

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

SERVING TWO MASTERS. "You cannot serve God and Mammon" (St. Matt. VI. 24).

Notwithstanding these clear words of today's Gospel there are many who wish to be the friends of Mammon without becoming enemies of God.

How foolish to suppose that we can save our souls by a divided love! "Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

Our easy-going Christians were to appreciate the enormity of the least sin, he would but admire God's justice in condemning a soul for a single mortal sin.

Do you know any boy who smokes cigarettes? If you do, and you like him, ask him to please read this item which is taken from a California newspaper.

The school board of Santa Anna found that for some reason the boys in the Public schools were not nearly as proficient in their studies as the girls, and an investigation was instituted to discover the cause.

Let not our easy-going friends think, therefore, that sin is a matter of small consequence. They are mistaken if they think that the sacrament of penance will do their work for them.

But he caps the climax of folly who thinks to put off his conversion until his old age. To-day's Gospel asks: "What man, by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature?"

Did you ever think quietly of the many "little things" which make home uncomfortable? Even when each member of the family has the best intentions in the world and a warm-hearted affection unites them as a whole they will go on day after day separately irritating and worrying by disagreeable whims, freaks and oddities with which they could and should dispense.

By a singular coincidence, two memorials were unveiled in London on the 15th ult.: one to Matthew Arnold and the other to Cardinal Newman; but there could be no doubt as to which of these brilliant men England desired especially to honor on that day.

Let us not try to cheat God. He cannot be mocked. He has told us clearly that we must serve Him with all our hearts, or we are none of His. We must choose between Him and Mammon. It is impossible not to choose. Which shall it be—God or Mammon?

A Million Gold Dollars would not bring happiness to the person suffering with dyspepsia, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured many thousands of cases of this disease.

Hood's Pills get harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Whistling Song. When times are bad and folks are sad An' gloomy every day, Just try your best at lookin' glad An' whistle 'em away!

Don't mind how troubles bristle; Just take a rose or thistle; Hold your own An' change your tone, An' whistle! whistle! whistle!

A song is worth a world o' sighs; When red the lightning's plies, Look for the rainbow in the skies An' whistle 'em away!

Don't mind how troubles bristle; Each rose has got its thistle; Hold your own An' change your tone, An' whistle! whistle! whistle!

—At Lanta Constitution

Eagerness.

A young clerk in a large mercantile house was conspicuous for the interest which he took in his work. His associates ridiculed his earnestness and enthusiasm, and told him that there was no sentiment in ordinary business.

"A man is paid for his time and labor," they would say, "and he is under no obligations to make his employer's interests an absorbing passion. You will get nothing by it."

"I shall give my employers," he replied, "the best work that is in my power, whatever they may do for me." He was right and they were wrong.

The ardor with which he served the business house that employed him inspired confidence. He was very soon promoted, and offered every chance of showing what he could do. Several years passed and then he was taken into partnership, and the management of one of the largest business houses in the country was entrusted to him.

"The fact is," said the senior member of the firm when the co-partnership papers were signed, "you have been one of us from the day you came to us an office boy. You have shown the same enthusiasm for our service that a soldier displays in fighting for his flag."

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was a very precocious child, and, like Pope, gave promise of greatness at a very early age. Indeed, in this respect he might be called the Mozart of letters. It will be remembered that the young musician composed an oratorio when he was but nine years old.

Macaulay was only eight when he wrote an ambitious "History of the World from the Creation to the Year 1800" and a romance in verse called "The Battle of Cheviot." These productions were remarkable only as the work of so young a child and as showing the bent of the future historian and balladist.

Macaulay possessed a wonderfully receptive and retentive memory. It is said that at college he could repeat every word of "Paradise Lost" without a single lapse or hesitation. Long before this time, when he was but four years old, young Thomas Macaulay was already remarkable for his power of readily memorizing what he had heard. Every nurse tale was his the moment he had listened to it. There is a story told by Hannah More which is amusingly characteristic.

Miss More called one day when his parents were out. Little Thomas admitted her and politely requested her to be seated.

"I will get you a glass of old spirits," he announced with an astonishingly grave air of hospitality.

Shocked to learn that so young a child knew anything about intoxicants, Miss More questioned him and discovered that his knowledge of liquor was confined to a statement in Robinson Crusoe, and that he supposed "old spirits" might be properly offered to a lady even if she didn't live on a desert island.

The little Macaulay grew up to be a very clever man, historian, poet and statesman. That wonderful memory of his rather spoiled his historical work, however, which is hardly more than a brilliant romance, sparkling with a reflection of all the stories that had fastened themselves in the mind of the historian. His history, like his early hospitality, is alive with "old spirits" and can by no means be regarded as a strictly accurate record of his country's progress.

Although we are indebted to Agassiz for many volumes of natural history, it would perhaps be doubtful English to call him a natural historian. It would, indeed, require several words—very long words, too—to describe the great Swiss-American naturalist's work. He was an ichthyologist, geologist, botanist, zoologist and physician, with all the science that each term includes. The little French word *savant* is now generally used to specify a learned scientist, and it is upon the whole, perhaps, a better word than "naturalist," which may possibly be misunderstood, as it was once by a Yankee stage driver.

As the story goes Agassiz with a German scientist and a professor from Cambridge was a passenger in a stage-coach the route of which lay through the New Hampshire hills. Every few minutes Agassiz and his German conferees requested the driver to stop while they descended to examine a plant or a bit of rock by the way-side. When they had thus alighted for the twentieth time the man turned to Professor Felton and asked:

"What's the matter with them?" pointing his whip to the two great scientific leaders, who were chopping a rock with a tiny hammer while the coach waited.

"The matter?" repeated the professor; and then, not being in the humor to give a long explanation of scientific pursuits to one who knew nothing of science, he answered briefly, "The gentlemen are celebrated naturalists."

To the professor's astonishment his inquirer was quite satisfied with the reply.

"Oh, that's it," he remarked. "I thought 'twere that myself." The next day a gentleman who knew Agassiz said jokingly to the driver, "Well, Sam, what kind of passengers did you have yesterday?"

"I had two queer ones," responded Sam. "They was naturalists. I suspected as much when they made me stop so often while they got out and fit the weeds and stones, and I asked their keeper and he told me they was naturalists, and I didn't pretend to notice for fear they'd get excited and then I'd have trouble sartin."

He had mistaken them for lunatics. "Natural" in some parts of this country, as in Ireland, is a name given to an idiot.

Agassiz had an immense idea of the value of time and but little conception of the worth of money. He could never understand how any one could waste time. When he heard an idler speak of "killing time" he thought it was a very clever joke. He used to wish that the day would never come to an end, so that he could find time for more work. Once when questioned about his means, he said he had never been expected to be. He was asked to deliver a lecture in a town in Massachusetts, but he refused, saying that he had no time to spare.

The committee doubled the fee offered, but Agassiz still refused, wondering that they should think he wanted money.

"Don't you know," he said, "that I have no time to make money?" So they went away disappointed and quite as convinced as the stage driver had been that Agassiz was really and truly a "natural."

A Comfort Sometimes. When health is far gone in Consumption then sometimes only ease and comfort can be secured from the use of Scott's Emulsion. What is much better is to take this medicine in time to save your health.

Best for Wash Day. For quick and easy work. For cleanest, sweetest and whitest clothes. Surprise is best. USE SURPRISE SOAP. Best for Every Day. For every use about the house Surprise works best and cheapest. See for yourself.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Columbian.

The man that has never made a mistake lives in the moon. Then there are men that have made mistakes and learned nothing from them—so they make them again, and sometimes again and again. Their brain is soft.

Old Horace Greeley used to say that he had made many mistakes, but that they were always new ones. Better than profiting by our own mistakes is getting benefit by the slips of others.

Do you see a young man who spends his evenings in saloons? He never has a dollar in bank, he is making no good use of his leisure hours, he is saturating his system with alcohol, he is gaining no useful acquaintances. Learn from him.

Do you know a young man who works well when his employer's eye is on him and loafs when he is not watched, who never reaches shop or store five minutes before time and who is out of the door at the stroke of six; who knows only his own work and does not care to master the business? He'll be a drudge all the days of his life. Learn from him.

Have you ever met a young man who was egotistic, loud, assertive, talkative, a bore and a nuisance in society; snubbed to his face and laughed at behind his back? Learn from him.

The papers report failures in business but they do not tell of the lack of courtesy, loose methods, employment of incompetent help, neglect of advertising, too great hurry for profits, etc., that brought about the collapse. If you perceived the cause of the crash, learn from it.

Think of all your schoolmates and playmates who have made failures of life—who have gone down to death prematurely through violation of laws of health, who have disappointed the promise of their youth, who still fill subordinate positions and are not sure of employment even there, who are drifting along without a settled purpose or a chosen occupation, who have a hope of their own and no hopes of a competence, etc., etc.—and draw a lesson from their miseries.

Failures? Why, a man's own failures are sometimes the foundation-stones on which his subsequent prosperity is reared, and the failures of others are the lighthouses that warn his vessel off the rocks. Such failures, so used, are a part of success!

Exercise as a Remedy.

Dr. Henry Ling Taylor, speaking of exercise as a remedy makes these suggestions: "In the treatment of insomnia, if the patient is dull and apathetic, with sluggish circulation and nutrition, exercises involving quickness and skill—that is, a more lively mental operation, like fencing, tennis, or boxing—should be used. In other cases the brain may need to be progressively trained through manual employments. The finer and more delicately adjusted the movements the less their value as muscular exercise, and the more the nerve centers are called into play.

"Exercises of endurance, like cycling, rowing and running, pushed to the point of considerable fatigue, are the most effective aid to continence, since the procreative impulse is the expression of a surplus of energy, and is abated if enough energy is regularly used up through muscular work.

"As the larger number of functional disorders of the digestive system, such as dyspepsia and constipation, are the result either of the habitual neglect of muscular exercise taken under conditions of hurry, nervous tension, or fatigue, it is clear that the regulation of exercise and habits of life must be urgently indicated.

"In conditions of atony the patient must be trained to a variety of exercises, especially those involving the waist, abdomen, and trunk, among which the more active ones may be gradually introduced. In the cases due to debility from nerve tired, exercises requiring much skill should not be chosen, since these involve increased demands on the higher nerve centers. At first there is usually sluggishness of the abdominal circulation, those exercises should be selected which will act on the abdominal organs through the muscles of the waist and upon respiration."

Stray Chips of Thought.

Necessity never made a good bargain. The trouble with the man who knows nothing is that he is the last to find it out.

Next to lying, the giving of good advice is probably the most firmly fixed habit of iconoclasts.

One very good reason why a man should tell the truth is that it is not the tax on his memory that a lie would be.

The first week in January is a splendid time to swear off. But there are fifty-one other weeks in the year that are just as good.

There are a vast number of people in the world who do not know the difference between creating a sensation and being a nuisance.

Want of moral courage is the secret of many men's financial ruin. Upon a decisive and well-timed "No" may hinge a weighty crisis. It is more difficult for most persons to say "No" than "Yes," and therefore it is often times left unsaid when it should have been uttered emphatically.

Amidst the rush and turmoil of the present age, it becomes almost a necessity that we should give some part of the busy day to "commune with our own hearts and be still"; to be alone, away from the world, our companions and our work, in order to ascertain what relation we bear to it all. We can have no clear judgment of things till we are somewhat separated from them. The strength of resolve, which afterwards shapes our lives, and mixes itself with action, is the fruit of those sacred, solitary moments.

WHEN OTHERS FAIL.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restore Health and Strength—A Well-known Young Lady in Napanee Gives her Experience—So Weak that she Could not go up Stairs Without Resting—Her Friends Thought she was in Consumption—Now the Picture of Health and Strength.

From the Beaver, Napanee, Ont. Among the young ladies of Napanee there is none better known or more highly esteemed than Miss Mary L. Byrnes. Indeed her acquaintance and popularity covered a more extended field, as she is a travelling saleslady for the Robinson Corset Co., and has many customers on her route, who extends from Oshawa to Ottawa. How this young lady happens to be the subject of this article is due to the fact that she has recently undergone a most remarkable change through the use of these wonderful little messengers of health, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

When the reporter of the Beaver called to make enquiry into her cure, he was met at the door by the young lady herself, whose rosy cheeks and healthy appearance gave no indication that she had undergone a prolonged illness.

"Is it a 'fad,' new fanny, fashion or good form" for a gentleman driving to incline his head and touch his hat with his whip in recognition of a lady instead of raising his hat?" This is a point of etiquette which needs a timely answer now in the time of outdoor exercise:

The custom is not a fashion or fad, but a mode of ceremonial adopted from purely prudential considerations and uniformly followed by drivers who are men of fashion on the popular drive ways and crowded thoroughfares of New York, London and Paris. Inclining the head and gracefully raising the whip has long since been substituted for the old fashion of raising the hat by a hurried, awkward attempt to shift the whip and rein in order to render possible the raising of the hat.

Safety, prudence, skill and good judgment in meeting and avoiding the exigencies of the road commend the new fashion of salutation. Every accomplished whip will readily perceive and appreciate the advantages of this fashion and the nuisance it avoids. He is freed from the necessity, every moment or so, of awkwardly snatching at his hat with his right hand and hastily transferring the ribbons and the whip to the left in order to accomplish the clumsy performance of raising his hat before the lady has swept by.

Reverend Robert A. Tuft, rector of the Protestant Episcopal church of the Holy Innocents, Eden and Chaste streets, on a recent Sunday preached a special sermon to the Orangemen of Baltimore. Fifty members of the Loyal Orangemen were present. Mr. Tuft said in part:

"I believe in religious liberty and the right of every man to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. Consequently, I have nothing to say against the Roman Catholic Church as the Church of Christ. I plead for fairness and breadth. I detest bigotry. I abominate narrowness. I can admire that Church even though I cannot agree with it.

"I cannot help remembering that it was the Roman Catholic Church that wedded art to religion; that it was she who employed the scholars and copyists of the ages to preserve the literature of antiquity; that for ages she was the patron of knowledge, and that it was she alone who championed the rights of the people and brought all to kneel before a common throne.

"And ever to day who are more active in the field of charity than the Roman Catholics? Go where you will, wherever there is disease and danger, wherever there is poverty and misery, wherever crime and vice are rampant, there you will find the priest or the nun allying the evils of society and dispensing help and hope with a lavish hand. To the ignorant she is at once a comfort and a stay; to the deserted she is a haven; to the bereaved she is a consolation; to the learned she is a warning."

A Boy's Knowledge.

At ten years of age a boy thinks his father knows a great deal; at fifteen he knows as much as his father; at twenty he knows twice as much; at thirty he is willing to take his advice; at forty he begins to think his father knows something, after all; at fifty he begins to seek his advice, and at sixty—after his father is dead—he thinks he was the smartest man that ever lived.

Help your children to grow strong and robust by contracting anything that causes ill health. Our great cause of dis-

ease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It never fails.

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