FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fifth Sunday After Epiphany.

THANKSGIVING "Giving thanks to God the Father." 2(Col.

Although thanksgiving to God in the time of prosperity, dear brethren, is a thing often left undone, this neglect at such a time is not because giving thanks is a difficult perform-ance. For the failure to comply with this obligation which we owe to God does not then arise from burdensomeness, but from want of thought or from carelessness.

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And so it is usually enough to remind of God's bounty those who are receiving good things and who are forgetful of the debt of gratitude due to God, and they will acknowledge in some way more or less perfectly the dispensation of Divine Providence in

It is in adversity that the duty of giving thanks becomes hard, and the difficulty of submitting to God great, because the operation of His providence is at variance with our views. We begin to feel the weight of the yoke and heaviness of the burden, unmindful that Truth Himself has declared. "My yoke is sweet and my burden light." Just now I would bring before you especially the motives which should urge us to thanksgiving, even at the time when desolation seems to reign triumphant in the city of the

My brethren, if there is any one truth more certain than the rest, it is unquestionably this: that God is deal ing with us individually in a spirit of mercy and love. Holy Writ supplies evidence of this so abundantly that there is scarcely a page of the Holy Book which does not gleam with on our common father forfeited God's love for love of woman, God's mercy has been around about the commissaire and his crew came one day and took possession of it. They broke into the cellar; they brought out wine and drank all the commissaire and his crew came one day and took possession of it. mercy has been around about the sons of Adam, and God's grace has been struggling with each one of them for mastery over concupiscence. A strange spectacle this indeed, and full of mystery! Omnipotence pleading with weakness that weakness might become strength! Strange indeed and mys terious, yet divinely true! And what God has done and was doing and is doing for the individual, is especially manifested by what He did for the people which He chose for His own. Behold Israel in Egypt! The faith-

ful nation is subject to hard masters. The dark night of bondage is upon the race. Yet it is not always night. The dawn begins to break, Moses' voice is heard, and soon the sun of day pours down upon scattered hosts of Pharao falling beneath the mighty walls of water in the depths of the The Jewish people are in the wilderness—in an arid land where there is no way and no water. Alone? No, for their God goes before them in clouds by day, and by night in flames of fire, ever present testimonies of His merciful care. His people have not bread nor meat. Manna from heaven and flocks of quail supply their needs, and from the springless rock fountains of sweet waters gush to quench their bitter thirst, and lave their weary limbs. O God! our God, how wonderful art Thou in all Thy ways. Behold this nation wandering for forty years, often forgetful of Thee, yet upon them is lavished the tenderness of a loving

The Jewish race and God's dealings with it are but types of the soul and divine Providence, which is constant and active and intelligent and which is exercised for each of us, disposing information to the committee. the means to the end, and the end is God Himself. Whatever the means able hireling, who dared not stand up may be that Providence orders, they for the people or the non-tis enemies; are good, indeed they are the best for us. Whether it be heat or cold, hunger or plenty, joy or sorrow, that leads us to God, let us thank Him for it, for it is good. Let us trust Him, for He is faithful, and let us bless Him, for He is merciful. Let this be our daily confession to Him, "The mercies of God I will sing for ever.

The Church in Scotland.

The rapid growth of the Church in Scotland is illustrated by the fact that Mr. Hugh Margey, the patriarch of Glasgow, who died last month in that city, at the age of ninety-two, was a connecting link between the present era of magnificent churches and the days when a few scattered Catholics met to worship, often at a great risk, in a small, plain building which served as church and school. Bigotry was rampant in that day; and it is said that once, when Mr. Margey went into the outlying districts to distribute devotional literature, he was rather severely handled by a party of zealous Protestants who objected to his visit. He was a bookseller by trade; and, like the venerable Patrick Donahoe in our own country, often suffered in his worldly possessions because of his zeal for the faith. As one of his countrymen said after his death, "to write the life of Mr. Margey would be to write the history of the Church in Scotland during the last hundred years."-Ave Maria.

Common Sense

Common Sense

Common Sense

Common Sense

Common Sense

Country

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HOOD'S PILLS cures constipation by restoring peristaltic action to the alimentary canal. Nothing looks more ugly than to see a person whose hands are covered over with warts. Why have these disfigurements on your person, when a sure remover of all warts, corns, etc., can be found in Holloway's Corn Cure?

The Beggar of the Steps of St. Roch.

A TRUE STORY. CONTINUED.

"The young ladies, poor things, were as merry as if there had been no such thing in the world as the Revolution, and, except in my discontented and restless heart, there was peace in the old castle, till the day when a commissaire from Paris took up his abode in the neighboring town, and drew up a list of persons accused of being counterrevolutionists and enemies of the

people.

" My master's name was foremost in the list, and he received a friendly message that informed him of the fact, and enjoined him to seek a place of concealment for himself and his family. The announcement took him by surorise; but madame instantly suggested their retiring to a cottage amongs the hills, where an old maid servant of hers resided, and which was as likely to escape observation as any spot in the neighborhood. Thither they went by night; I helped them to pack up; I carried little Paulin in my arms part of the way. O my God! if that day, if that hour, could but return! Could I but feel again that child's warm breath on my cheek, as I ascended the steep mountain-path; or hear once again the sweet voice of his mother, as she urged me to sit down and rest Rest! There is no rest for the wicked The curse of Cain is upon me. It is years since I mentioned their names I had never thought to do so again; but now that I have begun, I will go on with my dreadful history; but I cannot linger over it. It must be short, as the time that I have yet to man live. Well, I returned to the castle, and the commissaire and his crew came

of the grand doings of the people at Paris, and sang wild songs till my brain was confused, and I sang and vociferated louder than any of them. They cheered and applauded; they called me a good patriot, and I felt as if a new world was opening before me. There was a man amongst them who drew me aside, and showed me a print ed paper, in which the revolutionary committee announced that they would bestow the property of the proscribed nobles on any true patriot who would discover their hiding - places. He assured me that, by revealing my master's abode, I should become en titled to the possession of his castle and of his lands; and my brain maddened

at the notion. I forgot all about the Revolution and an equal division of prop-erty, which we had been talking about a moment before, and I saw myself at once the lord and master of that house where I had spent my early years in servitude. I asked what they would do to my master, if they should bappen to discover and arrest him. The same man told me that in that case they would send him to join the exiled princes, who would be sure to provide handsomely for their dear friends, the aristocrats. I had heard my master speak of joining the emigration, and said to myself that there would be no hardship in his being carried there by force where he had wished himself to Still, I could not resolve to betray

go.

talked boastfully of knowledge I could but would not give. They beset me sorely, and began to threaten also. They displayed the proclamation, and described all I should gain by giving the end, and the end is called me a cowardly slave, a miser-Whatever the means able hireling, who dared not stand up and when, on the one hand, I saw im prisonment and death, perhaps, staring me in the face, and on the other riches and grandeur offering themselves to my grasp, the evil spirit got possession of me, and in an ill fated hour I spoke the words that sealed the doom of my master and of his family. I cannot dwell on the subsequent details; I cannot speak of the agonies I endured. I saw them hurried into the town. I saw their pale faces; my master's gray head bowed in anguish on his breast. I saw her, that gentle saint, whom from my earliest childhood I had revered,

him, but drank again and again, and

hooted at and jeered by the mob, and her young daughters weeping by her side. The little boy, too — rougher arms than mine were carrying him now; and when he saw me standing amidst the crowd (for a strange fascination made me follow them on their way to the prison), he called to Jacques to come and take him. 'Tis strange that a man lives through such a moment. I need not tell you the rest. They murdered them all-all but the boy Him they kept in prison a long while and then sent him away, I know not where, for I left my native place soon after my old master's execution, and became a wanderer on the face of the

reprobation on my brow. "As might have been expected, I never reaped any worldly advantage from my crime. The man who had lured me to it got possession of the count's estates. I know not in whose hands they have remained. Nor can you wonder that I have never ventured since to put my foot into a church; that I have lived an excommunicated outcast; and that I die as I have

earth-a very Cain, with the stamp of

lived? A fearful groan burst from the breast of the unhappy man, and turning his face away from the priest, he remained

"The cross?" said the Abbe "The cross!" Jacques exclaimed. "She sent me this cross. She never knew that I had betrayed them. She was grateful to me for having favored

their escape. O my God! it has often seemed like an instrument of torture, this cross, which she begged the jailer's wife to give me, and with it her dying thanks and her blessing. Look,

THE

look!" he cried, as he convulsively grasped the little enamelled cross, "there are her initials, E. M.; and there,' he continued, with a still more despairing accent, and lifting up at the same time the curtain from the wall near his bedside-"there is her picture. I knew where it was hanging in the summer house of the chateau, and one night I stole it and carried it away with me. But I can-not bear to look at it nor to part from it, and so I hung that curtain before it.

Are you going away, Monsieur l'Abbe?" The priest had gazed a moment at the cross and then at the picture. He had retired to the opposite side of the room, and knelt down in silence. There he remained for a few minutes. with his face buried in his hands, while Jacques watched him with a secret uneasiness. At last he rose from his knees; his face was as pale as death, but perfectly calm. Returning to the bedside of his penitent, he spoke to him with great mildness, but at the same time with an irresistible energy

of voice and manner.

"Jacques," he said, "there is no sin which the Precious Blood cannot wash away. It is never too late to repent; and if you repent—as I know you do-I can absolve you from this and all your other sins. I charge you in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, your God and mine, instantly to make your confession, and to seek that par don which I am authorized to bring

There was something in the priest's manner which awed and subdued the hitherto intractable sinner. He meekly complied with the injunction, and in a voice broken by sobs he made a general confession; and when he had accused himself of having, Judas like, betrayed his master, for the first time his tears flowed freely. The Abbe—addressed to him a few touching words of exhortation, moved him to a deeper and more fervent contrition, and then. as he saw there was no time to lose, he gave him absolution. The blessed words were pronounced; the dying man forgiven; and in that narrow chamber angels rejoiced, for a sinner had repented. Peace stole over the face so lately hardened by despair.
"And now," said the Abbe-

" now that I have reconciled you with God, it only remains that I add to His

pardon my own forgiveness."
"Yours, M. l'Abbe!" faltered the penitent. "How have I offended

"Jacques," solemnly replied the priest, "it was my father, my mother, and my sisters that you sent to the scaffold. I am the little Paulin whom you once carried in your arms up that nountain path. Our Blessed Lord has forgiven you, and I, too, forgive you with all my heart."

Jacques fixed his eyes on the priest's face, gazed on him an instant in un utterable astonishment, gave one deep groan, fell back and died.

The son of his victims prayed fer vently and long by his remains, closed his eyes with pious care, and then wen on his way rejoicing that God had sent him to attend the last moments of one in such need of the absolution which, as a priest, he had given, and of the forgiveness which none but himself could have granted.

THE END.

A Worthy Protestant Prelate.

If all Protestant Bishops were as out-spoken as Dr. Dowden, of Edinburgh. in vindication of the truth, even when differ from them, Christians of various denomination would respect one an other far more and understand one much better. The Rev. Dr. Teape, in cumbent of St. Andrew's Episcopal Church, Edinburgh, a member of the extreme Evangelical party, at a recent meeting of the Irish Society, assured his hearers that "the Roman Catholic has no Saviour, no Bible, no Heaven. The Bishop at once took Dr. Teape to task, and the reverend gentleman in reply made a lame and impotent attempt to defend his assertion, with the result that the Bishop again wrote to him as follows: "The words, as they appeared in the report, seemed to me so monstrous an outrage upon truthnot to say charity-that it was impos sible for me to pass over in silence such a statement made by a clergyman holding a responsible position as an incum bent in the diocese. Some correspondence has since passed between us, but the upshot (as I deeply regret it) is only that you acknowledge the accuracy of the report, and attempt by argument to justify your words. I cannot enter into discussion but must content myself with simplicity, as your Bishop, severely censuring the ployment of such language, and expressing my sorrow that you could have allowed yourself to be betrayed into making a public charge so base and so offensive." By this manly letter Dr. Dowden not only gives proof of his love of honesty in contro versy, but does honor to himself and to

his Church. Purify your blood, tone up the system and regulate the digestive organs by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggist Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggist. Dyspepsia or Indigestion is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary duets, loss of vitality in the stomach to secret the gastric juices, without shich digestion cannot go on; also, being the principal cause of healache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: "Parmelee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

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A FUTILE CONTEST.

"They engage in an unequal con test who wage war against the Church of the Living God, who hath said to its head: Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee. Ask of me and I will give thee the Gentiles for thy inheritance and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possessions."—Ps. I., 7 8. These (the 'Native Americans' may combine to put down Catholicity

form leagues against it, enlist all the powers of the earth against it; but what then? Nero tried to crush it in its infancy. Diocletian tried it. And Nero and Diocletian have passed away, and their mighty empire has crumbled to pieces and dissolved, leaving scarce 'a wrack behind'; yet the Church has lived on and the successor of the Fisher man of Galilee inherited a power before which that of Rome in her proudest day was merely the dust in the bal-Pagan and Saracen tried to ance. crush it, but Pagan and Saracen scat ered before its glory as the morning mist before the rising sun. Hereticand schismatic have tried to exter minate it, — Luther and Calvin and Henry of England, like the great dragon whose tail drew after it a third part of the stars of heaven; and heir own children are rising up and cursing their memory. The powers of earth have tried to do it - Napoleon, the Colossus who bestrided Europe and made and unmade kings in mere pastime; but Napoleon from the moment he dared lay his hand on the Lord's annointed, loses his power and goes to die at last of a broken heart in a barren isle of the ocean Jew, Pagan, Saracen, Heretic, Schismatic, Infidel and lawless power rave all tried their hand against the Church. The Lord has held them in derision. He has been a wall of fire round about her and proved for eigh teen hundred years that no weapon formed against her shall prosper; for He guards the honor of His Spouse as His own. Let the ark appear to jostle f it will; we reach forth no hand to steady it and fear no harm that may come to it. The Church has survived all storms; it is founded upon a rock, gates of hell are and the potent against it. It is not for the friends of the Church to fear, but for those who war against her and seek her suppression. It is for them to tremble—not before the arm of man, for no human arm will be raised against them, but before that God whose Church they outrage and whose cause they seek to crush. The Lord has promised His Son the Gentiles for His inheritance and the utmost parts of the earth for His possession. He must and will have this nation. And throughout all the length and breadth of this glorious land shall His temples

Now is the Time.

essay on "Native Americanism.

rise to catch the morning sun and reflect his evening rays, and holy altars

shall be erected, and the 'clean sacrifice' shall be offered daily, and a delighted people shall bow in humility

before them and pour out their hearts

in joyous thanksgiving: for so hath the Lord spoken, and His word shall stand."-(Extract from Dr. Brownson's

The benefit to be derived from a good medicine in early spring is undoubted, but many people neglect taking any until the approach of warmer weather, when they will like a tender flower in a hot sun. Something must be done to purify the blood, overcome that thread feeling and give necessary strength. Vacation is earnestly longed for, but many weeks, perhaps months, must elapse before rest can be indulged in. To impart strength, and to give a feeling of health and vigor throughout the system, there is nothing equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. It seems perfectly adapted to overcome that prostration caused by change of season, climate or life, and while it tones and sustains the system it purifies and renovies the blood.

He Has Tried it.—Mr. John Anderson.

vindication of the truth, even when arges are made against those who Kinloss, writes: "I venture to say few, if Kinloss, writes: "I venture to say few, if any, have received greater benefi. from the use of Dr. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, than I have. I have used it regularly for over ten years, and have recommended it to all suffer ers I knew ot, and they also found it of great virtue in cases of severe bronchitis and in-cipient consumption."

cipient consumption."

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ache, but these phis have cured her.

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