

The Ascension.

The joy of our Blessed Lady on the day of the Ascension—a joy tempered with fond regret—is happily described by Father Faber in the following lines:

Why is thy face so lit with smiles,
Mother of Jesus! Why?
And wherefore is thy beaming look
So fixed upon the sky?

From out thine overclouding eyes
Bright lights of gladness part,
As though some gushing fount of joy
Had broken in thy heart.

Mother! how canst thou smile to-day?
How can thine eyes be bright,
When He, thy Love, thy Love, thine All,
Hath vanished from thy sight?

His rising form on Olivet!
A summer's shadow cast:
The branches of the hoary trees
Drooped as the shadow passed.

And as He rose with all His train
Of righteous souls around,
His blessing fell into thine heart,
Like dew upon the ground.

The feet which thou hast kissed so oft,
Those living feet are gone:
Mother! thou canst but stoop and kiss
Their print upon the stone.

Why do not thy sweet hands detain
His feet upon thy way?
Oh why does not the Mother speak
And bid her Son to stay?

Ah no! thy love is rightful love
From all self-seeking free:
The change that is such gain to Him
Can be no loss to thee!

True love is worship: Mother dear!
Oh gain for us the light
To love, because the creature's love
Is the Creator's right.

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON

THE CONSTANT STRUGGLE.

"Be prudent, therefore, and watch in prayer."
—St. Peter (iv. 7).

What a happiness many Christians have at the Easter-time through Confession and Communion! and how desirable it is that this happiness should continue! I will tell you how to be always thus happy. Wage a constant warfare against your evil passions; for sin is the only thing that can deprive you of the joy which you now have. But you will say, "It is hard to be always striving." I answer, that the victorious in any contest do not notice the labor which their triumph costs. Defeat is what makes warfare painful. For your consolation, remember that you have only to be resolute and arm yourself with God's grace, which is given most abundantly, and defeat is impossible. God has provided help for you in all possible difficulties. He will not abandon you unless you throw down your arms. You have already gained much in obtaining God's friendship. Your hardest fight was when you were doing penance to get this friendship. What a pity it would be to throw away what has cost you so much labor!

"Be prudent, therefore," and do not let yourselves be ensnared again by evil. Consider the great happiness which you now have, and compare it with your great misery when you were in danger of being lost for ever. Experience is a great teacher, and it is folly not to profit by it. See how it has been with you. When you consented to sin you were cheated by a pleasure that you found to be unreal, you had to suffer an hour of pain for every moment of gratification, and your soul was agitated, depressed, and sorrowful. Besides, in this unhappy state you deserved only everlasting pains.

Now that you have the happiness of being in God's favor, how you ought to strive not to lose it! Show your prudence by "watching in prayer." Since the Paschal Communion have you watched yourself? or have the old habits of neglect once more begun to appear? Have those morning and evening prayers been omitted? Watch. These are the beginnings which prepare the way for a fall into sin. Your prayers are your chief defence. God's assistance is continually necessary for all, and it is granted through prayer.

The assistance of God continues while the habit of prayer lasts, but no longer. Pray, and all will be well with you. If you do not pray, nothing can save you. Watch for your failings in the duty of prayer, and continually repair and correct them. No temptation can move one who is faithful to prayer. Such a one's salvation is infallibly certain. If you do not pray, you are without excuse, because all, even the greatest sinners, can pray. It is a maxim of the spiritual life that one who is faithful in prayer is faithful in all things. Prayer cures all the disorders of the soul, diminishes one's daily faults, takes away the temporal punishment due to sin, increases one's merits, and finally conducts to Paradise.

Father Clark, the Paulist missionary, describes in an attractive way the story of a missionary campaign through Arizona in the May Catholic World Magazine.

Truth in a Nutshell.

Impure blood is the natural result of close confinement in house, school-room or shop. Blood is purified by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and all the disagreeable results of impure blood disappear with the use of this medicine. If you wish to feel well, keep your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Little Things.

It was only a little thing for Nell
To brighten the kitchen fire,
To spread the cloth, to draw the tea,
As her mother might desire—
A little thing; but her mother smiled
And basked in her care
And a day that was sad
Closed bright and glad
With a song of praise and prayer.

'Twas only a little thing to do,
For a sturdy lad like Ned
To groom the horse, to milk the cow,
And bring the wood from the shed,
But his father was glad to find at night
The chores were all well done,
"I am thankful," said he,
"As I can be
For the gift of such a son."

Only small things, but they brighten the life
Or shadow it in its care.
But little things, but they mould a life,
For joy or sad despair.
But little things, yet life's best prize,
The reward which labor brings,
Come to him who uses,
And not abuses
The power of little things.

—(Selected.)

For the Boys to Join.

Almost every boy or young man wants to "belong" to something. It may be a club for collecting stamps, or a boys' bicycle club, or anything which has a name, officers, badge, or uniform, will strike him favorably. It may be well to note this. When a man is fishing, he does not question whether the fish is foolish or not, but whether it will bite, and if a young man's society desires to reach boys at a time when they are likely to get into foolish and hurtful ways, a good thing is to have something for them to "belong" to.

Our Lady's Month.

Catholic Standard and Times.
'Tis like the birthday of the world,
When earth was born in bloom:
The light is made of many dyes,
The air is all perfume;
There's crimson buds and white and blue;
The very rainbow showers
Have varied to blossoms where they fell
And down the air with flowers.

—Hood.

Delicate May is here to drape the world in blossom garments. How long we have been "weary waiting for the May!" Now that it is here, let us enjoy its dawn like freshness brought to us from the dawn of June. There is a bud opening in flower; observe the beauty of its uncurling petals; here is a tree shining in the gloss of its new leaves; there is a bird upon a lower branch, watch his sudden spring to the topmost bough; see his poise as he prepares for the aerial flight which must ever remain a mysterious power to wingless humanity. All this we may see without the eye of science, although it is an added pleasure to examine the bud-bright magnified or to follow the bird-flight with a field glass.

But blossom-time is not only a feast of beauty; it is also a time to inspire thought. May is youth. The blossoms in the orchard are promises of the fruit to come, just as the thoughts and the studies of youth are to ripen some time into the fruitful actions of maturity. When blight falls upon the blossoming orchard there will be no autumnal fruit; when neglect withers the blossoms of youthful promise, no fruitage shall crown the tree of life. There's a little sermon for human blossoms.

Again we may liken the leaves to thoughts, the blossoms to words and the fruit to deeds. All three are beautiful, all three are necessary to complete perfection. Now there are many young people who think good thoughts and who are ready to do good deeds, but who are ashamed or afraid to say good words. That is omitting the blossoms. Some of us are afraid to appear flattering or deceitful that we hesitate to say a word of appreciation when that word might greatly comfort and encourage another. It is one thing to give undue praise or to say what we do not feel; it is quite different to voice our appreciation of real merit. There is no harm and there may be much good in the kindly little "I like what you have done, because—" That is not flattery; it is merely acknowledgment, and the development of the "because" proves its sincerity. Unappreciated work has its leaves of thought and its fruits of accomplishment, but it sadly misses the invisible flowering of unspoken words. The idea is better expressed in Lucy Larcom's "Apple Blossoms":

Words are more than idle seeming
Blossoms of good-will.

O Rose of May, thy blushing brings
The tinctured mouth of love, that rings
To music of the lilac bells,
Where love lies bleeding in the dells,
With pale-marked jessamine's starred wings.

Thy soul a liquid sweetness brings
Around where dew-dropped tulip swings;
With seraph's breath thy gold heart swells,
O Rose of May.

O Rose of Sharon, from thee springs
The hallowed peace of life that sings
Thy praise, and, sweetly soothing, quells
The passionate heart. Thy love dispels
The awe that round thy splendor clings,
O Rose of May.

—J. Elmo Berry.

May is the month of Mary, that
Blossom of Galilee, whose fruit was
Christ. Upon her myriad altars the
wide world over May flowers are
heaped, blissfully content to die at Our
Lady's feet. As Father Ryan sings:

Methinks that the flowers that were fading—
Sweet virgins that die with the past,
Like martyrs, upon her fair altar—
If they could they would pray with the
priest:

And would "murmur 'Our Father,' " hail
Mary,
Till they dropped on the altar in death,
And be glad in their dying for giving
To Mary their last sweetest breath.

Humility is not necessarily the companion
of ignorance; for ignorance is often arrogant,
while ripe learning is, quite as often,
patient and gentle towards the unlettered
and dull of understanding. —Eliza Allen Starr.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

How to Succeed.

President James H. Canfield, of the Ohio University, gives the following answer to the question What are the characteristics that will give a young man a welcome and active and helpful place in this world of ours to-day?

In the first place he must be an active and energetic young man.

To take any worthy part, to hold his own at all in the ramping, roaring, swelling tide of this century, he must be accurate and quick. He cannot loiter by the wayside. The world has no time to wait for him to have his play spell. If he is to lift at all he must keep at the front; if he is to put his shoulder to the wheel he must keep back with the wagon. He cannot fall back on his family or on his pedigree. To wait till the people recognize the past of some ancestor as ground for his own preference is about as enterprising as to expect to hatch out added eggs by placing them under a tin weathercock. We know no kings in America, except that American sovereign who puts a man under his hat every time he leaves his own house, and who rarely uncovers except when addressing himself. We know no elite of the race in the sense of some special governing class, or some class which is by reason of birth to be given precedence and right of way on the track. Our "registered stock" is scattered all through our society, and is found in every stratum. Pedigree counts as it ought to count, when it gives men clearer hands and swifter feet in the service of their fellow men; but it counts for very little because it happens to appear in some human "herd book," and for even less because it chances to be found on the muster roll of state or national officials. The world will not ask from those lions have you sprung, but what are you, and what can you do? The world, with all its faults, is quite in accord with Whittier when he sings:

The stream is clearest at its fount,
And blood is not like wine
Greater by far than he who heirs
Is he who founds a line!

And to-day all things are done in haste—not always wisely or well, not always in the most dignified manner, not always with due regard to the proper relations of time and place and action, but always and everywhere done quickly. The ox team gives way to the quick-stepping horse, and the horses to steam. The mail becomes weekly, then semi-weekly, then tri-weekly, then daily, then almost hourly—and even then is largely superseded by the telegraph and the telephone. The old-line merchantman gives way to the clipper, and the clipper to the steamer, and the latter to the best of its kind, the ocean greyhound. Travel continues by night as well as by day. The world is constantly brought closer and closer together.

All men have the advantage of all markets; the reports of buying and selling of the world is on your breakfast table. Men think no more of "running up" somewhere five hundred or eight hundred or a thousand miles, to attend to some business, than they once did of a day's journey by stage. You may leave Chicago, that marvelous city, after a full day's work is done; be in Omaha early the next morning; have an entire business day there; run up to St. Paul that night; attend to whatever may interest you there on the following day—and be in Chicago again on the morning of the third day. Your journey has covered a distance nearly equal to half across the continent, and you have not lost a business hour!

The alertness and nimbleness of mind that have made this possible have been pressed into service by equaling alert and nimble minds in the business world, the race between the two being constant and intense and straight to the finish. The slow man and the idle man are crushed out between the two. He may be fortunate enough to secure a place by favor, but he can never hold it so, in this day. The fellow who hangs on behind the civilization of the nineteenth century as a boy hangs on to a farmer's wagon on a cold morning, now running a little, now dragging his feet and grasping with his hands while he takes breath, then running again, then begging and whining to be taken in, and then dragging again—anything but getting in and taking the lines—the man who hangs on to the century in this way is practically lost from the very outset. No! Now is the time more than ever before for the clear, cool dominant eye; the ready brain, the quick perception, the mental and physical alertness, that must win if there is to be such a thing as victory. We live an age in a day. We annihilate distance, we master time. Life never meant so much before. The opportunities for creative genius, for administrative skill, for executive ability were never so great. Be a man, and enter into this part of your inheritance in the spirit that knows no failure, no standing at the foot of the ladder with your mouth open and longing, but always and everywhere knows hard work. Have aspiration—plenty of it, always, everywhere—but do not forget that you need perspiration as well. Remember, that

"The energy of life may be kept in after the race, but not begun; he who flinches not in the early strife. From strength to strength advancing—only he."

His soul well knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

Young men must be active, energetic in order to succeed. They must be also intelligent and well-trained young men if they are to get on at all.

There never was a time when intelli-

gence counted for so much. There never was a time when there was greater impatience—sometimes unreasonable, unsympathetic impatience—with the man who can bring into the market only his muscle. In the economic world—do not misunderstand me—in the economic world—he is but little above the brute. Nay, even at times below the brute, as the brute can bring in more muscle than he can command. All processes have become more intricate, all relations more complex. Inventive genius never before had such incentive, and never before has it in turn so spurred men on in all abasement and transformation of material things. Never in the world's history has there been so little more drift, so little acceptance of things as they happen to come, so much of plan and of purpose, so much determination to lead a masterful existence, even though it be not a righteous existence. Never before have we understood what divine intelligence means, and never perhaps, have we come nearer putting ourselves in touch with it.

The man who is to-day master of the three R's and in all else is as unlettered as the other side of a tombstone, has almost no chance at all for anything but the most wearisome and unremunerative toil. The common school was once sufficient for "common people." But we are in an age which demands uncommon people, and the man who stops with the common schools is but a common man. He who is spurred by higher thoughts, which come as an inspiration with all higher culture, has some chance of attaining a higher life. But the man who does simply what is expected of him, what is put before him, in a dull and listless way, soon goes down.

A man is worth to himself just what he is capable of enjoying, and he is worth to the state just what he is capable of imparting. These form the exact and true measure of every man. The greatest positive strength and value, therefore, must always be associated with the greatest positive and practical development of every faculty and power. Without this, a man wrongs not only himself, but the state.

He withdraws himself from the very highest and purest pleasures. Finding contentment in lower and more material things, he may not recognize the loss; but the sad fact of loss still remains. In this way state and society are deprived of valuable thought life and work. Men cease to get life, and think only of getting a living. And men who from necessity or choice fall at that point are a constant menace to all forms of social and political existence.

Modern civilization has no use for Bourbons—the people who are never open to a new idea, and who are simply incapable of taking on death. You must "come out from among the stuff," young men, if you expect to be a king and stand head and shoulders above your brethren. The ignorant man is as much out of place to-day as one of the awkward squad on dress parade or in skirmish drill. He can neither mark time nor march, and is soon hustled ignominiously out of the battalion. May God have pity on him, for man has none!

If a young man is to succeed he must not only be active, energetic and intelligent, but he must be unselfish and independent.

By this unselfishness I mean that if he wishes to surely hold a fifty dollar position he must do sixty dollars' worth of work. He must always be ready to do a great many things for which he will receive no direct and personal reward. The best and most lasting work of a man after all is that which is done gratuitously. All public services are largely of this character. All practical manifestations of interest in public affairs, taking as they must to be successful time and means to a greater or less extent, come under the same category. All over the country are men interested in public and private schools, in the administration of municipal affairs, in the care of public parks, in the maintenance of libraries and art galleries, in the erection of hospitals, in the direction of churches and Sunday schools and missions—in a thousand and one things from which they will never receive any material returns. Someone must take the places of these men as they pass off the stage. They are not necessarily very rich men, nor very old men; they are never idle men; they are simply intelligent and unselfish men. Without such lives the world would be a great deal more of a workshop and less of a paradise than it is to-day. These are the men who know something of the inspiration that is to be found in the higher walks of learning, who believe that the world ought not to be dead level or commonplace with nothing but the sweat of labor, and that everywhere, that we should not be content with a simple multiplication of vulgarity and a substitution of quantity for quality, and a bartering of the dignity of life for mere creature comforts, that civilization means far more than mere to eat and more to drink and more ribbons to wear, that we ought to get life rather than a living. The places of such men must be filled, and of the coming generation cannot shrink the responsibility nor safely neglect to take up the work!

It is for such labor that you receive the richest benedictions, that there comes to you that which is the greatest of earthly rewards—the remembrance of the thousand loving hearts who, when you have passed within the lowly tent whose curtains never outward swing, will keep your memory green. And I think he should be an independent young man. A lion-mettled, proud, and take no care who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are.



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Say what we will, the world is not in love with the man who dares not say his soul is his own. There is really very little demand for these fellows who are neither impressed or impressing, who neither give nor receive save passively, who are mere ciphers among the figures that go to make up the sum of life: who are dependent upon their party for their politics, and on their next-door neighbor for such ideas as are profusely floating round in that gray matter bestowed on them by a wisely frugal Providence and kindly spoken of by their relatives and friends as their brains. These are the drones in the hive—the cowards in the regiment, who are soon drummed out of camp. We need men who, in their professional, social, political and commercial worlds, will determine where their paths ought to lead and resolutely go that way without one backward step—who will urge others to go with them, kindly, firmly, persistently—but failing of companionship and satisfied of the rightness of their choice will go alone if needs be, without one backward look, well knowing that God and one are always and everywhere a majority; men who will turn their ship's prow toward the bright horizon of justice and mercy and truth, and sink their craft in mid-ocean rather than make port under the enemy's flag.

"Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor—men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue
And damn his treacherous dastardly without winking!"

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking,
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn
creeds,
Their large professions and their paltry deeds,
Mingle in petty strife—lo! Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the lands, and waiting Justice
sleeps.

I have left until the last the characteristics of which I write at present, not because they are of the least importance but because I desire to give them the greatest possible emphasis. The young man who succeeds to-day must be an honorable and an upright young man. I know all that can be said of the other side of this: that men succeed who are dishonest and that knavery and trickery seem at times to hold the palm as against large-hearted, large-brained and righteous life. But where there seems to be one case sustaining this theory there are hundreds that disprove it.

It is not long ago that one of the most successful financiers in the West said to me that a young man could be implicitly trusted whose conscience would hold him fast like the best of anchors in a storm, who would not handle a dollar of money that did not belong to him, who could not be induced under any circumstances to speculate with the funds of the firm, who could be relied upon to keep from the world the secrets of the firm, even though sorely tempted to do otherwise, whose general accounts were never confused or short, and whose personal account was never overdrawn—that such a young man, with other characteristics that fitted him for business, could command an assured place and a large salary at an hour's notice in any city.

The magnitude of all business interests to-day compels the extension of

confidence where formerly the head of the firm kept everything to himself. And the magnitude of these interests again makes it well worth some one's while in the language of the world, to be false to his employers in his own behalf, or in the interests of others. This creates a constant demand for honesty and integrity.

Moreover, competition itself is running more and more out and along the lines of integrity. It is the firm whose word can be taken as to the quality of goods, which is known to have one credit and to deal fairly, which will treat a child with a few pennies in its hand as honorably as if she were a large and experienced buyer, which will attend to your written order or your order of the 'phone as faithfully as if you had given it in person—it is this firm that is on the road to success.

Two hundred million exchanges take place between man and man in the United States every day, simply to support life. These exchanges must be made expeditiously and economically, and in the main honesty, or there are friction and loss all along the line. We are learning by daily experience and observation that these exchanges cannot be to any great extent controlled by law. Now add to these all the other almost innumerable relations of the commercial world, including the vast system of credit, and think how completely the whole rests back on human character, and you will begin to see why the world has come to demand integrity and cannot forego it.

It is not an integrity that is confined to some particular time or place or creed, that is put on with one's Sunday clothes and disappears with Monday's working garb. It is an integrity that means full weight, full measure, no adulteration, good quality, and no credits other than those that are met with prompt payments.

Men have already begun to see that business cannot be conducted successfully or intelligently when it is conducted under the simple impulse to get money at any rate and in almost any way. The vast counterfeiting of honesty is in itself a good sign, for men were never known to counterfeit a worthless dollar. The fact that the men who are themselves engaged in the most questionable transactions employ only the most tried and faithful servants, proves how vital a matter integrity has become in the world of to-day. There is a very general feeling, not always expressed in words but clearly recognized to exist, that right thinking and right feeling and right action are absolutely essential to lasting success in any field. In public life and in private life men have found that God's thunderbolts follow a straight track without shadow of turning. The stars may govern men, but God governs the stars. We know that in the long run trickery and chicanery and fraud must go down. He who devours the substance of the poor will find at length a bone to choke him. God does not pay at the end of every week, but He pays at last. He needs a long spoon who would sup with the devil.

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