What then! The pitching of the evening tent And then, perchance, a pillow rough and

And then, some sweet and tender message sent To cheer the faint one for to-morrow's jour

A feverish sleep, a heart oppressed and ach-

ing:
And then, a little water cruse to find
Close to my pillow, ready for my waking.

What then? I am not careful to inquire. I know there will be tears, and fears and son

And then, a loving Saviour, drawing nigher, And saving, "I will answer for to morrow

What then? For all my sins His pardoning

What then? A shadowy valley, lone and dim And then, a deep and darkly rolling river; And then, a flood of light, the mornin hymn. And God's own smile, forever and forever.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

GOOD AND BAD READING.

Brethren: I want to ask you a serious question this morning: What do you read? You read something, that

is sure. The man or woman who

does not read much cannot read at all,

does not read much cannot read at an, and that is a class growing smaller and smaller every year. You read much, therefore a great quantity; but of what quality; For I didn't ask you how much, but what you read.

What do you read? One says, I read politics, and that is good; an other, I read business, and that is good; yet another says, I read for

recreation, and that is good; and finally one says, I read to kill time

vest-pocket edition of a prayer-book it is; and I wish it were thumbed a little

High Mass with you a little oftener.

Christians ever read straight through

see a Bible on the centre-table which

cost many a good days' wages and is

not worth a cent to you, but is all for

show. There it lies, shut up tight and

clasped, knowing only the visitation of

the feather-duster from one end of the

year to the other; save when a baby

is born or somebody dies; then the

great book is opened, a name is written down, the book is shut and clasped again. Brethren, what does this

farms you out a little bit of the faith,

Scriptures; not in the false, Protest-

ant sense, but reasonably and like a

What will the Scripture do for me?

forted me in my humiliation, because

Thy word hath enlivened me." (Ps.

It will strengthen your faith. "Thy

word is a lamp to my feet and a light to my paths" (ibid. 105).

give you liberty of spirit: "I have walked at large because I have sought

after Thy commandments" (ibid. 45).

and other occasions of sin. "Sinners

have laid a snare for me, but I have

not erred from Thy precepts " (ibid.

It will give you a well-spring of hope: "I have purchased Thy testimonies for an inheritance for ever, because they are the joy of my heart."

It will keep you out of the saloon

Catholic of intelligence.

and at more or less irregular intervals



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Sandwich Out Brethren, the reading of a chapter or two daily in the Holy Scriptures is both a cure and an antidote of sin; will make going to Mass and receiving the sacraments easy and joyful, will help you to a peaceful and quiet life, and secure you a good death. Amen.

bot street, London, Privatefunds

What Then? OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. What then? Why, then another pilgrim song, and then, a hush of rest divinely granted; And then, a thirsty stag, ah, me i so long; And then, a brook, just where it is most wanted.

He's a Little Feller.

Down in Frankfort street the other cold day I found a newsboy seated on a grating in the sidewalk, up through which came a little warmth from the basement below. He had something beside him covered up with a ragged and dirty old handkerchief, and, as I What then! The wailing of the midnight sat down alongside, he cautioned : "Look out, now, and don't hurt

> "What is it?" He lifted the handkerchief with the

greatest care, and there, on one of the iron bars, all huddled up and half frozen, was a little brown sparrow.
"Where did you get him?"
"In the street out there. Got so

cold he was tuckered."

grace; For all my wants and woes, His loving kindness: For darkest shades, the shining of God's face. And God's own hand to lead me in my "And what will you do with him? "Get him good and warm and let him go. He's a little feller and orter have a fair show.

I added my efforts to Jack's, and after a few minutes the bird began moving about in a lively manner and giving vent to his satisfaction by a series of chirps. Jack lifted him up, gave him a toss in the air, and away he sailed for his nest under a high cornice.

'Boys can get along 'most any how," said Jack, as he shivered in the cold wind sweeping up from the river, "but birds is such little fellers that we've got to sort o' boost 'em now and then. He's all right, and we're all right, and good bye to you."-New York World.

Two Stupid Boys,

Dean Stanley once said to a boy. "If I tell you I was born in the second half of 1815, can you tell me why I am called Arthur?" The name of the hero of Waterloo was then on all men's lips. When nine years of age Arthur was sent to a preparatory school. He was bright and clever, but he could not learn arithmetic. Dr. Boyd writes in But, brethren, has it never struck you that it would be good to read some eternity? But, Father, one will say, I read my prayer-book when I come to Mass. Oh, yes! And a poor little Longman's Magazine that the master of the school, Mr. Rawson, declared that Arthur was the stupidest boy at figures that ever came under his care, save only one, who was yet more hopeless, and was unable to grasp simple addition and multiplication. more at prayers for confession and pre-paration for Communion, and came to

Stanley remained unchanged to the end. At Rugby he rose like a rocket to every kind of eminence, except that of doing "sums." In due time he took a first class at Oxford, where the classics and Aristotle's Ethics were Another might ask: Father, what do you mean? Do you wish us to read the lives of the saints? Just so. Nothing so interesting and so profitable; and I would like you to begin the books in which a student for honous must be proficient. He would not have done so well at Cambridge, whose senior wrangler must be an accomplished mathematician.

with the Saint of saints, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. It is a puny little school-boy who has not read the life of George Washington or Robert Emmett once at least. But I would like to know how many of you big On the contrary, that other stupid boy "more hopeless" than Stanley developed a phenomenal mastery of arithmetic. He became the great finone of those little lives of Christ which ance minister of after years, William we call the hely gospels ?-Christ, the E. Gladstone, who could make a budget Founder of your religion and the Redeemer of your soul. There is a Bible on your parlor table; why do you not speech of three hours' length, and full of figures, which so interested the members of the House of Commons that read it, or have Mary Ann read, for a they filled the hall, standing and sithalf hour during the long evenings of Advent and Lent? How often do we

ting till midnight. The story has two morals. One is that a boy may be stupid in one study, and bright in all the remaining studies. The other moral is—and it is most important—that a boy may overcome by hard study his natural repugnance to a certain study, and even become an eminent master of it.

The Boys' Room.

down, the book is shut and classed again. Brethren, what does this ignoring on your part of the Word of God practically mean? Just this: The Catholic religion is not yours; it belongs to the priest. Once a week you come to the church, the priest distinctions, and if the amenities of you come to the church, the priest of the summer cleaning the boy's room is belonged by him again. The excellent work of His Almighty hand.

God created the heart of man to no other end than to love Him, and be beloved by him again. The excellent work of this end of the creation ought to convince us that it is the most excellent work of His Almighty hand.

The Boy's Room.

Someway in setting the house after other end than to love Him, and be beloved by him again. The excellence of this end of the creation ought to convince us that it is the most excellent work of His Almighty hand. you come to the church, the priest distinctions, and if the amenities of farms you out a little bit of the faith, life are left out in dealing with them and at more or less irregular intervals you come and see him privately and sturdy fellows, but gentle, manly boys you come and see him privately and render an account to him of the use—never. But a boy who has a room you have made of his property. Re- which has been specially prepared for you have made of his property. Religion is not personal; it is a family matter, part of a race tradition. If religion were a personal matter with ings of it, learns to take pride in it. you, you would read more about it, for He feels that it is his sanctum. Here you do so with all that really concerns he gathers together the treasures most you personally. Religion is part of a dear to his boyish heart and in the race tradition, and that is about all. This sounds very hard, but it is in many cases all too true. Make your religion your own, let it be something better to say boys' rooms. For differpersonally yours, and begin with the ent members of the sex vary greatly in their tastes and habits. If it is ever your good fortune to go through the dormitories of a large boys' boarding. school, or yet those of a college, you will readily understand this. I answer it will give you courage to bear your burdens: "This hath com-

There is the room of the neat boy whose effects are arranged with precision ; there is the one of the careless boy whose room is a veritable liberty hall. There is the room of the young dude whose arrangement of neckties my paths "(*ibid*. 105).

The reading of the Scriptures will proclaim his natural bent. Then the tastes; the dweller in that one is very fond of dogs, while across the hall is the sanctum of the boy who is very fond of games. There is no end to the variety of the genus boy. And it is a wise mother who studies her boy's taste

and fixes his room accordingly The idea that anything is good enough for a boy, housekeepers should eliminate from their minds. Anything is not good enough for a boy. To be trained into refined habits boys need refining influences. And mother can do much toward moulding the bent of her son's mind by suitably furnishing and decorating his room. A rack of books with his pet volumes upon it, a few good pictures, and such appliances for physical comfort and cleanliness as the young human ani-

ary for things doing this. Let them have their blackening boxes in a convenient receptacle. And give them plenty of whisk-brooms.

A set of shelves over the washstand, on which is placed a small bottle of amonia, eau de calogne, pumice stone and a bowl of yellow meal will aid a boy in keeping his hands in presentable condition. All the little habits of cleanliness have doubtless been acquired in the nursery before a boy is old enough to aspire to the dig nity of a room. Yet some of the neat ways will not be kept up by many boys unless their surroundings are favorable.

A boy usually takes much pride in a nice room. He enjoys cleanliness and order, and is not one whit behind his sister in the appreciation of artistic surroundings. Therefore, by all means let him have them.

WHICH ?

Entering the office of a well known merchant, says a correspondent of one of our exchanges, I lifted my eyes and found myself confronted with the brightest and most thrilling temperance lecture I ever steered myself grainst in the whole course of my life. It was an inscription marked with a pen on the back of a postal card nailed to the desk. The incription read as follows: WHICH?

WIFE OR WHISKY?
THE BABIES OR THE BOTTLE? HOME OR HELL?

"Where did you get that and what did you nail it up there for?" I asked

"I wrote that myself and nailed it up there," was his reply, "and I will tell you the story of that card. Some time ago I found myself faller. time ago I found myself falling into the drinking habit. I would run out once in a while with a visiting custom er or at the invitation of a traveling man, or on every slight occasion that offered. I soon found that my business faculties were becoming dullel, that my stomach was continually out of sorts, my appetite failing, and a constant craving for alcoholic stimulants becoming dominant. I saw tears in the eyes of my wife, wonder depicted on the faces of my children, and then I took a long look ahead. One day I sat down at this desk and half unconsciously wrote the inscription on that card. On looking at it upon its completion, its awful revela-tion burst upon me like a flash. I nailed it up there and read it over a

hundred times that afternoon. That night I went home sober, and I have not touched a drop of intoxicating liquor since. You see how startling is its alliteration. Now, I have no literary proclivities, and I regard that card as an inspiration. It speaks out three solemn warnings every time I look at it. The first is a voice from the altar, the second from the cradle, and the

head, and with that he resumed his work

I don't think I violate his confidence by repeating the story of that card. In fact, if it should lead to the writing of similar cards to adorn other desks, I think he will be immeasureably gratified.

Peace of the Soul.

On the government of this alone depends our spiritual life and death The art of governing it must need be very easy, since its true character is to act through love, and to do nothing by force.

All we have to do is to watch with great calmness, the true spirit of our actions.

To observe from whence they spring and whither they tend.
Whether they are achieved by the

heart, the source, of divine love, or by the understanding, from whence arises human vain glory. You will discover that it is the heart

which influences you in your good works, through a motive of love when all you do for God seems little, and after doing your best, you are ashamed of having done so little.

But you may conclude that your

actions proceed from the understand-ing moved by worldly motives when your good works, instead of producing meek and humble sentiments, leave nothing behind them but the empty illusions of vain glory, puffing you up with a false notion of having performed wonders, wh n in fact you have done

nothing that is praiseworthy.

Man's warfare mentioned by Job, consists in watching thus continually

over ourselves. This is to be performed without the least previshness or anxiety; for what is aimed at, is to give peace to the soul, to calm and appease its motions, when troubled or disturbed in its operations or prayers. For we may assured, in such a condition, prayers will be very indifferently said, till the soul be freed from all uneasiness.

Know that this may be affected by a single emotion of mildness, which is the only means of remedying this disorder and restoring her former tranquility.

Confusion as to the choice of a You cannot be well unless your blood is pure. Therefore purify your blood with the best blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? It there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

Cieanliness as the young human animals blood purifier is unnecessary. There is but one best Sarsaparilla, and that boy. Boys belonging to any but is Ayer's. This important fact was recognized at the World's Fair, Chicago, 1893, being the only blooding and the wealthy families must clean their own boots, brush their own clothes and look after their toilet appliances themselves. Let all boys be provided with the necession.



A YOUNG GIRL'S TRIALS.

Her Parent's Had Almost Given up Hope of Her Recovery.—Pale and Emaciated, Subject to Severe Head-aches, She Was Thought to be Colng Into a Decline.—Now the Picture of Health and Beauty.

From the Richibucto, N. B., Review. There are very few people, especially among the agriculturists of Kent county, N. B., who do not know Mr. H. H. Warman, the popular agent for agricultural machinery, of Molus River. A Review representative was in conversation with Mr. War-man recently, when the sub-ject of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was incidently touched upon. Mr. Warman said he was a staunch be-layer up their superly a proporties and liever in their curative properties, and to justify his opinion he related the cure of his sister, Miss Jessie War-man, aged fifteen, who he said had been "almost wrested from the grave by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." Miss



" A Picture of Health and Activity. almost constant headaches, dizziness heart palpitation, and was pale and bloodless, and eventually became so weak and emaciated that her parents thought that she was in consumption, and had all but given up hope of her recovery. Her father, Mr. Richard Warman, who is a well-to-do farmer, spared no expense to procure relief for the poor sufferer. The best available medical advice was employed, but no retief came, and although the parents were almost in despair, they still strove to find the means of restoring their loved one to health. Mr. War-man, like everybody else who reads the newspapers, had read of the many marvellous cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but, like some others, looked upon these stories as "mere patent medicine advertisements." However, as everything else had failed, he determined that Pink Pills should be given a trial, with a result no less marvellous than that of many other cases related through the known in this part of the country that no one would think of disputing any statement made by any of its members. Mr. H. H. Warman, on account of his business as salesman for agricultural machinery, is personally acquainted with nearly everybody in the county, and we feel assured that any enquiries

made of him concerning the statements made above will be readily answered. The gratifying results following the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the case of Miss Warman, prove that they are unequalled as a blood builder and nerve tonic. In the case of young girls who are pale or sailow, listless troubled with a fluttering or palpitation of the heart, weak and easily tired, no time should be lost in taking a course of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will speedily enrich the blood

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