

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Third Sunday After Easter.

HOW TO WORK FOR SALVATION. "The God of all grace, who hath called us to his eternal glory in Christ Jesus, after you have suffered a little while, will himself perfect you, and confirm you, and establish you."

The time in which the Easter Communion should be made is now drawing towards its close. To-day is the third Sunday after Easter, and Trinity Sunday, the last day for fulfilling the precept, is only five weeks off. All, therefore, who have not yet performed their duty should begin to think seriously about it.

There is a very weighty consideration which I wish to lay before those who are still negligent. Indeed, what I have to say concerns all who remain for any length of time in the state of sin. This consideration is not merely the danger of dying in this state, and consequently being lost for ever. This, of course, is a point which no prudent man will neglect. What I wish specially to point out, however, is that, even supposing that those who are in the state of sin could be certain that they would before the end recover the state of grace, and should actually do so, and so secure eternal happiness, yet, for all that, the whole of the time spent in the state of sin would have been lost. Now, that this loss is not trifling one, will appear from what I am going to say.

As you well know, my dear brethren, Almighty God requires of each of us that we shall work out our own salvation. The happiness which we shall obtain, if we obtain it, will be the just reward of our labor. This reward must be earned. The crown of glory is not an alms thrown to a beggar; it is the payment due in justice for work done. But this is only a part of the truth. We have, indeed, to earn, to deserve the eternal recompense which God has promised; but that we may be able to do so God's grace is necessary. Not necessary merely in the sense that God's actual help must go before us and accompany us in all our good actions, but necessary in the sense that he who merits must be in the state of grace.

Now, given that a man is in the state of grace, every supernatural work at least—that is to say, every work which springs from faith and hope—is a meritorious action, and deserves for him who performs it an increase of never ending joy and happiness. We may, perhaps, go even farther than this; for there seems to be good reason for thinking that not merely every supernatural action, but every good action, even though it springs from merely naturally good motives, is meritorious in God's sight. And not only are the actions of a man who is in the state of grace meritorious, but the greater part of them have also another fruit of great value. The temporal punishment to which, there is reason to think, the larger number of men are liable must be satisfied for, before we can enter into the kingdom of heaven. Now, almost all the actions which are performed in the state of grace satisfy for the temporal punishment which otherwise we should have to undergo. So that the works done in the state of grace have a two-fold value: they are meritorious of reward, and they satisfy for temporal punishment.

But now suppose that these same works are done by a man not in the state of grace, but in the state of sin, what are they worth? I will not say that they are worth nothing; that is certain—they are neither really meritorious nor satisfactory. They do not earn for us the recompense of eternal life, which must be earned. All the works done by a man in this state are lost, and the time is lost. It matters not how difficult or how good in other respects these works and actions may be, they do not deserve eternal life; if this is so, is not this in itself a sufficient reason for at once fulfilling our duty, and thereby obtaining such a value for our actions as to make our life really worth living?

Catholics vs. Irreligious Education.

There are a good many people who are not Catholics, but who believe that the educational theories and systems which the Catholic Church upholds and illustrates in her schools, academies and colleges are the only correct ones. Such a person is that eminent educator, Mr. G. Stanley Hall, who, writing to the *Journal of Education*, says: "No virtues of a secular school system can atone for the absence of all religious cultivation. We have much to learn from the Catholic Church in this regard. I am a Protestant of the Protestants; but I would rather a child of mine should be educated in a nunnery, or in a rigid parochial school, with its catechism and calendar of saints, than to have no religious training."

And Doctor Hall is by no means the only American Protestant who recognizes the terrible consequences of subjecting a child to an irreligious system and course of education.

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A DINNER PILL.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and, instead of being a healthy nutriment, it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or dyspepsia.

Great battles are continually going on in the human system. Hood's Sarsaparilla drives out disease and restores health.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Nobody knows of the work it makes, To keep the home together; Nobody knows of the steps it takes, Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes, Which kisses only smother, Nobody's pained by naughty blows, Nobody—but mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless care Bestowed on baby brother, Nobody knows of the tender pray'r, Nobody—but mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught Of loving one another; Nobody knows of the patience sought, Nobody—but mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears, Left darlings may not weather The storm of life in after years, Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above To thank the Heavenly Father, For that sweetest gift—a mother's love; Nobody—but mother.

An Old Man's Advice.

"I can mind once," says an old man, "when I was a little boy helping mother to store away apples. I put my arms around ever so many of them, and tried to bring them all. I managed for a step or two. Then out fell one, and another, and two or three or more, till they were all rolling over the floor. Mother laughed."

"Now Daniel," she said, 'I am going to teach you a lesson.'

"So she put my little hands tight around one apple."

"There," she said, 'bring that and then fetch another.'

"I've often thought about it when I've seen folks who might be doing ever so much good if they didn't try to do too much at once. Don't go trying to put your arms around a year! And don't go troubling about next week. Wake up in the morning and think like this."

"Here's another day come. Whatever I do and whatever I don't do, Lord help me to do this; help me to live to Thee."

If you take an old man's advice, boys and girls, you will be sure to be happy all the time.

Take Care of the Chest.

"Take care of your chest," says a physical culture teacher, "and the rest of your body will take care of itself. The chest is the chief thing to be remembered. Keep it well raised, and your head, spine and shoulders will involuntarily assume their proper positions without any effort on your part. The cry from parents and teachers used to be, 'Throw your shoulders back!' But this mistaken notion is now completely exploded. The shoulders have nothing to do with correct posture. It is all the chest, and its elevation or depression will regulate the rest of the body. The chest is the seat of all things spiritual, elevated and ennobling. Bring it into prominence and you bring into prominence the best qualities of your nature."

"It has been said that whatever psychological attribute is most marked in a human being is correspondingly most marked in his physical being. If he's a glutton, his stomach is most in evidence; if a scholar or brain worker, his head is sure to be thrust forward; but if he preserves a proper intellectual balance he walks with his chest in advance of the rest of his body."

"It is curious, too, how one may really influence his own mental condition in this way. Just try and see how impossible it is to say, 'Oh, how happy I am!' with sunken chest and spent breath. One involuntarily lifts his chest and takes a good, long breath when he says anything optimistic and brave, for if he doesn't he might just as well say, 'Have mercy on us miserable sinners.' The effect is the same. There is no surer cure for the 'blues,' or like malaises, than merely lifting the chest and taking a good, long breath. It scores away all the bugaboos of pessimism."—New York Sun.

Sorrow and Kindness.

A pale little lad in a west bound train glanced wistfully towards a seat where a mother and her merry children were eating lunch. The tears gathered in his eyes though he tried to keep them back. A passenger came and stood beside him.

"What's the trouble?" he asked.

"Have you no lunch?"

"Yes, I have a little left, and I'm not so awfully hungry."

"What is it, then? Tell me; perhaps I can help you."

"It's—it's so lonely, and there's such a lot of them over there, and— and they've got their mother."

The young man glanced at the black band on the boy's hat. "Ah," he said gently, "and you've lost yours?"

"Yes, and I'm going to my uncle; but I have never seen him. A kind lady, the doctor's wife, who put up this lunch, hung this card to my neck, and said to me to show it to the ladies on the car and they would be kind to me, but I didn't show it to anyone yet. You may read it if you like."

The young man raised the card and read the name and address of the boy. Below were the words:

"And whoever shall give drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you he shall in no wise lose his reward."

The reader brushed his hand across his eyes and was silent for a moment. Then "I'll come back very soon," he said and made his way to the mother and her children.

And presently little Georgie felt a pair of loving arms about him, and a woman's voice, half sobbing, calling him a poor, dear fellow, begged him

to come with her to her children. And for the rest of that journey, at least, motherless Georgie had no lack of "mothering."

A Wise Little Insect.

Of all small creatures, none is more interesting or worthy of study than the ant. Solomon observed these tiny work-men and drew lessons of wisdom from their industry and forethought. Ants are very intelligent. They will form themselves into armies, with officers to lead and command, and will fight real battles. After one of these battles they will carry off the dead and wounded as carefully as real soldiers.

They march in regular order, and in battle never mistake friend for foe. They keep pets as well as we do cats and dogs, these pets being a much smaller kind of ant. They also keep slaves and prisoners, and an insect which supplies them with a juice of which they are very fond in somewhat the same manner that cows furnish us with milk.

There are mason ants, mining ants, and warrior ants. One species of ants builds paved cities, constructs roads, and sustains a large military force. There are some species of ants that construct houses large enough to hold a dozen men, with roofs impervious to the rain, and with large rooms and galleries.

Much pleasure and profit may be obtained from the study of God's works in nature. In birds, insects, flowers, may be found perpetual delight. In all these things we can see the wonderful goodness and powers of God. All nature is a museum to those who have eyes to see and hearts to feel the manifestations of Divine love and skill.

It is a good thing for young people to cultivate the power of observation. It will open up to them a thousand avenues of pleasure, and keep them from ever feeling lonesome or have the time hang heavily on their hands. Eyes or no eyes make the difference between the scientist and the common man. Solomon was a keen observer, and he it was who said: "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise."

An Aged Woman's Advice.

A young girl once heard a bit of wisdom from the lips of a very aged woman—a woman who had rounded the full term of ninety years, and with eyes still bright and clear looked out upon the inrolling waters of eternity, says *Harper's Bazaar*. The girl was impressed with the emphasis with which the venerable dame said to her, "Bessie, never insist on having the last word." The determination to have the last word leads to more quarrels and more bitterness of feeling at home than most anything else in domestic life. The fact is, that one may so control her tongue and her eyes that she may allow her opponent the pleasure of this coveted concluding thrust and yet placidly retain her own opinion, and, in the homely colloquial parlance of the up-country, where one finds strong-willed people living together in peace with the most pronounced diversity of characteristics, "do as she's a mind to."

Another bit of wisdom may be condensed into a pithy sentence. Avoid explanations. In some families nothing is taken for granted. Every action, every decision, every new departure, every acceptance or rejection of an invitation, must be endlessly talked and fussed over, explained and re-explained. In that way lie all sorts of stumbling blocks. As a rule, beyond your parents there is nobody who has the right to demand of you explanations at each step of your onward path. Don't give them. Establish a reputation for keeping your own counsel. It will serve you well in many a crisis, and be no end of a comfort.

Again, don't be forever setting people right. There is a household fiend with a memory for dates and details, who can never sit still and hear papa say that he went down town on Monday, at 8, without correcting the statement with the remark that the hour was half-past. If mamma happens to allude to Cousin Jenny's visit as having occurred last Thursday, the wasp-like impersonation of accuracy interposes with the statement that it was Friday, not Thursday, which brought Cousin Jane. A dozen times a day exasperating frictions are caused by needless corrections of this sort, referring to matters where exactness is not really imperative, the affairs in question being unimportant, and no violation of truth being for an instant intended.

A manifest bit of wisdom is to refrain from criticism of food. The sauce may not be quite piquante enough, the salad may be wilted; but in the name of decency say nothing about it in either case.

Silence is golden in nearly every instance where a defect obtains in the home economy.

To abstain from superfluous apologies is also the habit of discretion. There should seldom be the occasion for apology in the household, where all would do well and wisely to be constantly gentle and courteous.

It may be only a trifling cold, but neglect it and it will fatten its fangs in your lungs, and you will soon be carried to an untimely grave. In this country we have sudden changes and must expect to have coughs and colds. We cannot avoid them, but we can have a cure by using Bickel's Anti-Congestive Syrup, the medicine that has been known to fail in curing coughs, colds, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs and chest.

Mrs. Celeste Cook, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmentier's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box



entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

BANEFUL TAIN OF PRIDE.

We give below an extract from a masterly sermon on Pride delivered by Rev. Henry A. Otko of Chattanooga, in which the good pastor points out how insidious is the sin by which the angels fell, and how like an octopus it throws its tentacles across every path of man's life:

"In the human heart there nestles a certain craving for honor—one strives to overtop the other and frequently arrogates to himself the prerogatives and qualifications of his neighbor. This contention of man is un-Christian, and inevitably leads to an innumerable series of errors. Pride is the vice which, according to Scripture, history and daily experience, is the foundation and root of all evil. Pride caused the fall of the angels and plunged them from the uppermost dome of heaven to the sulphurous pit. Pride cajoled our first parents to disobedience and drove them out of paradise. Pride inflicted a punishment, not confined to one couple, one race, or one nation, but to all peoples; all races, all nations. Pride flooded the earth with the ills of sixty centuries and will be the cause of all misery to come."

Pride created the angel of death and caused the spirit of war, famine and pestilence to breathe on the nations. Pride incited the brothers of Joseph to dispose of him, and silvered the hair of a Jacob. Pride drowned the enemies of Pharaoh, petrified the hearts of the Nivvites, burned the city of Sodom and changed the beautiful country of Gomorrah into a salt sea. Pride closed the schools of Athens; disrupted the Roman Empire; Lutheratized Germany; apostatized England, that isle of chivalry, and opened the gates of Paris to infidelity.

Pride murdered a Caesar, prostituted an Anthony, drove Marius to the ruins of Carthage and Henry from Canossa; uncrowned the monk of Wittenberg, bespattered the altar of Canterbury with the blood of a Becket and banished Napoleon to the chilly isle of Helona. The statesman at the head of the nation, the general at the head of the army, the father at the head of a family, the aged philosopher at the head of the school of his day, the merchant in his office, the priest in the church, the monk and nun in the cloister, the mother in the family's sacred tabernacle, the child in the lap of his mother, are one and all poisoned by Pride.

Pride is born in us before our birth; and although yet infantine and barely perceptible, one word, one look, yes! even a hand shake will suddenly convert it into a monstrous giant. When Pride appears virtue disappears. Purity, kindness and charity are banished and pride introduces her eldest daughter, Impurity, and her twin children, Calumny and Detraction, to abide in the heart she has conquered. Pride is so deluding that the eye of a tender mother sees not its beginning; the ear of a loving father hears not its vain boasting; the spirits of both are insensible to the ruinous touch it has laid on the future of their children. Such, my friends, are the ravages caused by Pride.

A Just Criticism of the Public Schools.

There are too many "fads" in our schools to the exclusion of those more important subjects which are vital to the welfare of society. The great majority of boys and girls in our schools are destined by nature and environment for commonplace lives of honest, hard work. Such need a thorough drill in basal studies—language, arithmetic, geography, etc., and they have not the slightest use in the world for two thirds of the "isms" and "ologies" that are crowded into the ordinary school curriculum.

To get through with credit the regular public school course necessitates an amount of night study that cannot but be bad for even a robust child, and it is simply ruinous for a delicate boy or girl. There is no sight more pitiful than to see, as one frequently does nowadays, the child of ten or fifteen years of age wearing spectacles—his eyes injured by night study.

It is time that sensible, practical educators take this matter in hand and overhaul our school systems. School Superintendent Brown, of San Luis Obispo County, expresses the matter in a nutshell when asked to define school fads: "Any study which consumes much time beyond reading, spelling, writing, arithmetic, language or grammar, history and geography, the essential studies, may be called 'fads.'"—The Monitor, San Francisco.

Be not proud of thy own works, for the judgments of God are different from the judgments of men, and oftentimes that displeases Him which pleases men.—The Imitation.

It is much more secure to be in a state of subjection than in authority.—The Imitation.

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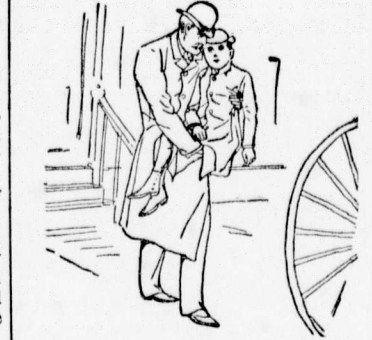
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From the Wolfville, N. S., Acadia.

Mr. T. W. Beckwith is the proprietor of the Royal Hotel, Wolfville, the most important hotel in the town, and is a man well known and esteemed throughout that section. He has a bright, handsome-looking son, thirteen years of age, named Freddie, who is a lad of more than average intelligence. It is pretty well known in Wolfville that Freddie underwent a very severe illness, though perhaps the means to which he owes his recovery is not so generally known, and a statement of the case may be the means of helping some other sufferer. On the 26th of December, 1893, Freddie was taken ill and was confined to his room and his bed until March, 1894. Two different physicians were called in during his long illness. One said he had la grippe, and the other that his trouble was rheumatic fever. He was troubled



with severe pains through the muscles of his legs and arms, after three or four days was obliged to take to bed, where he lay nearly all winter, suffering terribly from the pains. He became reduced almost to a skeleton, and was unable to relish food of any kind. During his illness he suffered relapse owing to trying to get up sooner than he should. Boy-like he was anxious to get out and enjoy the beautiful spring sunshine, and for several days was carried out and taken for a drive. This brought on the relapse. The doctor was again called in, and as he continued to grow worse he was ordered once more to bed. Things then looked very dark, as, despite the medical care, he did not get any better. At last his father decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Soon after beginning their use Freddie began to feel better. His appetite began to return and the pains were less severe. As he continued the use of the Pink Pills he regained health and strength rapidly, and in about a month was apparently as well as ever, the only remaining symptom of his trying illness being a slight pain in the leg, which did not disappear for several

Wise Words.

The intellect is really a passive faculty which is roused to activity only by its appropriate object.

Scandal is a bit of false money, and he who passes it is frequently as bad as he who originally utters it.

Cultivate the mind which God has given you and which He proposes one day to inundate with His glory and blessedness.

The everyday cares and duties, which man calls drudgery, are the weights and counterpoises of the clock of time, giving its pendulum a true vibration, and its hands a regular motion.

One great mystical theologian calls the gifts of the Holy Ghost the seven sails of the soul, in which it catches the various breezes of inspiration, and so navigates the sea of perfection.

Greatest Words of Jesus.

The Boston *Globe* of Easter Sunday had a symposium on "The Greatest Thing Jesus Ever Said." The Catholic idea was supplied by Rev. Timothy Brosnahan, S. J., rector of Boston College, who wrote:

"The best thing Jesus said!" A bewildering problem surely, where all is infinitely good, to select the best, and not solvable by me. In keeping with the Easter season the words: "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go before to prepare a place for you," are inspiring and consoling."

THE "NEW WOMAN" NOT IN IT.

With all her freaks and fads the "New Woman" does not commence to enjoy the same comfort with her masculine clothing that a man does. For she will almost always sacrifice comfort for style and effect, while with a man comfort comes first. Men's suits and overcoats admit of such few changes in style that the main question is to get a becoming color, and, for severe weather, to make them warm enough without too much bulk or weight. And here men take advantage of the many feminine appropriations of their styles and borrow the invaluable FROCK COATS on which such extensive sleeves are stylishly built, using it in winter coats and vests for the sake of the beautiful warmth it gives, a comforting warmth which neither wind nor rain will penetrate.



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