

EMPTION

By the Physicians

SEVERE COUGH

At Night

Spitting Blood

By the Doctors!

SAVED BY

BERRY PECTORAL

My wife had a long trouble which

caused consumption,

tremendously distressing,

and was frequently

spitting of blood,

unable to help her

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

recovered at the great

price using one whole

bottle, so that now she is

healthy. That this

wife's life, I have no

other to thank than

—K. MORRIS, MEMO

Berry Pectoral

Best Friend

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Seventh Sunday after Pentecost.

THE LAST SIN.

For the wares 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 make do 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 en-

gaged 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 un-

repentant—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

rate 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 pun-

ishment. And, furthermore, it is some

mortal sin or other that at last breaks

down God's patience. If at any par-

ticular 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 be-

cause 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 intervenes 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 ob-

ject-teaching. Have you not heard of

a sudden and unprovoked death and

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 prac-

tice 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

avarice eats 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 ser-

mon 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 com-

pany, or the saloon, or the Sunday ex-

ursion, or dangerous reading, or

lonely company-keeping. Perhaps

one's conduct about such dangers has

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,

Ill victory's ardor glowing.

Runs up its 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 rested—

We, who have grown more sadly wise.

Who smile in fond derision.

How do we know but of our dear eyes

From wider fields of vision

May watch our battlefields of life

With tender love and sweetness.

Yet read in triumph and in gloom

The same poor incompleteness!

Blunders.

The first Lord Littleton was terribly

absent minded. He fell into the river

and sank twice before he remem-

bered 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 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 Mem-

ber 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 haven't come

here to sit on the floor."

The Sanctuary Lamp.

This 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. There

is nothing to mar their pleasure. The

day is beautiful; the sun is shining

brilliantly; 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 pro-

cessions, 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, wend my way homeward. I

am passing the church; the door

stands open; a faint, flickering light

shines out; 'tis their pleasure. The

day is beautiful; the sun is shining

brilliantly; 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,

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 de-

spise a mother's counsel! Her very

name is identified with every idea that

can suggest the most profound respect,

the deepest and most heartfelt attach-

ment, the most unlimited obedience. It

brings to mind the first human being

that loved us, the first guardian that

protected us, the first friend that cher-

ished us; who watched with anxious

care our 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 survives the

wreck of every other feeling within.

When her voice is raised to inculcate

religion or to reprehend irregularity,

it possesses unnumbered claims to at-

tention, 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 ad-

monitions; and to disregard such

counsel, to despise such interference,

to sneer at the wisdom that addresses

you, or the aged piety that seeks to re-

form 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 moun-

tain, 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,