

ARDLY WALK

ACCOUNT OF

ATISM

P. H. FORD

Quachita City, La.

After

TWO YEARS

Suffering

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BY THE USE OF

Sarsaparilla

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Quachita City, La.

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WORLD'S FAIR

1904

JULY 7, 1924

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Eighth Sunday after Pentecost.

THE JUDGMENTS OF GOD.

Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of iniquity; that when you shall fail they may receive you into everlasting dwellings. (Gospel of the day.)

My dear brethren, there will come to each one of us a day when all those earthly goods we now enjoy shall fail us, when we shall have to turn our backs on the world and all that it has to give us, and prepare ourselves to stand before Him to whom all things that we had and enjoyed belong, and give an account to Him of the uses which we have made of them. We have, like the steward in today's Gospel, a Lord and Master; and to Him we must sooner or later give an account of our stewardship.

And it is only too likely, we may say it is indeed certain, that which that dread moment comes at which the charge will also be made against us, as against the steward in this parable, that we have wasted our Master's goods. Our consciences will rise up and condemn us, and anticipate the accusation which shall be brought against us when we shall actually come face to face with God. Then all the security we have had in the thought that we are not murderers, robbers, or adulterers shall vanish; we shall not be able to console ourselves with the idea that we have done no great harm to any one. We shall see how selfish and how sensual our lives have been; that we have wasted for the pleasure of a passing moment the greater part of those gifts which God gave us for His service. Wasted our time, our strength, our knowledge, and our abilities in getting for ourselves the means of gratification or amusement, or in raising ourselves for our own sake to a position of honor or of wealth. We shall see how we might have been, what God meant that we should be, and compare it with what we are.

Fain would we then be able to say with St. Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course." Our faith indeed we shall, it is to be hoped, have kept; but we shall feel that our fight has been but a poor and cowardly one, and that we, instead of finishing the course which our Lord laid out for us, have gone over only a very small part of it, and that its goal is far, far away.

What, then, shall be our hope? For hope we must have if we would not offend God even more than than through life. He commands us to hope; but in what shall our hope be placed?

Where or in what but His mercy? He will take us, grievously deficient as we are, and make the little, miserable offerings we then have to offer to Him, the remnant of a whole life given us, into some kind of a crown of eternal life, if only we will turn to Him with our whole hearts; if we will, at least, at that last moment, really believe in Him, hope in Him, and love Him. He that perseveres to the end, he that will not die in mortal sin, shall be saved.

But what shall obtain for us at that last moment, the faith, hope and charity which we need? Who will help us to overcome when the enemies of our salvation are making the most of their last chance to snatch it from us? Will those with whom we have enjoyed life stand by to help us? It is to be feared that they and all that they have for us will not call us much to mind. No, the friends with whom we most value to us will be those, if indeed we have such, whom we have sought for our own sake, but whom we loved for God's sake. And it is not riches which we amassed that they will be precious to us, but such as we were given away to those who needed more than we.

These are the friends which our Lord, in today's Gospel, tells us to make, that they may help us at the hour when our eternal destiny hangs trembling in the balance. These are the friends which may be made by that common of iniquity, those worldly desires which are too often the occasion of sin, and whose prayers and blessings may indeed be the means of our salvation, into everlasting habitations. Happy is the man who, when comes to die, knows that God's prayer was prayed for Him, and have blessed His name.

Four Qualities of Drunkenness.

When Adam first planted the vine can came and killed a peacock over it, and the vine drank its blood. When the vine grew and put forth its leaves it can came again and killed an ape over it, and the vine drank the blood of the ape also. When grapes first formed the vine he killed a lion over it, and the vine drank the blood of the lion. When the fruit was fully ripe Satan came once more and killed a pig over it, and the vine drank up that blood also. Hence, he who drinks of the fruit of the vine imbibes these four qualities. When he first tastes the wine, and it goes to crawl in his limbs, the color comes in his face, and he becomes gay as a peacock. When the first signs of drunkenness come upon him he plays, like an ape, and dances like an ape. When the wine grows stronger within he grows violent like a lion, and mangles every one else. At last he lies like a pig in the mire, desiring to sleep, and his strength is gone. Translated from the Arabic, by E. Nozair.

Run down" from weakening effects of weather, you need a good tonic and purifier like Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try Hood's Liniment Cures Garget in

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Little Helpers.

"I will be a little helper," Lips the brook. On its silvery way it goes, Never stopping for repose. Till it turns the busy mill, In some nook.

"I will be a little helper," Smiles the flower. By the wayside, in the field, All its beauty is revealed. 'Tis to aid and weary hearts, Though skies lower.

"I will be a little helper," Sings the bird. And it carols forth a song, Though the clearest day be long, Bringing to some helpless one Some sweet word.

You can be a little helper, Child so fair! And your kindly deeds can make, For the Heavenly Father's sake, Sunshine, love and happiness Everywhere!

—GEORGE COOPER.

How Did They Rise?

Risen from the ranks. Poor boy becomes rich man. Little schooling, nevertheless — statesman! Cooper, Greeley, Lincoln, — the procession is endless. We have them paraded before us to excite our emulation. Exemplars for our youth. Careers calculated to stir our ambition, etc.

But how did they rise? Discover for us the ladder. Primarily, the cause lay in the fact that they had brains. But brains are like success and riches, — not to be had by the mere wishing. Where did these men get their brains, their ideas, their mighty conceptions, aims, purposes? These men read. Their fund of information was not gathered at the corner grocery but from the great books of the world. Their ideas were not contracted to the fashion of the cross road neighborhood or the tenement block; their knowledge of man was not confined to a ward election or a county fair, but their conversation with books made them the masters of the wisdom of other times and other places; the familiars of the great thinkers, teachers, philosophers, wits and statesmen whose ideals, successes and wisdom they made part of their own experience.

In that manner they gathered ideas and purposes of their own. They were thus inspired with ambitions and the wisdom to work upwards to the ends they sought. This will appear from a close study of the lives of all truly successful men. A taste for reading was the most valuable element of their education whether, their education stopped at the school or projected beyond it.

The moral is that a people's institutions, its schools and its church life fail in a very important respect if this element in the intellectual and moral upraising of the people is deficient. —Catholic Citizen.

Lincoln's Cheap Ride.

When Abraham Lincoln was a poor lawyer, he found himself one cold day at a village some distance from Springfield, Ohio, and with no means of conveyance. Seeing a gentleman driving along the Springfield road in a carriage, he ran up to him and politely said:

"Sir, will you have the goodness to take my overcoat to town for me?"

"With pleasure," replied the gentleman; "but how will you get it again?"

"Oh, very easily," said Mr. Lincoln, "as I intend to remain in it."

"Sly dog," said the gentleman laughing, "jump in," and the future President had a pleasant ride.

What Worms Can Do.

Mr. C. Davison has examined the sands between Holyhead and the coast of Northumberland, England, a large, flat stretch of beach familiar to most persons who travel by the east route to Scotland. The observer found that the number of castings of sand thrown up by the lowborders gave an average of 50,000,000 to the square mile. A portion of the castings was weighed and the total weight thrown up annually was thus shown to be, in some places, about 901 tons per acre; at other points it was a good deal less than this, but in still other parts it amounted to no less than 3,116 tons per acre.

If all the sand thus passed through the bodies of those animals in the course of twelve months was spread out it would form an averagethickness of not less than thirteen inches. How many and various are the changes produced in the sand by the wonderful activity of these industrious worms it is impossible to say, but it is easy to see how the presence of such creatures in large numbers operates with other forces to produce a kind of order on the surface of the earth and to replace crudeness by beauty.

The thing that strikes one most, however, is the magnitude of the results which can be produced in a short time when a large number of separate individuals work in co-operation by the same methods toward the same end.

Life Saved by a Parrot.

There was a tragedy the other morning in the shadow of Manhattan field, in New York, where the Yale foot-ball champions lowered the colors of Princeton for the tenth time. A little man, house standing by itself near the entrance to the Manhattan Athletic Club's home burned down and the body of one of the inmates was burned to a crisp in the flames. The entire family, consisting of Martin and Edwin Grassmuck, their aged mother, a sister and a niece, only escaped death by the merest chance. The Grassmuck brothers owned a parrot which, like most parrots, is

called "Polly." At 2 o'clock in the morning the family was aroused by the parrot's piercing screams. "Edwin!" "Gaspard!" "Martin!" "Mamma!" "Emily!" the parrot screamed a dozen times as the several members of the family tumbled out of bed to see what was the matter. It did not take them long to find out. The house was in flames. There was no time to save any of the effects of the tenants. They made their way as best they could out into the open air, and before the fire department could be summoned the house had been reduced to ashes. The parrot which had saved their lives was burned to death in the flames with the servant girl, Olga Muller, and sixty chickens and a pet dog. The building was valued at \$1,500 and was uninsured.

St. Louis of Gonzaga.

The beautiful church of St. Ignatius, Rome, where the feast of St. Louis of Gonzaga is celebrated, is situated close by the noisy and worldly Corso which is for Rome what the lively Broadway is for New York. This is one of the most beautiful as well as devotional churches of the many hundreds in the grand Ecclesiastical City. Here the Italians enter and leave more silently and reverently than is their wont, for although they dearly love their churches they never bear that exterior of hushed and respectful reverence seen in other nations when visiting the House of God.

But the good people enter and leave the great church of St. Ignatius, where silence and order hold their gentle though powerful sway, walking on tip-toe down the aisle, and even the most turbulent-looking kneel in reverence before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament. The Italians have the greatest devotion for the memory of St. Louis de Gonzaga, and when forgetful of the duties, his name alone has often recalled a youthful prodigal to his senses, full of repentance and good resolutions for the future. St. Louis was born in Lombardy in 1568, and although a member of one of the then reigning families, he lived, in the Courts of Mantua and Madrid, a life of the most austere penitence and mortification. In the history of his life we read: "He had sacred entire control over himself that for several years he saluted the Empress Maria, daughter to Charles Quint, every day without once looking at her face." Although young and exposed to every kind of temptation, he is said to have preserved his baptismal innocence intact. During a terrible epidemic which raged in Rome during 1591, the young noble who at eighteen years of age had joined the Society of Jesus, devoted himself to the sufferers and being himself seized with the disease, died a lingering death on the 20th of June, 1592, when only twenty-three years of age. In 1605 he was declared beatified, and in 1726 his canonization was solemnized. Pope Benedict XIII., by a Bull in 1729, named him the special protector of youth, and since that time all the students in the Roman colleges and other institutions, regularly meet on the saint's feast day, in the Church of St. Ignatius where they make a general Communion, and afterwards visit the tiny cell occupied by St. Louis when in Rome and which is situated up in a labyrinthine flight of stairs over the church itself.

A NEW DANGER TO OUR LIBERTIES.

Rev. Madison Peters, Dr. Rylance and some other self-appointed guardians of public safety can be very entertaining sometimes without intending it. They see in the movement for woman suffrage a new danger to the nation. Heretofore they have been afraid of the Little Sisters of the Poor. Thus far they have safeguarded the country from these. But if woman suffrage be granted, Catholic women, married and single, will be let loose to storm the ballot-box, and then what is to become of our liberties? Before this irresistible phalanx of bonnets and ribbons the heart of Rev. Peters fails him. He is up to the tricks of the priests and Jesuits and knows how to outflank them, but how to circumvent this invasion of Catholic femininity?

He thinks they will vote as the priests tell them to vote. Well, suppose they do, cannot the Peterses and Rylances tell their feminine followers to vote the other way. This plan would seem to be a simple way of meeting the enemy and saving the country. There is but one weak point in it: their advice might not be taken. There are good grounds for fear on this point, for there are a great many sensible women among Protestants who are able to estimate pulp politics and politicians at their true value. The fact is these political preachers feel instinctively that they have not that influence with their people that the priest has with his. Influence is the child of confidence, and the fears of the reverend demagogues are a humble confession that they do not inspire sufficient confidence to influence Protestant womanhood to follow their political instructions. This fact speaks volumes for the solid sense of Protestant womanhood. The best way to inspire confidence and acquire influence is to not make one's self ridiculous, and the Peterses and Rylances should make a note of it.

But all this aside, who are those who have been agitating for woman suffrage since the time of Fanny Wright? They are all Protestants or infidels; certainly not Catholics. As a rule Catholics, clergy and laity, men and women, are opposed to, or at least not

in sympathy with the movement. This may appear strange in view of the great advantages the Rev. Mr. Peters thinks it would give them. But it is true nevertheless.—Philadelphia Catholic Times.

END OF THE WORLD.

The Opinion and Belief of Catholics on This Point.

In the midst of business, politics, fashions and the countless material subjects which take up the time and thought of men and women, there seems to be time left for the consideration of other questions; and not the least of them of late has been the question: "Is the world coming to an end?" Several sermons have been delivered on the subject which have attracted much attention. With a view to ascertaining the opinion of the clergy on the subject, the Tribune, of New York, has asked the views of some representative men of many denomina-

tions. The Provincial of the Jesuits, of New York and Maryland, Very Rev. William O'B. Parlow, was asked his opinion on the subject, and said: "The question of the end of the world was extensively discussed about the year 1000, and there are records extant which show that much was spoken and written to establish the fact that the end of the century would be the end of all things. At that time it was the sentiment of the whole Catholic Church that there was no reason to look for destruction; there was no evidence that the Lord would annihilate matter. What we believe then we believe now. The Church has never made any official declaration on the subject, and the opinion and learning of the Catholic Church are that no man can know when the end may come. Our belief is expressed clearly in St. Matthew xxiv., 35: 'The day and hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only.' We cannot presume to have knowledge which is denied even to the angels of heaven."

"The only present sign, and one which might possibly be construed into pointing toward an end within a few centuries, is the weakening of faith which was anticipated in St. Luke xxiii., 8, where it is asked: 'Nevertheless, when the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on earth?' Agnosticism, skepticism, atheism and all sorts of unbelief are certainly growing and faith is growing less; and this fact, coupled with the sign given in St. Luke, may account for some men holding that the end is near."

"But this falling away from faith does not show itself in the Catholic Church, where the creed is very clear and definite, and where belief is just as it was centuries ago, and as it ever will be. But in churches where there is no authority, where no one leads and the people are allowed to follow their own inclinations and form their own opinions as to the Bible and its messages to man, there has been this falling away from faith; and from those sources have come the recruits in the ever increasing army of unbelievers and agnostics. And thus faith, which in the beginning meant the acceptations of a belief on the authority of a teacher, has now come to mean only man's opinion of what the teacher taught. Under these conditions it is but natural that men of many minds should misconstrue the meaning of the Bible and its teachings as to the second coming of Christ."

"Those who are reventilating these theories as to the end of the world believe they are following advanced ideas, but we must remember that development of doctrine by the aid of the light of science can never cause what was true to be developed into the untrue. Science may lead us into new fields of investigation, but science cannot destroy truth, and what was true beyond dispute centuries ago is true to-day; and what was beyond our ken then and unknown even to the angels is equally far from us to-day. Science holds the torch for man so he may the better see things that are to be seen, but its light does not illuminate matters which are not intended for him; science develops facts; thus biology is a development of science; but mathematics is an old story, and what was true in the days of Euclid has not been touched in the slightest by modern development—no light of science will ever be able to prove that the shortest distance between two points has become a curved line, nor that twice two is anything but four."

"So the Catholic Church teaches with regard to all truths; and as in former times it pointed to man's complete ignorance as to how or when the end of the world would come, so it believes to-day, and so it will until the Son of Man, as the Bible hints, reveals

"Disfigured For Life"

Is the despairing cry of thousands afflicted with unsightly skin diseases. Do you realize what this disfiguration means to sensitive souls? It means isolation, seclusion. It is a bar to social and business success. Do you wonder that despair seizes upon these sufferers when Doctors' full, standard remedies fail, and nocturns prove worse than useless? Skin diseases are most obstinate to cure. CUTICURA REMEDIES Have earned the title Skin Specifics. Because for years they have met with most remarkable success. There are cases that they cannot cure, but they are few indeed. It is no long drawn-out expensive experiment. 25c. invested in a case of CUTICURA SOAP Will prove more than we dare claim. In short CUTICURA WORKS WONDERS. And its cures are simply marvellous. Sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 25c.; Soap, 5c.; Resolvent, 50c. CUTICURA DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston.

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