

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost.

THE CARELESS CHRISTIAN. "He hath done all things well. He hath made both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak." (St. Matt. vii., 31.)

To be deaf and dumb is generally esteemed a great misfortune. The poor person thus afflicted is for the most part cut off from the means of getting a living, and has to be supported by charity. He communicates with difficulty with his fellow-men, and this deprives him of a great part of the pleasure of life. We pity such a one and thank God that this calamity has not befallen us.

But to be deprived of the senses of hearing and of speech by the dispensation of the Almighty, Who doeth all things well, without any fault of our own, is a mere nothing and unworthy of consideration in comparison with that spiritual deafness and dumbness which is our own fault; for this is a deliberate and obstinate wickedness on our part, which draws down upon us the anger of God, and which involves us in the deprivation of the society of God, of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and of the saints, and renders us poor and miserable for all eternity.

God is speaking to us always. He speaks to us by His Holy Church and by all her instructions, which were carefully taught us in our youth. He speaks to us by the voice of His priests, who preach His word and the Gospel of salvation. He speaks to us in all events of life: in the loss of our friends and relatives, in the deaths of our brothers, sisters, parents and children. When such things happen we cannot help but realize the utter uncertainty and nothingness of all human things; that we must die also—when we cannot tell—and that it is the highest folly to live for the moment and forget eternity. He speaks to us in sending us sickness and disappointment and poverty.

Often times God speaks in our inmost hearts, stirring us up strangely and unaccountably to attend to our salvation. O, brethren! if we look honestly into our hearts, must we not confess that this is so; that God has never ceased to admonish us, or to be solicitous for our salvation? If we have sinned, even grievously, has He not excited sorrow and made us feel miserable so as to bring us back to His love and obedience? Has He not disgusted us with the filthy pleasures of the senses, made us feel that all such things are truly the husks unfit for any but swine to eat, and made us long for the peace and joy which accompany innocence and a virtuous life? It is with this love and earnestness and patience that God speaks to us and has spoken to us, all our lives long.

And how have we responded to all this? Have we made ourselves deaf and dumb to His voice? When He has spoken loudly to us, so that we could not help hearing, have we not stopped our ears and just refused to listen? When we were indulging in sin and violating the laws of God, and we felt condemned and that we were doing wrong, and were urged to stop and repent, did we not say in our hearts, "My God, let me alone; I cannot listen now, for I will not quit my evil ways?" When remorse continued, did we not plunge into the distractions of business or of pleasure in order to stifle the voice of God in our hearts? And has this spiritual deafness not induced in us also a spiritual dumbness? so that we could not open our mouths to confess, so that year after year has gone by without our caring or daring to darken the doors of the holy tribunal of penance, thus cutting ourselves off from the society of the faithful, from all the merits of holy purposes and good works, keeping ourselves in the power of the evil one, to listen to and follow his evil suggestions, hardening our hearts more and more and dragging ourselves down to eternal perdition.

Our Lord healed the deaf and dumb man apparently with difficulty. He did not merely speak the word and heal him at once, but He took him aside, He groaned over him, He put His fingers in his ears, and touched his tongue with spittle, before He said, Ephpheta—that is, be opened—when he was healed.

This he did to show us how dangerous and obstinate is the malady of spiritual deafness and dumbness. It requires a peculiar exertion of divine power to cure it. It admonishes us all of the peril of persisting in this horrible condition, and of the necessity of getting out of it without a moment's delay.

But difficult as the cure may be in itself, it is not difficult with our Lord Jesus Christ. He is ready and willing to cure us. Let us go to Him in all sincerity and ask the grace of a cure, ask that we may be all alive and in earnest to hear the word of God and to keep it; that our tongues may be unloosed to make a good and sincere confession. Our Lord will hear us and grant our request, for He is the one Who doeth all things well, Who makes both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak.

In Your Blood

Is the cause of that tired, languid feeling which afflicts you at this season. The blood is impure and has become thin and poor. That is why you have no strength, no appetite, cannot sleep. Purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will give you an appetite, tone your stomach, and invigorate your nerves.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

OF THE LINE. The boys stood up in the reading class—a dozen or so—and each one said that those at the foot should never pass, or find it easy to get up head.

Harry was studious; so were Jake, Tim, and Robert, and Con, and Jack; for men of business they must be made. And it would do to be dull or slack.

There wasn't another boy on the line more anxious than Jimmy to keep his place; for to be at the head was very fine. But to go down foot was a sad disgrace.

But Jim delighted in games of ball. Polo, tennis or table croquet. And his mind was not on his books at all. When he took his place in the class that day.

'Twas his turn to read, and he started off with an air attentive—a vain pretense; for the boys around him began to cough and nudge and chuckle at Jim's expense.

"You've skipped a line," whispered generous Ben. Who often had helped in that way before.

"You've skipped a line!" shouted Jim; and then Of course the school room was in a roar.

And down to the foot Jim went that day: He learned a lesson that any duce might have known; for we're sure to stray if we try to be in two places at once.

Play, when you play, in an earnest way. With a merry heart and a cheerful face. But when at your books think not of your play. Or else you'll certainly lose your place.

A Priceless Bird.

"I own a singing-bird that cannot be got from me with money," said the dealer, as he turned to a cage behind him. "He only sings one tune, but I can tell you a remarkable story about him. My daughter trained him herself when we lived in Germany, six years ago. She trained him to sing a song of her own improvisation. Of course it is much harder for a person to train a bird than for another bird to be the teacher, and it took her nearly six months before the little fellow could sing it through without making a mistake."

Here the bird-fancier whistled a few bars of a melody, which the bird took up and finished without a break.

"Well," continued the speaker, "at about that time I concluded to come to America, and leaving my daughter behind me—I was a widower—I sailed for the city of New York. A few weeks after landing I opened a store in Harlem, and sent for my daughter. By some unaccountable mishap, I failed to meet her, and the most careful inquiries threw no light on her whereabouts. I knew she must have sailed, but I could not learn the name of the steamer, or anything about her. At last, after vainly searching for her until I had spent all the money I had, I gave up in despair.

"One day I was walking leisurely down Mulberry street, when I heard a small boy whistling this very air you have just heard the bird sing. I stopped him and inquired where he had heard it. He replied that a young woman in the same tenement house where he lived had a pretty canary that sang it. Need I say more? I made him lead me there at once, and soon discovered that the owner of the bird was my lost daughter.

"The dear girl was miserably poor, and was trying to eke out a scanty subsistence by scrubbing offices, etc. She had come on another steamer than the one I had intended her to take, and, having lost my address, had not been able to trace me any better than I had her."

Worms That Eat Steel Rail.

For the last two years the German Government has been looking into the life, history and ravages of one of the most remarkable worms known to exist. This wonderful creature, whose gluttonous appetite is only satisfied after a feed on common steel, was brought into general notice in June, 1887.

For some time preceding the publication of the account mentioned, the greatest consternation existed among the engineers employed on the railway at Hagen by accidents which always occurred at the same place, proving that some terrible defect must exist either in the material or the construction of the rails.

The Government became interested, and sent a commission to the spot for the purpose of maintaining a constant watch at the place where the accidents—one of them attended with loss of life—had occurred. It was not, however, until six months had elapsed that the surface of the rails appeared to be corroded, as if by acid, to the extent of over one hundred yards.

The rail was taken up and broken, whereupon it was found to be literally honeycombed by a thin, thread-like, gray worm. The worm is said to be less than one inch long, and of about the bigness of a common knitting needle. It is of a light gray color, and in the head it carries two little sacs or glands, filled with a most powerful corrosive secretion, which is ejected every ten minutes when the little demon is lying undisturbed. This liquid, when squirted upon iron, renders it soft and spongy and of the color of dust, when it is easily and greedily devoured by the little insects. "There is no exaggeration," says the official report, "in the assertion that this creature is one of the most voracious, for it has devoured seventy-nine pounds of rails in a fortnight."

A Comfort Sometimes.

When health is far gone in Consumption, then sometimes only ease and comfort can be secured from the use of Scott's Emulsion. What is much better is to take this medicine in time to save your health.

Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Farme's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least. These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required."

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse

LOYAL OBEDIENCE.

The feast of Saint Peter and Saint Paul stands in a unique position, at the close of the month of the Sacred Heart and at the incoming of the month of the Precious Blood; as though to teach us that the centre of truth and of divinely given authority is surrounded by a constant atmosphere of ardent love and most generous self-sacrifice. The lessons to be learned, this day, are very many; but let us at present confine our thoughts to these.

Love and self-sacrifice attending upon authority—how strangely the words sound in our day of independent thought and action, of proud self-will! Yet what is it all but the exercise of the highest faculties of man's being? He who was the supreme type of all human excellence, He who is our highest ideal and perfect pattern, has said: "Learn of me for I am meek and humble of heart." He who was infinite, eternal, co-equal with the Father, cried at the first moment of His human existence: "Lo! I come to do thy will, O God!" He who with the Father breathed forth, and is ever breathing forth, the eternal, co-equal Spirit, was swayed by the spirit, driven by the Spirit, led by the Spirit. He who created Mary and Joseph became obedient to them, and waited on their will. Shall we aim at higher things than these, or try to become wiser than our God?

When we think of the intense intellectual pride of our day, we may possibly find some reason there for the opposition felt to acknowledge the Sovereign Pontiff as the infallible doctor of truth, and it becomes the more necessary for us to examine ourselves and find out if we are really docile in word and in will. The mind of man must practice mortification and self-denial as well as his body, and must just as seriously fast and abstain as the body must, and far more severely. Bishop Gay says on this subject—words so full of wisdom as to warrant an extended quotation: "The more humble of mind you are, the more rapid and the greater will be your progress in the science of God; and the greater is your progress therein, the more reasons will you see for humility of mind, and the greater will be your relish for it, and the greater also will be your fidelity in its practice. . . . To aim at seeing, in this world, what God forbids you to look at, is to deserve to be made blind. The history of the Church is full of the falls of the curious. Be sober, then, in these matters. The heart gains a great deal by these sacrifices to the mind, and strength is made perfect by these evident infirmities of our intelligence. . . . The more doile you are here below, the more instructed you will be hereafter on high; the more you are at first children—children in mind and heart, which is the same thing as being humble—the more you will have hereafter of that noble and strong manliness that St. Paul calls 'the measure of the age of the fullness of Christ.'"

And if this be true of our holiest studies, how true must it likewise be of our reading and study in things pertaining to the world and to morals! There is a happy frame of mind which leads some men, if they hear that a book has been placed upon the Index by the authority of the Catholic Church, to lose at once any wish to read it; and to be very content with their blissful ignorance. For we ourselves are quite aware what we would think of any man whose unnatural instincts led him to taste the contents of a bottle because it bore the word poison written on it. Is not the analogy plain, if we regard the two cases truthfully and humbly? Oh, for the spirit of loyal self-sacrifice to our Holy Mother the Church, not measuring and weighing out our obedience; obeying joyfully, chivalrously, filially, the mother of our souls, and the spouse of Him who poured out His Precious Blood to the last drop for us! What a trifle it is to renounce for His sake the reading of some book that the world talks of, and to gain instead the happy ignorance of what might for all time tarnish our souls or tempt our faith? Is it so great a sacrifice to offer to the Sacred Heart that broke for love?

That broke for love! Oh, let us give Him love for love! Let us hold nothing back from Him! When the Church speaks He speaks. Shall we see how near we can come to the precipice without falling—how closely we can resemble non-Catholics and yet not cross the line; how far we can disregard the Church's voice and not be driven outside the fold? This is not loyalty; this is not chivalry. Is it honesty—or Christian nobility—or self-sacrifice? Is it love, the love like the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ?

Ah! as the same great Bishop, already quoted, says: "Be happy and proud to submit your intelligence wholly to the Church. Keep yourselves from those views which are at all doubtful or of ill repute. Think, judge, speak with Rome. When your spirit is submissive to the Church your interior brow is encircled with a more than royal diadem. Believe in the Church; be happy and proud to submit your own intelligence wholly to the Church. Love this Church; make your heart pure, large, strong, ardent, to love her. Where are limits? Love much, and you will be of much value; love always, you will always be of use; he who serves best is he who loves most."—Sacred Heart Review.

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FATHER AND SON CURED.

The Village of Whitechurch Develops A Sensation.—The Father Attacked With Rheumatism and the Son With St. Vitus Dance—A Story That Can be Vouched For by All the Neighbors.

From the Wingham Advance.

Mr. Joseph Nixon is the proprietor of the only hotel in the village of Whitechurch, and is known to the whole countryside as a man who thoroughly understands his business, and a jovial companion as well. It is well known in this part of Ontario that Mr. Nixon's hotel was destroyed by fire, but with that energy which is characteristic of him he quickly set to work to re-build. His story, as told a reporter of the Wingham Advance, who recently had occasion to visit his hostelry, will prove of interest. "I was helping to dig out the cellar," he said, "and in the dampness and cold I contracted rheumatism, which settled in my right hip. It got so bad that I could not sit in a chair without doubling my leg back at the side of the chair, and I couldn't ride in a buggy without letting the affected leg hang out. I suffered a great deal more from the trouble than anyone who has not been similarly affected can imagine. How



"I was helping dig out the cellar." I was cured is even more interesting. One day I saw a neighbor whom I knew had rheumatism very bad running down the road. I called him and asked what had cured his rheumatism. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," he promptly replied, and that determined me to try the same remedy. Well, the result is Pink Pills cured me, and that is something other medicines failed to do. I don't know what is in them, but I do know that Pink Pills is a wonderful medicine. And it is not only in my own case," continued Mr. Nixon, "that I have reason to be grateful for what the medicine has done. My son, Fred, about twelve years of age, was taken with an attack of cold. Inflammation of the lungs set in, and as he was recovering from this, other complications followed, which developed into St. Vitus dance, which got so bad that he could not possibly stand still. We gave him Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with the result that he is now thoroughly cured, and looks as though he had never had a day's sickness in his life; and if these facts, which are known to all the neighbors, will be of benefit to anyone else, you are at liberty to publish them.

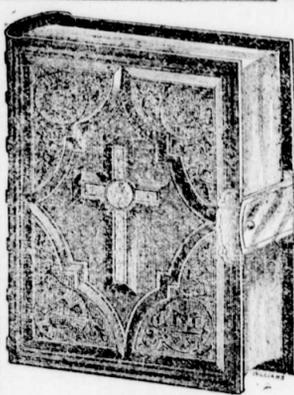
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of a gripple, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a specific for building anew the blood, and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of any nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes bearing the firm's trademark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail, from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

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obliged to own that

"When youth, the dream, departs, It takes something from our hearts And it never comes again."

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Totally Deaf.—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. I warmed the Oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine."

"If they are well, have their wants provided for and feel that there is some one who loves them,—someone who will laugh when they are glad, and be sorry when they are sad—they ask nothing more. No dim "to be's," or "mournful agonies," cast gloomy shadows on their pathways. They lived in the sunshine of the present and are content. But

"—the children leave us, and in their places Weary men and anxious women stand."

And this is the point: "The children leave us." Life's sunniest days are shortest, and the days of childhood pass soonest away. Teach the children and help them to make the most of them.

Let the children be happy, then. Let them be young. They will be old long enough. Don't try to make them wise beyond their years. The spirit of these modern times will do that all too soon. Keep sorrow and care from them as much as possible. The day will come for them, as for all others, when Joy will fold its golden pinions and hide its face from them, while the stern master, Grief, teaches them life's bitter lessons. Or, even if they are spared from great trials, they will be

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