

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Easter Sunday.

PEACE.

"Peace be to you." (St. John's Gospel, xx, 19.) It was the evening of the first bright Easter day. The accounts of the rising from the dead of Him whom they had hoped should redeem Israel were being discussed, in that upper room where they had celebrated the Passover, by the disciples. Suddenly Jesus Himself stood in the midst of them and said to them: "Peace be to you."

He who burst the bands of death, He who is the Author of life, came back to earth with the same message with which He first came—the message of peace. The angels over the plains of Bethlehem sang, "Peace on earth to men of good will;" but to-day is heard that word of Peace of which theirs was but the faintest echo. When God, the mighty One, chants His psalm of triumph, well may all created things be silent.

My brethren, our Blessed Lord has for us a message of peace this day.

For three years He went up and down the hills and vales of His native land, and His whole pilgrimage there seemed but a warfare. Men scorned His teachings. They despised Him and His words. He died, and it seemed as if a great light had been extinguished. But when He rose triumphant over death, when by His death He overcame him who had the power of death, then came victory, and with victory came peace.

In this case with your hearts to-day, my dear brethren? Has our Lord, who perchance lay, as it were, dead in your soul—has He, I say, risen in you again? Are you in Him risen up to a new and a better life this glorious Easter morning? If such be the case, peace is yours.

For six long weeks you have been preparing for this day. To this hour you have looked forward. Lent has been a preparation for it. You piously entered on the performance of certain duties which you took upon yourself. You engaged to battle in a special way with sin. You have fought the battle nobly, and with the aid of the Sacrament yours is the victory, and Jesus now stands in our midst. He is in your very breast and says: "Peace be to you."

What means this word? It means a victory won in your hearts. It means that having overcome, and being in a state of grace by co-operating with the grace of God, you are now so strong that you can say: "I never will, with the help of God, commit mortal sin again." It means that you have the power to live new lives. So put into continual practice those means which you found so helpful in Lent. Did you pray regularly in that time? Do not leave off the practice now. Did you receive the sacraments often then? Why not keep on in the same good custom?

Ah! so many people when Lent is over ruin all the good they gained by leaving it all behind them. But the person who will put into practice all the good deeds, all the prayers and devotions, which he used in Lent for the rest of his days, he is the one who may be said to have obtained the great and inestimable gift of peace—our Lord's benediction on Easter Day.

Neither is peace exactly the same thing that we mean when we speak of a peace being concluded between two nations who have been at war. We are still at war with sin. There is no truce, there can be no truce with it. There is not and there never can be any cessation of hostilities. It is nothing else, then, than the firm purpose of amendment of life, put into daily practice, by efficaciously using the spiritual weapons which Jesus Christ in His mercy so lovingly provides for you.

Be not discouraged, then, though you have yet to fight and wage war. Peace is yours, because He is on your side who overcame, and by whom you, too, will conquer. What care you for such battles when Christ Himself fights for you? Your souls are in peace, for He is dwelling in you. Such, my dear brethren, is the gift of peace which our Divine Redeemer bestows upon you this Easter morning. And I can wish you no greater happiness than that when, soon or late, He may stand in your midst, your ears may rejoice to hear those blessed words—"Peace be with you."

How to bring about Christian unity is one of the great questions of the day. And this is not the utopian dream of an idealist; rather it is a not far distant end to be attained by every day and practical means. It is an end, too, which is very dear to the heart of Leo XIII., as more than one of his encyclicals has shown. To use his own beautiful words, "Non-Catholics, many of them, now hold truths which are introductory to full Catholicity." It remains for Catholics to introduce them into the full and glorious light of that truth.—Catholic Citizen.

The rapidity with which croup develops calls for instant treatment; and yet few households are prepared for its visits. An admirable remedy for this disease is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It has saved hundreds of lives and should be in every home where there are young children.

Fever and Ague and Bilious Derangements are positively cured by the use of Parmentier's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, but they open the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Labor of Love.

That is a beautiful little story which is told in a recent number of an English paper.

A man walking along a country road saw a little girl carrying a boy much younger than herself, but who appeared far too big and heavy for her strength. He began talking to her and suggested that the baby was heavy. "Why," said she, in astonishment, "he's not heavy, he's my brother."

A Boy Will Show His Bent.

Schoolmasters of experience could, no doubt, tell of numerous cases of boys who have been distinguished at school for nothing at all, except possibly general all around laziness, and who yet develop in later life into successful warriors, lawyers, clergymen, or authors. The usual rule, however, seems to be that, if a boy is going to turn into a great man he shows some signs of his future in his early career. It is not necessary for these indications to be intellectual; a youth endowed with the exceptional physical vigor which is destined to carry him to the front when he attains man's estate may be prominent at school simply for his athletic powers.

An Angel Passing.

In a corner of the Home for Incurables, away up in the rear room of the second story, is a poor woman, a hopeless and helpless cripple. There she sits all day with her crutch at her side, thinking, perhaps, of the days when, she walked as well as the strongest and the free earth was hers. Into this room one day, as the sun was sinking, came all unexpectedly, a beautiful, fair-haired girl, with a face like those Michael Angelo might have chosen for his angels. She knelt at the old woman's side and asked tenderly for her health, and, telling her that she had noticed that she kept her holy water in a bottle on the wall, she had taken the liberty of bringing her a "benedict," a beautiful white angel holding the front and looking upwards, just as "Fra Angelico" might have done. Well, it was only a corner of the Home for Incurables—a home that must always be sad for those whose hearts throb for suffering humanity, but, looking at that young girl and that old woman's happiness—the picture of beautiful youth and helpless poverty and sorrow—the face of the one showing the joy of giving and the face of the other lit up with the unexpected happiness that some one in the great world without had thought of her—I could not but think that oftentimes in life an angel has passed us, though we only catch the soft rustle of the wings.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Grant's First Service in the War.

Upon him the adjutant-general also put the critical eye, when Grant applied to him, and seemed, like all the others, to be disposed to measure the unassuming man by his clothes rather than by his record and his intelligence. He, too, said: "Well, I don't know that there is anything that you can do to help us. We are pretty well organized. But," he added, "hold on; you must know how to rule blanks for the making out of such blanks as we make up. You certainly learned how to do that when you were in the army."

"Oh, yes," replied Captain Grant, "I know how those blanks should be ruled."

"Well, you see," continued the adjutant-general, "we are short of those blanks. The department at Washington cannot forward us the printed blanks as fast as we need them, the demand is so great I think I'll set you to work ruling blanks. You may come around to-morrow."

Captain Grant came according to appointment, and paper, ink and pen, with ruler, were given to him. But he was not permitted to have a desk in the room where most of the clerks of the adjutant-general worked. That was a room well carpeted, and with handsome desks, a room convenient and comfortable furniture. Just outside of it was a little ante-room, where the floor was bare, and the only furniture was a plain table and a hard-bottomed chair. There they put Captain Grant and set him to work ruling blanks; and thus, in that humblest of clerical work, he who was a few years later to command all its armies, and finally to rule the nation, began his formal service in the war.

Questionable Company.

Coming down to the office on a train a few mornings since, says the editor of an exchange, we noticed a girl of our acquaintance eagerly reading a book. Our seat was just behind the one occupied by her, and it was almost impossible not to see the title of the volume she was devouring. It was a well-known sentimental novel of questionable moral teaching. That evening we chanced to meet this young friend just as we reached the station, and upon entering the coach we sat down together. Presently I said: "I was sorry to see you in questionable company on the train this morning."

The young woman looked startled and said: "Why, you are certainly mistaken, I was alone."

"No, not alone," we said; "and you seemed to be very much delighted with your company."

"What do you mean?" our young friend demanded, her eyes flashing with indignation.

"Simply this," we replied; "you were reading it with evident relish. You were so held by its fascination that you noticed nothing that was

transpiring about you, and looked up in real surprise when you found yourself at your journey's end. A book is a companion. A silly book is a silly companion. A questionable one is a questionable one. A dangerous one is a dangerous one. You judge people by the society they seem to enjoy. Is it not fair to judge them also by the books they choose?"

The question was not pressed, and we passed on to more agreeable themes.

The books and periodicals we read influence us tremendously. Next to the people with whom we mingle, the literature we devour shapes our sentiment, determines our convictions and makes us what we really are. We cannot afford to spend one day, one hour, one minute, in the company of a questionable book.

A King who is—Just a Boy.

It is natural to think that because a little lad happens to be a king he is quite different from ordinary mortals; but the young king of Spain is just a boy, and a perfectly natural and unaffected and impulsive boy at that. He has a particular affection for some members of a religious community who live near the palace, and he is always begging to go and "play with the nuns." It is needless to say that all the Sisters are glad to receive their regal guest.

Not long ago an English lady, a member of the community, was visiting at the convent of the Assumption, and to her the young king took a great liking. She gave him a little dog made of soap, and laughingly told him he must take it with him to his bath. A few days after he ran and caught her habit, saying: "I have bathed him every morning, Sister, and he gets smaller and smaller. What is the matter with him?" So the nun explained that the only trouble was that he was made of soap.

Perhaps the greatest human blessing of the little king is his good mother. When he was ill two years ago she heard that the son of a poor cottager in the village was ill of a similar disease, and that his mother was well-nigh distracted with grief. The queen, in spite of her own anxiety, went to the poor child's bedside, taking him delicacies and play-things from her own little boy, and ordering for him everything that was needed. Both children recovered, and who knows but the prayers of the poor woman saved the life of the infant king as well as her own?

Alfonso has an English nurse, and when walking with her on a recent occasion he saw some boys who were having a fine game of ball, and tried to break away from her and go to them.

"You must not," she said.

"But why?" he asked, as boys will.

"Because you are a king."

"Then, if you please, nurse," he replied, "I'd rather be just a boy."

So you see that even a king is not always satisfied with his lot.—Ave Maria.

TRIBUTE OF A MINISTER.

Rev. Myron Reed of Denver Speaks on Marquette.

Rev. Myron Reed, the distinguished Protestant clergyman of Denver, delivered a sermon last Sunday on Pere Marquette, which was a noble tribute to this heroic missionary priest. Commending as it did from a Protestant pulpit it was a notable rebuke to the A. P. A. agitators. In opening his sermon, Mr. Reed said:

A PAGE OF HISTORY.

"I will try to brush the dust from a half-forgotten page of American history. I find the name Marquette on the map. A creek, a river, a city and a county are named after him. The place where he died on the east shore of Lake Michigan was known as Pere Marquette until some thirty years ago, when the people of the village voted to change it to Ludington. They preferred the patronage of a living lumber man to that of a dead saint. They did what they could to blot out the only romance that brightened the village. But the old lake captain is loyal. They still call the place 'Pere Marquette.'"

HIS HIGH MOTIVES.

"The errand of La Salle to the New World was to add an empire to France, and land and gold and fame to himself. La Salle looked upon the Mississippi as an outlet for a mighty trade in furs and buffalo skins. He was a commercial traveler; a mixture of soldier and trader. How different with Marquette!"

"Contrast Marquette with the Plymouth pilgrim. The Puritan was driven over the sea. Miles Stanshish had little to lose by coming West. Many of the settlers of Jamestown left England on account of their belief. They believed they would be hung if they stayed. But Marquette was called, not like David, from keeping sheep to be a chieftain, prince and king, but to go down among wolves, to go armed with a crucifix to men who despised mercy. He knew the task before him. The experiment of carrying the gospel to the savages of Canada had already been tried. Nine of the twenty-two missionaries had already met death by torture. Killed by the Iroquois, not because they were white men, not because they were missionaries, but because they were found in what the Iroquois considered the bad company of their enemies.

CATHOLIC NAMES.

"There seems to be an impression abroad that the New World was discovered and explored and settled exclusively by Baptists and Presbyterians and Methodists. I look at the map, at the names of towns and rivers, and conclude that the impres-

BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY

tion is a mistake. There are French and Spanish names scattered thickly on the surface of these states, especially along the lakes and rivers. Look along the banks of the Mississippi.

Almost without exception whenever you think of a poetic, musical name of a town or river or mountain, the name is Indian or Spanish, or French. The footprints of Jesuits and Franciscans are plain on the map. The places they named are where their camp fires burned. Bancroft (not the San Francisco concern) puts the priest before the soldier and the trader. He says: "Not a cape was turned, not a river entered, but a priest led the way. Often all the bread he had was for consecration; all the wine he had was for the communion cup."

HISTORIANS WARM TO HIM.

"Bancroft writes of Father Marquette as if he loved him. Francis Parkman devotes chapters to his brave story. All historians warm to him. Bancroft says: 'The west will build his monument.' I don't know. Years ago we formed a society to do that thing. We are going to place it at Mackinac. Perhaps it has been done.

"Marquette is a good center, around which to assemble the history of the West. He is seen in the gray of the morning before the appearance of corrupt and unsafe territories and states 'undesirable' to Mr. Cleveland. More fortunate than Abraham Lincoln Marquette had no publisher to turn insalubrious gossip the little details of his private life."

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON THE A. P. A.

The sermon at the High Mass at the Cathedral, Baltimore, Sunday morning, was delivered by His Eminence the Cardinal. He took occasion to express some patriotic thoughts as an individual American, and also to call upon the Catholic laity to stand up for their rights as citizens of the United States, and to co-operate closely with the clergy in working for the cause of Christ. Taking a portion of the Gospel of the day: "Every kingdom divided against itself is brought to desolation, and a house divided against a house falleth," he said in part:

"If every kingdom divided against itself shall perish, the reverse is also true that every kingdom and republic whose citizens are united shall flourish. Union is the secret of strength in every department of life and activity. It is the secret of strength in the physical world, in the moral world and in the commercial world. What is weaker than a drop of water? And yet a combination of drops of water is strong enough to float all the navies of the world.

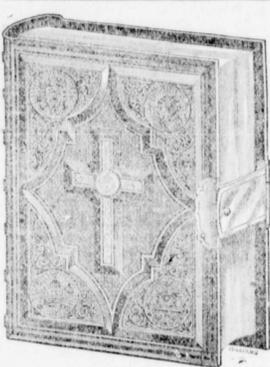
"A single moral leader, if acting alone, is powerless, no matter what may be his purity of life and force of character; but let him be backed and sustained by an intelligent and determined community, and he is sure to effect a moral revolution in municipal life, and he will raise it to a higher standard.

"We all know the potent influence of unity in commercial life. So strong and irresistible are combinations and trusts and syndicates that no individual enterprise can compete with them. Now the same truth holds good in religious life. Let the clergy and the people be united as one man: let the laity take an active, personal interest in all that concerns the welfare of our holy religion; let them rejoice at all its prosperity, and let them grieve at all its adversity. Let them put their shoulders to the wheel, and all the designs of men who work in the dark, all the conspiracies of men who fear the light, will come to naught. The truth is destined to flourish and prosper.

"How are you to co-operate? By the open and manly profession of your faith, being always ready to satisfy every one of the faith and hope that is in you. While you must extend to others the right of maintaining their religious opinions, you must claim the same right for yourselves. You ask for nothing more; you will be content with nothing else. And surely if there is anything of which you ought to feel justly proud, it is this, that you are members of the religion of Christ.

"The proudest title of the Roman was to be called a Roman citizen, a title which St. Paul claimed, and which was a Roman citizen, the officer replied to him, saying, 'I also am a Roman citizen. I purchased the title with a large sum.' And I, responded Paul, 'an Roman citizen by reason of my birthright.'

"There are a few naturalized citizens in the land, coming across the Canadian borders or from Europe, who, like the officer mentioned, would inflict pains and disabilities on some of their fellow-citizens who are to the manor born and whose fathers were citizens before them. They would inflict civil pains upon them on religious grounds. But they will all



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ery out with Nabath of old, 'The Lord forbid that I should surrender the inheritance of my fathers.' The highest civic title that we can claim is to be called an American citizen.

"Our Republic has already entered on the second century of her existence, and though but a child in years in comparison with other nations, she is a giant in strength. She is strong in the number, the intelligence and the patriotism of her people. Our Republic covers a vast territory, extending from ocean to ocean, from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande, and bids fair to enlarge her domain by peaceful and legitimate means. I hope and believe that we will never enlarge our bounds except by fair and honorable methods. Our Republic is conspicuous for the wisdom of her statesmen and the valor of her soldiers. Though all our statesmen are not Solons, many of them are worthy of the noblest civic leaders of ancient Greece or Rome.

"If the Apostles enjoined on the Christians of their times the duty of honoring their rulers and of obeying the laws of the country, though those laws were sometimes enacted for the purpose of restricting their Christian liberty, should not we uphold the laws of the Republic, in the framing of which we participate, and which are formulated with a view to contributing to our temporal peace and happiness? And if you are proud of being citizens of this Republic, how should you exult in being citizens of the spiritual republic of Christ?"

"Do you seek for antiquity? Nearly two thousand years have rolled over her head, and she is as fresh and vigorous to day as when she issued from Jerusalem on the Day of Pentecost. Time writes no wrinkles on her heavenly brow. Do you seek for wide expanse of territory? Her children are scattered over the surface of the globe, embracing people of all nations, tribes and tongues. And where will you find a heroism equal to that of her martyrs? There is a heroism not aroused by the clash of arms or by the sound of martial music or by a lust for fame, but inspired solely by a love of God and their fellow-beings. Self-sacrifice is the noblest effort of humane life; selfishness is the bane of humanity."

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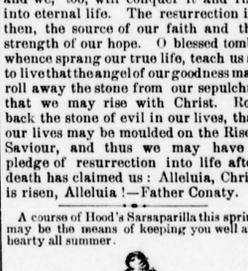
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Easter Thoughts.

What a brightness comes into life with the dawn of the Resurrection morning! Before it, all was darkness and death. The anger of an offended God casts its dark form over nature, and despair and gloom hung over man. Then came the darkest hour, when Calvary held its Victim to the gaze of convulsed nature and then, indeed, it seemed as if death had conquered all. A rift is seen in the cloud, and humanity hears a trumpet note announcing that the dead one had risen from the tomb, that all the prophecies were fulfilled, all the hopes of mankind realized, and death, instead of being a conqueror, was subject to Him who arose. The word of the Resurrection was spoken for the first time; and the angels who on Christmas night had sung their hymn of glory to God and peace to men, now finished the anthem with the Alleluia of the Resurrection. Oh! blessed redemption, it is now effected. Away all darkness, for the true light shines. Away all despair, for hope comes to man. Away all terror of death, for since Christ rose, all men will rise.

The happiness of Christmas in the newly-born Child of Bethlehem is now complete and perfect in the Resurrection. "He is risen, as He said, 'Alleluia.' He is then our God and Saviour, His words are true, His doctrine is divine. He has conquered sin and redeemed us, He has conquered death, and we, too, will conquer it and rise into eternal life. The resurrection is, then, the source of our faith and the strength of our hope. O blessed tomb, whence sprang our true life, teach us so to live that the angel of our goodness may roll away the stone from our sepulchre that we may rise with Christ. Roll back the stone of evil in our lives, that our lives may be moulded on the Risen Saviour, and thus we may have a pledge of resurrection into life after death has claimed us: Alleluia, Christ is risen, Alleluia!—Father Conaty.

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