, and he will not, nay, he cannot leave his post Shall he be such a coward as to run away in the midst of the battle? When his blood is up, his brain is on fire, and he never works so rapidly; and it is better work than that which he grinds out slowly when he is cold and dull The impulse is almost irresistible to improve the golden hours that may not me again. So he keeps on pouring the oil of life upon the blazing fire till long after midnight — and that for night after night—with a strain upon his vitality that is very great, and may e fatal.

With such a prospect before him, erhaps the wife and the doctor to gether will rout him out of his sanctum and set him adrift. But whither, ah whither, shall he go? Well brother, The world is all before you where to choos And Providence your guide."

There are the mountains and the sea with no end of resorts in the White Hills or along the coast from Long Branch to Bar Harbor. What do you Branch to Bar Harbor. What do you want that is more fashionable? Ah yes! and there's the trouble. There are too many comers and goers for one whose only desire is to be quiet and at As Edward Everett Hale once said to me: "I want to get away from people." "Where are you going?" 1 sked. "I don't know," he said and don't want to know; and especi ally don't want my people to know." Fortunately, he had a people who knew his habits so well, and loved him so much, that they respected his desire for absolute seclusion till his poor tired frame could get the rest it sorely needed. That is the truest hospitality to have the tact to see when a gues eeds nothing so much as rest, long and deep, and that the greatest possible kindness is to leave him alone But if people are so "dreadfully kind" that they will not let you alone, then flee into some vast wilderness!

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN; Camp out in the Adirondacks, or seek some lonely valley that is far away from the children of men. If you can, and a solitary house on some mountain pasture where a farmer keeps his cows and you can have a bowl of bread and milk for breakfast and supper that i good enough for any man. apples would make it a luxury fit for beyond this is unlimited hours of sleep cep not only all the night, but all the day, if nature so inclines-sleep, sleep state of utter exhaustion, as the veins, and to reanimate your "vital

> That is all the philosophy I have got in regard to vacations. Perhaps you expected me to say something about foreign travel. But that is no it is the hardest kind of work to be knocked about the rough world, to cross seas and oceans, to climb the Alps or the Himalayas.

There is still another experience which you have had as well as I—to be poised high in the air on the back of a camel, and to go swinging across the desert, when you can almost hear your own vertebra crack! That is not exactly the ideal of repose. Let all these things be far from thee, O my brother and like the darky, "take to the woods!" where all things in nature, in earth, air and sky, shall be your ministers.

#### Fishing.

Fishing is not an expensive recreation, and probably yields more pleasure for the amount of money a man in vests in order to pursue it than almost any other form of out-door sport, prorided the man takes to it naturally. A man can go trout fishing with an outfit that will not cost him more than \$5; that is, he can purchase his rod his reel, his basket and his flies with this sum.

In regard to the important question of flies, an old angler will be satisfied with a few standard flies when he goes on a stream. The ambitious amateur wants them of all colors and shapes.

The angler who takes an intelligent interest in his art will surely foster the literary side of his favorite pastime Old Izaak Walton will be of no practical use to him, but it will imbue him with the true angling spirit if he has it not, and still further develop it if he does have it. The educational books published in this country about fishing are few. The earliest practical work is Thaddeus Norris's "American Angler's book." After that came the works of Genio C. Scott. For a man who loves the mechanics of he art-i. prefers to make his own rods, mend them, etc.—the book of Henry B. Wells, "Fly-rods and Fly-tackle," is one of the best. Charles Hallock's "Salmon Fishing" is a good book. The "Book of the Black Bass" is good. "Artificial Flies and how to Make them" is is also valuable for a certain class of anglers. A little book called "The Practical Angler," by Kit Clark, can be recommended; also "Fresh Water Fishing" and "Salt Water Fishing." In the twenty-six volumes of the American Angler that have been issued, there are many practical ar-

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