

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

THE POWER OF GRACE. For the flesh lusteth against the Spirit and the Spirit against the flesh...

The two-fold principle in man, of which the apostle here speaks, is a matter of our common experience.

It is the power of distinguishing between right and wrong which makes the great difference between us and the lower animals.

The history of the human race is that of a constant struggle between these two principles.

For there is no half-way. We cannot serve both these masters. You cannot be half the friend of God and half the slave of the devil.

Take courage and be consoled by the experience of St. Paul. Thrice he sought the Lord that a grievous temptation might depart from him.

But, perhaps, you doubt which master you are serving, because your soul is the battle-field for that conflict of which the apostle speaks...

No-Popery People.

Sydney Smith—the great English wit and divine—once wound up an article in the Edinburgh Review on Catholics, who had been bitterly assailed and maligned in his day over Catholic emancipation...

To the no-Popery fool: You are made use of by men who laugh at you and despise you for your folly and ignorance...

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.

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

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...

"I can't help what you say, Tom," declared one clever-looking girl, with a decisive shake of her head...

"Just wouldn't you, tho'!" remarked Will Sothorn, Bess Hardman's cousin, as he watched a busy little ant rushing frantically up and down his racket while he lay on his back in the grass...

"Yes, partly that; tho' I'd like to have Professor Dryden hear 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...

"Get up, then, by all means," said Will, fanning himself with his hat. "On second thoughts I guess I won't rise; I'll just make it where I am."

"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...

"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?"

"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!"

"What in the world are you children doing way out here?" she asked, checking the restive little animal as she spoke.

"We don't know, Miss Grace," answered 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," 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 believe it is."

"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.

"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' I had just gotten up courage to ask you if you'd mind letting me join the next game of tennis you have, if I'll not be in the way?"

"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 trying for the last half hour, at inter-

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."

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

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?"

"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.

"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.

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BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY

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?"

"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 Bess had touched Prince with the whip and the spirited black dashed past them just as Tom pressed the button of his camera.

"The toll gate!" "Followed 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, with scarcely a tremor in his voice. "No; they won't know," answered Tom, staring like one fascinated after the runaway horse.

"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.

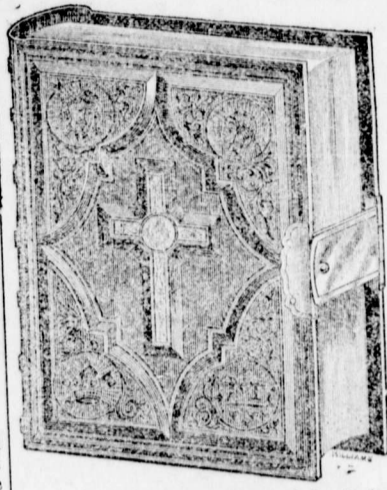
"The little group left behind the runners the race seems a hopeless one. Miss Grace has promptly fainted, but so frightened are the other girls that they make but half-hearted efforts to bring her to Tom and Jack are still staring as if fascinated at the contestants dashing madly down the long level road, and even in the excitement they cannot help noticing how well the 'girl-boy' rides.

"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 longer.

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



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boy on the bicycle could hear him; "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 delightedly:

"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 his strength 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 whirl as they spin around. The horse is beginning to breathe hard, and Fred realizes this as he glances quickly at him and down again. Faster and faster go the glistening wheels, and slowly the machine creeps on to the very heels of the now laboring animal.

The bicyclist is only ten feet from him—eight—six! Then, with a last mighty effort, the boy stands in his saddle for an instant, and the bicycle, like something alive, shoots forward past Prince's heels, his middle, his shoulders—up to his head!

Grasping the bridle with one thin hand, the boy throws his whole weight on the stout leather. This can but retard 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 of the front wheel, and Fred is pulled down to the ground, still holding the reins. The foaming horse gives one half-hearted rear as if to get away, his hind quarters 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 up 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, 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 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 learned a lesson which she will never forget.—The Independent.

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The Church's Maternal Love.

Like unto a mourning dove, the beloved 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; she invites the Church triumphant and the Church militant to join in persevering prayer for the Church suffering. What a consolation for the dying, what a reassurance for the living to profess a religion so comforting; to console to the dying who though cleansed from all mortal sin by the holy sacraments yet are uncertain whether they shall be found sufficiently pure and worthy of heaven, but rest assured that the Church triumphant and militant will come to their aid after death; comforting for their suffering 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 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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