

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Tenth Sunday after Pentecost.

DISTRUST OF SELF. Jesus spoke this parable unto a certain people who trusted in themselves that they were righteous. My brethren, Holy Church, in bidding us study these words of our Lord, would urge on our attention that we are redeemed by the Most Precious Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, and not by any merits of our own. She does this that we may bear in mind, in this season of relaxation, that we need to be redeemed, and that without the merits of our Lord we should be one and all a lost race. "I have trodden the wine press alone, and of the people there was none with me," says our Saviour was done with me," says our Saviour through the mouth of the Prophet Isaiah. There is no possibility of winning heaven except by the merits of Christ. Adam's fatal sin so infected us with its miserable poison that all human remedies were and are totally worthless to cure us. Of course we need not exaggerate, as the Calvinists do, the depravity of fallen men. We are not by nature totally depraved. The corruption of the fall is miserably enough; but it has not utterly extinguished natural virtue in man, nor has it made his every action a sin, as our Presbyterian friends once believed, and as some of them still profess to believe. But when you ask, How is man to enjoy the happiness of heaven? The doctrine of the Catholic Church infallibly teaches the answer: Only by acquiring the merits of Christ. To trust in your own righteousness, when there is question of getting to heaven, is to rob the Son of God of His office of Redeemer and the Holy Ghost of the office of Sanctifier. Hence the Council of Trent defined as an article of faith: If any one shall say that a man can believe, or hope, or love, or repent in such a manner that he shall be justified without the inspiration of the Holy Spirit going beforehand, let him be anathema. And there is no Christian doctrine more plainly taught in Holy Scripture, or more plainly essential to the office of Christ, than His merits are necessary to salvation. But, brethren, if this is a cause of humility to us as men, it is a cause of wonderful joy to us as Christians. For by the grace of Christ we are made children of God, and are really sanctified with that holiness which the Son of God our Redeemer had and yet has—yes, really and not technically, or fictitiously, or in name, but actually imbued with that infinite love of His Father which made our Lord's lightest sigh of more worth to purchase heaven than all the virtues of all the best and purest of the human race put together. What the Son of God is by nature that we are by grace: children of the Eternal Father, united to the Godhead by the bond of the Holy Spirit. When we receive the grace of baptism, especially when we receive Communion, we become united to God by a union so perfect that St. John says we are entitled to be called, we actually are, sons of God. Our Lord is called by St. Paul (Rom. viii., 29) "the first-born among many brethren." And what did our Saviour Himself say when He bade His disciples farewell? "I ascend to my Father and to your Father."

Now, my brethren, if there are many who need to be warned against pride by the example of the haughty Pharisee, there are some who, like the poor publican, need to be encouraged. There is a true sense in which a good Christian may say, I am a righteous man; it is that sense in which St. Paul spoke when he said, "By the grace of God I am what I am." As much as to say, my virtue, if I have got any, is none the less mine because I have received it from Jesus Christ, and because by His love I still persevere and hope to persevere to the end in it. Nay my virtue is all the more to be boasted of, if I give credit to whom credit is due. Let us, then, be indeed humble when we look at the shriveled nakedness of our own poor, fallen nature; but let us rejoice and be honestly proud when we consider how God changes us into princes of His heavenly kingdom. Oh! how we ought to value the means of acquiring divine grace—the practice of humble, fervent prayer, the sorrowful confession of sin, and especially the devout reception of Holy Communion; for these are the great and necessary means of acquiring Christian righteousness.

Home and Abroad. It is the duty of everyone, whether at home or travelling for pleasure or business, to equip himself with the remedy which will keep up strength and prevent illness, and cure such ills as are liable to come upon all in everyday life. For instance, Hood's Sarsaparilla as a general tonic, and to keep the blood pure and less liable to absorb the germs of disease, will be well nigh invaluable. Change of drinking water often causes serious trouble, especially if one has been used to spring water in the country. From a few drops to a teaspoonful of Hood's Sarsaparilla in a tumbler of water will prevent the water having any injurious effect. Hood's Vegetable Pills, as a cathartic, cause no discomfort, no disturbance, no loss of sleep, but assist the digestive organs, so that satisfactory results are effected in a natural and regular manner. AS PARMELEE'S VEGETABLE PILLS contain Mandrake and Dandelion, they cure Liver and Kidney Complaints with unerring certainty. They also contain Roots and Herbs which have specific virtues truly wonderful in their action on the stomach and bowels. Mr. E. A. Cairncross, Shakespeare, writes: "I consider Parmelee's Pills an excellent remedy for Biliousness and Derangement of the Liver, having used them myself for some time."

There is danger in neglecting a cold. Many who have died of consumption dated their troubles from exposure, followed by a cold which settled on their lungs, and in a short time they were beyond the skill of the best physician. Had they used Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, before it was too late, their lives would have been spared. This medicine has no equal for curing coughs, colds and all affections of the throat and lungs.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

How Tony Sold Rose Buds.

He was only a dog, but a very smart dog, indeed. He belonged to the class known as shepherd dogs, which are noted for their sagacity and fidelity. His master was a little Italian boy, called Beppo, who earned his living by selling flowers on the street.

Tony was very fond of Beppo, who had been his master ever since he was a puppy, and Beppo had never failed to share his crust with his good dog.

Now, Tony had grown to be a large dog, and took as much care of Beppo as Beppo took of him. Often while standing on the corner with his basket on his arm, Beppo would feel inclined to cry from loneliness; but Tony seemed to know when the "blues" came, and would lick his master's hand, as much as to say: "You've got me for a friend. Cheer up! I'm better than nobody! I'll stand by you."

But, one day, it happened that when the other boys, who shared the dark cellar home with Beppo, went out early in the morning as usual, Beppo was so ill he could hardly lift his head from the straw on which he slept. He felt that he would be unable to sell flowers that day. What to do he did not know.

Tony did his best to comfort him; but the tears would gather in his eyes, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he at last forced himself to get up and go to the florist, who lived near by, for the usual supply of buds. Having filled his basket, the boy went home again and tied it around Tony's neck. Then he looked at the dog, and said: "Now, Tony, you are the only fellow I've got to depend on. Go and sell my flowers for me, and bring the money home safely; and don't let any one steal anything." Then he kissed the dog and pointed to the door.

Tony trotted out in the street to Beppo's usual corner, where he took his stand. Beppo's customers soon saw how matters stood, and choose their flowers and put the money in the tin cup within the basket. Now and then, when a rude boy would come along and try to snatch a flower from the basket, Tony would growl fiercely and drive them away.

So that day went safely by; and at night-fall Tony went home to his master, who was anxiously waiting to see him, and give him a hearty welcome. Beppo untied the basket, and looked in the cup; and I shouldn't wonder if he found more money in it than he ever did before.

That is how Tony sold the rose buds, and he did so well that Beppo never tires of telling it of.—Floral World.

Playing Back.

Won't you please call Jessie in, mother? We want to go down by the mill and home by the race, and we don't want to be bothered with Jessie. Netta Grey stood at her mother's open window, holding the little five-year-old by the hand; Virginia waited at a little distance.

"But I want to go too," sobbed the little one. "I have walked to the mills often and often, and I want to go too." "Why don't you take her, Netta?" asked her mother, stopping the whirl of her busy machine wheel to settle this little trouble.

"Oh, she is such a bother," said Netta, fretfully, "she has to be lifted over the fence, and led by the hand, and she is in the way." "Come here, Virginia," called the mother turning away from the machine and leaning out of the window. "Sit down there on the grass, all of you; I want to tell you a little bit of a story, but it is a short one and won't keep you back long."

"Thirteen years ago there came into a certain house that I know of a wee little pink baby. She was a great joy to everybody in the house, but she was also a good deal of trouble. She was washed and dressed and fed and put to sleep and nursed and rocked and carried around, and nobody ever complained of the trouble."

"In a few years more another little baby came, and then, of course, the mother had her hands full. Then there were two little maids to be washed and dressed and fed and put to sleep and nursed and carried around and played with and sewed for, still no one ever thought of complaining or once called them a trouble."

"When mother and father went to walk, babies went too; their little hands were held, their little feet lifted over rough places, and everything was done to make them happy."

"As the years passed by these two little maids grew strong and tall and independent; while other little ones took their places in the family to be cared for and helped. Now if you had had these maids, my daughters, how would you have behaved to the little ones? Would you have said: 'Go away children, and don't bother?' or would you have tried to pay back some of the care and trouble?"

"Oh, mother," said Virginia, "were those little maids named Netta and Virginia?"

"It is strange, but I think they were," said mother, smiling.

"Come Jess," interrupted Netta, taking this way to answer her mother's question; "it's time we were off on our walk."

And dear little Jessie, who had not been able to make head nor tail out of the story, sprang from the grass with a happy bound, clouds all gone, rain-drops too, and her sun shining brightly.

Nervous debility is a common complaint, especially among women. The best medical treatment for this disorder is a persistent course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla to cleanse and invigorate the blood. This being accomplished, nature will do the rest.

A DEVOTIONAL RELIC.

Twelve miles from the west coast of Ireland there rises from the Atlantic a ledge of rocks—the Shelgigs—and crowning a fragment of its highest peak an Irish cross is lifted high into the storms and sunshine of the open heavens, says the *Seminary*. It has stood for centuries, ragged, yet beautiful, lonely and awful yet comforting and strengthening, a witness to the early faith and skill of the nation whose misfortunes it has witnessed, whose standard it has been, whose triumphs it shall yet crown. It is known as Saint Michael's cross, and marks the site of a monastery believed to have been founded by Saint Finan. Ruins of a church, of two oratories, several cells and crosses and a burial ground still indicate the marvellous industry of the builders. The spot is nearly inaccessible. It is loneliness inexpressible, exposed to the fury of every storm and the rigors of cold, the tortures of the noonday heat. Only for purposes of contemplation and ascetic toil could men have planned and executed such a work, bestowing on it patience, devotion and cunning skill at the very peril of their lives. It is fitting, indeed, that their monument should be the cross, and that their purpose should daily and hourly look heaven in the face, testifying to the glory of God by this memorial of His Son. Parts of the stern cliffs are named for the stations, leading up to the great cross on the summit. There can be no other way of the cross to equal this in grandeur and solemnity. The echo of the sea bird's cry, the shrill roar of the winds from off the wild Atlantic, the deep thunder of the ever restless waves do not disturb the contemplative soul; they but add to the majestic awe of time and place. The Catholic spirit of to-day recognizes the inspiration of Catholic Ireland of long ago, and acknowledges with deep gratitude that its faith was founded upon a rock, indeed, "hewn out of a rock, and built upon a rock, and a proof against centuries of persecution."

Travel and study add continually to the glory of Ireland's past. From the cross of Saint Michael, held out to us of the new world in welcome and warning, we make our way inward to north and south, and to the east coast of the Green Island, finding the cross set in worn but imperishable stone upon its face. We find ruins, to be sure, but they are also remains of beauty and of duty fulfilled. Churches, chapels, oratories, belfries and the rude yet massive sheltering homes of pious men and women, of learning and of charity, have been year by year discovered and exposed to admiring and reverent eyes. New beauties come to them with each year's advance as their deeper meaning opens up to us through the searchlights of learning and investigation. "Ireland was civilized when England was barbarous," said Montalembert, and his saying is fast becoming the utterance of many. Irish monuments—the tomb stones, the crosses, the very stones of their ruins—have each a voice which deserves to be heard throughout the world, for it testifies of Christ and His Church.

The Modern Priest. Cardinal Gibbons, during his recent stay in Paris en route for Rome, received many French visitors. To one of them he said: "It is my opinion that in the modern world we should change our modes of action. To pray and wait in the dimness and silence of churches was sufficient perhaps when the sound of the bells alone was enough to bring the people to church. But now the people will not come if we remain in the temple. False prophets are in the streets and public places. They even dare to seize upon our grand ideas of charity and social justice in order to deceive the crowd. Be in places. We, too, must go into the street. In France the clergy are serious, contemplative and pious, but I think timid. Our century is not one for timid people. It is one for the daring and the valiant. Truly, the eight or ten millions of Catholics in the United States have more influence in the midst of a population of sixty millions than the thirty millions of French Catholics have in a country of thirty-six millions. The Catholics of France do not occupy the place that they should have in their Catholic country. They do not speak to the men of this country in the language of the century. They appear to have come from far off and obscure regions where the changes and fresh needs of humanity had been ignored."

Asked to explain by what means the American clergy had obtained so much influence over the masses, Cardinal Gibbons is stated to have replied: "Simply by mingling with the people and acting with the people, Catholic and Protestant. We go out of our churches, we speak at meetings, in public places and in Protestant schools. Oh! we have absolute liberty! And what a splendid tolerance we meet with on the part of our separated brothers—the Protestants!"

They do not Despair.

An utter loss of hope is not characteristic of Consumptives, though no other form of disease is so fatal, unless its progress is arrested by use of Scott's Emulsion, which is Cod Liver Oil made as palatable as cream.

The Medicine for Liver and Kidney Complaint.—Mr. Victor Auger, Ottawa, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending to the general public Parmelee's Pills, as a cure for Liver and Kidney Complaint. I have doctored for the last three years with leading physicians, and have taken many medicines which were recommended to me without relief, but after taking eight of Parmelee's Pills I was quite relieved, and now I feel as free from the disease as before I was troubled."

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NEAR THE DARK VALLEY.

A Young Girl Rescued From an Early Grave—Pale, Listless and Weak, the Victim of a Hacking Cough, She Was Apparently Going into a Rapid Decline.—A Case of Deep Interest to Every Mother in the Land.

From the Cornwall Standard.

It is now a common thing in this locality to hear people acknowledge the wonderful benefit they have derived from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it is not to be wondered at that the druggists find the sale of this remarkable medicine so large and yet constantly increasing. We could give any number of instances of splendid results following the use of Pink Pills, but so many of these are well known to many of our readers as to need recapitulation. However, now and again a case of more than usual interest arises, and we will give the particulars of one of these for the benefit of the public at large. Some years ago a young girl of fourteen, a daughter of Mr. Leon Dore, a well known and respected resident of Cornwall, began to show serious symptoms, and caused her mother great anxiety. She was just at the critical period of her life, and medical aid was called in and everything done to help her.



Was merely a shadow of her former self.

But it appeared to be useless, and week after week she continued to grow worse, until it was evident she was fast going into a decline. A hacking cough set in, and the poor girl, who was formerly plump and healthy looking, with bright rosy cheeks, began to waste away, and in a few months was merely a shadow of her former self. Her mother had about lost all hope of saving the young girl's life, the doctors being apparently unable to do anything to check the ravages of the mysterious disease. At length the mother's attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she decided to give them a trial. A box was taken, and as the girl did not show any visible signs of improvement, her mother was on the point of discontinuing the medicine when a neighbor persuaded her that a single box was not a fair trial, and induced her to continue the Pills. By the time a second box was completed there was some improvement noticeable and there was joy in that small household, and no more persuasion was needed to continue the treatment. The use of the Pink Pills was then continued for some months, by which time the young girl had completely recovered her health and strength. To day she is the very picture of health, and the color in her cheeks is as bright as it was before her illness commenced. To those who saw her during the days of her illness and suffering her recovery is a great wonder. Mrs. Dore freely gave the *Standard* reporter permission to publish an account of her daughter's illness and recovery. She said she could not find words strong enough to express the gratitude for the marvellous cure this great life-saving medicine had effected in her daughter's case, and she hoped her testimony might be the means of leading others similarly afflicted to give them a trial. After writing the above, the reporter again called on Mrs. Dore and read it to her, asking her if it was entirely correct. She replied that she would like to give even stronger expression



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ABOUT PATRIOTISM.

Without it "the Heart of a Nation will be Cold, Cramped and Sordid."

Bereft of patriotism, the heart of a nation will be cold and cramped and sordid; the arts will have no enduring impulse, and commerce no invigorating soul; society will degenerate, and the mean and vicious triumph. Patriotism is not a wild and glittering passion, but a glorious reality. The virtue that gave to Paganism its dazzling lustre, to Barbarism its redeeming trait, to Christianity its heroic form, is not dead. It still lives, to console, to sanctify humanity. It has its altar in every clime, its worship and festivities.

On the heathered hills of Scotland the sword of Wallace is yet a bright tradition. The genius of France in its brilliant literature of the day, pays its high homage to the piety and heroism of the young Maid of Orleans. In her new Senate Hall, England bids her sculptor place, among the effigies of her greatest sons, the images of Hampden and of Russell. In the gay and graceful capital of Belgium, the daring hands of Goets have reared a monument full of glorious meaning to the three hundred martyrs of the revolution.

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