

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

TRAINING THE CONSCIENCE.

St. Luke vii, 11-15.

The Gospel of to-day places before us a very touching instance of a mother's affection for her son. Her tender-hearted interest in the young man's welfare excited our Lord's attention, and for her sake He worked a great miracle. He raised the widow's son to life.

Dear parents, the practical way of manifesting an interest in your children nowadays is to secure for them a good, thorough-going education, which will not only enable them to fight their way through this world with honor to themselves, but will enable our Lord to raise them up at the last day to enjoy the glorified life of the blessed in heaven.

A thorough-going education consists primarily in the education of the heart—in teaching the child the doctrines of his religion, and instilling into his soul the fundamental principles of morality so that there may be developed within him a sturdy religious character with which he will be able to resist all the temptations to do wrong. It is a good thing to teach a child reading, writing, and arithmetic, and to give him a knowledge of the ordinary branches of learning, but it is a far better thing to teach him the difference between right and wrong, so that there will be developed in his soul a conscience that will be to him a practical judgment deciding the goodness or badness of his actions. Without such a conscience his knowledge becomes worse than useless to him. It is like a double-edged sword, capable of cutting both ways. It gives him greater facilities for doing evil. A child in whom a conscience is not developed by a good practical education is like a ship without a rudder, with long tapering masts and strong rigging and with beautiful sails set to the breeze, but without a rudder. Such a vessel can cleave the wave with mighty speed, but it is just as liable to dash itself to pieces on the rock bound coast as it is to keep to the deep waters.

Conscience is by all means the most precious thing a man can have. It is worth to him a thousand fortunes. A child who starts in the battle of life without a cent in his pocket, yet with a good strong conscience in his soul, is far better off than the child to whom his parents have left millions but have never developed in him a practical conscience. If a parent had the choice between filling the child's mind with knowledge on the one hand, and on the other of solidly anchoring his heart in the fundamental principles of morality, there is no doubt for a moment which the wise parent would choose. To impart to the child a knowledge of right and wrong, to teach him the way through the intricate paths of this world to his real home in heaven, to give him a means of fighting the enemies of his soul, is to give him wealth beyond measure. To leave to him as a precious inheritance a good practical conscience is to equip him well for the struggle of life. With it he is as rich and can stand as firm as a king. The old principle that was laid down by the wise men of old is just as true to-day, that a handful of good life is worth a whole bushel of learning.

Value of Bright, Attractive Homes.

"The Touch of a Woman's Hand" is the caption of an editorial in September *Ladies' Home Journal*, in which Edward W. Bok makes a plea for pleasant, bright homes in which are manifested the evidences of the wife's good taste and an enthusiastic interest in her household. "One reason why some men do not get along better in this world," Mr. Bok contends, "is because they have not the proper stimulus in their homes. Their homes lack those little touches of refinement which bring the best out of them. Neatness and taste are possible in the poorest homes. Let a woman make that atmosphere as dainty as her means allow, and she will raise her husband to the same standard. And as she elevates him the effect is felt upon herself, her children, her home and her future. Some men respond more slowly to the touch of a woman's hand than others. They are not so quick to respond in their homes and upon their surroundings. The task may seem hopeless to the wife at times. But sooner or later the effect will show itself. There is something in every man which responds to a higher and gentler influence. Let his home be rough and he will be rough. But infuse into that home a softening touch, be it ever so simple, and the man feels it even though he may not directly notice it. He imbibes it unconsciously, and its effect is sure upon him."

Are You Tired?

All the time? This condition is a sure indication that your blood is not rich and nourishing as it ought to be and as it may be if you will take a few bottles of the great blood-purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands write that Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured them of that tired feeling by giving them rich, red blood.

HOOD'S PILLS act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick headache. One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not please you.

Hard and soft corns cannot withstand Holloway's Corn Cure: it is effectual every time. Get a bottle at once and be happy. Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when, by the timely use of Bickel's Cough Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. This Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Gone to School.

The baby has gone to school; ah me! What will the mother do, With never a call to button or pin, Or tie a little shoe?

How can she keep herself busy all day With the little, hindering thing "away"? Another basket to fill with lunch, Another "goodby" to say, And the mother stands at the door to see Her baby march away.

And turns with a sigh that is half relief And half a something akin to grief. She thinks of a possible future morn, When the children, one by one, Will go from their home out into the world, To battle with life alone;

And not even the baby left to cheer The desolate home of that future year.

Keep Plants in Your Bed-Room.

The presence of plants in a bed-room was once thought to be unhealthy, but the subject has been examined in this country several times within a few years past, and always with the conclusion that the old idea of plants in sleeping rooms being injurious was quite unfounded. A confirmation of this position, given by a test made in London conservatory, shows that the amount of oxygen is increased during the daytime and falls to the normal standard at night. The plants are, therefore, a positive gain to the atmosphere.

Saved by the Angels.

The following beautiful instance of a providential escape from death occurred in Austria. Two brothers, aged nine and four years respectively, were playing at midday at a brook close to a mill. The small brother happened to fall into the water. Immediately the elder brother, well aware of the danger, jumped into the brook, which, though at that place shallow enough, began to flow rapidly towards the mill, which was only twenty paces off. The younger brother was, therefore, in the greatest danger of being carried away by the current, and if not saved then and there would be torn to pieces by the wheel, meeting with a certain and cruel death. The elder brother, aided by the current, was lucky enough to get hold of the younger one; already he had grasped with one arm his half-dead brother, but as seemed certain only to die with him. Rapidly both brothers were being carried by the current to the revolving wheel, and nobody seemed to hear the shouting and screaming of the elder boy. Already the brothers were touching the wheel, and the elder was caught in it, when behold at the last critical moment the wheel suddenly ceased revolving—the Angels bell is tolling—and bareheaded and praying appears the miller, who, at the sound of the Angels bell, had stopped the wheel and the mill for the usual time of prayer and the midday rest; and the two brothers were saved.

For School Girls.

If I were a girl again and could go to school, I would be careful, not to leave any time, says a writer in *Harper's Round Table*. Yours is foundation work, and it is very important that this should be, because the habits of care and diligence you are forming in your class-room will help you through your whole lives. It is really less what you study than the way you study it which is the main thing to be considered now.

A girl at school cannot, of course always be provided with every appliance for work, but, as a rule, she ought to have her own books, her own pads, pencils, ink, eraser, crayons, drawing paper, penknife, and whatever else she needs in order to do her work, so that she is under no necessity to borrow from her friends. What would you think of a carpenter who came to your house without tools, and had to ask the loan of some? or a doctor who forgot his prescription book or his medicines, and had to lose time and pains until he could send around to an acquaintance and procure others, while his patient was waiting to be relieved? Have your tools, girls, and keep them in order, and if you must sometimes lend, exact a speedy return, politely and gently, but firmly, for we must sometimes insist on our rights, and just as firmly resolve not to borrow unless the circumstances are exceptional. Have your own tools?

School books should be laid aside as you leave them for other and more advanced books, neither given away nor parted with out of the family, though you may allow a younger sister or brother to use them, if you choose. By and by you may be glad to have your school books to refer to, and you will find that they are as useful as much larger volumes and easier kept at hand; they have been prepared by learned and thoughtful experts, and have the advantage of being carefully condensed. After your school life is over you will very much enjoy the possession of a shelf full of text-books, once your daily companions.

Brave Dogs Honored.

The French Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals numbers among its honorary members three intelligent dogs.

Bacchus is the name of one of them. He achieved distinction by stopping runaway horses. He is a bulldog and leaps at the bridle of runaways, and when he has once fastened his teeth on it nothing can shake him off. He has the saving of eight lives to his credit. Pauland, another bulldog, saved the life of his mistress from a footpad, and

Turk, a Newfoundland, saved three children from drowning. Each of these animals wears a handsome collar of honor specially designed.

The lines of these dogs fell in pleasant places, for their efforts in behalf of humanity have been recognized and appreciated, but no mark of honor ever graced the neck of an historical dog who, unaided, once put down a revolution, saved the throne of Hawaii and scattered an army.

This animal was Pierrot, a bull pup owned by one Harvey Gillig. In appearance he was fierce and forbidding, but, as a matter of fact, he was gentle and playful and as harmless as a kitten.

His master was devoted to him and fed him with his own hand on the choicest tidbits. Kalakaua was the monarch at the time, and during Mr. Gillig's stay on the island the King had showered favors on him. The array consisted of about seventy men and almost as many officers, and it was pervaded by a spirit of unrest which reached its climax one night when, to the sound of rolling drums, the army formed and started for the palace.

Pierrot's master heard the drums and knew just what it meant. He was determined to aid in protecting the King, and seizing his revolver he started on a run in the direction from which the noise of the drums came.

Pierrot, dog-like, trotted along behind his master, who was too much excited to notice him. By the time Gillig caught up with the army it was in front of the palace. The lamps shone down on the showy uniforms of the officers and men and all was excitement. Pierrot, supposing that the entire affair had been prepared for his amusement, started to bark and dance by way of enjoying it. "Bow, wow!" yelled Pierrot, starting towards the line.

His jaws were red, his eyes were bloodshot, and as his bowlegs hurried him along he looked distinctly dangerous.

For a moment the army wavered, then broke and fled in disorder. Pierrot, feeling sure that this was indeed fun, chased after the retreating men.

Some took to near-by houses, others climbed fences and still others sought refuge in the trees. When it was all over and the last soldier had disappeared, Harry Gillig took Pierrot to call on the potentate whose crown he had saved, and Pierrot got as fine a meal as dog ever tasted. No medal of honor was, however, ever struck to commemorate his historical deed.

Pat is a Chicago bull terrier, owned by a South side lady. He deserves decoration, if ever any dog did.

His full name is Patrick McPhelim O'Leary Kilduff, and among other things that he learned early in life was to extinguish a match with his paw. Then little by little he was taught to put out a blazing newspaper, and because of this training he was absolutely without fear of fire.

One day all the family went out, leaving Pat in the house with no one for company but a carpenter who was attending to some repairs. As the carpenter was leaving he lit his pipe and carelessly threw the match on the floor, which was littered with shavings.

Pat saw in a moment what had happened and grappled with the danger like a well-trained dog. He pawed and bit the burning shavings and finally succeeded in putting the fire out.

When his mistress arrived the charred fragments were strewn about the room, scattered in every direction; Pat's paws were painfully burned, his coat was singed and his mouth blistered. But he wagged his tail in a knowing way as he called attention to the heroic work that he had done.

If the brave and noble deserve honor and decoration, what should be the lot of a dog who is accessory to systematic theft?

Such a dog lived in Mexico and held up human beings in true highwayman style. He was a Great Dane, and for quite a while terrorized all the people within a radius of twenty miles of the home of his owner.

His operations, which always took place at night, consisted in grasping his victims by the throat and throwing the weight of his body forward so as to force the man to the ground. He never relaxed his grip on the neck until the prostrate form was unconscious. And he never killed a man.

When the victim recovered consciousness he found his pockets rifled. A wealthy ranchowner named Penez finally made a leather collar to protect the throat, captured the dog and through his agency found the master who had taught the animal to overpower people so that he might rob them.

Cardinal Vaughan, since his appointment as Cardinal Manning's successor, in London, has employed a number of Roman Catholic laymen as lecturers in the public parks and open spaces. The new movement is under the direction of the Cardinal's brother. The lecturers are men of education, and are for the most part drawn from the ranks of the legal and other professions.

With Invalids.

Yes! with invalids the appetite is capricious and needs coaxing, that is just the reason they improve so rapidly under Scott's Emulsion, which is as palatable as cream.

Skepticalism.—This is unluckily an age of skepticism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that Dr. THOMAS' ELEC-TRIC OIL is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

Best for Wash Day

makes clothes sweet, clean, white, with the least labor.

USE

SURPRISE SOAP

Its remarkable lasting and cleansing properties make SURPRISE most economical and Best for Every Day

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Church Progress.

The best address to young men about to start out from college into the realities of life, that ever came to our notice, was made by Judge Edmund F. Dunne. It was so pertinent, practical and packed with common sense that we treasured it for the opportunity now offered us by this paper to give it a wider audience by many thousands than it had when it was delivered.

The judge began his address to a class of graduates of Notre Dame with a reminder of the period of probation that candidates for Knighthood had to pass through in the days of chivalry, and he compared it to the period of training in character and culture that the young men had gone through in their school years that was to fit them for their duty in the great struggle of life. Then he said:

My Young Friends:

Let me urge upon you, first, to not forget what you have so well learned here as to the dual nature of man. You know that human nature consists of two parts, body and spirit combined. One of the first things which young men, after launching out on life's great sea, are apt for a while to forget is the existence of the spiritual part of their nature, and he who forgets this does not only thereby become half a man, but, for the time he so forgets he practically ceases to belong to humankind, as humankind is created and intended to exist; because, as during life these two natures are inseparable, there is no half-way possible in the matter. You are bound to care for all the gifts with which you have been endowed. You must care for the spirit as well as the body; and in this, your highest duty, you will find your greatest pleasure. The venerable Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, one of the signers of our Declaration of Independence, solemnly declared that, although he had been blessed with friends, fame, fortune, long life, health, honor—all that the world could give—the greatest happiness he had, when about to die, was the consciousness of having, to the best of his ability, properly cared for his spiritual life. I do not ask you to believe that the rule is general just because of that one declaration; I cite it merely as an instance in point. You will find corroborative proofs of it as long as you choose to look for them; and, with all the research you may be able to make, live as long as you may, you will never find anything to satisfactorily sustain the contrary proposition. Having your convictions on this subject, act on them, promulgate them: demand and insist on having unrestricted enjoyment of them to the last degree of unhampered freedom. In this matter, compromise is crime. Claim all your rights, and never cry content until you get them—all of them.

Of course, I mean by this the system by which rights are practically secured—the rights themselves you can neither win or lose, for they are inherent and inalienable. It would ill become me in this presence to pursue this subject further; but, knowing the training you must have had, I felt that you would have been surprised had I passed it by without mention.

Let us now turn to minor matters. Let us take up at once THE FIRST QUESTION.

Some years ago a celebrated author wrote a novel, to which he gave what was then considered a singular name. The title was an interrogation, "What Will He Do With It?" That is the question your friends are asking as to each one of you to-day. They say: "Here is a fine young man, who, after an immense expenditure of various things, has at last acquired what is called a complete education. The question now is, 'What will he do with it?'" How many of you can answer that question? O, I doubt not almost every one of you feels he can answer it perfectly. Most of you have doubtless already, as you think, chosen your life's work. The serious question is not so much what that choice is now as whether in one, two or five years hence, it will be the same as now. You must realize the

IMPORTANCE OF STABILITY OF PURPOSE.

Make your choice as carefully as you can; but when once made and well entered upon, do all in your power to adhere to it. The failure to do this is the cause of most life failures. Each one, in starting, has his idea of the success he wishes to attain; he sets about realizing his hopes; a few years fly quickly by; he does not get on as fast as he expected; he sees others leading him in the race; he gets discouraged, begins to listen to voices about him suggesting that he is on the wrong track, sometimes comes to be

lieve them, throws away the labor of years, goes back to his starting-point

and begins again. Beware of this. Be not discouraged at slow advance.

"Heaven is not reached by a single bound; But we build the ladder by which we rise From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies And we mount to its summit round by round."

Do you know how long some men have had to wait for success? Goldsmith did not know he could write till after he was thirty, and he was forty before anything like success began. Sir Walter Scott was forty-three before he published "Waverley," the first of that series of tales by which he gained his fame, and redeemed his honor. Dryden saw nearly a half a century slowly pass before he found the work in which he was able to take a master's place, while Milton had passed his fiftieth year with "Paradise Lost" not even yet begun.

Can you not have a little patience, when you see before you such examples as these?

RELY ON STEADY, FAITHFUL WORK.

The fable of the hare and the tortoise is old and trite; but, like many other such things, there is more in it than at first meets the eye. The longer you live the more respect you will have for that ancient story, and the more you will regret that you did not sooner comprehend the deep philosophy it contains. Make your way as fast as you can, of course, but remember that it is the constant drop that wears away the stone. If any one of you has with him the consciousness of power to keep pounding away at his work, even though the sparks do not always fly with dazzling brilliancy, let him hold up his head and move boldly on. He need have no fear as to his success. Good, honest, faithful work, steadily persevered in, seconded by even reasonably good habits, never yet went long unrewarded. Do not mistake me. Lay not the flattering unctious to your souls that, if this be so, success is easy. I did not say it was easy. I said it was certain if you took the proper steps to attain it. Do not worry too much about talent; you all have talent enough to succeed in any occupation for which you now have a strong personal preference. The more important question is, have you sufficient industry and patience? It would be well for you if you could understand now, what some day you will fully realize, that

APPLICATION IS THE FIRST TALENT.

Newton seriously declared that he believed he was endowed with only ordinary natural abilities; that the secret of his success was work—a steady bending of his mind to any problem he wished to solve, and holding it there until the matter became clear to him.

Buffon—but you are fresh from your books, and doubtless know the story. I will recount it, however, for our younger friends here whom we must not altogether forget, and to whom it may not be so familiar. Buffon declared that genius consisted chiefly in being able to get up at 6 o'clock in the morning, lighting your own fire, and getting to work. He had very little of this kind of genius himself. Noble by birth, rich by inheritance, he became lazy from habit, but the ambition of authorship seized him, and he has left a most interesting account of the struggle he had to accomplish his work. Finally, despairing of his own will power in the matter, he condescended to make a bargain with his valet that for every morning Joseph succeeded in getting him out of bed by 6 o'clock, he should have one crown extra to pay for the day. Alas! for resolution. When Joseph sought to earn his crown next day, Buffon would not only not get up, but threaten the life of the intruder if he would not leave the room; when the lazy Count managed at last to rise, and found the best part of the day gone and no work done, he again vented his anger on his servant, calling him a vile, worthless fellow, who could not do what he was told, and assured him that if he did not perform the service demanded of him he should be discharged. The next morning Joseph, as a last resort, dashed a bucket of water in his master's face and practically floated him out. Then the great work on Natural History began to progress, and Buffon has left it on record that at least three or four volumes of the work ought to be credited to his faithful servant Joseph. How many similar soundings these three or four volumes represent is not stated, but, gentlemen, this story of Buffon is a powerful illustration of the

IMPORTANCE OF REGULARITY IN WORK.

If you will inquire into the practice of men who have accomplished much in life you will find that they generally made it a rule to set aside a certain number of hours each day for the chief work they had in hand, and always placed these hours as early in the day as possible. It is of importance that you acquire this habit.

First, it is an old maxim and a true one, that "a thing well begun is half finished." Begin your day's work early, and you will almost surely get it done before night overtakes you; and do not imagine that it is a small

matter to do each day's work on the day it ought to be done.

Second, for all the ordinary work of life, you are in better condition to do it than at any other time. I grant you that there are certain kinds of work which are sometimes best done in the silent watches of the night, when nature sleeps and all is still; that, as the poet says,

"The dead of night is the noon of thought, And genius mounts her zenith with the stars,"

but that is occasional work, of an exceptional kind, and has nothing to do with the general rule. For the ordinary work of life, the golden rule is: rise early, go at it immediately, pursue it diligently, fight it as you would a battle on which your life depended, finish it up promptly, and when you get through with it, stop. Do not, except in extraordinary cases, anticipate the next day's work; for when you do this you break your rule of regularity, you overstrain your powers, and then, resting on succeeding working days, first from necessity, you are in danger of soon coming to do so from habit. When your day's work is fairly done, then look about you; chat with your friends; pick up the odds and ends of work which always lie about and arrange them for disposition then, or at some future time, but never give the sacred hours of morning to any but the most important work of the day.

It has been said, and not inaptly, that

MAN IS A BUNDLE OF HABITS.

Make up your bundle with care; keep the bad ones out, and get the good ones in. I have spoken of a habit of regularity in work; but if you would have success in life, you must establish a habit of

PROMPTNESS.

In all your relations with men. The unpunctual man is always at a disadvantage. He is hurried, bound to make excuses, obliged to act hastily because others are waiting, and thereby often does things which he should not do, and would not have done had he been first on the ground and had time to collect his thoughts and determine as to his action. A noted man confessed that he felt he owed much of his success in life to so small a thing, apparently, as always keeping his watch five minutes fast.

Another little habit to which I would call your attention, is

COURTESY.

Do not despise little things. The Italians have a proverb that "The smaller wheels of a carriage come in first." I call courtesy a little thing, because in theory, though its power is felt in practice beyond what many would believe. To realize this, you have but to notice the effect produced on yourselves when approached with or without it by others. Courtesy is intimately connected with, and often dependent upon, what is sometimes a habit and generally a virtue—

PATIENCE.

This you must, by some means, acquire, or you will never get on. The impatient man is the sport of his friends and the scoff of his enemies; he can be played upon easier than a pipe. But when you come to deal with a thoroughly patient man, be careful what you do; he will fool you to the top of your bent, and trip you when you least expect it. In proportion as you get patience, you get power. The Germans say that it is the "cold hammer" which fashions the hot iron; and what passes into a proverb with those people, you may be sure is worth remembering. Do not forget the great sustaining and persuasive power of

GENTLENESS.

If you wish to succeed, you must not only be patient, but you must go a step further and learn to be pleasant as well. The world has no love for sad faces, and they are the poorest of all passes to success. You know the lines—

"Why so pale, fond lover? why so pale? If thy looking well won't move her, Think that thou looking ill will ere prevail?"

Practice self control, and believe that practice makes perfect. Do not "wear thy heart upon thy sleeve for daws to peck at," though it need be none the harder for all that. Let it ever melt in gentle, loving

CHARITY.

Divine virtue! the quality of which, like that of mercy, "is not strained, but droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven," and is not only twice, but many times best.

A Christian mother has a right to be honored, obeyed and served by her children. The daughters of Mary learn how to love purity for its own sake, to sacrifice themselves for their families and for the wretched; the Immaculate Heart of Our Lady is for such the source of well directed affection and the sorrowful Mother standing undismayed at the foot of the Cross is truly in their eyes the perfect model of the strong woman—strong in trials, strong in the performance of duty, strong in devotedness.

THE BEST is what the People buy the most of. That's why Hood's Sarsaparilla has the largest sale Of All Medicines.