FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

THE POWER OF GRACE. "For the desh lusteth against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh, so that you do not the things that you would." (Gal.

The two fold principle in man, of which the apostle here speaks, is a matter of our common experience. We are all conscious of two tendencies within us-one which tries to drag us down to what is material, sensual and evil, and another which seeks to raise us to what is noble, elevating and spiritual. The former comes from our physical being, from that nature which have in common with the brute creation; the other is our moral sense, our reason, our conscience.

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It is the power of distinguishing between right and wrong which makes the great difference between us and the lower animals. You may teach a dog not to steal, but it will only be through not to steal, but it will only be through fear of punishment. But we have a sense of responsibility to a power higher than ourselves. This is the voice of conscience within us, guiding, checking, upbraiding us if we have done what is wrong, or, on the other hand, approving us if we have done a

The history of the human race is The history of the human race is that of a constant struggle between these two principles. They are the two masters of which our Lord speaks in the gospel of to day, and each is striving for the ascendency over us. Which are you serving, the flesh or the spirit, God or the devil? This is the practical question for each one of the practical question for each one of us. For there is no half-way. We cannot serve both of these masters. You cannot be half the friend of God and half the slave of the devil. Either you are now in the state of grace, the child of God, an heir of heaven, or you are held captive by the devil, and should you die at this moment he would

elaim you as his own.
But, perhaps, you doubt which master you are serving, because your soul is the battle-field for that conflict of which the apostle speaks — the lusting of the flesh against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh, so that you do not the things that you would. That is, though in your heart you would rather listen to the promptings of your better and nobler nature, yet some times it seems as if the flesh had the upper-hand, and you are tempted to think there is no use in trying any

Take courage and be consoled by the experience of St. Paul. Thrice he be-sought the Lord that a grievous temptation might depart from him, and he received the answer, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for power is made per-fect in infirmity." No one has defect in infirmity. scribed more vividly than St. Paul this conflict within us. "The good which I will," he says, "I do not, but the evil which I will not that I do. For I am delighted with the law of God, according to the inward man, but I see another law in my members fighting against the law of my mind, and captivating me in the law of sin. Un-happy man that I am! Who shall de-liver me from the body of this death?" And he answers: "The grace of God by Jesus Christ our Lord." If, then, you are tempted — if even you have fallen, be not discouraged. God's grace can save you, God's grace can enable you to triumph over your lower they rather loom up in their training nature, if you have done those things tnen, but, trusting in God's mercy and in the power of His grace, arise and renew the struggle. Victory will crown your efforts in the end, if only you persevere in the fight, for "he that persevereth unto the end shall be saved."

Louis S. 10u don't know, either, I guess, that Wright has just gotten over some sort of fever which pulled him down like everything. I heard his father telling mine that yesterday."

"No, I didn't know that," said Bess, lowering her voice, as the subject of saved." saved.'

No-Popery People.

Sydney Smith-the great English wit and divine—once wound up an article in the Edinburg Review on Catholics, who had been bitterly assailed and maligned in his day over Catholic emancipation, with the following pointed advice to the no Popery

people:
To the no Popery fool: You are made use of by men who laugh at you and despise you for your folly and ignorance: and who, the moment it suits their purpose, will consent to emancipation of the Catholics, and leave you to roar and bellow 'No Popery!' to vacancy and the moon.

"To the no-Popery rogue: A shameful and scandalous game to

sport with the serious interests of the country in order to gain some increase of public power.
"To the honest no-Popery people:

We respect you very sincerely, but are astonished at your existence.

"To the base: Sweet children of turpitude, beware! The anti-Popery people are fast perishing away. Take heed that you are not surprised by an emancipating king or an emancipating administration. Leave a poenitentice—prepare a place for retreat—get ready your equivocations and denials. The dreadful day may yet come when liberality may lead to place and power. We understand these matters It is the safest to be moderately baseto be always ready for what is gener ous, good and just when anything is to be gained by virtue."

In your blood is the cause of that tired, languid feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes rich, red blood and gives renewed vigor.

The Brightest Flowers must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by Dr. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL. Croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, in short all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most economic.

Not what we saw, but what Hood's Sarsa

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

A GIRL-BOY.

A group of young people were seated one summer afternoon in the shade of a great oak tree on the lawn of a Southern watering place and talking gayly among themselves. were bright boys and girls, all of them, ranging in ages from thirteen to eighteen, and all summer long they had enjoyed life as only young folk who are sound in mind and limb and off for a long vacation can enjoy it, but just now they were having an animated and highly interesting, though subdued, discussion.

"I can't help what you say, Tom," declared one clever-looking girl, with a decisive shake of her head and set-tling back into the hammock Tom Carmen had just vacated for her, "that boy ought to be ashamed of himself. He sits around like some old man nearly ready to die and does nothing but read and draw pictures or something equally silly. I've no more idea that he could play base ball or golf even than I have that I can fly, and I'm quite sure I can't do that. He hasn't said a dozen words to any of us since he came a week ago, either, and, all in all, he makes me feel as if I'd like to go over there and shake him this very minute. If he was my brother would'nt I just go for him," and the energetic young lady nodded

her head again vigorously.

"Just would'nt you, tho'!" remarked Will Sothern, Bess Hardman, cousin, as he watched a busy little ant rushing frantically up and down his racket while he lay on his back in the grass; "and how thankful he ought to be that he is'nt your brother. But what has stirred you up so suddenly, Bass? Reading these articles or Reading those articles on Bess? physical culture and all that tiresome stuff they gave us to wade through this summer

"Yes, partly that; tho' I'd like to have Professor Dryden bear you say it is 'stuff,' young man! But it isn't altogether those articles that have set me to going, Will. I've been thinking some myself this summer, and no matter how much fun you make of us you know yourself that it is one's duty to develop one's body and take care of it; and look at this new boy, will you! He's as thin and hollow chested as one of the poor little fresh air children sent out here for the summer. They can't help being so, but he can. I could outrun him this minute-

"Yes," interjects Jack Bradley ' and several more of us, too.

"And not hurt myself doing it Suppose he was ever called upon to save some one from an accident or injury—as Tom did last year when he caught Alice on the trestle—could he do it? No, and you know it, too. And I'm willing to wager you a pound of the best candy I can make, Tom, that his arm isn't a bit bigger than mine," patting her plump biceps with

a strong, brown hand.

"You are a kind of Samson," replied Tom, laughingly; "but doesn't it strike you that you're judging him a good deal by appearances, Bess?

To be sure, Fred Wright doesn't seem to be sure, fred wright doesn't seem. to be a giant of strength and muscle, at first glance; but you know Sandow himself doesn't look exceedingly large when he's in his everyday clothes. Lots of our best men at the gymnas-ium look positively thin sometimes when you see them on the street; but

their conversation came across the lawn towards them; "but I still stick to it that that boy needs to be lectured about himself until he is made to realize that it's next thing to disgraceful nowadays to be a—a girl-boy. There now, I've said just what I think !" and amid the laugh that fol lowed and which caused young Wright to look quickly up, Bess wondered, un-comfortably, if he could possibly have heard her last remark.

As Fred approached the little group lounging comfortably under the oak, more than one pair of interested eyes watched him closely after the conversa tion which had just taken place, and the young people were not slow to take in all the points to which Bess had been taking exceptions. He was not a robust-looking boy, truly, with his long, thin arms and rather hollow chest, nor did he stand as straight as her own athletic brother. There was a looseness about his whole

body, too, as if he cared little how he looked to others, and his thin face but for the broad forehead and square chin was not a strong one. But beneath the pallor which a long sickness had brought him, there were unmistakable signs that the healthy blood had once coursed quickly through his veins, and the tall, lithe body, though not resem bling the stalwart young boys she was used to, was not devoid even now of a

certain quiet, unobtrusive strength. Then, as Tom hailed him cheerfully with some remark concerning the comfort of doing nothing, as they were just

then, he smiled and joined them. "That is just what I'm fond of doing; this vacation, at any rate," said he, in the low, quiet voice which had first raised Bess' ire, "tho'l had just gotten up courage to ask you if you'd mind letting me join the next game of tennis letting me join the next game of tennis turned suddenly and the others did you have, if I'll not be in the way? I likewise, to find Fred Wright just get-

naven't played since I was sick in the spring, and I'd like to limber up a little, if I may."
"You're a chap after my own heart," cried Tom, springing to his feet and picking up his racket, which leaned against the tree. "I've been twying for the least half hour at intertrying for the last half hour, at inter- looked at Tom and he at her as the

vals of every three minutes, to get some of these lazy boys and girls to give me a set, but they won't do it. Come on now, if you will, and we'll have a game before dinner." And the two boys were off a moment later to the tennis courts.

"Tom seems to have begun the training which you insist the 'girl boy' needs, Bess," remarked Jack, as they disappeared.

disappeared.
"He does, truly," replied Bess, swinging gently in the hammock and industriously dropping grass and seed down her patient cousin's neck.
"And I imagine he knows as much about tennis as three year-old Dot does! But come, girls, it's time to get ready for dinner." And with this parting shot Rose and her three inseparable companions went off to the upper hotel, while the boys drifted into a desultory

talk about football.

Half an hour later, as they were all making their way into the dining room for the noon meal, Tom dropped behind with Bess for a moment, and there was a meaning twinkle in his eyes as he asked:

"Well, did you see the fresh air boy

play tennis?"
"No," replied she, laughing quietly;
"but I can imagine what it was like. Did he even know which side of the net to stand on?"

to stand on?"

"I'm afraid he did," replied Tom, dryly. "He beat me six games without stopping." And then, before Bess could gasp out an astonished "What!" he was gone again, and taking his place at the table. place at the table.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I rise to make a remark," said Jack Bradley the next morning, seating himself as he spoke upon a bowlder at the side of the road and mopping his hot face with a handkerchief

Will, fanning himself with his hat.
"On second thoughts I guess I won't rise; I'll just make it where I

"Go ahead," said Tom, leaning with his elbows on the fence and watching a big bird of some sort sailing lazily about far over their heads; what would you remark?"

"That morning walks are a nuisance and an abominable fraud," declared Jack. "Don't you think so, "No, indeed," replied May Brennan,

rearranging some daisies she had picked and put in her hat; "we think

it a very nice walk and a very nice day, don't we?"
"Very," assented the girls.
"Just hear them!" continued Jack;
"there they sit, under those parasols in the shade, while we have to stay out here in the sun and fairly broil! out here in the sun and fairly broil They can afford to think it a pleasant

jaunt."
"Why didn't you bring parasols,
too?" inquired May, but Jack, deeming this frivolous remark beneath his dignity, went on : "I vote that we move on to the

shade before we melt and disappear

entirely."
This they did, and as they settled themselves in the welcome shade Tom, who carried a small black box slung

who carried a small black box slung over his shoulder, said suddenly:
"I'm going to take a picture of that road," gazing down the long, dusty pike as he spoke. "It must be fully a mile to the toll gate, isn't it, Jack?"
"Mile and a half, Will says," returned Jack, sighing contentedly, and

"But it makes a pretty picture. Look pleasant, please — chin a little higher. There you are. And he didn't move an eyelash!"

"What nonsense are you up to now?" asked Will. But his enquiry was cut short by the

sudden appearance behind them of a spirited little black horse, upon whose back sat Miss Grace Hardman, Bess older sister.

"What in the world are you children doing way out here?" she asked, checking the restive little animal as "We don't know, Miss Grace," an-

swered Tom, in an aggrieved tone of voice. "I assure you we had nothing to do with it. The girls said come on, and we came on. "Ours not to question why, 'you know."
"These boys are positively getting

too lazy to move, Grace," declared Bess, indignantly, "and we decided the time had come when we must stir them up or they would do what the professor is always saying—vegetate, I

"And Bess is a famous stirrer, as you know," remarked Will, laughing. "Where are you going, Grace?" asked Bess, casting a warning glance in Will's direction.

"Just for a ride," answered her sister, smiling at them all as she looked down upon them. "Would you all

like to get up behind?" "Wouldn't we make a fine tableau if we did!" said Jack.

" No; but I want to ride Prince a little way, if you don't care," replied Bess. "May I?" And then as her sister slipped quickly from the horse, Bess ran to his side. As she was about to ask Will to mount her, Miss Grace

haven't played since I was sick in the spring, and I'd like to limber up a little, if I may."

"You're a chap after my own he bowed silently to them all, and stood

BEST FOR

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new boy spoke, and then as Will lifted his cousin lightly to the saddle, he whispered:

"I say, Bess, what do you think of your girl-boy now? Rather a surprise to find he rides a wheel, isn't it?" But before she could answer Tom

"Let him out, Bess ; I want to catch an instantaneous view of him, if I

can."
"Be careful, tho'!" cried Miss Grace, warningly; "he is very foolish this morning." But already Besshad touched Prince with the whip and the scivited black dashed past them the spirited black dashed past them just as Tom pressed the button of his camera. Then he looked up; the horse was not slackening his speed in the least.

"He has bolted!" cried Jack, springing to his feet; and they all realized the truth of what he said at once. A single moment of suspense followed, and then Will cried hoarsely:

"The toll gate!"
Before the others could move then, Fred had sprang to his wheel and whirled it out into the road. "Won't they raise it?" he asked,

"Get up, then, by all means," said with searcely a tremor in his voice.
"On second thoughts I guess I Tom staring like one fascinated after

the runaway horse. Oh, if he could but think of something to do! He can see how it will all be - the crazed horse dashing blindly on, the tollgate across the road and horse and rider both plunging into it, yet for the life of him he can think of no way to save her. But if he cannot think there is one who can, and without another word Fred vaults into the saddle of his machine and the next moment he is machine and the next moment he is spinning down the road. Then Tom realizes what he is attempting, and a silent prayer goes up in his boyish heart that he will succeed. It is to be a race between machine and horse, and if-ah, if !

It has all happened in half the time it takes to write it down here, but already the horse is far away. With a glance at the distance between them, Fred bends to his work, his long thin hands grasping the handle-bars steadily, his lips tightly closed and his pale face only a degree whiter than before. But one thought occupies his mind-he must catch that horse before t reaches the gate. The odds are greatly against him, but the stake is a

To the little group left behind the lightedly: runners the race seems a hopeless one. Miss Grace has promptly fainted, but so frightened are the other girls that they make but half-hearted efforts to bring her to. Tom and Jack are still staring as if fascinated at the contestants dashing madly down the long level road, and even in the excitement wise runner fred has saved misstrength until the last, and the time has come for its use. Like a suddenly released bird the light machine springs forward and the pedals fairly whirr as they spin their whites, and on flies the machine after him.

"If she will only stick to the saddle," thinks Fred, still the coolest of them all, and dodging a sharp stone with an eye to his pneumatic tire, "and I don't lose myself, we'll do it."

Bess is grasping the horse's mane with one hand now, while she tugs with the other at the reins, but with slight effect. Knowing how useless, how worse than useless, it would be to try and jump, she had resolved to "stick" from the first, and if she thinks at all of the tollgate, she shuts out the thought as quickly as it enters her mind, lest she lose her courage.

The mile has been run, the finish is near, and the spectators strain their eyes to see it. The last half mile of the road is hard and clayey, free from dust and stones, and when they strike this Tom can contain his excitement no

onger. "Go, Fred, go!" he yells, as if the

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boy on the bicycle could hear him; learned a lesson which she will never "you aren't half near enough yet. For heaven's sake, ride!"

For a moment it almost seems as if, instead, his speed has slackened, but the next second Jack shouts de-

"He's gaining—he's gaining! He'll catch that little beast yet!"

Nor is this unlikely now. Like a wise runner Fred has saved hisstrength thing alive, shoots forward past Prince's heels, his middle, his shoulders-up to

Grasping the bridle with one thin hand, the boy throws his whole weight on the stout leather. This can but rehis head! on the stout feather. This can but re-tard the animal's progress, and his quivering head bends sideways; his speed is slackened for a second, and that second is what Fred Wright has worked for. Quick as a flash he shuts the brake with all his force. The bicycle stops dead still. Prince stumbles, slides a few feet, one forefoot goes crashing through the safety's front wheel, and Fred is pulled down with it, still holding the rein. foaming horse gives one half-hearted rear as if to get away, his hind quar ters strike the tollgate itself; he stops, lowers his head and breathes a long sigh -and the race is won!

Dazed and dizzy, Fred pulls himself as to his feet and looks about him just as Bess slips from Prince's back and

runs to the boy's side.
"I hope—hope you aren't hurt, are
you," he asks before she can speak and holding to the fence for support,

and noiding to the lence for support, as he tries to stand up straight.
"No," answered Bess, with a funny little sensation in her throat, "but you are;" and tho he remonstrates feebly she leads him into a house near by.
When the rest of the party finally When the rest of the party finally reached the tollgate, tired and hot but

happy beyond expression, they find Bess, with the aid of the tollkeeper's wife, bathing Fred's forehead, which carries a ragged cut. He is very white, and nervous, now that it is all over; but he insists on getting up as they come in. Tom is the first to reach him, but all he can say as he

grasps his hands in his own is:
"Fred Wright, you are a brick:"
"I—thank you!" says he, smiling and returning the warm pressure of

his friend's grasp.

And as for Bess, standing in the background and watching the two— the so-called "girl-boy" and Tom— she knows then and there that she has

The Church's Maternal Love. Like unto a mourning dove, the be-

loved Spouse of Christ, the Church, never interrupts her sighs and prayers for the faithful departed until they have arrived at the port of eternal bliss. She renews, in Holy Mass, our divine Redeemer's sacrificial death, offering it up to His Heavenly Father; lestants dashing madly down the long level road, and even in the excitement they cannot help noticing how well the "girl boy" rides. Like a trained racer, he bends close above the machine and balances himself over it, and a strange thrill of real pleasure runs over Tom even in this intense minute he sees what perfect control the boy has of the bicycle. On flies the black horse, his head down, neck out and eyes flashing and showing their whites, and on flies the machine effort, the boy stands in his saddle for an instant, and the bicycle, like some like the church triumphant and the Church militant to join in persever-sing prayer for the Church suffering. What a consolation for the dying, what a reassurance for the living to again. Faster and faster go the machine creeps on to the very heels of the now laboring animal. Now the block horse, his head down, neck out and eyes flashing and showing their whites, and on flies the machine springs forward and the pedals fairly whirr as they spin around. The horse is beginning to around. The horse is beginning to around down had and the pedals fairly whirr as they spin around. The horse is beginning to around. The horse is beginning to around down had and down he glances quickly at him and down again. Faster and faster go the church triumphant and the Church militant to join in persever-ing prayer for the Church suffering. What a consolation for the dying, what a reassurance for the living to profess a religion so comforting; comparison to the order in private the Church suffering. What a consolation for the dying, what a reassurance for the living profess a religion so comforting; comparison to the order in private the Church triumphant and the Church militant to join in persever-ing prayer for the Church triumphant and the Church suffering. she invites the Church triumphant and the Church militant to join in perseverafter death; comforting for their surviving friends, because they continue to show them their affection in case they should stand in need of their assistance in the purifying flames. Hence we can never be sufficiently thankful to God for having called us to a religion whose maternal care, charity and zeal go beyond the confines of our earthly pilgrimage and follow us even after our eyes have been closed in death.

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