

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

The Third Sunday After Pentecost.

TRUSTING IN GOD.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he hath care of you." (1 St. Peter v. 7.)

This spiritual direction of the chief of the Apostles should bring to our inmost souls the greatest consolation. If we but keep these words in our hearts and recall them to our minds the moment we need them, they will increase our faith, arouse our spiritual energies, and secure to us that victory which we must gain in order to possess even a small part of the peace of God in our souls.

But what is meant by "Casting all your care upon Him"? These words mean that we are to cast all of our care upon God; not merely a part of it, not merely this or that care, but all care, without exception. What are the things that become a care to us? First, our immortal souls. These are a care to us, the greatest of all our cares and the source of our greatest anxiety.

Why is this? Because eternal joy or we depends upon our own actions in life; because we do not know with positive certainty that the salvation of our souls will be secured. The thought of this makes all tremble, even with terror at times, for their salvation. We examine our consciences and recall all the sins of our past lives. These show to us how small the amount of our merit is. Temptation to give up all and to despair begins to assault us. How are we to do then? Cast even that care upon God. But how? By remembering that God's mercy is exalted by Him above His justice. Therefore, making an act of contrition, we must then cast the care of our salvation upon that mercy that is never withheld when asked for in sincerity; by remembering the fact that "by grace we are saved," and by going to confession to get that very grace which is the eternal life of our souls, insuring our salvation. Follow this by a good Communion, that by receiving fervently a persevering reunion with God. The light by which we see our past lives, our little merit and our great demerit—that light is sent into our souls in order to make us, to drive us to confession, Communion, and a new life.

But, some may say, I am sure to do these things again; what is the use of going to confession and Communion? This is a lie of the evil one and a deceit of our own weakness. If we cast this care and fear upon God, He will take care of us and we shall not do these things again. Fidelity to-day wins grace for tomorrow. God's grace will not be wanting, but is sure. These who talk in that way yield to their temptations before they come. This is a form of despair.

We are commanded most stringently and most positively never to despair of our salvation at any time, in any place, nor under any circumstances. To do so is to add to the list of our sins the gravest of all, final impenitence. Despair of our salvation, is the same thing, as to add to the list of our sins the gravest of all, final impenitence. Despair of our salvation, is the same thing, as to add to the list of our sins the gravest of all, final impenitence.

What other things are a great care to us? Our bodies, our human life in this world, with all that belongs to it, called worldly advancement and success. We must remember, however, that the great care these things give us comes in great part from our making too much of them. Practically, the vast majority of mankind, and of Catholics also, seem to think and act as if life in this world is our all, and that success, honor, wealth, and social position once secured here, men can die in peace, without any thought of that great future eternity. When the vast majority start out in life in this world they find they cannot get these things; they try and try again as they may, they fail as often, even when about to succeed. Because of these failures, in many cases, even they turn against God and lose their faith. And why? Simply because they did not and do not cast the care of these things upon Him who would not allow us to permit success in this world to be enjoyed by those He loves with a special love, when that success will be sure to ruin their souls in this life and in eternity.

Let us, then, stop for a moment and examine our hearts in order to see if we have been regarding this life, with its concerns, as if it be our all. If we have, let us cease to care so much for it, commit our success or defeat in this human life and its concerns to the loving providence of God, so far, at least, as to be able to say from our hearts when we fall: "God knows what is best for me. I am contented." In success we should tremble lest we offend, and in defeat bless God, who has kept us from many temptations and sins by sending defeat instead of success. The unsuccessful can say always, "At any rate, my soul is safe from any new sin." But how are we to know that we love this life and its concerns too much? By the way we act as Christians. If we are careless about our duties to God, if we do not obey the laws of our holy religion, if we follow the ways of the world and feel ashamed to acknowledge courageously that we are Catholics, then we know that the world has almost overcome us. And how has this come to pass? It is the result of our failure to desire only what God desires us to have, of our failure to live always under His providential care, by checking our desires and aspirations so as not to be driven too far by them, and because we have thrown aside God's care of us.

But how are we to remedy as well as prevent this unholy state of soul? Only by ceasing to pursue too eagerly anything that can last only the few short years of human life in this world,

by subjecting all things to the rule we must follow in order to lead good lives as good Catholics, and by doing as the text tells us, "casting all our care upon God, for He hath care of us."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Reaper's Little Daughter.

"I help to gather in the wheat," said the reaper's daughter, "and I have a golden head."

The child was young and very fair, Her cheeks were all aglow; Her eyes like purple pansies were, Her teeth a shining row.

"You help to gather in the grain?"

"You are too young, my child!"

"You could not fill the creaking wain, Why speak a thing so wild?"

"I am a harvester, I say, And papa says so, too; I hear his dinner every day To yonder shady yew."

"And though I cannot cut the blade, Nor fill the creaking wain, I do my part," she gently said, "Toward gathering in the grain."

To do her part—what more could she? Could you or I do more? The lesson still abides with me, I can't it or am I over.

Oh, rich would be the golden yield It each would do his part, Upon the world's great harvest field, With brave and earnest heart.

What Ailed the Bell.

It was the first of school after vacation. The children were playing in the yards. The teachers sat at their desks waiting for the bell to strike and call the children to the different rooms. The hands of the different clocks pointed to a quarter before 9.

The bell was a sort of gong, fastened to the outside of the building and the master of the school could ring it by touching a knob in the wall near his desk. It was now time to call the children into school. The master pulled the bell and waited. Still the merry shouts could be heard in the school-yards. Very strange!

The children were so engaged in play that they could not hear the bell, he thought. Then he pulled it more vigorously. Still the shouts and laughter continued.

The master raised his window, clapped his hands, and pointed to the bell. The children rushed into line like little soldiers, and waited for the second signal. The teacher pulled and pulled, but there was no sound. Then he sent a boy to tell each line to file in, and he sent another boy for a carpenter to find out if the bell-chord were broken.

What do you think the carpenter found? A little sparrow had built its nest inside the bell, and prevented the hammer striking against the bell. The teacher told the children what the trouble was, and asked if the nest should be taken out. There was a loud chorus of "No, sir."

Every day of the four hundred children would gather in the yard, and look up at the nest. When the little birds were able to fly to the trees in the yard, and no longer needed a nest, one of the boys climbed on a ladder and cleared away the straw and hay, so that the sound of the bell might call the children from play.—Our Young People.

With Their Wit About Them.

The traditions of the English navy have an instance of witty retort well worth quoting. When the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., went down to Portsmouth to inspect the British seventy-fours, the guide allotted to him was a battered old lieutenant with one eye, who, lacking a "friend at court," had served for years without promotion. As the veteran removed his hat to salute the royal visitor, the latter remarked his baldness, and said jestingly, "I see, my friend, you have not spared your hair in your country's service."

"Why, your royal highness," answered the old salt, "so many young fellows have stepped over my head that it's a wonder I have any hair left."

The duke laughed heartily at this professional joke, but he made a note of the old man's name at the same time, and a few days after the latter was agreeably surprised to receive his appointment as captain.

Not only has ready wit procured promotion, but in not a few cases it has saved its authors when in awkward predicaments. When Charles Lever was consul at Trieste he accompanied his daughter to London. Lord Lytton, hearing of his arrival, invited him to dinner. "Ah, Lever," said he, "I don't know you, but you are able to come!"

"You will be able to meet your chief—Clarendon" (then Minister of Foreign Affairs); but Lever had omitted the formality of applying for leave of absence. "I fear I must retire; my nose is bleeding," replied the novelist, making for the door, which at that instant opened, Lord Clarendon being announced. After shaking hands with the hosts, his Lordship espied Lever before he could make good his retreat. "Ah, Mr. Lever, I didn't know you were in England! I didn't even know you had asked for absence."

"N-no, my lord," stammered the witty novelist; "I thought it would be more respectful to your Lordship to come and ask for it in person."

It seems that in the year 1707, when Philip V. was on his way to Madrid to take possession of his kingdom of Spain, the inhabitants of Mon de Marsan came out to meet him at his approach. The two processions having met about a league from the town, the mayor advanced toward the latter in which the king sat, and addressed him as follows: "Sire, long speeches are obnoxious and wearisome; I should prefer to sing you something."

Leave was given, and he sang forth with a short ode to the king, which so greatly pleased his Majesty that he

called out: *Da capo!* (encore). The mayor gave his song a second time. The king thanked the singer, and presented him with ten *louis d'or*. This amount seemed hardly sufficient to the chief magistrate of Mont de Marsan, and he therefore promptly held out his empty hand to the king, and, in admirable imitation of the king's voice, himself called out: *Da capo!* The king laughed heartily and complied, and the mayor departed twice as well off as he would have been had he been less quick-witted.

Stand by Your Principles.

Most of our boys, and girls, too, for that matter, think they are very brave. They are not afraid of anything. Why, it's almost impossible to find a girl who will jump at a mouse, the elephant has that sort of fear all of himself now a days. Girls have got so strong and healthy that they can pick up fuzzy caterpillars, and even bait their own hooks when they go fishing. And so, of course, our young Canadians, being up to date little men and women, will hardly believe us when we tell them that courage is one of the scarcest things we know of. It is a fact, though, and courage is one of the most desirable things for a boy to carry around with him. A fair supply of it will carry him through a good many of the difficulties he's sure to encounter sooner or later. Of course, our youthful readers know that we mean moral courage—the kind of courage that makes a boy refuse to do something which is mean or dishonorable or do right, no matter what happens, gives the wabblers back-bone enough to enable them to stand up for their principles, too. Do our boys and girls see how they can apply this talk? No? Well, here's a little story told by Dean Farrar, which may help them a little:

"More than forty years ago, at a great English school, no boy in the large dormitories ever dared to say his prayers. A young new boy, neither strong, nor distinguished, nor brilliant, nor of high rank, came to the school. The first night that he slept in his dormitory not one boy knelt to say his prayers. But the new boy knelt as he had always done. He was jeered at, insulted, pelted, kicked for it; and so he was the next night and the next. But after a night or two, not only did the persecutions cease, but another boy knelt down as well as himself, and then another, until it became the custom for every boy to kneel nightly at the altar of his own bedside. From that dormitory in which my informant was, the custom spread to other dormitories, one by one, until that young new boy came to the school, no boy said his prayers; when he left it, without one act or word on his part, beyond the silent influence of a quiet and brave example, all the boys said their prayers. The right act had prevailed against the bad custom and the blended cowardice of that little world. That boy still lives; and if he had never done one good deed besides that deed, he sure it stands written for him in golden letters in the recording angel's book."

Supposing every young Catholic (and old ones, too) were to refuse to associate with persons who use bad language or to go to places where profanity was common; what do you think would happen? (Adapted from the Sacred Heart Review.)

The Age of Responsibility.

We have often heard it said that the best thing in the world for a boy or a girl is to be given a pet animal. Children should be taught to care for their own pets. It develops in them a sense of responsibility.

But, we ask, when do young people reach the age of responsibility? Is it safe, boys and girls, to trust a living creature entirely to you? Of course, if you are gentle and kind, if you have full knowledge of the proper treatment of the animals in your charge, that is quite a different matter. But unless you are very wise indeed it is a foolish thing to give you too great responsibilities. There can be no real kindness without sympathy. Many healthy, hearty boys and girls have never felt a pain in their lives, and are not imaginative enough to understand when they inflict pain. They certainly know what it is to be hungry, but does it follow that they will remember to fill the canary's seed cup? They water and utterly forget that their pet dog does not know to whom to turn when he is thirsty. More animals suffer at the hands of their little masters and mistresses than one would care to count, and the remedy for the evil is to teach young people not to look upon any living thing as a mere plaything. The age of responsibility is not reached because a boy is ten years old, or because he is fifteen; it comes with the years that he spends in learning to be considerate of others. Do not believe that we want young people to be weighed down by a burden of care. Surely, however, the boys and girls who have a fair share of the responsibilities of life are happier than those who cannot be trusted with anything. We would not give the charge of any animal to a careless boy with the mistaken hope that alone will make a man of him.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Columbian.

"Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control, diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know."

Affection for Fathers.

A good many men do not find out until they are thirty years old that their father would appreciate some expression of their love and affection. Oftentimes the father is called "the governor" "the old man," and is shown the barest deference. In fact, men, there are many fathers whose hearts are crying for some mark of affection from their sons, not a soft sentiment, but the highest and most noble affection which a man may demonstrate in filial love.

Muscle or Mind?

No man may add a cubit to his stature, but he can make use of every means of growth and development. He may not increase in height, but he can in mental breadth. Some men would rather be six feet tall than six centuries wise, and have fifteen-inch biceps rather than a fifty ounce brain. It is a truth that many young men think more of the measurements of inches and pounds than of strength in virtue or riches of information.

Choosing a Calling.

Find out early what nature designed you to be—whether a lawyer, doctor, preacher, trader, or mechanic—and strive assiduously to qualify yourself for the discharge of the duties of your calling. People may tell you of your being unfit for a certain occupation; but weigh their opinions. Whatever employment you follow with perseverance and liking will be found fit for you.

Be careful not to mistake a hasty impulse, a shallow temporary liking, for a real bent or a deep love for a vocation; and, on the other hand, when you have pursued any business for a number of years, and found that it has many difficulties, trials, and perplexities of which you had not dreamed, do not hastily abandon it for another—thus throwing away most of the knowledge and experience acquired—with the expectation of finding your pathway in the latter strewn with roses without any thorns.

Remember, too, that those kinds of business which pay best in the long run are the slowest in beginning to yield a return. Success in them is like the growth of the able—for a long time slow and imperceptible. For years you perceive no change; then all at once, when the time comes, there is a crisis, and it shoots up a stalk ten or fifteen feet high, hung with innumerable flowers.

Stick, then, if possible, to your chosen calling, lest it be said of you, as of a character in Owen Meredith's "Lucile":—"With irresolute finger he knocked at each one of the doors of life, but added at none; His course by each star that crossed it was set, And whatever he did he was sure to regret."

Neatness. The value of neatness is not always fully appreciated, especially by the young and inexperienced. Neatness is not a quality, but a manifestation of certain desirable qualities recommending one who is neat to the favorable consideration of other people. The neat person has, generally speaking, a well-balanced and orderly mind; he does things methodically; he is accurate and, consequently, truthful. A neat person is, therefore, likely to make a good and faithful employee. It does not follow that one who is not noticeably neat is unfaithful or otherwise objectionable, for some men are so absorbed in their work and do such an amount of it that they have no time to devote to mere appearances, but neatness is always a recommendation for one whose qualities are unknown.

The retroactive effect of neatness upon character is also of value. One who has been trained in the habits of neatness has his mind attuned to order, and thinks more clearly and has a better memory for the duties of the day at least than one whose habits are disorderly. Although men have natural tendencies toward neatness or disorder, these tendencies can be controlled and habits established contrary to the natural disposition, the latter being slowly modified to accord with the habit. The effect of such training or discipline is noticeable in old sailors who have served for many years in the navy. They are as like in their habits as brothers of the same family—all being orderly and neat except when they have been diverted from good habits by drink. It is not to be supposed that all sailors have the same habits naturally, but they acquire the same habits under discipline.

It is possible, therefore, for any one to train himself in a similar way to be neat and orderly, and it is desirable that young men should do so on account both of the effect of neatness upon other people and because of the influence of good habits upon the mind. Neatness in dress and personal appearance is desirable, but neatness in doing work is a matter of greater importance. It is an instant recommendation to an employer, for the neat workman is invariably reliable. He does not make mistakes, nor is he satisfied with anything that is not true as well as of good appearance. It is quite possible to carry neatness in this respect to an extreme, for work besides being accurate and of good



NO ONE KNOWS how easy it is to wash clothes—all kinds of things on wash day with SURPRISE SOAP, until they try. It's the easiest quickest best Soap to use. See for yourself.

appearance must not exceed a certain commercial standard of value. The neat workman who is too slow cannot be profitable to his employer, but that is a fault easily guarded against. The young man who desires to advance himself will recognize neatness as only one useful quality which he must aim to possess, but it is one of such importance that he should not neglect it. Along with neatness will go an orderly arrangement of work and consequent promptness in filling orders, besides a mental cultivation attending toward clearness of conception and memory of details. Neatness is, therefore, well worth cultivating.—Baltimore Sun.

Brothers and Sisters. It is natural enough that a young man should pay attention to some other young man's sister. There are even Biblical and profane historical precedents for this custom. Jacob, for instance, "waited on" Rachel when he might have played the cymbals for the amusement of his sisters, and Ruth was courted quite in the modern fashion.

We are aware that all traditions, all precedents, are in favor of this habit of regarding a man's own sisters as out of the question when concert and theatre tickets, boxes of candy and bouquets are in order. But there is no reason why a young man's sister should be entirely neglected. The young man—even when his thoughts turn to the daughter of his future mother-in-law—ought to remember that his sisters are women, with the desire of those small attentions from those they love which every normal woman has.

A brother might occasionally spare an evening for his sister's amusement. One hears a great deal of sisterly devotion, but seldom of brotherly devotion. And there would be less jealousy and misunderstandings between young wives and sisters in law if the brother—the average brother—were more careful before marriage to show his sisters that he holds them worthy of at least some of the attention he lavishes on the sweetest of her sex. Sisters, as a rule, love their brothers with an almost unreasonable love. They idolize them, they serve them, they pamper them, they often work for them. And yet the brother who will ungrudgingly show his sisters those little attentions which women crave, but do not ask for, is a rarity.

Bella, who has shielded Charlie many times from the paternal wrath, given him pocket money from her scanty store, that he holds down worthy cold nights to open the door for him after the sacred hour of 10, never receives books or boxes of candies or invitations to concerts, theatres and such like. No, these are for other girls. Bella must stand and wait while her superior brother tells her how great he will be some day. How lovely Angelica—that tow-headed girl who was so stupid at school—is in his eyes.

Life would be made happier and there would be a glow and a sympathy on Catholic families if the natural virtues were cultivated; and one virtue which is not cultivated as carefully as it ought to be is that which leads some brothers to treat their sisters with courtesy, reverence and tenderness, for love ought to have an outward form. Brothers are not to be blamed in many cases for their lack of courtesy shown to their sisters. It is all the fault of their early training. Mothers should strive to teach their sons from their earliest years the little courtesies due to their sisters, particularly in attending them to church, entertainments and social gatherings. We often see brothers and sisters at church, entertainments and public places, but not together—the girls with their own friends and the boys with theirs. Then the daughters, as they grow older, have their social gatherings of friends at their homes, but brother stays, or is kept, in the background, never meets his sister's friends, and gradually the breach widens between brother and sister. In this case the boy is not entirely to blame. But where a boy has been properly trained from his earliest years to be kind and courteous to his sister, when her company at their home has been his company, and vice versa, and when a sister daily strives, often by self-sacrifice, to make that home as comfortable and enjoyable a one for her brother as their circumstances will allow, then we must admit that lack of courtesy and attention

O. S. Donn, of Clinton, says not to go on suffering as he did for years with Salt Rheum, when a few boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment got him cured. Dr. Chase's Ointment cured Hiram Frey, of Newwood, after suffering ten years with Eczema of the leg. Chase's Ointment also cured his little girl of Eczema on her face. Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most to be dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmentier's Valuable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money."

Fever and Aque and Bilious Derangement are positively cured by the use of Parmentier's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

Thomas's Like For. "I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. THOMAS'S ELECTRIC OIL for curing me of a severe cold that troubled me nearly all winter." In order to give a quietus to a hacking cough take a dose of Dr. THOMAS'S ELECTRIC OIL three a day, or often if the cough spells render it necessary.

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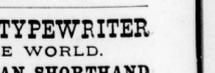
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