

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Eleventh Sunday after Pentecost.

BACKBITING.

And be spake rightly. (St. Mark vii. 35.) The Gospel tells us, dear brethren, that no sooner had Our Lord touched the tongue of the dumb man than he began to speak rightly.

How often He has touched our tongues by coming to us in Communion, and yet how far we are from speaking rightly! It may be that we need healing more than the man of whom the Gospel tells.

The tongue wrongly used is capable of effecting a great deal of evil. St. James calls an evil tongue a "world of iniquity." Calumny, slander, and backbiting are but a few of the many sins of which it is the cause.

I am far from thinking that such faults are to be found only or indeed generally among habitual or hardened sinners. Some persons who consider themselves very pious and nearly perfect, who find it hard to collect suitable matter for confession, do not always shun uncharitable conversations.

Let them remember what St. James says: "He who offends not with his tongue is a perfect man." No piety is solid and genuine unless it be founded upon charity, which is the queen of virtues.

Sins of the tongue are often most grievous, and are often likewise irreparable in their consequences. Let us dwell upon a few such sins as offend God by reason of the injury which they do to our brother, who is made according to His image.

But some one will say: "I do not belong to the class you have now described. I never say anything that is untrue of my neighbor, but simply mention to others those faults of which he is guilty." To this I answer: "If you do so in a grave matter, without necessity, and to those who are not concerned about the welfare of the person in question, you are guilty of his failings?"

President Schurmann, of Cornell University, has written an obituary notice of Agnosticism, in which he correctly characterizes it as "a passing fever of juvenile freethinking, a transitional and temporary phase of thought."

Something Worth Knowing. Surely there is compensation or an antidote for every pain and sting which nature imposes on us.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

'Tis Such a Little While.

'Tis such a little while we walk together, Along life's way. Some weary feet that march beside us faster Each passing day.

Dear friends that greet us in the morning vainly Ere it is noon, And tender voices melt away in silence— A broken tune.

A brief sweet time we journey on together Through fields of green, And then our voices break the silence never That falls between.

No loving can reach them through the distance— No kindly deed— We call to them in tender loving accent— They take no heed.

We long to see the dear familiar faces, But all in vain: The footsteps that kept pace with ours so bravely Come not again.

We catch the echo of a voice grown silent, Faint and afar, A dim white face gleams out among the shadows Like some pale star.

'Tis such a little while for loving kindness Or cold disdain, To smooth the way for weary feet that falter, Or chide and blame; A little while, and it were unavailing Kind words to say, For those that walked yesterday beside us, Have passed away.

Longfellow sold his early poems for a song, but he lived to receive \$1,000, or \$20 a line, for "The Hanging of the Crane," and when he died he was worth \$50,000.

Girls, do You Sew? Sewing is a most womanly art. A woman never is more feminine than when she has a needle and thread in her hand.

who may not enter the lists with her prettiest compeer if she tries to cultivate a pleasant and happy look. She will possess, then, an attraction which is doubly strong because felt rather than known.

For the Book Borrower. Speaking of borrowing books, says Bab, aren't they cheap enough and isn't our civilization old enough for that sort of thing to cease.

A Threefold Offering. Mother of grace and mercy, Behold how burdens three Weigh down my weary spirit, And drive me here—to thee.

The Past: with all its memories Of pain, that sting me yet; Of sin, that brought repentance; Of joy, that brought regret, That which has been—forever So bitter sweet— I lay in humblest offering Before thy feet.

The Future: holding all things Which I can hope or fear, Brings sin and pain, it may be, Nearer and yet more near, Mother! this doubt and shrinking Will not depart, Unless I trust my future To thy dear heart.

Women Gardeners. Among the various measures for increasing the number of independent occupations for women, the opening of horticultural schools for girls is obviously one of the most sensible and promising.

Be Cooks First. Kate Field, the clever writer, addressed some remarks not long ago to a girl graduate, which are especially timely at this season.

A Sweet Expression. The beauty and value of a sweet expression is a treasure far surpassing regularity of feature or freshness of coloring, and is an addition to charms in that it bespeaks the sweetness of disposition which gives it birth.

There is no girl, however plain, who may not enter the lists with her prettiest compeer if she tries to cultivate a pleasant and happy look.

Best for Wash Day. USE SURPRISE SOAP. Best for Every Day. For quick and easy work For cleanest, sweetest and whitest clothes Surprise is best.

UNDER OUR LADY'S CARE.

Her Promise Fulfilled in a Miraculous Manner.

The monks of St. Carmel are perhaps the oldest religious order in the Church, as they are said to have been founded by Elias the prophet, and to have embraced Christianity under the apostles.

What we are about to relate was told to Manly Tello, Esq., some few years ago by Rev. Edward J. Conway, now pastor of St. Mary's, at Painesville, O.

When Finnell first came as superintendent, he at once introduced himself and a nephew to Father Conway, then pastor at Ashtabula, informing him that as Catholics they had come to pay their respects to the priest, and to subordinate themselves as new members of his flock.

One Saturday, about noon, in June (or possibly July), Finnell's nephew came rushing in hot haste to Father Conway. Finnell had seen a man fall off the construction train, had rushed back to aid—taking the parallel track of the Lake Shore R. R., had been run down by train: was dying.

The distance to be covered was a good half mile, and Father Conway and his companion made it in their best time. Arrived at the place of the accident the priest found from thirty to forty men standing around—what shall we say? The remains of poor Finnell on the track. He had been cut in two by the cars. The trunk of the body lay at least eighteen inches from the abdomen and lower limbs.

Father Conway turned to the nephew: "The sacraments are for the living, not for the dead. I can do nothing here." Then after mental prayer for the deceased and some words of commiseration, the priest remarked that the doctor was coming, and Father Conway, through an impulse of curiosity, writes as a locomotive came thundering along, bearing Dr. William Ames, a leading practitioner of Ashtabula.

unfortunate Cod-liver oil suggests consumption, which is almost unfortunate. Its best use is before you fear consumption; when you begin to get thin, weak, run down; then is the prudent time to begin to take care, and the best way to take care is to supply the system with needed fat and strength.

Why cannot we, slipping our hand into His each day, walk trustfully over that day's appointed path, thorny or flowery, crooked or straight, knowing that evening will bring us sleep, peace, and home.



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THE WESTERN FAIR

LONDON, SEPT. 10th to 19th, 1896. Canada's Favorite Live Stock Exhibition. Oldest Fair in Canada—Established 1808, Going ever since. Exhibitors find it pays to show here. Entries close Sept. 3rd. \$30,000 expended on new buildings; best on the continent. Every pure bred representative in the Live Stock. Every improvement to Agricultural Implements on exhibition. The Centre of Dairying. The best new buildings to show in. A perfect sight and will repay a visit to the Fair.

Pawnee Bill's Wild West and Mexican Hippodrome. 80 actors, 60 animals and a village of 50 tents; the greatest Fair attraction in America to-day. THE HANSEN BEN ALPS MOODISH ACROBATS—TWELVE IN NUMBER. CAPT. A. W. PORTE, President. THOS. A. BROWNE, Secretary.

How He Was Converted. A writer in La Vera Roma tells a remarkable story in connection with the conversion of the ex-Mason, Solatore Zola. According to this account—which the writer states he received from the lips of the convert himself—Signor Zola had a serious fall last year, and as a result one of the bones of his leg was fractured. The doctors arrived too late, for the leg was so swollen that they could not reduce the fracture. The pain was excruciating, and the swelling remained. On last Christmas Eve, Zola dreamt that, in spite of his suffering, he had gone in a carriage with eight-seers—friends of his—to visit a shrine of the Madonna. As they looked idly about, a majestic woman, holding a Child in her arms, and wearing a blue mantle, appeared to him and said: "You came once before to see me, but you did not pray to me; you even laughed. Have you nothing to ask me to-day? You are suffering from your leg; throw away your crutches and walk." He made the attempt and walked without difficulty; and, wishing to thank the Lady, he uttered the only pious words he could remember: "Domine cobiscum!" This was his dream, but a reality soon followed it. In the morning his wife remarked upon the strange words he uttered in his sleep, and Signor Zola told her of his dream. While he was speaking, he felt a strange tingling in the injured member, and on examination every trace of the accident had vanished. He stood up and experienced no pain; then falling on his knees, he wept and prayed. The writer declares that this incident is attested by the physicians, the neighbors and intimate friends of Signor Zola.—Ave Maria.

Vacation Time. Is at hand and is gladly welcomed by all, especially those whose duties in life have caused them to greatly run down their system to meet the requirements, physical and mental, forced upon them. With these and others, it is important, whether at home, at the sea shore or in the country, that some thought be given to diet, and as further assistance to Nature, a good building-up medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla had best be resorted to. If the digestion is poor, liver deranged and frequent headaches seem to be the rule, Hood's will change all this and enable everyone to return to their home and business in a refreshed state of mind and bodily health.

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