

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost.

THE SUCCESSFUL CHRISTIAN.
A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among robbers. St. Luke x. 30.

This man described in to-day's Gospel, my brethren, is a type of mankind. Suppose any one who had determined to climb a mountain, and had made all his preparations, were to say, after he had gone for a few hundred feet, "Oh! this is too hard work; I will go back." Do you not think his neighbors would laugh at him? Yes. "Surely," they would say, "here is one who has no energy; he never will amount to much!" So it is with the world. The man who surely mounts to the pinnacle of fame or wealth or honor to which he aspires is called great, and has the respect and admiration of the world.

The very first thing we notice in the parable in to-day's Gospel about this man is that he had turned his back on Jerusalem and was going down. It is evident that one must go either up or down on the road to heaven; one cannot stand still.

But notice, my brethren, the consequences of this backward journey; as he went further and further away; at last he fell among robbers. So it will be in the Christian life. If men do not keep their minds constantly set on heaven and its attainment, they will begin committing little venial sins deliberately, going down, down, and before they know where they are mortal sin has taken them. They have fallen into the hands of that robber chief, Satan, and he has despoiled them of their treasure and has left them in the hope that they may die before help comes.

There is but one way to avoid this fate, and that is by keeping one's self free from sin; by preserving ever a high standard of right and sticking to it. Don't get started on the downward track, for it is too easy to go on it, and the end is disastrous if you are not stopped. By the aid of prayer, with the help of the sacraments, and all the other assistances which the Church provides and suggests, climb to the top of the mountain of perfection and reach heaven as your everlasting reward. Never turn your back on heaven to go down hill, lest when accounts are squared up at the last day your lot may fall with the unsuccessful ones.

The Little Red School House.

Alderman Dever in speaking at the meeting of the Boston Board of Aldermen recently on the recent trouble in East Boston said, among other things: "Mr. Chairman, this 'little red school house and Old Glory,' reminds me a good deal of a little squib I saw in a circular issued as an advertisement by one of our little Roxbury merchants. He recites the story of the villain in 'Kit, the Arkansas Traveller' where the villain steals the child of Kit, and Kit follows him and finds him; and when the villain is within range of his musket, like the villains these people are who used the 'little red schoolhouse and Old Glory,' for a cloak—he picks up the child and places it in front of him, knowing that the father will not shoot. That is the kind of people, Mr. Chairman, who are telling us about the little red schoolhouse. I don't believe one of them ever entered the Public Schools of this city—not one of them. Why, Mr. Chairman, the other day they came and asked us for permission to use Faneuil hall. Oh, it was a golden opportunity for me, Mr. Chairman, to have it in my power to say 'No, Faneuil hall never was built for such people as you, and while I am a member of the Government you will never get my vote to occupy that hall, with or without the usual fee.'"—N. Y. Catholic Review.

Christian Unity.

A Rome correspondent writes: "From the Pope, Cardinal Gibbons learned the condition of the new encyclical letter which Leo XIII. contemplates addressing to the whole English-speaking world and which is intended to make toward unity of belief and communion. This important document will treat chiefly of the doctrinal aspect of the conditions of unity, and will assert the primacy of the Roman See. It will lay that fact down as the great basis for the reunion of the Christian churches." The Catholic Church could not alter or abandon one of its dogmas for the sake of bringing back to its fold every believer in Christ not now in its communion. The great basis for a reunion of Christendom will be the fact that Christ established one Church which was to last until the end of time; that membership in that Church is necessary for salvation; that that one Church cannot consist in three hundred warring sects.

Not one complaint has ever been made by those using Ayer's Sarsaparilla according to directions. Furthermore, we have yet to learn of a case in which it has failed to afford benefit. So say hundreds of druggists all over the country. Has cured others, will cure you.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A big result produced by small means is seen in the fact that lead pencil users have whittled away several big forests of cedar trees in Europe, and the supply of wood suitable for lead pencils is practically exhausted in the old world. An order has just been placed by a noted German firm of pencil makers with a California lumber company for a large quantity of sequoia wood, which is found to be the best wood now available for pencils. The sequoia is the big tree of California. It seems too bad that the grand old giants should be sacrificed, and especially that their end should be lead pencil shavings.—Geyer's Stationer.

Anecdote of Nelson.

A very pretty anecdote is told of Lord Nelson, the hero of the battle of Trafalgar. Besides being a great commander and a brave man, Nelson was one of the truest of friends, and while he was as fond as all other remarkable men of the praise which his good and heroic deeds merit, he knew so little of jealousy that he always wished others to have their meed of praise as well as himself.

Presented to King George III. of England at one of the royal levees, his Majesty congratulated the Admiral upon his tremendous victories, closing with a few sympathetic remarks about the Admiral's loss of his arm.

Nelson bowed his acknowledgments, and then, turning about, presented his friend and companion in many hot fights, Captain Berry.

"The loss of my arm, your Majesty," he said, "is not so great as you imagine, for here is my right hand."—Harper's Young People.

He Wanted the Mark Removed.

"I'd give a \$1,000," said a well-to-do New Yorker the other day, "to have that mark removed," and he held out a well-shaped and well-cared-for hand, on the back of which between the thumb and first finger, was tattooed a big blue anchor. "When I was a little boy at school, with my head full of stories of adventure, my highest ambition was to go to sea. An old sailor who lived in the village tattooed about a dozen of us on the sly and I remember the lies I told my mother, as I kept my hand done up in a rag, pretending I had cut it, till the sore healed. Then she gave me such a thrashing as broke up my plan, fortunately, to have a fine red and blue heart done on the back of the other. The disfigurement has caused me no end of annoyance since and has cost me considerable money for gloves, which I always wear, winter and summer, though I detest them in warm weather. But a man can't wear gloves at the table, and often at restaurants I catch people staring at my hand and I wonder if they think I have served my term in the fo'c'stles of some oyster scow or lumber schooner."

Some Queer Habits of a Familiar Bird.

No doubt many of you have noticed during the summer months a small bird like a swallow, who circles in the air around the house tops sometimes uttering a harsh note, which sounds something like the word "Bohechip!" We see him all through the summer evenings, and sometimes late at night. He is industriously catching his supper of insects. A favorite place for finding a dinner is close around one of the electric lights which stand in our large cities. He is in search of the little bugs and moths, which are always attracted by their lights.

This bird is called the night-hawk, although it is but an ordinary hawk. It belongs to the same family as the whip-poor-will.

This bird has several peculiarities. One is what is called its nesting habit. And its habit is not to have a nest at all. It chooses a warm place to lay its eggs. And in the city a favorite spot is upon the roofs of houses, close up beside a warm chimney. This makes it possible for the old birds to leave the eggs alone sometimes while they are away searching for food. In the country the bird lays its eggs in the same way on the open grass or in a thicket, or perhaps on the old stump of a tree. It very seldom makes any semblance of a nest whatever.

Another curious habit of this bird is its manner of sitting upon a tree or a fence. You have noticed the way your canary sits upon a perch, with its body extended across the perch and holding on with both feet to its support. Well, the night-hawk always sits lengthwise, that is, with its body in the same direction as the branch or rail upon which it sits, and lying close against it.

Naturalists say that the reason of this is that the legs of the hawk are so weak and small that it could not support itself in any other manner.

The Well-Bred Young Girl.

Nothing gives either a woman or a girl a better position than the reputation for being well-bred. It includes so much. Such a one has a pleasant, gracious manner, is cordial at all times, and speaks, and tries to think, kindly of every one. She never sees what another would hide, and is slow to believe evil. Her behaviour is always that of a gentlewoman.

One sometimes hears it said of a young girl that she has the gift of thoughtfulness. And sometimes a gift it is! It is born in some people; others, with an equally kindly nature, have to acquire it by a painful diligence. But once acquired it is an accomplishment of the first rank.

A girl can force herself to become thoughtful by exercising a little attention and will-power. By absorbing herself less in her own concerns, and

directing her thoughts to the lives of others, she may give her mind that pose, so to speak, whence the paying of delicate attentions, the doing of gracious acts, will come of themselves. She will learn to know by subtle intuition just when a little note, a few flowers, or a message will strike the right chord. Her delicacy is rarely at fault. She comprehends just when she is not wanted as well as when she is most wanted. Simply because she has formed a habit of thinking of others, she finds it perfectly easy to put herself in their places, and to feel as they would feel at a given time. On the other hand, she does not allow herself to be over-sensitive or quick to imagine a slight, although, at the same time, she considers this in regard to others. She is the girl who never disappoints. One may always depend on her.

The very essence of good manners is precisely that attitude of the mind that never loses sight of the likes and dislikes, the preferences and the distastes of others. One day, it may be the inquiry as to a favorite dog, cat, or bird, or a pet hobby, which particularly touches and pleases one person; another day the little visit of a few moments to the ailing friend, who has every virtue but the one of fortitude in sickness; and so on; but why enumerate them? They count by the hundreds in every community, these idiosyncrasies of our acquaintances and friends.

We are all too prone not to regard the little courtesies of life as courtesies. The most subtle thought is often shown in the smallest attention. How often a girl receives a courtesy extended to her by a young man, as her right, not as the courtesy that it is! How often she receives an offer of hospitality, and gives it a laggard acknowledgment or possibly none at all, if she cannot accept it, instead of giving it the prompt and grateful reply which it merits. How often she receives letters of congratulation or of condolence, and allows them to go unanswered.

It is the underbred girl who exclaims "Oh, people must not expect to have attention paid to all their whims! That sort of thing does not pay nowadays!"

That is a grave mistake! It does "pay." It is like Portia's definition of the quality of mercy—it "blesseth her that gives and her that takes." She begins by wanting to be gracious and attentive and helpful to her fellows because of the moral right and beauty she sees in it; she ends by finding herself a genuinely and deservedly popular girl, to say nothing of her increased personal charms. For unconsciously her voice has softened and become musical in its gentle intonations; her face has grown sweet in its expression of ready sympathy; in its glow of her eyes reveals the happiness that lies in her heart.

It is not gush that makes a girl popular; it is not beauty, nor money, nor brains, alone; not even a good heart and a sunny, good-tempered disposition, but it is this sincere, thoughtful, and tactful sympathy with the lives of others, and that, too, in the little things that count. And well they may. They are the hardest.—Household Companion.

Prof. Huxley.

Speaking of the late Professor Huxley, the London Tablet makes this striking observation: The evolutionary hypothesis is no longer held by its votaries, as it formerly was, to be the master key to all the riddles of creation, and the solution of many of the problems raised by it must be looked for in directions far outside the limited range of its own possibilities of explanation. Professor Huxley himself practically admitted this in the celebrated Romanes Lecture at Oxford some two years ago, when he explicitly declared that the ethical side of man's nature could never have been produced by any process of animal evolution, since it not only gave no assistance to the organic development resulting from the struggle for existence, but was actually a hindrance and impediment to it. To acknowledge that the entire set of moral faculties which differentiate humanity from the rest of creation must have had some source external to the physical causes working to the perfection of the organic structure, would seem to necessitate the abandonment of the whole theory of the Descent of Man, so closely identified in popular estimation with the energetic advocacy of the philosopher himself. Professor Huxley, however, remained stationary at this stage of partial recantation and never published the views thus formulated to their logical results. There could not be stronger proof of the obscuration of the reasoning faculties induced by a long course of scientific partisanship than such a refusal of the mind to follow a clue of which it has already grasped the initial section.

It would have been a triumph of grace if Mr. Huxley had so far overcome the pride of intellect and the dread of what the world would say, as to recognize and accept the revelation made by God to man through Jesus Christ. But, so far as is known, he died as he had lived. Poor man, poor man!—Catholic Review.

Did You Ever Think

That you cannot be well unless you have pure, rich blood? If you are weak, tired, languid and all run down, it is because your blood is impoverished and lacks vitality. These troubles may be overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, because Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure, rich blood. It is, in truth, the great blood purifier.

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IN DEEP DESPAIR.

A Montrealer Relates His Wonderful Experience—He Had Tried Foreign and Local Physicians and was Operated Upon Without Success—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured When All Other Medicines Failed.

From the Montreal Herald.

Instances of marvellous cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are numerous, but the one related below is of special interest, owing to the peculiarity of the illness, and also to the fact that in the present instance the gentleman is well known in Montreal. Mr. Charles Frank, inspector of the mechanical department of the Bell Telephone Co., at 371 Argyle street, and who resides at 54 Argyle Avenue, in an interview with a Herald reporter, related the following wonderful cure by the use of Pink Pills. Mr. Frank, who is twenty five years of age, is a Russian by birth, exceedingly intelligent, speaks several languages fluently, and is now apparently in good health. "My illness came about in a peculiar way," said Mr. Frank. "Up to three years ago I was in the best of health. About that time, while in Glasgow, Scotland, where I was employed as a clerk in a hotel, and while sailing on the Clyde, a storm came up, and I had a pretty rough time of it for a while. I evidently must have injured myself internally, although I felt nothing wrong at the time. On my way home, however, I fell helpless on a cab, and had to be conveyed home in a cab, as my legs were utterly unable to hold me up. I was confined to bed for several days in the same helpless condition. When I rallied, but found that my urine was of a strange reddish hue.



Caught in a Storm on the Clyde.

I called in a physician, who prescribed, but did me no good. I then called on Sir George McLeod, M. D., who also prescribed and advised me to go to the hospital. I was averse to doing this, and he advised me then to try a change of climate, telling me that my bladder was affected. I acted on his suggestion as to change and came to Montreal. I did not do anything for about a year, as I wished to get cured. All this time my urine was tainted with blood, although I was suffering no pain, but this abnormal condition was a source of continual anxiety. I finally went to the General Hospital, where the physician in charge advised me to stay, which I did. After remaining there for five weeks with no benefit, a consultation of physicians was held and an operation suggested, to which I this time agreed. After the operation was performed I was no better, my condition remaining absolutely unchanged. From this out I was continually trying medicines and physicians, but derived no benefit from anything or anyone. I was in despair, as the physicians who had operated on me could not decide as to my trouble. I visited the hospital once more, and they said they would operate again; but I did not care to undergo a second and perhaps equally unsuccessful operation. Some physicians thought my trouble was consumption of the bladder, others that it was Bright's disease, but none could cure that strange bloody condition of my urine.

"Finally I went to work for the Bell Telephone Co., some two years ago, where I worked myself up to my present position. But I was in a state of constant anxiety, as I felt myself getting weaker all the time, and was list-

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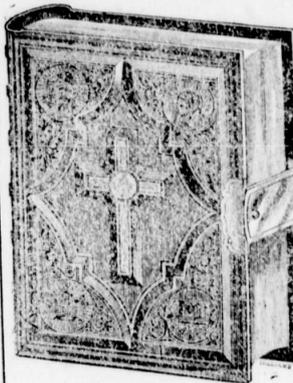
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ing to the Clementine edition of the Scriptures, with annotations by the Rev. Dr. Challoner, to which is added the History of the Holy Catholic Bible, and Calmer's Illustrated and Explanatory Catholic Dictionary of the Bible, each edited by the Rev. Ignatius F. Horstmann, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and Liturgy in the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Philadelphia, and prepared under the special sanction of His Grace the Most Rev. Jas. F. Wood, D. D., Archbishop of Philadelphia. With references, a historical and chronological index, a table of the epistles and gospels for all the Sundays and Holydays throughout the year and of the most notable feasts in the Roman calendar, and other instructive and devotional matters. With elegant steel plates and other appropriate engravings. This Bible will prove not only useful in every Catholic household, but an ornament as well. The size is 12 1/2 x 10 1/4 inches, weighs 12 pounds, and is beautifully bound. For SEVEN DOLLARS (cash to accompany order) we will send the Bible by express to any part of the Dominion, charges for carriage prepaid; and besides will give credit for one year's subscription of THE CATHOLIC RECORD. The Bible and The Record for a year for Seven Dollars. Subscribers who live where there is no express office can have book forwarded to the one nearest their residence. Please note that if, on examination, anyone is dissatisfied with the purchase, the book may be returned at our expense, and the money will be refunded. Bibles similar to these have for years been sold by agents for ten dollars each.

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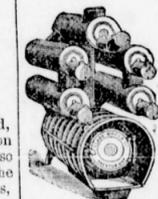
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less and sleepy and weak in the legs. I was also pale, and ill-looking, no doubt owing to loss of blood. From a naturally cheerful man I became morose, and gave up all hopes of ultimate recovery. One Saturday, some months ago, while walking along Bleury street, having seen the advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the Montreal Herald, I stopped at John T. Lyons' drug store, and bought a box. I had tried so many medicines that I said to myself, 'if they don't cure me I can't be any worse off than before.' After taking the first box I felt stronger and more cheerful, although there was no change in the bloody condition of my urine. But I felt encouraged and got three more boxes, determined to make a thorough trial of Pink Pills. After I had finished the second box I found my urine was getting clearer, so I continued the use of the pills, taking two after each meal. When I had finished the third box my urine was quite clear, for the first time in three years. I was delighted, and continued taking the pills until I had finished six boxes. I am strong now and have had no recurrence of the trouble, and as you can see, the flush of health shows itself in my face. To think that I was cured by the use of \$3.00 worth of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, after trying a number of physicians and undergoing an operation in vain, is a puzzle to me, and I am sorry that I didn't know about this grand medicine before. I would have willingly given \$200 or \$300 to have been guaranteed a cure by anyone."

"I am willing," said Mr. Frank, in conclusion, "to see anyone who wishes to verify this interview, as I consider it my duty to my fellow men and a matter of gratitude to the marvellous cure their medicine has effected. I have come to the conclusion that Pink Pills are the best blood builders in existence, and I think everyone should try them."

Weakness is the symptom, impoverished blood the cause, Hood's Sarsaparilla the cure. It makes the weak strong. "It is a Great Public Benefit," these significant words were used in relation to DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, by a gentleman who had thoroughly tested its merits in his own case—having been cured by it of lameness of the knee, of three or four years standing. It never fails to remove soreness as well as lameness, and is an incomparable pulmonary and corrective.

Pale sickly children should use Mother Graves' Worm Extermination. Worms are one of the principal causes of suffering in children and should be expelled from the system.

Ave Maria from Protestant Lips.

Even the stubborn heart of the infidel sometimes brings its rose bud to Mary's shrine. Here we have the testimony of the talented leader of modern unbelief, Mr. Holyoake:

"Of all the religious devices, the worship of the Virgin (devotion) is to my mind the most graceful and enchanting. In all the literature of sentimental piety there is nothing so full of true pathos as the evening prayer of the Catholic maiden:—

"Oh, Mother of Christ! Star of the Sea! Pray for the wanderer—pray for me."

"Why did Protestantism, by the brutal hand of Luther, cut off from human worship the sweetest element of half human nature?—Compared with the old religion, whose antiquity, glory and splendor fill the soul, enchant the senses, gratify the affections, and call forth heroism stronger than death, what is our cold, heartless Protestantism, with its scant tradition, without dominion, divorced from art, barren and bare? What charms have new opinions and reformed religions compared to those ages crowned with glories?"

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