

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

The Value of Time.

There is a precious treasure, my dear brethren, which is always partly, but only partly, in our possession.

But it is not only at the end of our lives, or in moments of such supreme importance, that we would pay for time with gold, or with other things upon which we set great value here.

Time, then, is this precious treasure, which we shall never wholly lose till we pass out of this world for ever.

This is the instruction, the warning that the Apostle gives us: "To walk circumspectly; not as unwise, but as wise, redeeming the time."

How much this caution is needed! How careless we are about this priceless possession which is ours from moment to moment!

Brethren, some day we shall want all this time that we are now wasting. Then it will stand out before us in its true value; we shall see that it should have been redeemed.

A Disgusted Drunkard.

One woman determined that her husband should know how he looked when he was drunk. She knew how he looked well enough, and need not that any man should tell her.

The smallest "cat-bill" is large enough to show that the blood needs purifying—a warning which, if unheeded, may result, not in more boils, but in something very much worse.

How They Worked Their Way.

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

IV.—CONTINUED.

The spelling was very fair, and the writing, although a little shaky in some letters, was not so bad.

"What do you want me to do?" Mary looked up at her mother and asked in her turn.

"Now," said Mr. Beresford, stretching himself on the grass and looking up at the blue sky, "I shall leave the decision to you children, with your mother's permission."

"I quite agree with your mother," said Mr. Beresford. "Anna will lighten the work of your mother and sisters, boys. On the other hand, an invalid, to be waited on and amused, may increase yours."

"But it would be such a kind act," said Mary. "And Dick may get so much better in the country, that he may be a help instead of a burden."

"Sick men are always nuisances," murmured Brian. "Poor people can't afford to be kind. We're too poor to be kind."

"What do you say Dermot?" Dermot's face was rather gloomy. He did not like strange faces, and for all he knew, the Dorans might eat with their knives and have very bad manners.

"Well?" said Mrs. Beresford. Mary saw that the boys were against her, and she also saw that Brian's eyes were fixed with regret on the remains of the apple pie.

"Oh my!" cried Brian, involuntarily. The gloom on the brow of the fastidious Dermot gave place to a grin of expectation.

"Very good, Mary," he said, "did you bring any sauce?" Mary had given special attention to the preparation of the sauce.

"Well boys? What do you say?" "Oh, I say let 'em come!" exclaimed Brian. Dermot was silent.

"It may save Dick's life," said Mary, and Anna will help us so much about the house. She has never had a really cheerful home.

Dermot did not want to give in. He asked himself whether he was selfish or not, and he was honest enough to conclude that he was.

"I don't like the idea," he said, "but if it's going to help the fellow along I'm not going to object."

"All in favor of the proposition," began Brian. "What proposition?" demanded Mrs. Beresford, smiling. "I am chairman here, young man. All in favor of having Dick and Anna Doran here for a visit, please say 'Aye.'"

"Findin' the keepin'!" he yelled, with a grin. "Us boys on this side always keep what we find!"

"You shall not keep my bat," cried Dermot. Job grinned defiantly. "Pop says you're only Papiests, and ignorant idolaters!"

"Let's go for him!" cried Brian. Dermot was rushing across the ravine to recover his bat, when Job, who had been grinning and waving it with a triumphant air, made a leap into the air, suggestive of great and gleeful happiness.

"Let me catch him, that's all!" cried Brian. "I'll teach him to steal our bat."

Just as our boys had made a descent partly into the ravine, Job, carried away by his feelings, climbed on a rock and stood on one leg. Not satisfied with this, he mounted higher, the better to show his indifference to the approaching enemy.

"Where is he?" asked Brian, bewildered. "Didn't you see him fall?" "He must be dead."

Instead of rushing madly through the ravine as they had intended to do at first, Dermot and Brian made for some stepping-stones they saw among the rank vegetation.

"You let me go!" he cried, viciously. "It's just like you fellows, to kick a man when he's down. I didn't want your old bat, I was only fooling."

"I'll teach you," cried the new comer, "I'll teach you to let down the bars of my fence, so that your cows can get into my corn, and to steal my fodder, you young scamp!"

"Look here," he said, "that boy has hurt himself and you've shaken him quite enough, you might kill him."

"And is it any of your business, if I did?" asked the farmer. "I'd shake the life out of you for half a cent."

"Try it!" said Dermot, facing him. "The farmer was three times Dermot's size, but he was not afraid. 'This boy has hurt himself, and you've no right to whip him now.'"

"Haven't I? He's a young thief." "We know that," put in Brian. "But you shall not shake him again."

"You're the young Romanists up on the hill, I suppose," said the farmer. "Well, we're going to make this neighborhood too hot for you, as sure as my name's Jim Windsor."

"Are you?" returned Dermot. "Two can play at that game. Now—" "Oh, my back—my back!" cried Job. "I can't get up. Go away all of you."

"Go away? you young thief, is that the way you speak to me? And Jim Windsor, a white with rage, raised his fist, as if he would bring it down on the prostrate boy's head."

"You had better get away," said Dermot, contemptuously. "You are worse than a thief, to sneer at our religion, and to hurt a boy that cannot defend himself. You had better get away."

When from overwork, possibly assisted by inherited weakness, the health fails and rest or medical treatment must be resorted to, then no medicine can be employed with the same beneficial results as Scott's Emulsion.

HELPLESS AND HOPELESS.

Two Years of the Most Intense Suffering—Mrs. John W. Cope, of Port Stanley, Suff.

One of the happiest couples in the county of Elgin are Mr. and Mrs. W. Cope, who live in the house at the tollgate, on the London and Port Stanley road. The cause of their joint happiness is that Mrs. Cope, who never three years past has been a great sufferer, and whose recovery was not believed to be possible, has been completely cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I was completely cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," says Mrs. Cope in reply to the reporter's query. "I will be pleased to give you all the facts in regard to my case, in the hope that it may be the means of relieving some other sufferer to try these wonderful Pink Pills and find relief."

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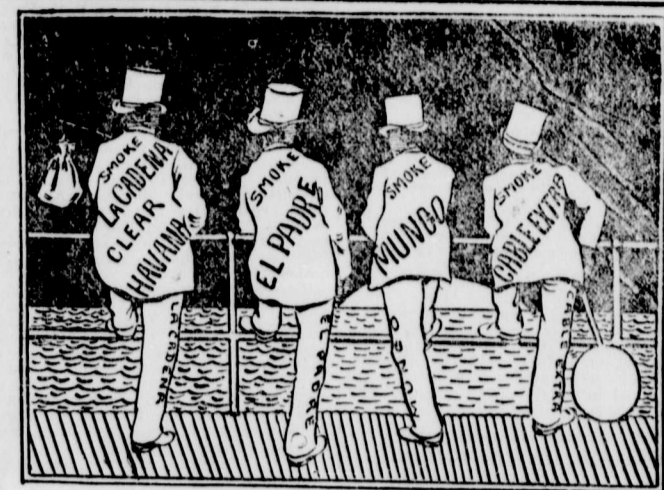
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The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, Nov. 12, 93.

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Friday, 30th December, 1893.

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R. W. BARKER, Post Office Inspector of Mails, London, 27th Oct., 1893.

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