

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Second Sunday After Pentecost.

APPROACH THE TABLE OF GOD OFTEN AND WORTHILY.

"If any man eat of this bread, he shall live forever." (John 6, 52)

The great supper, of which the Saviour speaks in today's gospel, is, as we all know, the emblem of the holy Eucharist which our Lord instituted on the eve of His passion. To this feast wherein the King of angels is Himself the host and the nourishment, God, by the mouth of His servants, the priests, invites all the faithful, and certainly if we consider the great dignity of the host, how precious the offered nourishment is, when we reflect on the immense blessing which the participation of that bread of the angels brings us, who should not extol with joy and gratitude the infinite mercy of the Redeemer and approach the holy Table as often as possible.

When the prophet Elias had concealed himself by flight from the pursuit of the cruel queen Jezebel, he, exhausted by hunger and fatigue, cast himself down and slept in the shadow of a juniper tree. And, behold, he was awakened by a messenger from Heaven, an angel, who, giving him a hearth cake, said: Arise and eat; for thou has yet a great way to go. And Elias arose to eat, and strengthened by the miraculous food, he walked without hunger or thirst for forty days and forty nights unto Mount Horeb, where the Lord appeared to him. Dear Christians, in this event we see the way of our own life faithfully portrayed. We, too, have an enemy, who constantly seeks our perdition, that foe whom our Lord calls "murderer from the beginning," of whose wiles the apostle warns us in these words: Brethren, your adversary, the devil, goeth about, seeking whom he may devour." (1 Peter, 5:8)

The priest, the messenger of God approaches us with the bread of angels saying: Arise and eat; for you have yet to go a great way, a rough, thorny path, a way full of troubles and difficulties, before you reach Heaven's height. Young man, arise and eat the bread of the strong, when you are weak and feel the heat of temptations, like glowing sunbeams, burning down upon you. O pilgrim of earth, arise and eat, when bowed down by woe and misery, and be strengthened anew until you arrive at the holy mount of God, where you will be relieved of every cross, and every tear will be dried.

Strengthened by this food of angels, the first Christians, filled with lion's courage, entered the arena. What instilled into a St. Ignatius that longing to be torn by lions? What filled tender mothers with heroic power, that despising the tears and entreaties of their children, they went joyfully to meet the most cruel torments? What animated an Agnes at the age of thirteen, with that contempt of death that she hastened with greater joy to the block, than does many a spouse to the nuptial altar? St. Cyprian gives the answer: "They were strong, because they ate the bread of the strong." For the first Christians received Holy Communion daily at Mass with the priest. And hence he is not surprised at their life of angelic virtue. Be not astonished that millions of them shed their blood so heroically for Christ. "They were strong, because they ate the bread of the strong."

As in primitive times, so is now the angelic food of the Blessed Sacrament, that miraculous bread, which strengthens innumerable souls, that like those three young men in the fiery furnace of Babylon, they remain unburnt in the flames of infidelity and immorality that surround them, that they victoriously vanquish the devil, the world and themselves, and in persevering fidelity, tread the way to the highest perfection. "As olive plants," exclaims the royal psalmist in prophetic view of the Blessed Sacrament, "are thy children round about thy table." (Ps. 127:3) For as olive trees produce the most delicious fruit in abundance, so those souls, who frequently surround the table of the Lord, are rich in blossoms and fruits of the most magnificent virtues. There glitter the most beautiful flowers of charity, there the lovely lily of innocence and purity of heart emits rays of dazzling whiteness, there the precious violet of humility spreads its odor, so delightful to God and the angels. In homes, where the inmates frequently approach the table of the Lord, there blooms true fear of God, there the Lord's day is sanctified, there no bad books and papers will be found, there no cursing and quarrelling will be heard. There is Heaven on earth, and God's angels dwell among men. How dissimilar, however, is the picture drawn on those who are indifferent to the love of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, who have a loathing for this Heavenly manna, as had the Jews in the desert for the terrestrial manna! They have no longer strength to resist evil, their fervor is cooling, the light of divine inspirations is darkening, temptations are becoming stronger, and thus they fall into mortal sin, and because they do not rise immediately by penance, the cords of sin are converted into chains, vice is rooted in the soul, and thus like one intoxicated, they reel in the dark night of forgetfulness of God, until overtaken by death. Now they would like to fill the extinguishing lamps with the oil of grace, but it is too late! In them is now accomplished the dreadful menace of our Lord: "You shall seek me, and you shall not find me" (in your sins you shall die) (John 7, 34)

Fearful words that fill us with terror! In how many, alas, have they been

verified! As for years they live without receiving the sacraments, so without reconciliation with God, they passed into that fearful eternity, there to bewail with everlasting tears their willful negligence. Ah! truly, "O Lord, all that forsake Thee, shall be confounded, they that depart from Thee, shall be written in the earth, that is destroyed." (Jer. 17, 13)

Let us, therefore, heed the warning and despise not that heavenly food, which Christ has prepared for us in Holy Communion. Let us frequently and worthily receive the Bread of the strong, let us come to the table of the Lord, to get strength for the combat, constancy in doing good, perseverance in the life of grace, so that we may be able to say with St. Paul: "I live, now not I, but Christ liveth in me." (Gal 2, 20), and that united with Jesus in love, we may, under His protection, happily reach our eternal home. Amen.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOLD.

Sim Tyler and Bud Sampson sat whispering behind their raised desks.

The school-room was so quiet and the whispering so loud, that the tired little woman on the platform heard it, and came softly up behind Sim, to see what it was all about.

"I'll have a word with you two after school!" said Miss Anderson shutting down the desk lids.

Sim gave one scared, upward glance, saw who it was, and subsided into red-faced studiousness. He remembered that in these after school interviews, "from words they often came to blows."

"Ehm! ehm!" coughed Bud, across the aisle, when Miss Anderson's black was turned.

Sim caught a dirty white note in the leaves of his book. This was the note: "Get all the boys you can and all the tin pans and girls and things to make a noise and then let all give old dodge a reggie! Scarrynadar sury him rite for orderen us out the mill want it."

Sim turned the note over and wrote "all rite" on the other side; then sent it back with that endorsement. Miss Anderson was prowling around distrustfully, and Bud crammed it into his pocket, with a hasty glance at Sim's answer. But pockets have other holes sometimes than those at the top, and notes have a way of slipping through to the floor. Bud's did.

"The little good-for-nothings!" said Miss Anderson, picking it up at recess. "I hope Mr. Dodge will give them a good horse-whipping. I'll tell him to!"

Five minutes later a small boy was on his way to the mill, with a note from the teacher, informing the miller of the childish bit of revenge the boys were planning. The miller's blue eyes twinkled with fun as he read it! The miller had a great fondness for children, and had spoiled them to a certain extent. They could do as they pleased about the mill and had become more or less troublesome. The miller said nothing when they sent a big log through the sluice way which got stuck in the mill wheel. He laughingly said that "boys will be boys," but when one day he heard a terrible grinding and crashing in the corn mill and found some of the boys had thrown a big stone into the grinder he lost his temper and drove the whole lot out. They had been so used to having their own way about the mill that they looked on the order to keep away as an injustice.

"Think they're going to drum me out of camp, do they?" he said, chuckling merrily. "I'll fix 'em!" Three o'clock came, and with it an ominous sound of rattling pans, and drums, and things to make a noise. Rub-a-dub-dub! up the hill they came rub-a-dub! They tramped into the mill. The dusty miller pushed his dusty hat off his forehead, and gave the little army the benefit of one long stare then turned to his work without a single word.

"Goody!" cried Bud, spying an immense drum in a corner. "Guess he wouldn't have left this around, if he'd known we was coming?" And with-out more ado Bud appropriated the drum and put the cord around his neck and pulled out the shining drum sticks and began pounding away. The miller saw all this out of a corner of his eye, and chuckled.

"Don't it make a splendid racket?" said round-faced Susy Piper, thumping away with both her dimpled fists on one of her mother's milk-cans—the only thing she had been able to appropriate without suspicion.

"Don't you believe he hears what a noise we're making?" asked Sim, a little anxiously, when they drummed vigorously for half an hour without detecting any signs of uneasiness on the part of the miller.

"Yes, of course," answered Bud. He's mad, and won't speak, that's all. Let's keep at it till he has to."

So they pounded away for another half hour with an energy worthy of a better cause. But the miller went about his work as calmly as if he were alone in the mill.

"Awful hot!" sighed Jimmy Allen, one of the smaller boys, fanning his red face with a limp straw hat. "Don't you s'pose he's ever going to speak? It's such fun to hear him rave when he's mad—if he don't catch you!"

"Oh!" said Bud, reassuringly. "Don't give up yet. He's most crazy. I saw the corners of his mouth twitch when he emptied that sack of meal."

"I'm going home!" whined two or three, as the half hour slipped away, and the jolly miller went in to his five o'clock supper.

"O don't!" cried Bud and Sim, together. "Just wait and keep drum-

ming. He'll come out pretty quick, and then you'll see fun. He can scold ever so much better'n Miss Anderson. Keep a drummin'!"

Rub-a-dub-dub! How the old mill rang! Such a babel of sounds was surely never heard before within its walls.

The miller came out at last. He looked cool and comfortable, and his eyes twinkled more than ever. Several people stopped who were passing to look in the door of the mill, and when they learned the cause of the racket smiled and went on their way. At last the miller said:

"Well, boys and girls, tired, be ye? 'Fraid ye've worked too hard for such a hot afternoon. I'm any quantity obliged to ye for coming up—been thinking of sending for a host on ye to come and drum my rats away. Plagued me most to death all the spring; but I guess this'll fix 'em. I see this 'ere big drum into New York the other day, and thinks says I, that's the very thing to skeer 'em with."

"Well! s'pose you want to get some supper now. Can't pay ye much, 'cept in good will. Here's a cent apiece all 'round to buy some candy with. When ye don't want to play, come up and help me again some time. Good-night!"

The children stood there for a minute or two—a blank faced company; then turned and marched in a melancholy procession down the hill.

The jolly miller laughed as he heard Bud mutter sorrowfully, "Sold for a cent!"

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Confidence Between Father and Son.

If fathers of boys would talk freely with their sons about their games of baseball, studies, fads and amusements, the boys would be more likely to talk with them about the larger questions of life which the parents are mightily desirous of interesting the boys in. A confidence established in boyhood between father and son will continue through the tempted age when, of all times, a father's wisdom is needed.

Go on! Go on!

Only he that uses shall even so much as keep. Unemployed strength steadily diminishes. The sluggard's arm grows soft and flabby. So, even in this lowest sphere, the law is inexorable. Having is using. Not using is losing. Idleness is paralysis. New triumphs must only dictate new struggles. If it be Alexander of Macedon, the Orontes must suggest the Euphrates, and the Euphrates the Indus. Always it must be on and on. One night of rioting in Babylon may arrest the conquering march. Genius is essentially athletic, resolute, aggressive, persistent. Possession is grip, that tightens more and more. Ceasing to gain, we begin to lose. Ceasing to advance, we begin to retrograde. Brief was the interval between Roman conquest of Barbarians, and Barbarian conquest of Rome. Blessed is the man who keeps out of the hospital and holds his place in the ranks. Blessed is the man, the last twang of whose bow string is as sharp as any that went before, sending its arrow as surely to the mark.

Alcohol is Injurious.

Tipplers who "drink occasionally to maintain their strength," "need the stimulus to help them endure fatigue," "drink to keep out the cold," "drink to overcome malaria," etc., etc., are finding their thirsty, veiled excuses for the indulgence of an appetite snatched away from them one by one, as Nansen, and scores of hardy explorers, athletes, physicians and sensible men are proving that alcohol is not only not necessary to health but a menace. Surgeon Lydston of the Illinois National Guards has issued a series of directions for the preservation of health in camp, among which is the following: "The soldier should take no stimulant other than coffee or tea, except under medical advice. The surgeons especially and earnestly request the command to follow this injunction to the letter. As a stimulant, sustainer and food, coffee is far superior to alcoholic or malt liquors, and contains no elements of danger. Alcohol is especially detrimental to the digestive organs, liver and kidneys. These are the chief points of attack in yellow fever. Experience has proved that in both hot and cold climates the total abstainer lasts longer, endures more, fights better than the drinker. Aside from the earnest advice herein given on the liquor question, abstinence from liquor will be made a rule, infractions of which entail severe discipline."

Keep Your Engagements.

Carelessness in the fulfillment of financial engagements is responsible for many a failure in business. Sometimes it is lack of method, sometimes it arises from having too many irons in the fire; but oftentimes it is the result of indifferences and slovenliness of character. There is nothing will impair a man's standing so much as irregularity and uncertainty in meeting payments. A bank soon learns to distrust a man who allows his paper to float around on the day of maturity without making provision for it at all, or simply protecting it at the last moment.

A retailer who came through a rather severe financial ordeal, some time ago, attributes his weathering the storm to the fact that he always kept his bank account in a satisfactory condition. When renewals had to be made, they were arranged previously, and when the maturing paper was presented there were always funds to

cover. By securing the bank against the petty annoyances of an irregular account, he won the confidence and good will of the manager, which often stood him in good stead. It is the same with a wholesale house. They soon learn when a man is to be relied upon to look after his obligations, and when he finds it necessary to lean upon them at any time, indulgence is cheerfully granted. It pays to be methodic and straightforward in your financial dealings.

The fellow who is always changing his occupation in the hope of finding a "soft snap" will be bitterly disappointed in the end, and may bring up in the workhouse. He will find that he will have to cross many bogs and deserts before he reaches the mountain, and then he will discover that the towering magnet of a height is bleak and rocky, and the azure hue is an illusion. I was once in the White Mountain region admiring the lofty peaks surrounding the lovely interval of North Conway, and I said to a gentleman sitting with me on the hotel piazza, "I would like to be on the top of one of those cloud piercers."

"Nonsense," he replied, "they are more agreeable objects seen from the valley than they are on a nearer acquaintance. Stay where you are and make the most of their far-off beauties. They are like many of the people whom you greet pleasantly because you have never known them intimately."

My friend was a veteran mountaineer, and his remarks made an impression upon me, and helped me to dissipate many day-dreams about fine possibilities. They aided me always to find the best side of whatever situation I was placed in, and not to long for impossibilities.

Therefore, dear boys, when everything's going the opposite way, as the popular song has it, don't get discouraged and think that your occupation is the hardest one possible. Pity some fellow whose toll is more exacting than your own, and thank God that no burden has been placed upon your shoulders that you can not carry. Pluck and manly determination, with the assistance of heaven, will make you strive cheerfully under the most adverse circumstances, but cowardice and fault finding will make you a lazy lout. Of course, you must resist oppression and tyranny if you would preserve your manhood, but don't be a chronic growler whom nothing pleases and whom all industrious people dislike. If you keep busy you will have no time to compare your lot with that of young men whom you think more fortunate, and you will have acquired habits which will enable you to take advantage of better opportunities if they are presented. They will also make you confident and resolute in all your undertakings. The man who has only visions of indolence in some fancy position unites himself for all kinds of labor, even government work, for which the petty politician is always intriguing, and which requires in its capture an amount of wire pulling, if not corruption, that seldom makes the game worth the candle. The last work I would advise a young man to do would be that of a so-called political character. It presents so many temptations to dishonesty that, unless a young fellow has a strong will, he is apt to fall into the way of his more disreputable associates. Of course, all citizens should take an interest in the election of proper officials, but eternal hanging around city halls, state houses and similar places in search of a fat salary for little labor is demoralizing. I do not mean to say that there are no good fellows in government employ, but I do mean to say that for nearly every public salaried position there are a hundred applicants.—Benedict Bell in the Sacred Heart Review.

THE STOMACH RULES

Cross and Cranky Mortals Who Suffer Untold Misery.

Have Only One Course of Release and Health—That Hope is in Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Which Always Cure.

"The stomach is the man—too often," says an eminent medical writer. The assertion is true. As the stomach is, so is the man. If the stomach is out of order, weak or overworked the man is cross, fretful, irritable, short-tempered, "cranky" and miserable. He is wretched himself, and he makes all who come in contact with him wretched too. The stomach can't be out of order if the man will use Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

Many troubles originate in the stomach, though their source is little suspected. We find headache, giddiness, sleeplessness, palpitation of the heart, flushing of the face, cough, skin diseases and other affections are caused by dyspepsia. Each of these complaints is dangerous to life, inasmuch as it will lead to worse troubles—palpitation developing into heart disease for instance if Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets be not used.

Each of these troubles, being the result of dyspepsia, disappears as soon as the dyspepsia is removed. To remove dyspepsia is very easy if you know how. And nothing is easier than to learn how. If you can remember to take one or two of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal the thing is done.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are immediately in effect, permanent in their cure. They act on and strengthen the stomach and bowels, digest the food and bring health and ease to all who use them.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by all druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

BUY Colman's Salt THE BEST

Financial.

MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA. PAID-UP CAPITAL, \$6,000,000. RESERVE, \$3,000,000. A general banking business transacted Loans made on the open market, and end none present. (Cor. Richmond St. and Queen's Ave. (Directly opp. Custom House).

Catarrh is a Disease Which requires a constitutional remedy. It cannot be cured by local applications. Hood's Sarsaparilla is wonderfully successful in curing catarrh because it eradicates from the blood the scrofulous taints which cause it. Sufferers with catarrh find a cure in Hood's Sarsaparilla, even after other remedies utterly fail.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to operate.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

Parents buy Mother Graves' Worm Expeller because they know it is a safe medicine for their children and an effectual expeller of worms.

Where can I get some of Holloway's Corn Cure? I was entirely cured of my corns by this remedy and I wish some more of it for my friends. So writes Mr. J. W. BROWN, Chicago.

A Short Road to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, time ago, attributes his weathering the storm to the fact that he always kept his bank account in a satisfactory condition. When renewals had to be made, they were arranged previously, and when the maturing paper was presented there were always funds to

LOOK OUT for the first signs of impure blood—Hood's Sarsaparilla is your safeguard. It will purify, enrich and vitalize your blood.

FREAKS OF RITUALISM.

The Dublin Review, a Catholic quarterly, commenting on the spread of ritualism in the "Church of England," asserts that now-a-days one can see frequented confessionals in dozens of London churches, and asks: "What would the High Churchmen of sixty years since have said to a sermon on the 'Patronage of St. Joseph,' the 'hidden saint whom our Holy Father, Pius IX., has made the guardian of the Universal Church,' in a Protestant conventicle? If they had known that the Hall Mary would be taught with the Our Father in Protestant schools? If they had foreseen that a Catholic lady would mistake a Protestant confession for that of a Catholic priest, and only be undeceived when the confessor happened to remark, 'That bell is only my wife ringing for tea?'"

Of course, all this amuses the Romanists, who poke all manner of fun at the ritualistic milliners, and even accuse many of them of treating almost all their own practices and doctrines as jokes. By some of these ritualists the Anglican body is called merely "The Establishment," while the Prayer Book is ironically dubbed "The Incomparable." In another view of the case the exhibition of inconsistency and mad-headedness made by many of the Romanizers within the bounds of the "Church of England" is most sad. They are neither one thing nor the other, and are not one even in their "essentials" of belief. No wonder that an old-fashioned clergyman who was called upon to preach for his ritualistic son, took as his text the words: "Lord, have mercy on my son, for he is a lunatic."—New York Observer, (Presbyterian), May 12.

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