FIVE - MINUTES SERMON.

Low Sunday. FAITH.

1898

"Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?"
(I. St. John v. 5.)

The first lesson which we learned, my dear brethren, from the life of our Blessed Lord on Easter Day was a lesson of peace. To-day we are concerned with another lesson. It is the lesson of on of peace. To day we are concerned with another lesson. It is the lesson of Faith, and to them that learn well this esson our Lord promises His special

What, then, is faith? "Now, faith is the substance of things to be hoped for ; the evidence of things that appear It is an evidence; a certitude higher than any evidence or certitude St. Louis of France so of the senses. St. Louis of France so well appreciated this that, when some one constrained him to see a miraculous appearance of our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist to confirm his faith, he said that his faith was stronger without the miracle than with it, and he refused to see the miracle.

Faith, then, gives to the man that has it a certitude of all things higher than any other certitude we can have in this life. Human reason assures us of certain facts, of certain existences, but divine faith leads us on above human reason to the Author of the facts, to the Creator and Preserver and Law giver of those existences. So that the man who has the gift of divine faith knows more certainly facts and existences than he who has it not, because by this gift he refers them all to the Absolute, they being all only relative.

The gift of faith, as every Catholic knows, is given in baptism. Now, what is there in the gift of baptism which constitutes the baptized man a new creature in the sight of God. con sidering that the natural man is one who is wounded by original sin in his intellect, will, and affections? Considering this, I say, we ask how can this soul, born into the world under this soul, this sad condition, be recreated? Christ, speaking to Nicodemus, gives us the answer: "Except man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." To-day it will concern us to consider only one of these gifts, the gift of the intellect.

By baptism man is given, as we said, the gift of faith. Now, faith is the act of the recreated intellect, and only of the recreated intellect. It is a divinely inspired gift by which the paptized man is enabled to apprehend the acts of God and believe them as It is a divinely inspired gift by which not only can he penetrate the seen, by which the visible things of this world become clearer and more isible, because we begin to see them the light in which God sees them herefore, wisely does the Church sing very Sunday in the Mass, "I believe all things, visible and invisible."

So, then, the gift of faith puts into e soul of every baptized man a capcity for receiving the truth and noth og but the ruth. Such is the advanage the Christian has over the unbapzed man. He has a quality which mables him to reach the grand end or which God in the beginning created By means of the gift of faith, en, man passes to union with God. use of the divine gift man becomes, it were, filled with God and sharer the divine beatitude. It is a gift hich, used rightly, makes him appre end truth in matters of faith and orals, so that it needs but the special ction of the Holy Spirit in the case of he Pope to make him the infallible ment of the Church in these mat

Every baptized person has the capcity, but not all do, will, or can use.

The most that many a man can do o recognize the truth when he hears as truth, but not to find it out. This, en, is a gift, or, if you will, a divine piration, left to the sons and daughrs of the Church for their own special ritage. It divides them from those ithout by a chasm as wide as that beeen Dives and Lazarus, and which thing but the very gift itself can use to cross the gulf.

Such is the reason why men who e end, and become good Catholics. ause they have perceived that to mind of the baptized, good and out Catholic, there is a certainty in things, both visible and invisible, ich science, false philosophy, and world never could attain to. rd, then, and keep alive and burnthe gift of faith, and the earnest constant use of the Sacraments, it may be said of you at the last: ssed is he because, though he saw yet he believed.'

holics and the Blessed Virgin. Vriting to the Liverpool Catholic

es, a correspondent says: 'I was present at a friend's house ccasion of a visit from Dr. Man-(as he then was,) when a lady in foom (afterwards a convert) boldly ed that Catholics in their estimaof the Blessed Virgin placed her ctly where Protestants place our

After a moment's pause Dr. Man-replied slowly: 'I'll allow you be right, Miss Blank; but you do m to be aware that we place our ed Lord infinitely higher.'

It Don't Pay

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE MOUNTAIN A THE SEA.

EUGENE FIELD

Once upon a time the air, the moun tain, and the sea lived undisturbed upon all the earth "he mountain alone was immovab" ne stood always here upon his rocky foundation, and the sea rippled and foamed at his feet, while the air danced freely over his head and about his grim face. It came to pass that both the Sea and the Air oved the Mountain, but the Mountain loved the Sea.

' Dance on forever, O Air," said the Mountain; "dance on and sing your merry songs. But I love the gentle sea, who in sweet humility crouches at my feet or playfully dashes her white spray against my brown besom."

Now the Sea was full of joy when she heard these words, and her thousand voices sang softly with delight. But the Air was filled with rage and jealousy, and she swore a terrible revenge.

The Mountain shall not wed the Sea," muttered the envious Air. "Enby your triumph while you may. O slumberous sister; I will steal you from your haughty lover !"

And it came to pass that ever after that the Air each day caught up huge parts of the Sea and sent them floating forever through the air in the shape of clouds. So each day the Sea receded from the feet of the Mountain, and her tuneful waves played no more around his majestic base

"Whither art thou going, my love?"

"She is false to thee," laughed the air, mockingly. "She is going to another love far away."

But the Mountain would not believe He towered his head aloft and cried more beseechingly than be-fore: "Oh, whither art thou going, my beloved? I do not hear thy sweet voice, nor do thy soft white arms compass me about.

Then the Sea cried out in an agony of helpless love. But the Mountain heard her not, for the air refused to bring the words she said.
"She is false!" whispered the air.

I alone am true to thee.

But the Mountain believed her not. Day after day he reared his massive head aloft and turned his honest face to the receding Sea and begged her to return; day after day the Sea threw up her snowy arms and uttered the wildest lamentations, but the Mountain heard her not; and day by day the Sea receded farther and farther from the Mountain's base. Where she once had spread her fair surface appeared fertile plains and verdant groves all peopled with living things, whose voices the air brought to the Mountain's ears in the hope that they might distract the Mountain from his mourn

ng.
But the Mountain would not be com forted; he lifted his sturdy head aloft, and his sorrowing face was urned ever toward the fleeting object of his love. Hills, valleys, forests, plains and other mountains separated them now, but over and beyond them all he could see her fair face lifted pleadingly toward him, while her white irms tossed wildly to and fro. " But he did not know what words she said, for the envious Air would not bear her

Then many ages came and went, not behold her-nay, had he been ten thousand times as lofty he could not have seen her, she was so far away But still, as of old, the Mountain stood with his majestic head high in the sky, and his face turned whither he had seen her fading like a dream away

"Come back, come back, O my beloved !" he cried and cried. And the Sea, a thousand miles or

more away, still thought forever of the Mountain. Vainly she peered over the western horizon for a glimpse of his proud head and honest The horizon was dark. Her lover was far beyond; forests, plains, hills, valleys, rivers and other mounnder in error so often come at last to tains intervened. Her watching was as hopeless as her love.

"She is false!" whispered the Air to the Mount-in. "She is false, and she has gone to another lover. I alone am true

But the Mountain believed her not And one day clouds came floating through the sky and hovered around the mountain's crest.

"Who art thou," cried the Mountain,-" who art thou that thou fill'st me with such a subtile consolation? Thy breath is like my beloved's, and

thy kisses are like her kisses."
"We come from the Sea," answered the Clouds. "She loves thee, and she has sent us to bid thee be courageous,

for she will come back to thee. Then the clouds covered the Mounain and bathed him with the glory of the Sea's true love. The Air raged furiously, but all in vain. Ever after that the clouds came each day love messages from the Sea, and often times the Clouds bore back to the distant Sea the tender words the Moun-

And so the ages come and go, the Mountain rearing his giant head aloft, and his brown, honest face turned whither the Sea departed; the sea stretching forth her arms to the dis-

wrinkles are on his sturdy head and honest face. But he towers majestically aloft, and he looks always toward the distant Sea and waits for her promished coming.

And so the ages come and go, but love is eternal. cally aloft, and he looks always toward the distant sea and waits for her prom

ished coming. And so the ages come and go, but love is eternal.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

More Bachelors Go Mad. Last census year 16,445 married men in the United States succumbed to icsanity, while for the same year 30,220 bachelors went crazy. Hence, you see, the bachelor has nearly double the chance of madness as the man who marries.

The Dude Style of Hair-Cut. If the freakish and fanciful styles of hair-dressing on the part of young men continue to develop, we shall soon see the hair braided down the back, rolled over the ears and up from the back of the neck, baby cock a doodle roll on the top of head and such foppish follies. Let the women monopolize the hair-dressing arts. "It is shame for a man to wear long hair,' and a shame as well for a young man to give attention to the effeminacies.

The Thoughtlessness of Youth. In general, I have no patience with people who talk of the "thoughtlessness of youth " indulgently. I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age, and the indulgence due to that. When a man has done his work, and nothing can any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil, and jest with his fate, if he will; but what excuse can you find for will fulness of thought at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless! when all the happiness of his home for ever depends on the chances, or the passions, of an hour! A youth thoughtless! when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless! when his every act is as a torch to the laid train of future con duct, and every inauguration a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years rather than nowthough, indeed, there is only one place

should ever be left to be done there. Bicycle Notes.

where a man may be nobly thought-

No

less-his death-bed.

thinking

When riding against a stiff breeze every bit of resistance tells. For such a journey, with the wind in the rider's teeth, the handle bar may be dropped a couple of inches below the level of the saddle with considerable advantage. If this cannot be done the saddle may be brought up, but care should be exercised in seeing that the rider is able to reach the pedals with ease. These alterations, of course, cause a stooping posture and should not be made unless the wind is strong.

An attachment which may be appre ciated by military cyclists, hunters and others consists of two slender steel supports which are folded up against the front forks of the bicycle. On slightly front forks of the bicycle. On slightly pressing a brakelike appliance on the handle bar the supports drop to the ground : the bicycle then rests upon until now the Sea was far distant, so and between the two, while the rider, very distant that the Mountain could without dismounting, is able to use his hands for any purpose, such as firing a weapon, et

vouched for by the authority of Dr. Oscar Jennings, author of a treatise on Oscar Jennings, author of a color and the relationship between cycling and the relationship between cycling and health," says a contemporary. "He tells of a youth who was refused by the French medical authorities, when offering himself for conscription, on account of his suffering from advanced consump He took to cycling, under advice and indulged in cycle racing, and today is in excellent health, although part of one lung is absolutely destroyed This is not the wild claim of an enthusiast, but a sober fact recorded by a responsible and qualified expert in tubercular disease.

The Joys of Reading.

For wise men the joys of reading are fe's crowning pleasures. Books are our universities, where souls are the Books are the looms that weave rapidly man's inner garments. Books are the levelers-not by lowering the great, but by lifting up the small. . . Wisdom and knowledge are derived from sources many and various. Like ancient Thebes, the soul is a city having gates on every There is the eye gate, and through it passes friends, a multitude of strangers, the fields, the marching clouds. There is the ear gate, and therein go trooping all sweet songs, all conversation and eloquence, all laughter with Niobe's woe and grief. There is conversation, and thereby we cross the threshold of another's mind. and wander through halls of memory and the chambers of imagination But these faculties are limited. The ear was made for one sweet song, not for a thousand. Conversation is with one friend living not with Pliny and Pericles. The vision stays upon yonder horizon; but beyond the line It Don't Pay
y drinks for the boys—it don't pay to
finks for yourself. It will pay to quit,
the trouble has been to do this. The
logetable Cure will absolutely remove
sire for liquor in a couple of days, so
an quit without any self denial, and no
heed know you are taking the medicine,
lis perfectly harmless, pleasant to taste
reduces good appetite, refreshing sleep,
nerves, and does not interfere with
less duties. You'll save money and gain
that and self respect from the start.—
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tal.

It Don't Pay
that Mountain and repeating his dear
yond are battlefields all stained with
blood; beyond are the Parthenon and
the pyramids. But beoks come in to increase the power of vision. Books
willly and tosses her white arms and
shrieks,—then you shall know how the
Sea loves the distant Mountain.

The Mountain is old and sear; the
storms have beaten upon his breast,
and great scars and seams and
with her thousand voices.

Stand on the beach and look upon
the sea's majestic calm and hear her
murmurings; or see her when, in the
frenzy of her hopeless love, she surges
wildly and tosses her white arms and
shrieks,—then you shall know how the
Sea loves the distant Mountain.

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storms have beaten upon his breast,
and great scars and seams and
with her thousand voices.

The Dooks drow in the ference the Parthenon and
the pyramids. But beoks come in to inthe provision.
Sooks
the artical sall stained with
blood; beyond are the Parthenon and
the parthenon and
the pyramids. But beoks come in toin
the provision.
Sooks
the artical sall stained with
blood; bey where earth and sky do meet are dis-

Socrates and Cicero, with Emerson and Lowell, when they have made man a citizen of even clime and country, they go on to ao advantages still more

AMUSING REPARTEES.

Specimens of Wit-Rules for the Prac

tice of the Art.

So large is the world's stock of repar tees that it would seem impossible to invent anything new. And so it is. But there are many old specimens that bear repetition. For the proper use of repartees it is necessary either to recollect or to understand them, and it is desirable, when possible, to do both. Such was not the case with the undergraduate who remarked upon the short ness of a friend's gown, and received for answer, "It will be long before I buy another." Hugely delighted with this witticism, which is, we believe, in technical language an amphibology, he said to the next acquaintance met, "My gown is short, but it will be a long time before I buy another.' his surprise and chagrin, the man merely stared and did not laugh. What are the conditions of a repartee It should be courteous in form, severe in substance, difficult either to mistake or to resent. Such was the famous reply of Provost Goodall to William IV. which one of our correspondents has al

"When he goes," said the King, speaking to Keate, and pointing to Goodall, "when he goes I ll make you him.

ready cited, but which will bear repeti

"I couldn't think of going before your Majesty," said the Provost, with a profound bow.

Nothing could be more absolutely perfect. The King had been brutally rude. The Provost was extremely courteous. But a sterner rebuke was never administered to a monarch by a subject. This is far better and more truly humorous than Wilke's smart retort to the Prince of Wales. Wilkes was whistling "God Save the King. "How long have you taken to that tune?" asked the Prince.

"Ever since I had the honor of your Royal Highness' acquaintance. Here the brutality is on the side of

Wilkes, and there is not sufficient provocation to excuse it.

COMPLIMENTARY REPARTEES. Among complimentary repartees the first place must be given for stateliness and dignity to the famous answer of Sergeant Maynard. The sergeant was presented to the Prince of Orange in 1688 as the oldest practicing member o the bar. The Prince observed, rather awkwardly, "You must have survived most of your contemporaries in the

law? "Yes," replied Sergeant Maynard, and if it had not been for your High ness, I should have survived the law

That is the Revolution in a nutshell and one of the great sayings of the world.

Mr. Gladstone thinks the best repar tee he ever heard in the House of Com mons was Lord John Russell's. Sir Francis Burdett, after turning Tory, taunted Lord John with the "cant of patriotism.

"I will show the honorable Barone worse thing than the cant of patriotism. I mean the recant of patriotism. That, no doubt, is very clever, being spirited, and was, in the circumstances, thoroughly well deserved. But if one

must be hypercritical, it is too purely verbal to rank in the highest class of A story of the benefit of cycling is all. Lord Ellensborough's Parliament ary aside strikes us as better.
"My Lord," said a pompous peer, "!

put the question to myself.

"And a precious silly answer you must have got," was Lord Ellenborough's comment.

Lord Ellenborough, though a Chief Justice, did not say "precious. Language changes, if thought does not It is difficult, however, to believe that any member of the House of Commons said in debate, "I will have the noble Lord's head." If he did, Lord North's prompt retort that "for no earthly consideration would be have the honor able gentleman's" has great merit. It was very funny, it was at least comparatively polite and it applied the weapon of ridicule where any other would have been misplaced. If Erskine actually said to the client who declared that he would be hanged if he didn't defend himself, "You'll be hanged if you do." he ought to have been profoundly grateful for the opening. There are remarks, of which this is one, that seem to have no other reason for existence than the suggestion of an obvious repartee.

For simplicity and cruelty nothing could surpass Mr. Rogers' repartee to Lady Davy.
"So, Mr. Rogers, I hear you have

been attacking me. "Attacking you, Lady Davy? I

waste my whole time in defending you. For a combination of malice and wit. the collected works of Voltaire might be ransacked for a parallel. And whatever we may think of Rogers for say

ing it, we cannot deny that the lady brought it on herself. She should have let the hedge hog alone. When Brabantio says to Iago, "You are a villian," I ago replies, "You are
—a Senator." This is a cruder form of
irony, but a most deadly one. The late Lord Granville, whose wit was so unostentatious that it was scarcely appreciated as it ought to have been, had a wonderful neatness in hitting the

signs of advancing years consulted Lord Granville on the sort of present he could give to a wealthy heiress on her marriage.
"I want something rare, but not ex-

point. A friend whose head showed

"A lock of your hair," suggested ord Granville, urbanely. But all repartees suffer by being removed from their proper places and put into a collection. They should arise naturally out of the situation and reflect the mood of the moment. Some of the best may not have been really delivered. They may be the wit of the staircase, concocted after the event. But so long as they are dramatically rendered and not huddled togethe

circumstances which gave them birth. QUESTION BOX.

without rhyme or reason they retain

their original flavor and survive the

Chicago New World Question .- What is the meaning of Limbo, and how do you explain the words of the creed, "He descended into

Hell?" Answer.-Limbo is derived from the Latin word *limbus*, which signifies a border or fringe. Limbo literally means the border of hell. In a loose sense there are three hells, Hades, or hell proper, Purgatory and Limbo. Limbo was the abiding place of the saints of the Old Testament. they awaited the opening of Heaven through the entrance of the God man, Christ. It was, of course, into Limbo that the Saviour descended. It He called "Paradise" in His words of consolation to the penitent thief, "This day thou shalt be with me in Paradise. was indeed paradise during the Saviour's sojourn, for there He not only preached, but manifested His glory. Question. 2.-Why do we stand at the gospel?

Answer-I presume very often you stand because you see the others standing. But the Church asks us to stand show our respectful attention and readiness to obey. Standing is the proper attitude of him who receives instructions which must be unhesitatingly and promptly complied with. gospel precepts are certainly in this class. The custom is old. The Jews stood during the reading of the law, at least, at certain periods of their history. The early Christians who did not enjoy the modern luxury of pews were permitted to bring staves upon which they might lean during portions of the Mass, which was then quite pro-tracted. At the gospel, however, supports were laid aside and even royalty put away its crowns and its scepters The military orders of later times were accustomed to unsheath their swords as the gospel to show their readiness not

Question. 3. — How do we know that the pictures we have of Our Lord and

the Blessed Virgin are true to life? Answer-We don't know for certain This is shown by the fact that different ages and different nations have had different views as to what the pictures should be. In the ages of persecution when religion was despised Christians generally, interpreting Isaias literally considered Christ of lowly and abject personal appearance. When the personal appearance. When the Church triumphed in the Roman Empire and Christians began to glory in their new condition their views of Christ's appearance changed. He was now considered strikingly handsome Later writers, believing that as the Saviour despised all human means of success, such as wealth, social position, etc., He did not even choose to take There are remarkable human figure. well recognized pictures of Christ taken from ones that are quite old. They very probably give us a fair reesentation of Christ as He appeared in Judea. St. Luke is said to have painted a portrait of the Blessed Virgin, still pictures of her vary also. But what is the difference, so far as our devotion is concerned. We adore the God-man and we venerate His mother for what they were, not for what they seemed. Representations of Christ and His saints only serve to bring before us the originals. Saviour is brought thus to our minds we forget the picture that brought Him.

The basis of all manners lies in the gentleness, the self control, the unself. ishness, which a good mother teaches her children, if she can, in a log cabin or a mining camp; the uprightness, the conscientiousness, the self-respect, which can meet queen or clown without being overcome by either. - Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

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