

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fourth Sunday after Pentecost.

PILFERING.

"Thou shalt not steal."

Every one has the right to dispose lawfully of his own goods. But no man has the right to take away from his neighbor what his neighbor has rightly and lawfully in his possession.

People sometimes fondly imagine that because a man makes a mistake in their favor in giving change that there is no harm in keeping the money thus mistakenly given.

Another and a most scandalous violation of the seventh commandment is willfully failing to pay just debts. The motto, "Pay as you go," is the best for most men; it saves much trouble; it leaves the mind free from the dread of a debt unpaid hanging over it.

Take care how you handle any other man's money, or how you care for any other man's goods! Take care how you defraud the laborer of his wages!

Be careful how you leave money where children may be tempted to steal it, as on a mantel-piece or table. Candy is sweet, and there is the money to buy it. Don't show suspicion of your children even when you feel it;

Example as well as precept must be given in this matter of honesty. The parent who does not send the child back with the over change or by that deed teaching the poor boy or girl to become a thief.

Do not let your child be tempted to steal. Such a child will learn in time to deceitfully keep back part of his own earnings from the parent, perhaps to steal outright.

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Just Exchange Places.

There is in this city a community of Protestant sisters who have devoted their lives to works of charity and mercy. They are quiet, unobtrusive ladies, worthy the respect of all decent men.

Let us suppose that a Catholic agitator from some place in Canada or the West is advertised to deliver a lecture in Music Hall upon the subject of Protestant sisterhood. The hall is packed; the lecturer starts out by charging that the convent or house in which these devoted women live is a sink of impurity and immorality.

The parallel is not overdrawn or strained. Precisely what we have imagined happens every night in some part of the United States. Pious devoted, self-denying nuns are brutally slandered by reckless fanatics; and if Catholics, under the excitement of the of the situation, protest against such outrageous conduct they are branded as rioters and as opponents of free speech!

Parents Must have Rest.

A resident of one of our Colleges says: "We spent many sleepless nights in consequence of our children suffering from colds, but this never occurs now. We use Scott's Emulsion and it quickly removes pulmonary troubles."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Friendship of Horses.

In the Lewiston, Maine, Journal we find a touching story. One of a pair of horses belonging to the Portland horse railroad company was sold, whereupon his mate, a blind horse, refused to be comforted and so pined away that the general manager went to the new owner of the other steed and asked for the loan of the animal for a visit to the stable.

The Flower Lesson.

"And where did you get this pretty flower, my dear daughter?" said Mrs. Marshall. "The gardener gave it to me just now, as I came in," said little Jane. "And what a beautiful flower it is! It has no green leaves, such as are placed all around under some flowers we see. There is only the flower. How sweet its perfume! It has almost filled the room. And yet it is a very little flower."

"And may not my dear Jane learn something from this? If a little simple flower, like the one in my hand, can make the air of this room so sweet, do you not think a little girl of gentle manners and lovely temper, can do much to make her brothers and sisters happy, and so give pleasure to all who are in the house with her?"

The little girl smiled, for she felt that her kind mother was very pleasantly teaching her an important lesson. I think Jane Marshall often asked herself, after that, if her temper and manners spread that good pleasure through the house, as the perfume of that little flower.

Church Rules For Boys.

Children should be instructed how to behave themselves in the House of God. Do you wish me to give you some plain rules? They are old now to most of you, but a few may profit by them.

Come early to church, and when you enter take your hat off, dip your finger in the holy water, make the sign of the Cross, and don't run; walk reverently to your place, and remember there is no limited express for moving around in the House of God. Before entering your pew, genuflect, touching the floor with your knee in honor of our Lord, but if the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, kneel upon both knees and bow your head. Once in your place, kneel and say a prayer of salutation to the Divine Majesty—kneel I say, and don't sprawl out. No talking in the church, unless to God and His saints, unless charity or necessity requires a word to your neighbor. Do not stare around you. Don't go to sleep during the sermon. Follow the services in the sanctuary. If requested to answer aloud in the Lenten or other popular devotions, do so, and do so in a fair, loud voice, sing, and do so as you may be able to do a hymn book that you may be able to do.

It is good to follow the services with your prayer-book; it is good to say your Rosary; it is the best of all if you can talk to God directly, spirit to spirit, heart to heart. Do not leave your place till the services are over; and mind, that is only when the clergy have left the sanctuary. Don't run out of church; walk. Don't be the first one to leave. Some leave the church as if they were thieves escaping from jail.

Silent.

After the death of the great Prussian, General Von Moltke, some of the Berlin newspapers published the following anecdote of him, says the Youth's Companion:

When a very young man, holding the humble position of second lieutenant in the Danish army, he wrote a letter of resignation to the King himself, full of pompous self-conceit. The King accepted his resignation, briefly adding that the Danish army would try to get on as best it could without Lieutenant von Moltke.

The young soldier, who had been unconscious of his vanity, was deeply mortified. "You talked too much, Moltke," a comrade said to him. "I shall talk no more," he sternly replied.

His reticence thereafter was so great that in his old age he was known throughout Germany as the Silent One.

Since his death a prominent clergyman in Pennsylvania has given an account of a visit which he made to the scene of the decisive battle in the Austro-Prussian war.

He found there a group of German officers, one of whom, in a carriage, was driven at a snail's pace into every part of the field. A box beside him was filled with maps, with which he studied each minute detail of the battle, fighting it over again moment by moment. It was Moltke with his staff.

The painstaking accuracy which brought him back after years had passed, to study again his own mistakes and successes, made him the great master of the art of war of his century, while his dumb self-control gave him prestige in the eyes of the masses, who in Germany, as elsewhere, are apt to believe that silence means strength.

We live in a voluble age, when almost every intelligent man has a pet theory or pursuit to which he wishes to convert his neighbors. The able man who knows how to hold his tongue in even one language will probably be

credited with more wisdom than if he could maintain his opinion with clearness or eloquence.

"The easiest thing for a great man to do," said John Randolph, "is to make a speech; the most difficult, to act right and keep silent."

If any young reader of the Companion, however, wraps himself in reserve, and becomes reticent and cold among his fellows in order to gain respect, he must remember that Moltke, dumb, without his ten languages, his accuracy and mastery of strategy, would have remained a sub-lieutenant all of his life. An old Spanish proverb says, "None speak better than the ant, who says nothing and works."

A CONVERSION WITH FAR-REACHING RESULTS.

Perhaps no conversion ever occurred in this country which was so unexpected and surprising and attended with such great consequences as that of Miss Leticia P. Floyd. She was the eldest daughter of the elder John Floyd, then Governor of Virginia, and living with his family in the executive mansion in Richmond, and she inherited the great mental gifts of both her parents. Her mother was a member of the Preston family, which produced so many brilliant men and women, and was remarkable for her powers of conversation, in which she equalled any of the distinguished men of the day. She took the same interest in public affairs that her husband did and kept well informed about them during her whole life.

Governor Floyd lived in Montgomery county, in the south western part of Virginia, which was then a remote and rather inaccessible region. There was no Catholic church in Virginia west of Richmond, and only a small chapel there attended twice a month from Portsmouth. No Catholic priest had ever been in any part of South western Virginia, no Catholic resided there, and no Catholic books were to be found in the whole region. Governor Floyd, his wife and children, all had literary tastes and there was quite a large library in the house, but it was Protestant altogether. The children, therefore, had no opportunity there of learning anything about the Church or its tenets or practices.

But Mr. Floyd, before he was made governor, had been for a number of years a Member of Congress, and in order to have his sons near him, had caused two of them to be educated at Georgetown; and though both of them afterwards became Catholics, it was not until some time after the conversion of their sister, and resulted from it and not from their stay at Georgetown.

Mrs. Floyd was fond of the society of able men, and not being at the time a member of any Church, was in the habit of going where she could hear the best sermon, regardless of denomination. Two priests came alternately to Richmond, one of whom was Father Shriber, who was a very able man and whose sermons Mrs. Floyd delighted to hear, merely, however, as an intellectual treat. So, whenever it was his Sunday to preach in the little chapel to the mere handful of Catholics then constituting the congregations, she usually attended and often took her daughter with her. Of course the presence of the wife of the governor and her little daughter could not be unknown to Father Shriber, and an acquaintance thus sprang up between the priest and his visitors.

Father Shriber's health having failed, it was decided to send a resident priest to Richmond, and Father Timothy O'Brien was selected. The sermons of Father Shriber, together with what she learned from her two brothers, then recently returned from Georgetown, had aroused a strong interest in the mind and heart of Miss Floyd, and she applied to Father O'Brien for books and instruction, which he gave cheerfully.

Under these influences she made up her mind to become a Catholic, and though such an event, in the then state of feeling in Virginia, as the daughter of a governor entering the Church, could not fail to excite surprise and create unfavorable comment, yet she met with no opposition from either of her parents. She was baptized by Father O'Brien, who stood her godfather; Mrs. Branda, who afterwards became the Countess of Polignac, being godmother.

A Young Man's Character.

No young man who has a just sense of his own value will sport with his own character. A watchful regard to his character in early youth will be of inconceivable value to him in all the remaining years of his life. When tempted to deviate from strict propriety of deportment he should ask himself, can I afford this? Can I endure hereafter to look upon this?

It is of amazing worth to a young man to have a pure mind, for this is the foundation of a pure character. The mind, in order to be kept pure, must be employed in topics of thought which are themselves lovely, chaste, and elevating. The mind has the power to select its own themes for meditation. If you only know how durable and how dismal is the injury produced by the indulgence of degraded thoughts if they only realized how frightful are the moral depravities which a cherished habit of loose imagination produces on the soul, they would shun them as the bite of the serpent. The power of books to excite the imagination is a fearful element of morals when employed in the service of vice.

Great battles are continually going on in the human system. Hood's Sarsaparilla drives out disease and restores health.

GAINED A POUND A DAY.

A Lamark County Farmer's Remarkable Cure—Taken with Billions Fever the After Effects of Which Brought Him Almost to the Grave—he Gladly Speaks for the Benefit of Other Sufferers.

Smith's Falls Record.

Mr. Joseph N. Barton, who lives about a mile from the village of Merrickville, is one of the best known farmers in the township of Montague. Up to the spring of 1884 Mr. Barton had always enjoyed the best of health. At that time, however, he was taken with a bilious fever, the effects of which left him in a terribly weakened condition. When the time came around to begin spring operations on the farm he found himself too weak to take any part in the work, and, notwithstanding that he was treated by an excellent physician, he was constantly growing weaker, and his condition not only greatly alarmed himself but his friends. Having read so much concerning Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he determined to give them a trial, and without consulting his physician he began their use. He only used one box, and, not feeling better, he discontinued the use of the pills. This was where he now admits he made a serious mistake, as he not only fell back to his former weakness, but became worse than before. He could now do no work of any kind, and the least exertion left him almost helpless. Life was a misery to him



I gained a pound a day.

and he was on the point of giving his case up as hopeless when a friend strongly urged him to again begin the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He agreed to do so, and by the time he had used three boxes there was a marvellous change in his appearance, and he felt like a new man. He still continued to use this life-saving medicine, with astonishing results. During his illness he had fallen in weight to one hundred and thirty-five pounds, but he soon increased to one hundred and eighty pounds. In fact, as he says, the increase averaged about a pound a day while he was taking the pills. He is now able to do any kind of work on his farm, and it is needless to say that he is not only a firm believer in the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but loses no opportunity to sound abroad their praises, with the result that others in his locality have benefited by his experience and advice.

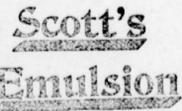
To those who are weak, easily tired, nervous, or whose blood is out of condition, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills come as a veritable boon, curing when all other medicines fail, and restoring those who give them a fair trial, to a full measure of health and strength. They will be found an absolute cure for St. Vitus dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of a gripe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They also effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excess of any nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

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So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for direct and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

Consumption.

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A NOTABLE CAREER.

What Leo XIII. Has Accomplished During His Reign.

Pope Leo XIII. is nearing his end. Eighty-five years of brilliant endeavor have crowned his career. He has made, so far as a Pope may, his will and testament. He has intimated, though he has not sought to convey absolutely, his wish as to his successor. He has outlined what he thinks should be the future policy of the Church, and, coming from the man who beat Bismarck, who outwitted Gladstone and Beaconsfield, and who is regarded by those who are good judges as the most astute diplomat in Europe, it is not at all advice that the Roman Church or its leaders are likely to ignore.

Pope Leo knows that his end is near. He is older than Bismarck, for he is near to eighty-seven. He is far older than Gladstone. He has seen thrones and dynasties shatter and fall. He has seen the map of Europe change a score of times. He is old and feeble and dying, though in the hollow of his thin hand he holds more than a monarch's power.

Summons have gone forth from the Vatican for the most eminent of the Cardinals and Archbishops of the Roman Church to meet the Pope while he may yet give voice to his wishes in regard to the policy of the Church. There may be no doubt as to his policy. It is "peace." A soldier himself while he was a priest, he has lived long enough to see the folly of war. He has lived long enough to see Europe turned into a camp, to see anarchy and socialism assail all governments, and to note that when war does come Europe will be devastated.

But the grand old prelate, easily the greatest since Leo X. or the great Gregory, has set his heart's desire on maintaining the policy that has lifted the Roman Catholic Church in Europe from France was flouting it, Germany and Russia opposing it, when it was divided against itself, and when the hand of a strong man was sadly needed. How he won is an old story. How Bismarck, Crispien, young Emperor William of Germany, and even the Russian bear, had to treat with him in holding down forces that they could not control is history. Without an army—a prisoner, practically, within the confines of his own grounds—the Pope was yet a dominant factor in European politics, and he is yet, aged and infirm though he is, and at the point of death—Exchange.

Poor Digestion leads to nervousness, chronic dyspepsia and great misery. The best remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The Logic of Catholicity.

With reference to the Catholic faith, Rev. Dr. Lambert writes:

"We are a Roman Catholic, a Papist, and, with God's grace, will remain so until the curtain falls, and hides from our vision forever this busy, feverish scene. Being of a logical turn of mind there is for us beyond the lintel of the Catholic Church no stopping place, no lodgment, short of downright infidelity. It is a toboggan slide. If the Catholic Church is not of divine institution, Christianity is a delusion, a superstition, for the Catholic Church is concrete, historical Christianity. Were the Catholic Church to cease to be it would be but a short time when Christianity would be as dead as the religion of ancient Egypt, and its tenets would be a subject of interest only to the inquisitive antiquarian. It would require a new Champollion-Figeac to unlock the mysteries of its symbolism. Catholicity is to Protestantism what the affirmative is to the negative. When the affirmative ceases to be, the negative loses its reason to be. Whatever of positive or affirmative truth there is in Protestantism is found in Catholicity. All else of it is negative, which, as a basis of religion, is worse than a foundation of quicksand. No thing, no institution, can live on negations. They constitute at best but a Barmecide feast, and are inferior even to the bitter dust of Dead Sea apples."

Druggists say that their sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla exceed those of all others. There is no substitute for Hood's.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

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Are out of the question when tortured and disfigured with Eczema and other itching, burning, and irritating skin and scalp diseases. A Single Application of the CUTICURA REMEDIES will afford instant relief, permit rest and sleep, and point to a speedy and permanent cure.

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