(St. Matt., ix., 6.)

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

BAD THOUGHTS. Why do you think evil in your hearts?

What harm can there be in mere thoughts? They are only light and

momentary fancies, various and fleet-ing as summer clouds, coming and

going as if by some will of their own, quite independent of our control.

quite independent of our control.
Will God regard even our thoughts?

Will He judge us by what we have dreamed, rather than by what we have

our thoughts. Our Lord Jesus Christ tells us that all sin has its birthplace in

the heart, and is as truly in the thought as in the act. "Out of the

abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," He says; and again: "The things which proceed out of the

mouth come forth from the heart, and those things defile a man. For out of

the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false testimonies, blasphemies. These

You see what a serious matter our

thoughts must be in God's sight, when they are thus put in the same catalogue

with such enormous sins as murder, adultery, theft, perjury and blasphemy. St. John Chrysostom truly said: "Men's

souls are not so greatly injured by the temptations which assail them from out-

side, as from those evil thoughts which poison them within." Evil thoughts are very dangerous indeed. We must be constantly on guard against them.

And if there are any who think that

they are safe so long as they keep their bodies from evil, and allow their hearts and minds to indulge in all sorts

of irregular imaginations, they are guilty of grievous sin; they may not be staining their bodies, but they are cor-

rupting their souls.

And these evil thoughts are as the

sands of the sea-shore for multitude—envious thoughts, profane thoughts, angry thoughts, discontented thoughts,

greedy thoughts, unclean thoughts. They are only little thoughts, perhaps

but together they make a great host. And they come buzzing around the

head and heart like a swarm of flies. You remember the plague of flies

which afflicted the Egyptians in King Pharao's time. Well, I am afraid that the hearts of some of you are very much

like the houses of those Egyptians-full of swarms of evil thoughts, thick

as flies, making a breeding place in your souls, and rendering them foul,

festering masses of corruption. When you kneel down to pray, they come to distract you. When you are with

others, they influence your conversa-

there filling your mind with images and fancies. In church they disturb you.

When you walk they accompany you. When you work they interrupt you. And, like the plague in Egypt, "The

And, like the plague in Egypt, "The land is corrupted by this kind of

Now, my brethren, it is perfectly true that we cannot help such thoughts coming in to the mind; but we can help their staying there. We can prevent our hearts and minds from being

hives and nests for them to dwell in

We can drive them away, give them

nothing to feed on, clear them out as pests and nuisances. They may buzz

around us and vex us, and worry us never so sorely, yet they can do no

harm so long as they are not given ad-

Though evil thoughts may come to

always banish them, and pray against

them, and refuse consent to them,

so far from committing sin, we gain a victory every time, and store

up merit in God's sight. Sin begins

ted and willingly entertained.
You know what the custom-house is

All goods coming into this country are

examined there, and if anything unlawful is discovered it is promptly seized and condemned. Would it not

be a good plan for us to establish spiritual custom-houses at the door of our hearts, and subject all our thoughts to

rigid inspection? If they are good, let them in gladly; if they are bad,

seize, condemn, destroy them at once. Don't allow one to enter. There is no

such thing as "duty" on bad thoughts;

they are absolutely contraband; they must not be allowed to pass at any

If they are good,

bly when they are consciously admit-

When you are alone, they are

are the things that defile a man."

Yes, my brethren, God does regard

OBER 5, 1895.

BY TAKING

my hands were as n Eruptions were. My business, we cab-driver, requires me

he Sarsaparilla at the World's Fair.

this agency is to supply, at the nices, any kind of goods inctured in the United States. Is and conveniences of this to a few of which are; the din the heart of the whole active with the leading manufactures are nable it to purchase it with the leading manufactures are nable it to purchase it or commissions from the imacturers, and hence—commissions are charged it assess made for them, and giving benefit of my experience and cutal prices charged, benefit of my experience and cutal prices charged; the witing of only one letter ill insure the prompt and corthorders. Besides, there will see or freight charge. Untside of New York, who may tress of houses selling a parties, can get such goods all the to this Agency.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Forming a Habit. No effort is required to form a bad habit. It forms itself by mere repetition. Unpleasant habits are usually the result of thoughtlessness in the beginning. It is so with slang phrases, forms of speech, and dis-agreeable mannerisms. Any habit of word or manner once acquired is

only broken by most persistent efforts. In things comparatively small and frequently practised we lose conscious ness of what is done, hence it is well-nigh impossible to break away from

their habitual use.

The safe way is to commence right, and the only sure method is to think about what is to be said and done. If speech is golden we cannot afford to let counterfeit words become current. In accepting change we look carefully at the five-cent pieces and dimes as well as other coins. Words are the currency of communication, and they should be fitly chosen as well as fitly spoken. Good manners do not always insure uprightness, but when assumed by the villain they are garments stolen from the wardrobe of true gentility. First of all the heart should be right; then proper habit of speech and manner should be the outward expression of the true gentility of the

Was it a Dream.

Once upon a time—that is a good old fashioned way of beginning a tale—a worn-out weary man named Joseph, oppressed with many cares and anxieties, was making his way rather dolefully along the Strand in the great city City of London. The street was full of bustling, giddy crowds, all bent upon pleasure. Joseph watched the gay and merry throngs and wondered how they could be so merry when there was so much sorrow and misery around them. People, you know, who have any trouble upon their minds often look at the world through very dismal spec-

However, Joe was not a mere dreary dreamer, so he did not allow his thoughts of self to blind him to the wants of others. A poor, miserablelooking woman near him asked a plump, well-dressed man who was passing by "to give her a trifle for the love of God." The only reply she received was a harsh threat that "if she did not be off he would give her in charge." The poor threatened mortal, who was evidently a novice at the begging business, shrunk away as if she had been struck, and hurried up Southampton street.

Joe was a soft hearted fellow in his way; most of his troubles in life had come from the same failing or virtueit may be either, according to the use r abuse of it-and followed the sad or abuse of it—and ionowed the sad looking woman. She sat down on the step of one of the houses, and he noticed she was sobbing bitterly. Joseph was very poor—indeed at that moment he had only a shilling and a few pence in his pocket, and the future leaked so block for him these had do not ooked so black for him that he did not now but what a time might com him to see. However, peor as he was, his heart was touched, and he gave the woman on the door step his last shill-

"There, mother," said he, "it's the last I have, but you're welcome to it."
She looked up and gasped out something he did not hear; but her look of gratitude he never forgot—no, not to his dying day. Gratitude! Ah! it was something more than that. A us by hundreds and thousands, and beset us over and over again, if we was was something more than that. A dreadful look of despair passed away

"Poor soul!" thought Joe as he hurried off; "she must have been in been reduced to greater impotence

more grateful. He turned up Maiden lane and, being full of trouble, went into the quiet church of Corpus Christi. He made his way to the left-hand corner, and Italy have at last resolved to throw a very beautiful statue of Our Lady.
The Immaculate Mother of God is represented with her Divine Child in her which are already being arranged. up to the front, and knelt down before off this hideous incubus. An Interarms, and the faces of both look supernaturally lovely—the glory of heaven and the loveliness of earth are mar-velously blended. So thought poor Joseph as he knelt before his Mother

from his looks, slyly took away the pin from its hiding-place. On his return to the platform, the mind reader gazed into the hider's face, and putting his head to the platform. into the hider's face, and putting his hand to his brow, was blindfolded and led the student to the hiding-place, but, of course, could find no pin. He

II. He prayed long and fervently, and at last in sheer weariness of body sat up and prayed no more—at least vo-

but, of course, could find no pin. He returned, acknowledging his defeat, and looked daggers at his confederate.

"Now, gentleman," said the student, "I'll undertake to say that, if this diviner of the human mind will do as I tell him, half the audience, without a single hint, will know where the pin is," and, turning to the mindreader, he said: "Sit down,"

He did so. There was a yell, and jumping up, the mindreader hastily pulled from his coat tails the marked pin.

Not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsa parilla does, that tells the story of its merits and success. Remember Hood's cures.

He prayed told and lest velicity, and at last in sheer weariness of body sat up and prayed no more—at least vocally, but his soul was still engaged in heavenly thoughts as he gazed in silent love and reverence upon the beautiful face of his Mother.

Presently he fancied that the whole scene changed, he looked around him and countless troops of angels were flocking into the church; their wings glittered like polished silver, and their faces shone like the sun. As they entered they ranged themselves around the High Altar and prostrated them selves in silent adoration.

Not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsa parilla at last in sheer weariness of body sat up and prayed no more—at least vocally, but his soul was still engaged in heavenly thoughts as he gazed in silent love and reverence upon the beautiful face of his Mother.

Presently he fancied that the whole scene changed, he looked around him and countless troops of angels were level vigor and visited. As Parmelee's Veyetable Ptlls contain the heavenly thoughts as he gazed in silent love and reverence upon the beautiful feel of his Mother.

Presently he fancied that the whole scene changed the whole scene changed the will overcome that the dig of cally, but his soul was still engaged in and it volumes to be a prosent it is elemented by ondering the feel of heavenly to a distribution of body or renewed vigor and visited will overcome that the story of or look of body sar the s

phic melody seemed to fill the church. The smoke of ten thousand censers and the fumes of most exquisite incense appeared to rise from Heaven. The building was illuminated with the lights of candles which no man could number, and (what appeared to him) a mountain of rare and magnificent flowers was heaped up on each side of the altar, filling the church with their fragrance and dazzling all present with the brilliancy of their varied

Joseph looked again, and where he expected to see the Blessed Sacrament, all that was there was a manger with a little Child lying in it, and a humble maiden and a saintly-looking man kneeling before it. III.

While Joseph gazed, to his surprise the Mother of God left the manger, came down to where he was sitting and touched him. A peace and joy which he had never before known

thrilled in his soul as the Mother of Jesus laid her hand upon his shoulder. "Come with me," said the Virgin Mother, and as she spoke the church and the wondrous scenes within it seemed to disappear. Joseph found

me to night !'

be blessed. Thy cares and troubles shall be taken from thee, and at the hour of thy death I will be by thy bedside, and take thy soul to heaven, for but for thy charity this poor woman in her agony would have destroyed her-self, body and soul together."

Our Lady then seemed to leave him, and Joseph's next recollection was some worthy and zealous dame nudging when that same silver likeness of Her Majesty might be a very rare thing for "Wake up man, the O Salutaris has

> Joseph's friends said he was tired out, and had been dreaming, but he stoutly maintained that all that had

> happened was literally true.
>
> His future prosperity, however, was no dream, but a sturdy reality.

Secret Societies.

"No defenceless mob in front of from her face, and an agony of wretch-edness seemed to have left her. troops armed with weapons of precis-ion, no rabble of the inferior races of ion, no rabble of the inferior races of misrey indeed, if a shilling could bring that look upon her face. Why, if I had saved the woman from a dreadful death she could hardly have looked the watchwards of the revolution and backed by all the influence of the press." We quote the London Tablet. If its statements be true, there is reabeen projected, the preliminaries of which are already being arranged. The objects of the Congress, as ex-pressed by its projectors, are: (1) "To prove to the world, by the most con At an entertainment in Dublin a mind reader boasted that he could find a marked pin hidden by one of the audience. The pin was hidden by a Trinity student in an adjoining room in the presence of the committee, among whom was a confederate.

The student, suspecting the man rom his looks, slyly took away the room its below. vincing evidence, the evils and dis-asters of which Freemasonry has been societies; and one of the subjects to be discussed at the Congress will be the provision of some substitute for the mutual assistance derived from these societies, especially by sailors and traders.—Ave Maria.

BEST FOR WASH

ing and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

SAVEL MUCH SUFFERING.

Rev. Father Butler's Interesting Experience.—Suffered From an Abcess in the Side which Dr. Williams Pink Pills Cured After Other Medicines Fail.

Caledonia, N. S., Gold Hunter. Faith leads many to believe, yet when one has experienced anything inimself gazing in spirit upon a poor ragged desolate woman. She had entered a damp stagnant cellar in one of the fetid courts of Drury-lane with a basket full of humble provisions. Two children were lying on a few coarse sacks and looked up eagerly as the woman came in.

"Mother," they cried, "we are so hungry; do give us some food."

The poor woman gave a sort of gasping sob, and then in feverish haste emptied her basket. It contained merely a shilling's worth of food, but that shilling had saved three human lives and one immortal soul. Joseph watched those starving children eat, and the hot tears ran down his cheeks.

"A shilling," he whispered softly to himself, "can do all that."

Presently he thought he heard our Blessed Lady, who held him by the hand, say, "watch and listen."

He looked again and the poor ragged woman was on her knees and praying and crying bitterly. "Oh, my God forgive me, for but for that shilling to night I should have been lost forever. Forgive me, 'O my Father, for distrust himself gazing in spirit upon a poor ragged desolate woman. She had ennight I should have been lost forever.
Forgive me, O my Father, for distrust Forgive me, 'O my Father, for distrusting Thee, but the starvation of her little ones, their cries for food, is torment to a mother's heart. Oh sweet Jesus! O compassionate Mother! Bless and comfort that good stranger who helped me to night!"

and was told I would have to think you with would cost me about \$100. At last I determined to try Pink Pills, but without a great feeling of faith of their curing me. One box helped me and I resolved to take a three months' course and give them a fair trial. I did so ne to night!"

The Queen of Heaven bent over that and give them a fair trial. I did so, and to-day I am completely cured of poor woman, and marked the sign of the Cross upon her forehead, and stooped down and kissed her children, while she said to Joseph:

"They shall never know want again, and thou, because thou hast learning the statement is a clincher to again, and thou, because thou nast had pity on this poor stranger, shalt the many wonderful testimonials that have appeared in the Gold Hunter from time to time. On enquiring at the stores of J. E. Cushing and N. F. Douglas, it was found that Pink Pills have a sale second to none. Mr. Cushing on being asked if he knew of any

eures effected by them, replied that he had heard a great many personally say Pink Pills had helped them wonderfully. If given a fair and thorough trial Pink Pills are a certain cure for all diseases of the blood and nerves, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic crysip-clas, etc. Pink Pilis give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. They also effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over work, or excesses of any nature. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2 50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brock-

alleged to be "just as good. Which will you do—smile and make others happy, or be crabbed and make everybody around you miserable? You can live, as it were, among beautiful flowers and singing birds, or in the mire, surrounded by fogs and frogs. The amount of happiness you can produce is incalculable if you show a smiling face and a kind heart, and speak pleasant words. On the other hand, by sour looks cross words and a fretful disposition, you can make a number of persons wretched almost beyond eadurance. Which will you hearn in your eyes, and love glow in your face? There are few joys so great as that which springs from a kind act or pleasant deed, and you may feel it at night when you rest, at morning when you rise, and through the day when about your daily business.

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