

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twenty-fourth Sunday after Pentecost.

MARRYING OUT OF THE CHURCH.

In our course of instructions on marriage, my dear friends, we have so far spoken chiefly of the care which should be taken in the selection of the person who is to be one's constant companion through life, and shown that not only earthly happiness, but even the salvation of the soul, may depend on this choice being made wisely. We will now go on to consider the ceremony of marriage itself.

Some people, though they have always been Catholics and lived among Catholics, seem to be entirely ignorant of the laws and requirements of the Church on this subject. They appear to think that nothing has to be done but to call on the priest some fine evening, and that he will marry them then and there. And if it is not convenient to go to the priest, or if he makes any difficulty about it, why, then a Protestant minister or his honor the mayor will do at a pinch.

Now there are several points which these people need instruction about, and several mistakes which they make in this very important affair. We shall have to consider them separately. And we will begin with the greatest mistake of all which can be fallen into by Catholics who wish to get married, and that is to go to a Protestant minister for the purpose.

What is, then, the harm exactly of going to a Protestant minister to get married? Is it that a Protestant minister is an immoral or vicious character, with whom we should have nothing to do? By no means. He is, indeed, more likely to be blame for his errors in religion than his people, for he has, from his greater knowledge in religious matters, a better chance to know the truth; but even a minister may be in good faith about his doctrine. And in other respects he may be a worthy and estimable gentleman.

But the reason why Catholics should avoid going to him for marriage is that marriage is one of the seven sacraments which our Lord has entrusted to the keeping of His Church. These sacraments, then, belong to the Church, and we cannot recognize the right of those who separate from her to administer them or to assist officially at them, though they may have the power to do so validly.

Another, and a very weighty reason, why Catholics cannot go before a minister for marriage, is that no one but the Catholic clergy can be supposed to be sufficiently acquainted with the laws of God and of the Church regarding Christian marriage. There are impediments, as they are called, which make marriage invalid unless a dispensation is obtained from the proper source. Some of these are commonly known, such as those which proceed from a near relationship of the parties; but there are others which are not known even by name to the great mass of the faithful, and which a Protestant minister, even should he happen to know them, would never for a moment give to a minister to get married, run a great risk of not being really married at all, owing to these impediments not being detected or attended to. By the law of the State their marriage may be a good and real one, but in the sight of God it will not be so, if any such impediment should exist, and not have been removed by dispensation; and this holds, even though no suspicion of such an impediment should have arisen. You see, then, how important it is in this matter to consult those who are competent to advise them.

Natural Manners.

A woman never loses anything by being real. For a woman to be natural is for her to be an object of respect and love. She was created to sway, not as men sway, by strong physical powers, but in her way and by her more gentle powers. A natural woman is the greatest power in the world to-day. By her very nature she conquers, whether she be the wife of a humble clerk or a ten-times millionaire.

A lady writes the simple truth as follows: Barrie Island, Ont.—I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for the last nine years, but, being advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, can now heartily endorse it as being a most excellent remedy for this complaint, as I have been greatly benefited by its use.

Quincy Cured.

GENTLEMEN,—I used to be troubled with quinsy, having an attack every winter. About five years ago I tried Hayward's Yellow Oil applying it inside my throat with a feather. It quickly cured me and I have not since been troubled. I always keep it in the house.

Mr. G. W. Macnelly, Pavillion Mountain, B. C., writes: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best medicine I ever used for Rheumatism. Nearly every winter I am laid up with Rheumatism, and have tried nearly every kind of medicine without getting any benefit, until I used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It has worked wonders for me, and I want another supply for my friends, &c."

Satisfaction is guaranteed to every consumer of Hood's Sarsaparilla. One hundred doses in every bottle. No other does this.

LADY JANE.

CHAPTER XIV.

LADY JANE VISITS THE D'HAUTREVES. One morning Lady Jane was rewarded for her patient waiting; as usual, she was lingering on the sidewalk near the green fence, when she heard the key turn in the lock, and suddenly the door opened, and an elderly lady, very tall and thin, with a mild pale face, appeared and beckoned her to approach.

For a moment Lady Jane felt shy, and drew back, fearing that she had been a little rude in haunting the place so persistently; besides, to her knowledge, she had never before stood in the presence of "genuine French nobility," and the pale solemn looking woman, who, in spite of her rusty gown, had an air of distinction, rather awed her. However, her good breeding soon got the better of her timidity, and she went forward with a charming smile.

"Would you like to come in, my dear, and look at my flowers?" said the lady, opening the gate a little wider for Lady Jane to enter. "Yes, thank you, and Lady Jane smiled and flushed with pleasure when she caught a glimpse of the beautiful vista beyond the dark figure. "May I bring Tony in, too?"

"Certainly, I want to see him very much, but I want to see you more," and she laid her hand caressingly on the beautiful head of the child. "I've been watching you for some time."

"Have you? Why, how did you see me?" and Lady Jane dimpled with smiles.

"Oh, through a little chink in my fence; I see more than any one would think," replied the lady smiling.

"And you saw me waiting and waiting; oh, why didn't you ask me in before? I've wanted to come in so much, and did you know I'd been here singing with you?"

"No, I didn't know that."

"Are you Mam'selle Diane?"

"Yes, I am Mam'selle Diane; and what is your name?"

"I'm called Lady Jane."

"Lady Jane,—Lady? Why, do you know that you have a title of nobility?"

"But I'm not one of the nobility. It's my name, just Lady Jane. Papa always called me Lady Jane. I didn't know what nobility was, and Mr. Gex told me that you were one. Now I'll never forget what it is, but I'm not one."

"You're a very sweet little girl, all the same," said Mam'selle Diane, a smile breaking over her grave face. "Come in, I want to show you and your bird to mama."

Lady Jane followed her guide across a small, spotless side gallery into a tiny room of immaculate cleanliness, where, sitting in an easy chair near a high back, was an old, old lady, the oldest person Lady Jane had ever seen, with hair as white as snow, combed back from a delicate, shrunken face and covered with a little black silk cap.

"Mama, this is the little girl with the bird of whom I've been telling you," said Mam'selle Diane, leading her forward. "And, Lady Jane, this is my mother, Madame d'Hautreuve."

The old lady shook hands with the child and patted her head caressingly; then she asked, in a weak, quavering voice, if the bird wasn't too heavy for the little girl to carry.

"Oh, no, Madame," replied Lady Jane, brightly. "Tony's large, he grows very fast, but he isn't heavy, he's all feathers, he's very light; would you like to take him?"

"Oh, no, no, my dear, oh no," said the old lady, drawing back timidly. "I shouldn't like to touch it, but I should like to see it work. I suppose it's a crane, isn't it?"

"He's a blue heron, and he's not a common bird," replied Lady Jane, repeating her little formula, readily and politely.

"I see that it's different from a crane," said Mam'selle Diane, looking at Tony critically, who, now that his mistress had put him down, stood on one leg very much humped up, and making, on the whole, rather an ungainly figure.

"Tony always will do that before strangers," observed Lady Jane apologetically. "When I want him to walk about and show his feathers, he just draws himself up and stands on one leg."

"However, he is very pretty and very odd. Don't you think I might succeed in copying him?" and Mam'selle Diane turned an anxious glance on her mother.

"I don't know, my dear," quavered the old lady, "his legs are so long that they would break easily if they were made of sealing-wax."

"I think I could use a wire with the sealing-wax," said Mam'selle Diane, thoughtfully regarding Tony's leg.

"You see there would be only one."

"I know, my dear, but the wool you've got no wool the color of his feathers."

"Madame Jourdain would send for it."

"But, Diane, think of the risk; if you shouldn't succeed, you'd waste the wool, and you do the ducks so well; really, my dear, I think you'd better be satisfied with the ducks and the canaries."

"Mama, it would be something new, something original. I'm tired of ducks and canaries."

"Well, my dear, I shan't oppose you, if you think you can succeed, but its great risk to start out with an entirely new model, and you can't use the wool for the ducks if you should fail; you must think of that, my dear, whether you can afford to lose the wool, if you fail."

While this conversation was going on between Mam'selle Diane and her mother, Lady Jane's bright eyes were taking in the contents of the little room. It was very simply furnished, the floor was bare, and the walls were destitute of adornment, save over the small fireplace, where hung a fine portrait of a very handsome man dressed in a rich court dress of the time of Louis XIV. This elegant portrait was Mam'selle Diane's grandfather, the Comte d'Hautreuve, and under this really fine work of art, on the small mantelpiece, was some of the handicraft of his impoverished granddaughter, which fascinated Lady Jane to such a degree that she had neither eyes nor ears for anything else.

The center of the small shelf was ornamented with a tree made of a variety of shades of green wool over a wire frame, and apparently hopping about among the foliage, on little sealing-wax bills, were a number of little wool birds of every color under the sun, while at each end of the mantel were similar little trees, one loaded with soft yellow canaries, the other with little fluffy white things of a species to puzzle an ornithologist. Lady Jane thought they were adorable, and her fingers almost ached to caress them.

"Oh, how pretty they are!" she sighed, at length, quite overcome with admiration; "how soft and yellow! Why, they are like real live birds, and they're ever so much prettier than Tony," she added glancing ruefully at her homely pet; "but then they can't hop and fly and come when you call them."

Madame d'Hautreuve and Mam'selle Diane witnessed her delight with much satisfaction. It seemed a tardy, but genuine, recognition of genius.

"There, you see, my dear, that I was right, I've always said it," quavered the old lady. "I've always said that your birds were wonderful, and the child sees it; children tell the truth, they are sincere in their praise, and when they discover merit, they acknowledge it simply and truthfully. I've always said that all you needed to give you a reputation was recognition."

"I've always said it, if you remember; but show her the ducks, my dear, show her the ducks. I think, if possible, that they are more natural than the others."

Mam'selle Diane's sad, grave face lighted up a little as she led the child to a table near the side window which was covered with pieces of colored flannel, sticks of sealing-wax, and bunches of soft yellow wool. In this table was a drawer which she drew out carefully, and there on little scalloped flannel mats of various colors sat a number of small yellow downy ducklings.

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed Lady Jane, not able to find other words at the moment to express her wonder and delight.

"Would you like to hold one?" asked Mam'selle Diane, taking one out.

Lady Jane held out her pink palm, and rapturously smoothed down its little woolly back with her soft fingers.

"Oh, how pretty, how pretty!" she repeated in a half-suppressed tone.

"Yes, I think they are rather pretty," said Mam'selle Diane modestly, "but then they are so useful."

"What are they for?" asked Lady Jane in surprise; she could not think they were made for any purpose than for ornament.

"They are pen-wipers, my dear, you see, the pen is wiped with the little cloth mat they are sitting on."

"Yes, they were pen-wipers; Mademoiselle Diane d'Hautreuve, granddaughter of the Comte d'Hautreuve, made little woolen ducklings for pen-wipers, and sold them quite secretly to Madame Jourdain, on the Rue Royale, in order to have bread for her aged mother and herself."

Lady Jane unknowingly had solved the financial mystery connected with the d'Hautreuve ladies, and at the same time she had made another valuable friend for herself.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Why the Archbishop Should be Present.

In a letter of invitation to Archbishop Corrigan to be present at the dedication, October 22nd, of the State building at the Columbian Exposition, Dr. Chauncey Depew, President of the State Commission, says: "The fact that the New World was discovered under the auspices of your Church, and that it was the influence of a distinguished prelate which secured for Columbus the countenance of the Spanish authorities, and the further interesting fact that the identical land of the New World on which Columbus first set foot is now under your ecclesiastical jurisdiction, render your presence on the occasion peculiarly appropriate."

A Tonic and Reconstructor.

Mr. C. Harper, Ottawa, Ont., writes: "I have pleasure in stating that your Pink Pills are a wonderful tonic and reconstructor of the system. Since beginning their use, I have gained, on an average, a pound of flesh a week. All dealers, post paid, \$2.50 a box, or six boxes for \$25. Beware of imitations or substitutes. Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Brockville, Ont."

For Young or Old.

Children and adults are equally benefited by the use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, its new and successful cough remedy. It stops coughs in one night, and may be relied on as an effectual remedy for colds, asthma, bronchitis and similar troubles. Price 25 and 50c. at druggists.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most-to-be-dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmentier's valuable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

Minard's Liniment cures Colds, etc.

"Thou Shall Earn Thy Bread by the Sweat of Thy Brow."

Selah in Morning Star.

Labor is king. Labor is the builder and mover of human works. Labor is foundation and the massive frame of the building.—Capital is the ornamental trimmings of consummated work.

Capital is the resting bourn of an accomplished fact. It is the ultimate end; beyond, it is dissolution.

Labor is as everlasting as the world. As long as the sun shines and man lives, labor will be the beginning of all things human—their foundation.

When labor has reached the end of its aim, it finds itself the possessor of capital, the sole ultimate *finis* of its efforts. It can go no further—it must stand still; and to stand still or inert, is the first step towards dissolution.

Man is a toiling progressive animal; he toils, he builds up, and when he has reached the summit of his pyramid, he lays still, rots and disappears.

Thus have families, peoples, communities kingdoms and empires risen; to build and flourish, and disappear.

It is useless to quote history. It stands vivid with the beginning, increase and end of all things human, and wherever you turn, labor has been the conqueror, and hence the survivor; for labor can alone rebuild and reacquire the capital that is lost.

The tenure of capital is so ephemeral that an instant will sweep it away while it took years to acquire it.

Labor is self-existing being the positive heir-loom of man from God—man's destiny on earth.

The contention of capital against labor can only be of short duration, for all things must return to their source from whence they came; and as labor made capital, therefore labor will always be the ultimate absorber.

How can capital conquer labor, when it has to use labor to conquer it? And as all things of a same nature will amalgamate, hence, the very tools which capital has to use, will turn against it, and be ultimately its most dangerous enemies.

United labor masters the world, and, like the chained lion, it never knows its strength until it has burst its fetters.

To coerce it is to strengthen it. To attack it is to unite it.

All convulsions which have changed the nature and forms of nations have come from the upheavings of trampled labor. From a patient beast of burden when trodding its accustomed paths, it becomes an insatiable tiger when attacked in its lair.

Thackeray's Tribute.

It will interest the reader to know that Thackeray was in strong sympathy with the Catholic Church. His bosom friend, William B. Read, of Philadelphia, in a valuable little book, published anonymously and now very scarce, bears witness to the fact; and I quote his words all the more willingly for the reason that when this essay of Mr. Read's was published in a series printed in New York the interesting passage was omitted. Bigotry dies hard.

"Thackeray," says his friend, "was in one sense—not a technical one—a religious, or, rather, a devout man, and I have sometimes fancied (start not, Protestant reader!) that he had a sentiment leaning to the Church of Christian antiquity. Certain it is he never sneered at it or disparaged it."

"After all," said he one night to him who writes these notes, driving through the streets of an American city, and passing a Roman Catholic cathedral, "that is the only thing that can be called a church."

We will think none the less kindly of Thackeray for this good word.—Brother Azarias.

In all imitations of the Myrtle Navy to be made yet attempted, either in form or color, the Myrtle Navy plug has been made a trifle lighter in weight. The latter defect is apt to escape the attention of the consumer and I have to regret a greater number of plugs than before. The Myrtle Navy is made three plugs to the pound and each plug is carefully weighed.

Aching Pains Removed.

GENTLEMEN,—I cannot but praise B. B. B. for it has revived me wonderfully. I was completely run down, had aching pains in my shoulders, a tired feeling in my limbs, and I have to regret a greater number of plugs than before. The Myrtle Navy is made three plugs to the pound and each plug is carefully weighed.

No article takes hold of Blood Diseases like Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery.

It works like magic. Miss C., Toronto, writes: "I have to thank you for what Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery has done for me. I had a sore on my knee as large as the palm of my hand, and could get nothing to do any good until I used the Discovery. Four bottles completely cured it."

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

ITCHING HUMORS

Torturing, disgusting eczema, and every species of itching, burning, itching, and stinging skin eruptions, with dry, thin, and falling hair, are relieved in many cases by single application, and speedily and economically cured by the

CUTICURA

Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, granular of humor remedies, when the best physicians fail. CUTICURA RESOLVENT cures every humor, eruption, boils, eczema, pimples, and similar troubles. Price 25 and 50c. at druggists.

FREE FROM RHEUMATISM.

In one minute the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster relieves rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, kidney, chest, and muscular pains and weakness. The first and only pain-killing strengthening plaster.

SURPRISE SOAP

While the best for all household uses, has peculiar qualities for easy and quick washing of clothes. READ the directions on the wrapper.



Never be without a supply of JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. Convenient in domestic cooking. Indispensable in times of sickness. Easily prepared, Readily digested, Very strength-giving.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR CHOCOLAT MENIER

Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs. For Samples sent Free write to C. ALFRED CHOUILLON, MONTREAL. 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. For Children and the aged they are precisely adapted.

CAUTION. MYRTLE NAVY T. & B. NONE OTHER GENUINE. A GREAT OFFER.

The CATHOLIC RECORD FOR ONE YEAR

Webster's - Dictionary 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 dictionary is a necessity in every home, school and business house. It fills a vacancy, and furnishes knowledge which one hundred other volumes of the choicest books could supply. Young and Old, Educated and Ignorant, Rich and Poor, should have it within reach, and refer to it every day in the year.

The HURON and ERIE Loan & Savings Company

ESTABLISHED 1864. Subscribed Capital - \$2,500,000 Paid up Capital - - - 1,300,000 Reserve Fund - - - 602,000 J. W. LITTLE, President JOHN BEATTIE, Vice-President

Books We Ought to Read

The Incarnate Word and the Devotion to the Sacred Heart. By Rev. G. Tickell, S. J., 30 cents. Catholic Teacher, 12mo, cloth, 30 cents. History of the Middle Ages. By Rev. P. F. Gazeau, S. J., 12mo, cloth, 50 cents. Bible History of the Old and New Testaments. By Dr. J. Schuster. Revised by Mrs. Jas. Sadlier. 12mo, cloth, \$1.00. The Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman. With a brief Auto-biography. Edited by Cardinal Newman's request, 2 vols., 12mo, cloth, \$4.00. The Works of R. W. Emerson: Nature, Addresses and Lectures, 8vo, cloth, \$1.25. Phases of Thought and Criticism: Principally a portrayal of the characters of Newman and Emerson. By Brother Azarias, 12mo, cloth, \$1.50. Development of Old English Thought. This volume traces the development of old English thought as expressed in old English literature. By Bro. Azarias, 12mo, cloth, \$1.25. Books and Reading. This volume serves as a criterion on what, and how to read. By Brother Azarias, 12mo, cloth, 50 cents. Oratory and Orators. The power and influence of the orator. Orator's help, etc. By Wm. Matthews, LL. D., 12mo, cloth, \$2.00. Dictionary of Quotations from the Poets, with dates of birth and death. By Miss A. L. Ward, 12mo, cloth, \$2.50. Familiar Quotations. Being an attempt to trace well-remembered passages and phrases in common use. By John Bartlett, 12mo, cloth, \$1.00. Life and Poems of John Boyle O'Reilly, 8vo, cloth, \$1.50. Canadian Pen and Ink Sketches, containing a highly interesting description of Montreal and its environs. By John Fraser, 8vo, cloth, \$1.50. Any of the above books sent free by mail on receipt of price.

D. & J. SADLER & CO. Religious Articles.

Catholic Publishers, Church Ornaments and Religious Articles. 1609 Notre Dame St., 125 Church St., MONTREAL.

DR. WOODRUFF, No. 185 QUEEN'S AVE.

Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and troubles of the throat. Eyes tested, catarrhs adjusted. Hours, 12 to 4.