

## EMPTION

SO PROFOUND

By the Physicians

SEVERE

COUGH

At Night

Spitting Blood

by the Doctors!

SAVED BY

BERRY PECTORAL

My wife had a

long trouble which

tremendously distressed

her, and she frequently

spitting of blood

and was unable to help her

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

recovered at the great

benefit of using one whole

bottle, so that now she is

healthy. That this

wife's life, I have not

to K. MORRIS, Mem.

BERRY PECTORAL

Ghost Awards

WORLD'S FAIR

1893-1894

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## FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Seventh Sunday after Pentecost.

## THE LAST SIN.

For the wages of sin is death; but the grace of God, life everlasting in Christ Jesus our Lord. (From this Sunday's Epistle.)

This is not the only place in Holy Writ, my brethren, where eternal life and death are set before us as the wages we shall some day be paid. The word of God frequently admonishes us of the choice we are compelled to make between eternal sorrow and eternal joy, and for this most evident reason: we are always actually engaged in making the choice. The very essence of our merit hereafter will be that we shall have freely and deliberately chosen Almighty God and His friendship, in preference to any and everything besides. And the reason, and the only reason, why a man will lose his soul will be because he committed mortal sin and died unrepentant—that is to say, choosing to love what God bids him hate. What we call the choice between virtue and vice St. Paul calls the choice between life and death. And with that choice we are constantly confronted. Not that we always realize it, nor do I mean to say that the first time one grievously offends God he settles his fate eternally; but that each mortal sin really earns the wages of eternal death, and only the blessed mercy of God saves us from our deserved punishment. And, furthermore, it is some mortal sin or other that at last breaks down God's patience. If at any particular occasion He does not see fit to take us at our word, so to speak, and leave us for ever in that state of enmity that we have chosen, it is not because we do not deserve it; it is because He is a loving Father to us, and is often willing to stand a great deal of wickedness on our part; or because we have some dear friends who are servants of God and who pray for us; or because the Blessed Virgin has acquired some special attachment to us and intercedes for us; or because God reserves us for a later day, when He will make such an example of us as will save other sinners; or because, again, He saves us for a later day to make us models of true penance.

But just look around you, brethren; just call to mind what you have heard or perhaps seen of God's judgments, and the Apostle's lesson becomes object-teaching. Have you not heard of a sudden and unprovided death and then remembered how years ago that man started a disreputable business? It was thus that he made his decision for all eternity. On the other hand, a man now temperate, once a drunkard, will tell you that long ago he took the pledge and broke it, and broke it again, but still persevered, and finally, by the grace of God, has managed to keep it. He was fighting the battle of fate and he won the victory. That dreadful appetite overcome, the practice of religion became easy to him.

In another case a man is led away little by little from the rules of honest dealing; at last he refuses to pay a certain just debt, one that he can easily pay if he wishes. After that aversive eats into the core of his heart and he is lost for ever.

And, brethren, what a relief to hear after a sudden death that the poor soul was a monthly communicant! Many are tested by Almighty God demanding that they shall withdraw from the proximate occasions of mortal sin. The voice of conscience, a sermon heard in the church, the private advice of some good friend—for all these are the voice of God—admonish them against what leads them to mortal sin; against very bad company, or the saloon, or the Sunday excursion, or dangerous reading, or lonely company-keeping. Perhaps one's conduct about such dangers has more to do with his choice in eternity than anything else.

I do not mean to say that this fatal decision is a mere lottery, but it is a moment at the end of years of rebellion against God when an effort is made by the grace of God to save the sinner; and for weal or for woe it is the last chance. Some time or other the last sin will be committed, the last grace will be granted.

O my brethren! how very reasonable is the holy fear of God. Oh! how wise are they who have joined fear and love of God together so that the fire of love has burned the dross of slavishness out of fear, and fear has mingled reverence and humility with love. Alas! that so many should live as if eternal life and death had no meaning for the present hour.

Some are like that millionaire I heard of. Walking home one day, a heavy shower of rain began. He stopped a hack and asked what the driver would take him home for. Fifty cents, was the answer. He began to beat him down, and finally, refusing more than twenty-five cents, he walked home in the rain. But he caught cold, went to bed, and died. He had played the miser many a time before, but the last time had come. So many a one thinks his one sin more, his one other rejection of grace, is but like the multitude of other such offences gone before; and all the time he is deciding an eternal fate.

## Parents Must have Rest.

A President of one of our Colleges says: "We spent many sleepless nights in consequence of our children suffering from colds, but this never occurs now. We use Scott's Emulsion and it quickly relieves pulmonary troubles."

When you notice unpleasant sensations after eating, at once commence the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and your Dyspepsia will disappear. Mr. James Stanley, Merchant, at Constance, writes: "My wife has taken two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery for Dyspepsia, and it has done her more good than anything she has ever used."

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

## The First Battle.

Beneath the sunshine of his eyes  
A blue resolve is glinting;  
A frown across his smooth brow lies,  
Of strife and courage hinting.

For, face to face, to-day have met,  
In unfamiliar courses,  
The strange, mysterious Alphabet,  
And my small hero's forces.

He bends, he sighs, a puzzled pain  
Amid his dimples showing;  
Then tugs again, with might and main,  
Till victory's ardor glowing.

Runs up his red flag to his cheeks,  
And breaking from his letters,  
He holds with joy he cannot speak  
The first three conquered letters!

Ah! winsome little darling mine,  
To-day in warfare listed,  
With cheeks aglow, and eyes ashine  
For one small foe tested!

We, who have grown more sadly wise,  
Who smile in fond derision,  
How do we know but lead's clear eyes  
From wider fields of vision?

May watch our battlefields of life  
With tender love and sweetness,  
Yet read in trials and in strife,  
The same poor incompleteness!

Blunders.

The first Lord Littleton was terribly absent minded. He fell into the river once, and sank twice before he remembered he could swim, thus coming near committing the egregious blunder of drowning. A clergyman walking one day in the country was in deep thought. He was so accustomed to riding that when he reached the toll gate he cried out:

"Here, what's to pay?"

"Pay for what?" said the gate keeper.

"My horse," he replied.

"What horse? You've got no horse."

"Bless me," looking down at his legs, "I thought I was on horseback."

Animals are very indignant when they make a mistake. A dog that jumped into the water after a doll baby and brought it ashore crept off with his tail between his legs, as did the one in the play, which, creeping up to one of Colonel Sellers' fireplaces, with a candle to make a light, prepared to lie down for warmth, when he puts his nose up and saw the deceit.

"Come up to the Capitol while we are in session and I'll give you a seat on the floor of the House," said a Member of Congress to his West Virginia constituent.

"Well, no, I thank you. Poor as I am, I always manage to have a cheer to set on at home, and I ain't come here to sit on the floor."

The Sanctuary Lamp.

'Tis a public holiday. The streets are crowded with merry throngs intent on a full day's merriment. From street to street pour forth the sounds of revelry and boisterous mirth. The day is beautiful; the sun is shining brightly; the birds are singing most joyfully. Everyone knows it is a holiday. But how many know that it is the Feast of Corpus Christi? And, alas! many that know it, not once, perhaps, in this busy day have made an act of piety, or let one thought be given to Our Lord, but give all their thoughts to the amusement of the day. They hasten out to see the gay processions, but not to go to the church to adore Our Lord in the Tabernacle.

So passes the day.

The soft twilight is falling over the city, and I, tired by the day's merry-making, wind my way homeward. I am passing the church; the door stands open; a faint, flickering light shines out; 'tis the light of the sanctuary lamp, the ever-faithful companion of Our Lord. At once I am reminded that it is the Feast of Corpus Christi. I enter the church, and oh! how ashamed I feel for having forgotten my Lord to-day, while the little sentinel lamp is true to its task. I kneel. Listen!—Is the little red star rebuking me! What does it say? "O forgetful, ungrateful child, why did you all day seek pleasure, and leave your Lord alone in the tabernacle. His Sacred Heart is overflowing with love for you. He did not come here, under the appearance of bread, for the angels, but for you. I, a mere taper, without praise, without notice, without hope of reward, burn myself away in His presence."

I fancy I hear the fluttering of the celestial spirits' wings, and see them bending low in adoration, and Our Lord looking lovingly upon them. The angels and the lamp doing my neglected duty! Out in the streets the noise still continues. I rise from my knees, and hurry homeward, the rebuke of the sanctuary lamp sounding still in my ears.

"Faithful star! when the night shades fall over the earth, like a sable pall, Then do thy gleam more radiant seem, And the love of that burning Heart recall. With redoubled light, shed thy tender glow, Round the hidden Lord, in His home below. Through the night hours dim, keep thy watch near Him. When all beside from His shrine must go." R. S. E.

Tossed by a Whale.

The schooner Lulu lies on the ways at the wharf, in San Diego, Cal., in quite a dilapidated condition, her bottom scraped as though she had been drawn across the bight and about a quarter of her rudder is missing. It all happened in this way:

One evening lately Captain Ed. Burke was at the wheel, sailing northward under a stiff breeze. The vessel is of five tons burden, and was loaded with four and a half tons of fish. He was just off Point Conavos, two hundred and fifty miles south and was homeward bound. All at once the little craft reared up out of the water, the stem went down into the sea, and a crashing told that something unusual had happened.

John Fitzhughes was sitting forward near the port rail, and he went overboard head first, but in the descent he grabbed a loose line that hung over

the side. The vessel next raised out of the water from the middle, as if forced up by a powerful jackscrew. She went up like a flash, and fell back just in time to right herself. Then something struck the rudder a powerful jolt, and the tiller threw Captain Burke sprawling upon the deck. By this time Fitzhughes had managed to crawl aboard, and a huge whale appearing to be wounded, threw water from his spouting apparatus all over the vessel. The monster swam rapidly away, spouting at irregular but frequent intervals, and the two old salts got down on their knees and offered up fervent thanks for their safe delivery.

## How to Cure Certain Fits.

Though I am no doctor I have some excellent prescriptions, and shall charge nothing for them, so that you cannot grumble at the price. We are, most of us, subject to fits. I am visited with them myself, and I dare say, you are also. Now, then, for my prescriptions:

For a fit of passion, take a walk in the open air; you may then speak to the wind without hurting any person, or proclaiming yourself to be a simpleton.

For a fit of idleness, count the ticking of a clock; do this for one hour, and you will be glad to pull off your coat the next time and go to work like a man.

For a fit of extravagance or folly, go to the workhouse or speak with the ragged or wretched inmates of a gaol, and you will be convinced that "Whoso maketh his bed of briar and thorn Must be content to suffer there."

For a fit of ambition, go into a cemetery and read the inscriptions upon the gravesones. They will tell you the end of ambition. The grave will soon be your chamber bed, the earth your pillow, corruption your father, and the worm your mother and sister.

For a fit of repining, look about you for the halt and the blind, and visit the bedridden and afflicted and deranged, and they will make you ashamed of your lighter afflictions.

Are not these good prescriptions the most enlightened M. D. could give a person? I think so, and if any of our charming "boys and girls" follow the directions, they will think so too.

## Piety and Pride.

We can trace the influence of worldliness upon pious people. Their frequentation of the sacraments, their church-going, their aims giving, their interest in Catholic plans contrast strangely with their anxiety "to get into society," with their hankering after great people, with their excitement over marriages with the petty counting of their conversation on connections, wealth, influence, and the like, and their unconscious but almost gross respect for those who are very much richer than themselves.

It would never do for them to sit for a picture of Catholic devotion.

Yet they do not see all this, and they are really full of God, always talking of Him, always planning for Him, always fidgety about His glory.

Sometimes a step further is taken, and we see a most portentous union of piety and worldliness, really as if one person were two persons, one person in church and another person out of church, one person with priest and religious and another person with worldly company.

These people make the oddest compensations to themselves for their pious self-denials, and again with such grotesque earnestness penance their worldly lives in revenge for their inroads upon their piety, that they remind us of the stories Protestants tell us of the Italian bravos who, before they commit a murder, most devoutly recommend it to the Madonna.—Father Faber.

Weariness, mothers and daughters—tired nurses, watchers and help—tired women of all classes should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It is the kind they need to give pure blood, firm nerves, buoyant spirits, and refreshing sleep. There is no tonic equal to Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The Brightest Flowers must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. Croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, in short all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most economic.

My feet were so badly swollen that I could not wear my shoes. I got Yellow Oil, and to my astonishment it gave instant relief, and two bottles completely cured me. Mrs. W. G. McKay, Berwick, Ont.

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

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## AFFECTION AND REVERENCE

DUE TO A MOTHER.

Rev. J. O. Keefe in Our Country Home.

What an awful state of mind must a man have attained, when he can despise a mother's counsel! Her very name is identified with every idea that can suggest the most profound respect, the deepest and most heartfelt attachment, the most unlimited obedience. It brings to mind the first guardian that protected us, the first friend that cherished us; who watched with anxious care over infant life, while yet we were unconscious of our being; whose days and nights were rendered wearisome by her anxious care of our welfare; whose eager eyes followed us through every path we took; who gloried in our honor; who sickened in heart at our shame; who loved and mourned when others reviled and scorned; and whose affection for us survived the wreck of every other feeling within.

When her voice is raised to inculcate religion or to reprehend irregularity, it possesses unnumbered claims to attention, respect and obedience. She fills the place of the eternal God; by her lips that God is speaking; in her counsels He is conveying the most solemn admonitions; and to disregard such counsel, to despise such interference, to sneer at the wisdom that addresses you, or the aged piety that seeks to reform you, is the surest and the shortest path which the devil himself could have opened for your perdition.

I know no grace that can have effect; I know not any authority upon earth to which you will listen when once you have brought yourself to reject such advice. Nothing but the arm of God, that opens the rock and splits the mountain, can open your heart to grace and your understanding to correction.

## The Bible in Ancient Ireland.

The early Celts were a romantic and poetic people, ardent and enthusiastic, and in the Scriptures they found an inexhaustible delight for their simple, affectionate hearts. Their sublime and ardent faith found new fields in the poetical books of the Old Testament.

The mystic, seer-like souls of their poets found kindred spirits in Isaiah and Ezekiel. The civil polity of the Jews was not unlike their own,—a patriarchal kind of state in which the head of the family and a privileged body of priests or scribes preserved order and enforced law.

On the other hand the understanding of the Scriptures demands much human knowledge, and so, such men as Finnian led their students on from the word of God, the eternal message of life and hope, and light and love, to other fields, to the study of the history of Greece and Rome and the Orient, of the profane arts and sciences, and to the desire of imitating what was noble and praiseworthy in the achievements of other peoples.—Rev. Dr. T. J. Shanahan, in June Donahoe's.

## A Beautiful Charity.

If we but realized that our talents are but entrusted to us for the general good, how many darkened lives we might brighten, how many despairing hearts we might cheer, and how many wandering souls recall by the generous use of song, or speech, or pen, or whatever tool the great Master of all workers for humanity has placed at our command.

For example, the power of music to soothe suffering is borne witness