

"If."
 If all my year were summer, could I know
 What my Lord means by His "Made white as snow?"
 If all my days were sunny, could I say
 "In His fair land He wipes all tears away?"
 If I were never weary, could I keep
 Close to my heart, "He gives His loved sleep?"
 Were no graves mine, might I not
 Come to deem
 The life eternal but a baseless dream?
 My winter, yes, my tears, my weariness,
 Even my graves,
 May be
 His way to bliss.
 I call them ill, yet that can surely be
 Nothing but good that shows
 My Lord to me.
 Mrs. D. R. Alexander.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twenty-Third Sunday after Pentecost.

REVERENCE FOR GOD.

Brethren! I wish to speak to you this morning on reverence for God. But it is natural to ask, Why talk about reverence? why is not that included in the love of God? So it is. But even if one does not love God, even if he is in mortal sin, that is no reason why he should give up all respect and reverence for God. Take an example. Here is a disobedient son; yet he is not disrespectful. "I won't obey my father," he says, "but that's no reason why I should despise him; I won't spit at him, I won't insult him, even if I haven't the virtue to obey him." So with a sinner: if he gives up the love of God by mortal sin, it is a terrible state to be in and an awful calamity. He has lost the divine love. But if in addition he has no respect for God, talks slightly of Him, cracks his jokes about God's Holy Scriptures, makes little of the Sacraments and the Church, ridicules her laws and despises those who keep them, do you not see the difference? Do you not see that such a one has not only lost the love of God, but that, having lost all reverence for Him, you cannot help suspecting that there is something the matter with his faith?

I will give you another illustration. Here is a man who is a hard sinner; and yet he never eats meat on Friday. He sticks to the observance of the Friday abstinence. Now, why does he do that? Because it is a test of personal reverence for what that man knows to be the true religion. It is a very conspicuous act of respect for Him who died that day. It is one of the great outward signs of veneration for our Lord and His Church. If the sinner gives that up he drops away down low in his own opinion and considers himself a reprobate. Having before lost love by mortal sin, he has now lost reverence by slighting the Friday abstinence.

Take another case. You hear a man rip out a big curse; you look at him, you see him in a towering rage. All bad enough. Such habits place one in mortal sin. But here is another man, who coolly embellishes a filthy story with the venerable name of Jesus. Are you not much more shocked? Does not this last one seem to you a worse enemy of God than the former, far worse? Sinner if you have made up your mind to go to hell by a life of mortal sin, what is the sense of going clean to the bottom?

Irreverence towards God and holy things is often by word of mouth and takes the form of some kind of blasphemy. It was so in the case of the heathen King Sennacherib. He ravaged the land of Judea and put multitudes of the people of God to death; yet God spared him. He laid siege to the Holy City, threatened to destroy the Jewish nation, and even then God gave him time to repent. But he blasphemed, he insulted the God of Israel, he cast off all reverence and respect for Him. And the angel of God came down from heaven and slew his army; Sennacherib fled to his own country and was put to death by his two sons.

We see from all this why it is that the first petition of our Lord's own prayer concerns inward and outward reverence for the divine Name—"Hallowed be thy name." We see, too, why the great commandment of God, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," not only forbids blasphemy, and cursing, and false swearing, but any and every disrespectful use of that Holy Name. Yet how many are there not only whose words but whose whole conduct is marked with utter irreverence, total want of reverence for God, His saints, His word, His Sacraments, His Church! Let us hope that such persons do not always realize the deep guilt of their offense. At any rate, let us for our part pay true reverence to God and godlike things. However conscious we may be of our own failings, let us who hope to be in the enjoyment of God's friendship for ever show our reverence for Him. When we pray, let it be reverently and slowly and respectfully. When we are in the house of God, let us act with decorum as becomes children of God. When we speak of holy things, let us do so seriously and with reverence.

You Can Be Well

When your blood is pure, rich and nourishing for nerves and muscles. The blood is the vital fluid, and when it is pure, thin and pure you must either suffer from some distressing disease or you will easily fall a victim to sudden changes, exposure, or overwork. Keep your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla and Pills.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pill; assist digestion, cure headaches, 25 cents.

Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Carpenter's Son.

They said, "The Carpenter's Son." To me No clearer thing in the Book I see, For He must have risen with the light, And patiently toiled until the night. He, too, was weary when evening came, For well He knoweth our mortal frame, And He remembers the weight of dust, So His frail children may sing and trust.

For many a little head has lain On the heart pierced by redemption's pain, He was so tender with fragile things, He saw the sparrow with broken wings, His Mother—the lowliest woman born— Had humble tasks in her home each morn, And He thought of her the cross above, So burdened women must have His love.

For labor, the common lot of man, Is part of a kind Creator's plan, And he is a king whose brow is wet With the pearl-gemmed crown of honest sweat.

Some glorious day, this understood, All toilers will be a brotherhood, With brain or hand the purpose is one, And the Master Workman, God's own Son.

—Myra Cookin Plantz, in S. S. Times.

The Cork Stopper.

Strike the stopper in the water; down it goes, but immediately up it bobs. Strike it again. It ducks once more, but with a bounce and a bob, there it is once more floating saucily on the water and looking at the clouds.

Every person needs a lot of that cork quality in his character. Disappointments may come and depress you. Don't give up, though, but come up, your back to the water and your face to the sky. After an unsuccessful trial, then try again. There may be a good deal of the cork element in you if you will only think so and give it a chance to exert itself. It is this quality that makes railroad kings of brakemen, generals of privates, learned doctors of students that were paupers. Be encouraged. Do not be a lump of lead and sink, but a cork to rise and float. Never give up, but every time come up.

Famous Boys.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was severely hurt, but with clenched lips he kept back the cry of pain. The king Gustavus Adolphus, who saw the fall, prophesied that that boy would make a man for an emergency; and so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A woman fell off the dock in Italy. She was fat and frightened. No one of the crowd of men dared to jump in after her; but a boy struck the water almost as soon as she, and managed to keep her up until stronger arms got hold of her. Everybody said the boy was very daring, very kind, very quick, but also very reckless, for he might have been drowned. The boy was Garibaldi, and if you will read his life you will find that these were just his traits all through—that he was so alert that no one could tell when he would make an attack with his red-shirted soldiers; so indiscreet sometimes as to make his fellow-patriots wish he was in Guinea, but also so brave and magnanimous.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brush, easel and stool, and said, "That boy will beat me some day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, "Now this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

Saved by a Bugle Blast. A person who knows exactly the right thing to do in a sudden emergency, without stopping to think at all, deserves to have his presence of mind noted and commended. A German drum major has lately attained such distinction with good reason.

A regiment of the imperial army, resting on a country road, was appalled to see a great bull maddly pursuing a little child in a field which was near by, and yet so far away that the child could not be reached in time to save it, nor yet be saved by the shooting of the animal.

The bull had his horns down, and all the soldiers were horrified to see that in another moment the child must be gored to death. For an instant no one seemed to know what to do, and then the drum major stood near with their instruments in their hands, to sound a loud blast. They looked aghast.

"Sound, I say, for God's sake, to save the child!" he repeated.

Before the bull had finished his attention to the bugles the child was in a place of safety.

The Dog at the Hospital.

One who recently paid a visit to Guy's Hospital, in London, tells that when in the colonnade of the institution, and about to leave, he became the object of demonstrative attention on the part of a small dog, something of a pug, but showing among his points suggestions of many other breeds.

"That," explained a student on his way to a "demonstration" called "demon" for short—in answer to the visitor's inquiry, "is Prince," and the student proceeded to account for the small dog's obsequiousness towards all whom he judges to be in any way connected with Guy's. Last winter, during bitter weather, Prince sustained a fracture of the hind leg, and, entirely on his own initiative, he dragged himself into the hospital precincts and applied for surgical relief. It was granted ungrudgingly. The leg was put in plaster of Paris with as much skill and care as could be bestowed upon a human femur, and the dog was given nursing and aliment suitable to his kind. In the fullness of time he was made a whole, if slightly lame dog, and it was intimated to him that he might return to his former occupation and his friends (if any). He refused to do either, and enrolled himself as one of the innumerable army of grateful Guy's patients, electing to remain on the premises and give constant exhibitions of his veneration for all who come and go about the place of his healing. In this intention he persisted so amicably that he carried his point, and is now regarded as an established feature of the institution by all who frequent it.

The Best Books.

The question of "best books" is a favorite subject with many writers. Every now and then some one comes out with a list of twenty or fifty or one hundred best books. The compiling of book lists is easy work. Anybody that knows how to read and write can set down a number of titles. This recalls the story of the St. Louis woman who won a prize of twenty dollars offered by a local newspaper for the best list of "ten best books." The lists were published daily as they were sent in, and the prize list appeared in the contest closing number of the paper. The winner was delighted when the money was awarded to her. "And I never read one of the books on the list!" she exclaimed, gleefully. She had picked her titles at random from the other published lists. This guesswork catalogue was probably as good as nine out of every ten "lists of best books." It included the Bible, the Iliad, Shakespeare, Al Koran, Cervantes, Dante, Goethe, Milton, Moliere, and, and, as a list, is more interminable than judicious. The lists of American books compiled by Thomas Wentworth Higginson are valuable as selections of a competent judge of literature, but even the Higginson lists are not perfect, some very weak books being admitted merely because they have been written by American authors.

After all, "lists" are of little use to the young reader. Religion, parentage, sympathy and natural inclination give widely different tastes, which cannot be adjusted to a cut-and-dried catalogue. No great scholar ever read by list. Dr. Johnson, who was an omnivorous reader and who acquired his varied knowledge chiefly through desultory reading, read only "such books as chance threw in his way and as inclination directed him through them." Inclination is not always the safest guide, however, and the average young reader will do well to take the advice of an older person before beginning any course of reading. The reading circles, which have made such remarkable progress of late, are doing wonderful work for our Catholic young people. Any one that is old enough to understand the prescribed course of reading should be long to the parish reading circle. And no doubt the members would gladly guide the reading of the younger folk, without having recourse to a list which is likely to be two-thirds nonsense and prejudice.

What to read is not half so important, however, as how to read. A paragraph remembered is better than a volume forgotten. Even when we are reading fiction we must not read for the sake of the story. If it is worth reading at all the analysis of character, the descriptions, the moral, the style of construction will all be better than the plot. It is only "penny-dreadfuls" that are celebrated for their plots. It is necessary to think about what we read, and hasty reading is not favorable to thinking. Coleridge says: "Force yourself to reflect on what you read, paragraph by paragraph." Reading many books is of little avail unless we can retain some idea of their contents. It should always be remembered that excessive reading is fatal to original thinking. We allow the writers to do our thinking for us, or rather we adopt their thoughts and grow mentally indolent because we do not exercise our own powers.

We must read good books—biography, history and a little first-class fiction, the latter by way of desert. Trashy reading is worse than useless. "We should accustom the mind to keep the best company by introducing it only to the best books," says Sydney Smith. And as we do not want to let our "company" do all the talking we must often close our books for interchange of thought.

We should never forget that it is not quantity but quality that counts, and that "all rests with those who read,"

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whether it shall be a little to remember or a great deal to forget. Milton tells us that many books are wearisome.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Life is the greatest of universities. At school we learn only the A. B. C. of knowledge. Out in the world, afterwards, by reading, by observation, by experience we gather wisdom. Science is almost infinite for much for any individual to master as a whole, he must pick and choose what interests or benefits him most.

The Scrap-Book Habit.

The object of this paper is to recommend the formation of one habit which when once acquired, will not only prove valuable in many ways, but will be a source of great pleasure as well as profit. This is what used to be known as the "scrap-book habit," but under modern conditions is better described as the keeping of clippings. What is here proposed is to tell how the habit is acquired, how best to keep the clippings so as to make them useful, and briefly to outline some of the advantages that are almost certain to accrue.

Any lad old enough to read, and to be interested in what he is reading, is old enough to acquire the habit, and a little watchful care will suffice to fix it so that it will grow with years, for the pleasure of collecting is one that grows with what it feeds upon. Let the boy once understand that what pleases him now will please him again when he wants to read it again, and he will take an interest in preserving it, provided he is shown how to do it in an orderly fashion, so that he may find the scrap or clipping without difficulty if he wants to read it again. Pains should be taken to encourage him to keep everything that interests him, no matter how trivial it may be, for he will learn the relative importance of things all the sooner, as his tastes develop, by being able to contrast what he cares for now with what was of interest a year or more ago. At the same time, by judicious suggestion, much may be done to guide his inclination. On no account, however, should there be any interference with his selections of subjects of clipping. The moment the collection becomes that of someone else he will lose his own individual interest in it, and all his enthusiasm will vanish. If, on the contrary, he is allowed to choose freely everything that he likes, and if he be carefully instructed as to the manner of keeping it, he will have the true pleasure of the collector, and will soon have a pride in the result of his work.

If the youth be older, or if a grown person be desirous of beginning the work, the same sort of a start will be the same interest, and a brief continuation will be likely to arouse enough enthusiasm to insure a fixing of the habit. If it should not, within a reasonable time, there will be little use in persevering.

As to the procurement of material, a simple rule is guidance enough. The collector should cut out every printed article that comes in his possession which interests him, by reason of its pleasing his fancy, or because of its value, either present or prospective, provided always that the book, magazine or paper containing it is not of sufficient value to be worth preserving entire. No person can acquire too much information, and no one can have too large a library of reference. A collection of clippings will become such a library if it be properly kept. It will happen with most collectors that some particular line of thought or of information will be selected, and will be followed to the exclusion of others. This serves well enough for education along the line chosen, and stamps the collection with the individuality of the person who makes it. A general or eclectic collection will have greater pecuniary value, but it is the educational side of the question that is now under consideration. The selection of material may therefore be left to the fancy of the collector.

How to keep the clippings is a most important question. It must be understood at the beginning that no collection is worth keeping unless it is systematically arranged. Without system it will soon resemble a dictionary in which the words would be printed without any orderly sequence or index—full of valuable material, but useless for reference.

As a preliminary to the establishment of a system, then, there should be proper utensils. These are very few, but important. A pair of long-bladed shears for cutting, a blue pencil for marking, a lot of envelopes, or a big index book are all that are needed.

The shears should be light. They are for cutting paper only. The blue pencil must be of good quality, soft

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rather than hard, and must be used on every clipping. It is evident, on a little reflection, that any clipping is likely to lose its value if one forgets its date, or where it was printed. It must therefore be marked at the time of cutting with the name of the publication from which it was cut, and the date at which it was published. A blue pencil is best, because it can be used on any kind of paper and because it does not deface the printed matter if it be necessary to write across the lines. Moreover, it leaves a permanent mark that neither blurs nor fades.

The envelopes—cheap ones are good enough—are to hold the clippings. It is almost always a waste of time to paste clippings in a book. They keep no better, if as well, as in envelopes, and once pasted, they cannot easily be rearranged, as they will certainly have to be after the collection grows.

Each envelope must be numbered, and they must be kept in numerical order. Never mind about the classification of subjects. That is provided for in the index. It is essential that the collector shall be able to find any given envelope immediately when it is wanted, and this can be done easily if the order be preserved and the order properly kept.

Nobody keeps an index very well without considerable practice. A few hints, however, will be useful at the start. A card index is best when the collection is large, but a book may be best to begin with. The clipping must be examined carefully to see what the leading subject is, and that subject must be written in its proper alphabetical place in the index, together with the number of the envelope containing the clipping. Often it will be found that several subjects are mentioned in one article, and it will be necessary to enter it in two or three places in the index. This is called cross-indexing, and is not only easy but indispensable in handling clippings.

These are the essential directions, by following which a satisfactory collection may be made. One point, however, has been left till the last because its importance will not be recognized until the collection comes into actual use for reference. Each clipping must be marked in blue pencil with the same number of the envelope

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