

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

JOY IN GOD'S SERVICE.

Let the peace of Christ rejoice in your hearts... and be ye thankful. Coloss. iii. 15.

Of the several great lessons contained in today's Epistle, the one most insisted on and brought out is that of thankfulness and joyfulness in the service of God.

In the labors of St. Paul (and his labors were more abundant than all the Apostles), in his frequent tribulations and crosses, he never ceased giving thanks in all things—nor did he ever tire of inculcating this same duty on the first Christians.

There is no remedy that makes as large a percentage of perfect cures as Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. In nearly every case of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, etc., its curative effects are prompt and lasting.

How They Worked Their Way.

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

IV.—CONTINUED.

"Welcome all—heartily welcome. I guess we'd better help the women folks into the wagon. City people aren't much hands at climbing."

The members of the family having perched, more or less comfortably on the chairs, they were begged by Sam to "sit solid" and to hold on tight when they should come to ruts in the road.

It was a very funny ride. It was not easy to "sit solid" on wooden chairs, when the springless cart jilted over large ruts, made by the spring floods of rain and bad road-workers.

Mr. Thorne's place consisted of a square farm house, and about fifty acres of flat, rich land. There were no trees about his farm, and the young people condemned it on that account.

"Good-morning Miss Beresford, good-morning youngsters—Maria" he called, "they're here!"

Maria, a stout, kindly-looking woman, came in, kissed the girls, shook hands with Mrs. Beresford, and insisted upon taking their bonnets and wraps.

"Dinner is just on the table. Come in."

Dermot, Brian and Kathleen were delighted by this want of ceremony. Dinner was the word they were waiting for. They followed Mrs. Thorne into a large kitchen, hung with bright tins, and scrubbed to almost snowy whiteness.

At the long table, laden with meat, vegetables and pies, several men in their "shirt sleeves" were seated.

"I don't make company of you, you see," said Mrs. Thorne. "and I hope you'll excuse our hired men for beginning to eat before you came. They're hungry, poor fellows!"

The men grined. Mr. Beresford was put on the right side of his host, with a big pitcher of milk at his elbow. His wife was opposite. The children were sandwiched between the hired men.

The Beresfords, according to custom, made the sign of the cross before they sat down.

Mrs. Thorne watched them in astonishment, and whispered to her husband as she passed his chair—

"They look nice; but what's that sign. Are they Masons, like?"

Ike laughed. "No, they're Catholics."

Mrs. Thorne made a gesture of horror over the roast mutton.

white splashes of cement. It stood back some distance from the road. There was a lawn in front of it, divided from the road by a low rail fence. The lawn was decorated by several rose-bushes, a clump of lilacs, and four spreading oak trees.

The shutters of the house badly wanted painting. Back of the house, between it and the tall barn, stretched rows of peach, plum, pear and apple trees. The air seemed full of exquisite blossom. Showers of pink and white fell in all directions, as a fresh wind began to blow.

Mary was astonished by the beauty of the scene. Mrs. Beresford watched the pleasure of the others. Kathleen, whose lungs were weak, drew a long breath of the delicious air. Mr. Beresford straightened up and seemed to feel invigorated.

They walked up the path into the house. A hall-way, in which stood a high clock nailed with brass to the wall, led between four rooms—two on each side—to the back. The children ran through the hall and found themselves in the orchard. Here they had a game of hide and seek, at once. The elders went through the house. The rooms were small, but there were plenty of closets. Mrs. Beresford was very glad. She said that never in her life had she had enough closets.

Some repairs were badly needed; but on the whole, the old house, built before the Revolution, was in fairly good condition. The vegetable garden, an unusually large space of ground on the right of the orchard, was next examined. The late occupant had kept it in good condition during the winter, and Mr. Beresford would only have to continue his work.

The house stood on a hill. A narrow river touched the boundary of Mr. Beresford's ninety acres. From the dooryard one could see even the spires of the distant town.

"How lovely!" Mrs. Beresford exclaimed. "It will be a great privilege to live in this exhilarating air, and look on this scene every day of our lives."

Dermot thought that even a lovely scene in the country might become tiresome.

"It will be always the same," he said, with a sigh.

Brian laughed. "Why Dermot, how can you say that? The scene has changed since we came here. See, the river is darker and the hills less blue. The mist has lifted. I could stay here always!"

"Don't be too rash, my boy," said Mr. Beresford. "We must all try to be cheerful and contented. It is our duty. One gloomy or discontented one among us will spoil everything. A pleasant home life makes outside work all the easier."

Dermot sighed. Duty, he said to himself, is a very hard thing.

The farm contained some large patches of woodland. This delighted the children. To own their own woods seemed to them an exquisite thing!

To city children there is a wonderful mystery about woods. They have been nurtured on stories about woods. Were not the men who so opportunely came to rid Riding hood's rescue, wood-choppers? Was not the Sleeping Beauty surprised in a wood? To the Beresford children the wood was a great treasure.

Kathleen was afraid that a bear or a wolf would come out and gobble her up. The rest laughed at this, and Brian the loudest of all. Kathleen, however, had her revenge when he tripped over the end of a creeping vine, and made Mr. Thorne laugh by declaring, quite seriously, that it was a rattlesnake.

Mr. and Mrs. Beresford saw that there was much work before them. Mrs. Beresford was almost reconciled to the prospect by the sight of the faint color, which the country breeze had brought into her husband's cheeks.

Altogether it was a very eventful day. They returned to the city shortly after nightfall. They were too tired to have music before they went to bed. They all admitted that since they were so poor, it was better to be poor in the country.

Shortly after this visit, Mr. Beresford's affairs were wound up. He had sold his house furnished as it was. When all his debts were paid he had enough money to stock his farm; and he was anxious to get away from the city before the new owner of the house should take possession.

The plainest and simplest part of the furniture was retained. Mr. Beresford concluded to keep the piano, much to the delight of everybody.

A FARMER'S HARD LUCK.

Meets With an Accident Followed by Painful Results.—Mr. N. B. HUGHSON tells a Story of Years of Suffering and How he Found Relief. The Circumstances Familiar to all His Neighbors.

From the Chatham Banner.

A Chatham Banner reporter while on news-gathering rounds a few days ago dropped into the well-known drug store of Messrs. Pikey & Co., and overheard scraps of conversation between customers, in which the words "Pink Pills" were frequently repeated.

With a reporter's instinct for a good news article, he asked for some particulars, and was told that if he called upon Mr. HUGHSON he would probably get a story well worth giving publicity.

Mr. HUGHSON is a stationary salesman by trade, and a good one, but some six years ago getting tired of that calling quitted it and went to work in a hardware store, where he remained for some time, but was not long in being dismissed.

When he got home and the blood was wiped away his external injuries seemed trifling, but the grave trouble was inside, and took the form of a violent and almost constant headache.

A week later he went into the bath to get out, and the trouble was worse, and he was unable to get out of the bath, and he was able to go about the house, though he could not walk.

All this time he was attended by a physician whose treatment, however, seemed of but little avail.

In the following June he had a second stroke, and was not out of bed for seven weeks, and was left very weak. The belief that he was doomed to die, burdened his mind, and he died to him that he was unable to take his place as a bread-winner, added mental to his physical anguish.

But relief was coming, and he saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised and asked his physician about them. The doctor said he had not much faith in these remedies, but they would do no harm, and Mr. HUGHSON got a supply which he began taking according to directions.

At the outset his wife was also opposed to them, but before he had taken them long he noticed an improvement in his condition, and then was quite as strong in urging him to continue their use, and even took them with good effect for heart weakness, indigestion, and grippe.

Containing the use of the pills, Mr. HUGHSON found his terrible headaches leaving him, and his strength returning, and he could do light work on the farm near his house.

He still continued using the Pink Pills until he had taken fourteen boxes, and he could himself fully restored to his old time strength.

Mr. HUGHSON's old neighbors in Harwich never failed to see him on his feet again, and are astounded at his recovery, so much so that the fame of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has spread far and near throughout the town, and the standard remedy in many households.

Mr. HUGHSON can be seen by any of our citizens, and will only too gladly verify the foregoing statements.

The reporter then called upon Messrs. Pikey & Co., at the Central True Store. They do not, they inform him, make a practice of issuing any proprietary medicine, so that the lead taken by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is not due to persistent puffing but to irresistible merit, and on all sides their customers speak of them in terms of warmest praise.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood purifier and nerve restorer. They cure all cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, general debility, and all the other effects of grippe, dyspepsia, indigestion, and all the other ailments of the blood.

Why go limping and whining about your case, when a 25-cent bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.



AFTER THE BALL. There is always a great rush for S. Davis & Sons' Cigars.

Advertisement for OLD CHUM cigars, featuring an illustration of a man smoking and text describing the product's quality and availability.

Advertisement for HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT, describing its benefits for various ailments and providing contact information for the manufacturer.

Advertisement for DUNN'S BAKING POWDER, calling it 'THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND' and mentioning its Canadian origin.

Advertisement for WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY, highlighting its value for students and professionals, and offering a special price for subscribers.

Advertisement for Devotional Books, listing various titles such as 'The Twelve Months Sanctified by Prayer' and 'The Angel of the Holy Angels'.

Advertisement for THE ANNUAL FAVORITE, a collection of books including 'The Pictorial Lives of the Saints' and 'The Catholic Record for One Year'.

Advertisement for D. & J. SADLER & CO., Catholic publishers and stationers, listing their address and the types of goods they sell.

Advertisement for MARGARET L. SHEPHERD, a complete account of her life, including details about the book's content and price.

Advertisement for ONTARIO STAINED GLASS WORKS, specializing in stained glass for churches and private buildings.

Advertisement for D. B. WOODRUFF, a defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh, and all the ailments of the eye, with contact information.

Advertisement for POST & HOLMES, ARCHITECTS, located at Rooms 28 and 29 Manning House, King Street West, Toronto.

Advertisement for LUYE & DIGNAN, BARRISTERS, ETC., located at 418 Talbot Street, London, with private funds to loan.