

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

HAD COMPANY.

"I am the Angel Raphael, one of the seven who stand before the Lord."

The history of Tobias, one of the most beautiful narratives of the Old Testament, teaches us many lessons. There we find a charming picture of home-life. The father of the family is at once the example and teacher of virtue to his young son; the son, a model of filial devotion to his aged parents, securing them in their need, submissive to their will, delighted to give them pleasure.

The life of the family is full of peace. Even in affliction they recognize the finger of God, and His blessing rests upon them. He is the sunshine of their home. To serve Him—to keep themselves free from sin—is their chief care. When, therefore, it became necessary that the younger Tobias should make a long journey, the first thought of his father was to find him a suitable companion. He would not trust his child to the guardianship of every man. He felt the necessity of great care in the choice he made.

Such a choice is indeed not a trifling matter, not so unimportant an affair as some seem to think it; the happiness of a whole lifetime, perhaps even eternal salvation itself, may be at stake. Young people especially are very susceptible to the influence of those who are about them. They are open-hearted, unsuspecting, too ready often to give their confidence and friendship to those unworthy of either. They are slow to abandon those upon whom they have bestowed their regard, unwilling to believe evil of them because of their affection for them. And so the danger to their virtue is very great when they fall into bad company, their ignorance of the world and their guilelessness leaving them open to many temptations.

The bad companion is he who is trying to rob us of our virtue—to rob us of the best we possess. Virtue is a precious thing. It is a treasure beyond price. To have virtue is to possess nobility of soul, elevation of mind, a close likeness to God. To have habits of virtue marks us out as true men, men who have made their animal nature subject to reason through God's grace. Virtue is not acquired in a day. The getting of it means work, constant work for a time, perhaps a long time; but it is worth all it costs. When we have virtue we have something of a great value; and because it is so valuable it must be carefully guarded lest we lose it, for we may be robbed of our virtue as well as of our money.

The bad companion wants to destroy our innocence; he wants to disturb our peace of soul; he wants to unman us, to make beasts of us. Where are these bad companions? How shall we know them? "By their works you shall know them." They shall know them when you hear their filthy speech, when they make their dirty jokes and tell their smutty stories. You shall know them when they invite you to low drinking saloons, to places where purity is lost; when they tell you how to make money at the expense of honesty; when, in a word, they suggest evil to you. Flee from them; they are robbers; they are worse; they are murderers; they seek to take the life of your soul.

The Angel Raphael, on the other hand, teaches us the offices of a good companion. We find him guiding his young charge, warning him of dangers, instructing him how to overcome difficulties. He is by his side in the hour of need; his counsel is always at his service; his advice is good; his example is good. He is constantly striving to advance the best interests of Tobias and to further the object of his journey. This is true friendship; this is right companionship. It is unselfish, conscientious endeavor to promote the friend's welfare. Young people, find yourselves a Raphael, but trust not every man.

The Three Best Books.

A pious old man who lived in a poor, solitary cottage had such a store of knowledge and understanding that he was able to give good advice and salutary instruction to every one who applied to him. A learned man who visited him was astonished at the wisdom of his conversation, and said to him: "Where have you acquired this wisdom? I see in your cottage no collection of books from which you could have drawn so much good and beautiful learning."

"And yet," replied the old man, "I have the three best books in existence, and read them daily. These books are the works of God above me and around me; Conscience within me; and the Holy Scripture.

"The Works of God, the heavens and earth, are like a great book opened before us; they proclaim to us the omnipotence, wisdom and goodness of our heavenly Father. "My Conscience tells me what I must do, and what I must avoid. "But the Holy Scripture, that Book of all books, informs us how God manifested to man from the creation of the world; how the Son of God, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, came into this world; and what He has commanded and promised, and what He has done and suffered in order to make us holy and happy."

Secure the Three Great Books, appeal: God's blessed Works His heavenly law reveal; His benignant works confirm that heavenly law; And Conscience hears and bows in silent awe.—Selected.

What you want when you are ailing is a medicine that will cure you. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla and be convinced of its merit.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Life's Memory.

(New World) Some hearts for gold or titles pine And some for what must never be, While others fashion Wisdom's sea As men drink deep of wine.

An end must each one strive for; each Would some great mastery attain, Though what he wastes his life to gain May sour beyond his reach.

We view this life in fancy's guise; We sketch it from our own brief past, A panorama shifting fast, A sunburst in the skies.

The old world ranges broad and grand; Bedecked with hopes it greets our sight As God's own chosen from his height Surveyed the Promised Land.

The Past is dead beyond repair; The Present teems with vague unrest, To Manhood's goal of toil and quest The Future guards the stair.

Yet we, who stand with eager heart Before the open door of life, Are eager that the narrow strife May single us apart.

We yet may turn a yearning gaze To this same past which time endears And long to pawn the morrow's years For these fair yesterdays.

—William P. Burns.

Little things are often the hardest things. It is comparatively easy to do a momentary deed of daring that will startle everybody; it is not so easy to do little deeds of quiet courage from day to day unheeded by all and unheeding all. Perhaps you are not called to do the great deeds. But you are called every day to do the little deeds which more surely wear out life and strength in the long run. Be glad that you are called to do this for this is the hardest task, and he who is faithful here will not be unfaithful in the easier great things. — Sunday School Times.

Gentle Boys.

It is high praise to have it said of you, "He is as gentle as a woman to his mother." It is out of fashion to think if you ignore mother and make your sister cry whenever she comes near you that people will think you belong to the upper stratum of society. Remember that, as a rule, gentle boys make gentle men.

Beautiful Words.

A few weeks ago Cardinal Gibbons addressed the following beautiful words to the children about to receive the sacrament of confirmation at St. Augustine's Church, Philadelphia: "My dear children, you have received the most precious gift from God. You have received the Spirit of God, into your hearts, and it is your duty to retain Him there throughout your life. If you would like to know if the Spirit is within your hearts to-morrow or the next day or the next year you can readily tell. As the tree is known by its fruits, so also is the presence of the Spirit of God. It always prompts us to good thoughts, words and actions. The first sign of its presence is prayer. If you say your prayers every morning when you arise and every night before retiring, if you love to hold this conversation with God it is a good sign that the Spirit of God is within you."

"What an honor, what a privilege it is to speak to God. I dare say not ten persons here have ever seen the President and even fewer the Pope. The President is a very busy man, and he cannot always be seen, and when he can he has but a few minutes to spare to talk to you. But God is always ready to see and hear us, and loves to have us converse with Him. We need no letter of introduction to Him, for He knows us better than we know ourselves.

"Again, the spirit of God is the spirit of obedience, while the spirit of the devil is the spirit of rebellion. Therefore, obey your parents, your teachers, your pastor, and after awhile when you become citizens obey the laws of the country. Be faithful to God, be faithful to your country, keep these two great objects in mind. The great school of good citizenship is the Catholic Church. We cannot be good Catholics unless we are good, law-abiding, patriotic citizens. Set your faces against bribery, and never do anything unworthy of an American citizen. Obedience is a virtue most dignified. Every one blessed with lawful authority has it from God, and is entitled to your obedience, whether he be father, priest, mayor or governor.

"The spirit of God is the spirit of truth and the devil is the father of lies. Be open, frank, ingenuous. The spirit of God is above all the spirit of love. God is charity. The devil is hate. It is a good sign for you then to be patient, forbearing and considerate of others. True charity carries with it a certain amount of self-sacrifice. The enemy of charity is selfishness.

"The spirit of God is the spirit of temperance and the devil is the spirit of intoxication. I must give you boys the pledge to abstain from intoxicating liquors until you are twenty-one years old. This will be voluntary on your part. All the boys who are willing to take it will please stand up."

All the boys arose and His Eminence, as is his custom when he confirms, administered the total abstinence pledge.

The Secret of Being at Ease.

The secret of being at ease wherever you are is a very simple one. It is only this—do not think about yourself. Bashfulness, awkwardness and clumsiness are caused by what is called self-consciousness, and as soon as we entirely forget ourselves these pass away. A girl who writes to me complains that she is so tall for her age that she cannot help being awkward. "The moment

I enter a room," she says, "I look about to see if any other girl is as tall as I am, and I am always the tallest—a perfect bean-pole. Then I fancy that everybody is sorry for me, and I cannot fix my attention on anything which is going on around me. It makes me quite wretched. What shall I do?"

In the first place, my dear, your height, if you carry yourself well and hold your head up, is a great advantage. Far from being a thing to regret, it is something to be glad of. Tall or short, fat or dumpy, or thin and pale, let the young girl never think of this when she meets her friends. Instead, let her try her very best to make the rest happy. If there is a girl in the room who is a stranger or who seems not to be having a pleasant time, single her out and entertain her. Your hostess will be pleased with this sort of unobtrusive help, if it is kindly given.—Harper's Round Table.

The Art of Silence.

The rules of grammar teach us how to speak correctly; the laws of etiquette oblige us to speak courteously; hundreds of schools are devoted to the making of eloquent orators and entertaining conversationalists. But there is no school of silence, although silence is often greater than speech. St. Joseph, in his deepest trouble, maintained a silence that endeared him to God. Many of the monastic orders knew the value of abstinence from speech, and some of the greatest deeds have been done and some of the noblest thoughts have been recorded by the habitually silent.

"Speech is silver, silence is golden," says the old proverb. The silver-tongued, however, are as uncommon as the golden-silent. Speech is too often steel—a bright steel sword, keenly murderous in action. No one can tell how many millions of men have been slain by a word untidily spoken—a royal insult, perhaps, which only the blood of uncounted thousands could wipe away for kingly satisfaction. A French author avers that the Franco-Prussian War was precipitated by a sarcastic remark—a costly speech truly! And in private life how many families have become estranged, how many friendships made enemies by the hasty word of anger or the slanderous speech of deceit!

The habit of silence should be cultivated by all who desire to lead good and wise and peaceful lives. Since there are no schools for restraint of speech, we must school ourselves, lest we become like the abhorred fool of the Old Testament, the anger of his father, the sorrow of his mother and the babbling destroyer of his own soul. "Death and life are in the power of the tongue," says the royal sage.

We cannot be too saving of our speech. In the multitude of words there shall not want sin; but he that restraineth his lips is most wise." Goldsmith tells us that an unlucky word dropped from the tongue cannot be brought back again by a coach and six horses. Poor Goldsmith knew; he was a most blundering speaker, although he never made a single intentionally unkind speech.

"The tongue is but three inches long," says the Japanese proverb, "yet it can kill a man six feet high." All wise men agree that the faculty of speech is the most abused of human gifts and that those who talk most, think and act least. "Talkers are no good doers," declares Shakespeare, and Prior notes that "They always talk who never think."

In the world we cannot and we need not observe the strict silence most easily maintained in cloister and wilderness. But we can be sparing of our speech; we can judiciously set its moments of silver in hours of golden silence, or as Solomon has it, we can have a word spoken in due time, "like apples of gold on beds of silver."

We must check the angry word before it rises to our lips. St. Alphonsus Liguori says that the best rule for preventing angry speech is to keep absolutely silent until our anger has quite subsided. Babbling, tattling talk does even more mischief than the speech of hasty temper, and we must especially guard ourselves from this ugly, foolish habit of thoughtless chatter. All of the wiseheads seem to have given some time and thought to the correction of the tongue. Here is another old maxim:

If wisdom's ways you'd truly seek, Five things observe with care— Of whom you speak, to whom you speak, And how, and when, and where.

But there are many who will tell us how and when and where to speak; what we must learn for ourselves is the art of silence—the most inoffensive of all arts. Silence induces thought, speech scatters it. Gay preserved a wise motto in easily remembered rhyme:

My tongue within my lips I rein, For who talks much must talk in vain. —Catholic Standard and Times.

Think It Over.

Have you ever heard of a medicine with such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla? Don't you know that Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier, has proved, over and over again, that it has power to cure, even after all other remedies fail? If you have impaired blood you may take Hood's Sarsaparilla with the utmost confidence that it will do you good.

Hood's PILLS assist digestion. 25 cents. Still Another Triumph—Mr. Thomas S. Ballen, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles, and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but four years ago I was cured by using Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years, but Electric Oil cured me, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."



CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

There is no limit to your power to make a mark in the world. Do not join the great army of insignificant people who simply exist, are buried and everybody is glad of it.—Rev. Dr. Beattie.

To Read all the Best Books.

Time actually wasted by young men, if systematically set apart for mastering the best authors on the subjects that make up the staples of human knowledge, would in one generation revolutionize society as to acquired and applied knowledge.

Injuries.

The injuries we do and those we suffer are seldom weighed in the same balance.—C. Simmons.

Stick at One Thing.

The one prudence in life is concentration; the one evil is dissipation.—Emerson.

The First Glass.

Charles Lamb, one of the brightest spirits extinguished by drink, wrote mournfully, looking back upon his childhood: "Could the youth to whom the flavor of his first glass seemed delicious, look into my desolation and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man feels himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will—to his destruction and not to have power of will to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself!—to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not be able to forget the time when it was otherwise—how would he avoid the first temptations to drink!"

Avoid Debt and Save.

Judge H. R. Brill makes some excellent points in the following remarks: "Habit of improvidence, said the Judge, lead to debt; they not only dissipate the present, but they lay intolerable burdens on the future. The condition of the man who is harassed by impecunious conditions and tortured by debts which he cannot pay, is hardly compensated by the remembrance of expensive tastes momentarily gratified last year. Such a man has been appropriately described in the old, expressive phrase, 'a toad under a harrow.' Life to him becomes often hardly worth the living, and if he lives it, he is the sport of fortune and the shame of his neighbors.

"Who goes a borrowing, goes a sorrowing," and men who buy or borrow and do not pay not only sin against themselves, but sin against their fellows.

"If a man does not live honestly within his own means, he must of necessity live dishonestly on the means of some one else. We do not always stop to think what it means to other people when we buy things for which we can not or do not pay. If the merchant is not paid for his goods he cannot pay the manufacturer or wholesaler from whom he buys. They cannot pay the people they employ nor for the material they use, and after the debts go on piling up to the limit of endurance and the strain becomes too great the chain breaks, there is a grand crash, and wreck and ruin come to many innocent people.

Men may live within their incomes, and for their own sakes and in honesty to others they ought to live within their incomes. Men may not only live within their incomes, but (saving only exceptional cases) as already said, they may lay up something against a time of need. There is usually no valid excuse for the man who has been in receipt of fair income—it wages or salary—who finds himself coming to old age without something laid by.

He was Posted.

There is a story about Mr. Gladstone which is going the round of the London clubs. The G. O. M., as every one knows, is a most voracious reader. There is hardly a subject, from Egyptology to Japanese music, about which he does not know something. When he dines out he generally dominates the table to the exclusion of every other speaker. This is all very well for those who are listeners, but people who like to talk themselves find Mr. Gladstone and his knowledge peculiarly exasperating. He always knows more about everything than they do themselves, and they speedily find the one thing left for them when he is present is to relapse into silence.

A short time ago Mr. Gladstone was in one of a house party at Lord's. In the company were also two noted diners-out and conversationalists, who generally took it for granted, wherever they went, that they would be looked upon as the entertainers of the party. Imagine their disgust, then, when they found that Mr. Gladstone left them never a chance to distinguish themselves. On one and every topic they found themselves beaten, and the old gentleman had it all his own way on every occasion.

They stood it for some time and then determined that flesh and blood could

tolerate this state of things no longer. Unusually rivals, on this occasion they buried the hatchet, and determined on a course of concerted action. They took the Encyclopedia Britannica and arranged to read up some out-of-the-way subject about which the G. O. M. would be sure to know nothing. They carefully read all that was to be known about the matter—we will call it Chinese metaphysics—and the next day at dinner skillfully steered the conversation into the desired channel.

And then they proceeded to exhibit their abstruse learning. They disagreed with each other, quoted conflicting authorities, compared, criticized and talked to their hearts' content. The company sat open-mouthed at this display of profundity. The G. O. M. was silent. But when it was all over and the conspirators were congratulating themselves on having outwitted Mr. Gladstone for once, he turned to one of them and quietly remarked:

"Ah, Mr. —, I see you have been reading an article in the Encyclopedia Britannica on this subject that I wrote."

The two gentlemen packed up their belongings and left the next day.

BISHOP WILKINSON AND THE GREEK CHURCH.

The Churchman recently contained a curious paragraph on the arrangement of a Bishop of the Anglican Church by a mixed association of clericals and laymen. He was accused "of having done reverence to the relics of St. Alexander Nevsky, and having knelt in prayer at the altar and kissed the holy image of the Saviour, with which he was afterwards blessed by the Metropolitan Palladius."

That a Bishop of a Church that is so loudly proclaiming its "apostolic succession" and the validity of its ordinations, and repudiating the name Protestant, should be impeached by the National Protestant Church Union is curious enough. His defense is still more curious.

"The Bishop," we are told by the Churchman, "answers sensibly and modestly, 'I knelt because it would have been an affront not to have done so.' I knelt 'as I would have done at the grave of Keble or Thomas à Kempis—not to pray to or to ask anything of these saints, but to ask God to give me more of that divine grace which made them what they are.'"

"As to the accusation of having kissed an image," continues the Churchman, "it only shows the ignorance of those who made it." That Church (the Russian), as Dean Stanley reminds us in his "Eastern Church," abhors images far more than we Anglicans do; they do not exist amongst members of that Church.

How Bishop Wilkinson, Dean Stanley and the Churchman could be guilty of making so egregiously a misstatement seems incomprehensible. Every one who knows anything at all about Russia, knows that the holy "Ikons" play a very important part in the national life. Every peasant's izba, and every palace, near the Custom House and public buildings, have all their ikons, before which a lamp is kept burning when the people are able to afford one. Indeed, in all the Photic churches, Russian and Greek, the cultus of the saints and the veneration of their images is practised perhaps to a greater extent than it is in the Catholic Church.

Not long since all the newspapers were full of prescriptions of all about Russia, of which was the kissing of the holy images by the imperial couple and being blessed by them by the Metropolitan of Moscow—the very misdeed of which poor Bishop Wilkinson is accused by the National Protestant Church Union.

While one Bishop of this Anglican Church with lofty pretensions to "apostolic succession" and Catholicity is whitewashing himself from the accusation of kissing holy images and kneeling at the shrine of saints, Henry Percival, another reverend D. D. of this Church, publishes under the title of "The Invocation of Saints Treated Historically and Philosophically," a

plea for the restoration of this "precious" lading too hastily thrown out of the ship at the time of the Reformation!" In defense of this cultus he alleges the constant and unvarying practice of the Eastern Church. A review of this book appears in the Churchman just seven days after the commentary on the Wilkinson incident—Philadelphia Standard and Times.

God Exists.

The man who says there is no God is obliged in the same breath to say, "All men in all ages and in all countries have been wrong, and I alone am superior in intellect to all of them. In other words, 'I have no common sense' for common sense is nothing else but the common and universal sentiment of the whole world.

A man who doubts the existence of God is therefore a man who has no common sense. He is a man utterly void of right understanding. How, for instance, would he solve the plain simple problem of the watch proposed by Fenelon? But it is more the heart than the mind that is sick amongst irreligious men of this stamp.

There are almost always either men destitute of morality or men who, having superficially adopted the spirit of dangerous books, have given up their religious belief, and having accepted doubtful assumptions against the faith, imagine that they have strong minds. For such as these one must have strong pity.

Real, steadfast, unshaken atheism is only to be found amongst animals. When man desires to live like the animals, he may well ape for a time their absence of religion.

How many have been atheists in words, and have suddenly changed when they have stood face to face with death! A celebrated anatomist has said, "Give me the tongue of a dead dog, and I will make it howl at atheists." "Give me," one might add, "the tongue of an atheist, and I will prove to its owner, by an analysis of the wonders it presents, that he is himself either a madman or a liar."

The surest way to believe in God is so to live that we do not fear His righteous judgments; and to live thus is to practice with care all that religion teaches—to be a good and faithful Catholic.

Parochial Schools in the United States.

Archbishop Ireland has issued a pastoral letter announcing that hereafter in the parochial schools of the archdiocese of Saint Paul, no tuition fees will be charged. In the course of his letter he says: "Of course the expense of maintaining the schools must be provided for in some way. Pastors will take the amount of these expenses from their regular church receipts of the parish or will rely upon ordinary measures which their own judgment may commend. Catholics will, we are very sure, cooperate with their pastors in maintaining the parish school. The proper view to be taken of the Catholic school is to regard it as a great religious work in which all are concerned whether they have or have not children attending it. The Catholic schools—the future will prove it beyond a doubt—are the most fruitful of all institutions for the preservation and perpetuation of faith in this country, and the Catholic who takes a deep and abiding interest in his religion will love the Catholic school and prove his love for it by his generosity toward it." The letter closes with an appeal to Catholic parents to support the parochial schools and to send their children to them saying: "Pupils of Catholic schools learn thoroughly their religion and are made to practice it in daily life. If the faith of our children is to be with them a strong and living faith when they have grown to manhood and womanhood it must become to them now what it is to be a Catholic school. Faith is there grounded into children so that it never leaves them afterward."

You can always Feel Gay..

Advertisement for Fibre Chamolis featuring an illustration of a woman and text: 'no matter how cold or stormy the day is—be you man, woman or child—if you have your fall and winter clothing interlined with Fibre Chamolis. This popular style and warm giver Sells now for 25c. a yard so that every one can afford to enjoy the comforting, healthful warmth it furnishes—no extra weight or bulk, only a pliable softness and a cosy warmth of which the coldest winds or frosts best air cannot rob you. See that it is put in all ordered clothing, and look for the label which shows that a ready-to-wear garment has been interlined with it. You really can't afford to do without it.'

Vertical text on the left edge of the page, including 'ap', 'IONARY', 'One Year', 'the publish', 'the furnish a copy', 'the regular sell', 'ary his name', 'delivered from', 'All orders must', 'IG RECORD', 'of Toronto, Ltd.', 'man Hopped Ales', 'reputation.', 'J. G. GIBSON', 'ca. Sec-Trea', '1826 BELLS', 'THE BELL-METAL', 'CO. BELL-METAL', 'MANUFACTURERS', 'L.S. & PEARL', 'PAPER AND TIN', 'BALTIMORE, MD.', 'S. & SONS', 'Factory, 54', 'WARE CO.', 'ON.', 'ware', 'and Bicycles', 'Glass', 'and Paints', 'barbed Wire', 'THE', 'catholic Agency', 'to supply, at the', 'kind of goods in', 'the United States', 'varieties of this', 'which are:', 'heart of the whole', 'my experience and', 'the leading manufac', 'to purchase d', 'in the same', 'missions from the', 'and charged for', 'for them and giving', 'my experience and', 'several different', 'my separate trad', 'of only one letter', 'the prompt and cor', 'Besides, there will', 'be charge.', 'New York who may', 'such goods all the', 'this Agency', 'of buying and cor', 'of this Agency', 'will be strictly', 'to by your giving', 'to your orders to', 'D. EGAN', 'St. New York', 'ark.'