

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Sunday Within the Octave of Corpus Christi.

OUR DUTY TO THOSE WITHOUT.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in." (St. Luke xiv., 23.)

What are you doing to help your neighbor, who has a soul to save as well as you? I mean that neighbor who has not the gift of faith. Has it ever occurred to you that Christ's religion is for all men, and is intended for those who are not in the Church as well as for her faithful members? Have the words, "Go ye out into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," lost their meaning? Are not the spiritually poor, lame and blind everywhere about us? Are not the highways and hedges full of people who would gladly come in if we would but tell them how?

The time has gone by when the mere fact that we hold the faith is sufficient to prove that we are fervent Catholics. No longer may we sit calmly waiting for the nations to come and ask us for the truth. The day is at hand when we must arise and go forth in the Spirit of Christ, and as His Apostles, to convert our neighbors and our fellow-citizens. When shall I start? If we are to follow out the injunction of Christ, now is the time. The harvest is at hand and it is great, but the laborers are few. It is to the lay people of the Church that this message is sent as well as to the clergy; and now, when our ranks of clergy are none too full, we must call on the good lay people to help us.

In this great country of ours dwell sixty millions of people, one sixth of whom, at the most, are Catholics. Here is the work, then, before us—the conversion of America to the faith. It can be done if we will set ourselves about it in earnest; and it must be done if we wish to prove ourselves faithful Catholics. For the good Catholic not only desires to keep his faith and save his soul, but he wishes all men to have the same faith and attain salvation by the practice of that faith.

Here, then, are fifty millions of people who have not the faith of Christ. What shall we do to give it to them? Oh! what a great question. To the lay people of the Church comes this call! Listen to the means which you may use to aid your neighbor who is without the faith, to gain it.

The first great means is prayer. If every Catholic would say a short prayer once a day for the conversion of unbelievers in our land, the great work would take a new stride forward. If sodalities, confraternities and all religious organizations would at every meeting pray for the same object but one short Our Father and Hail Mary, conversions would become far more frequent. Again, suppose each devout member of a parish should take to praying for some particular person, that such a one might receive the gift of faith, what a multitude would be converted in a few years! Prayer can do more than anything else, as it can bring the grace of conversion where words and study are powerless.

The second means of converting our neighbors to the faith is by our teaching. We must be ready to answer their questions, ready to ask them questions whose answers will lead them to the light. This is a day when people are interested in religious questions, and if we can answer their objections, solve their doubts and difficulties, we have in our hands a powerful means of advancing the kingdom of God on earth. Such knowledge it is our duty to acquire in the best way we can. Read the books, then, which will make a well-instructed Catholic out of you, and fit you to instruct others in the faith. If a lecture is given in the church, bring along your non-Catholic neighbor; bring him to sermons. And thus you shall bring your religion into honor and respect, and also contribute to the saving of many souls. Great are the rewards to him who is the means of saving even one soul from death. If you spent \$1 a year for Catholic books, and another to pay for a Catholic newspaper, you would do—well, nothing very heroic, but something towards spreading the light.

We must teach also by example, and show by our lives that what makes us sober, honest and pure in our religion. Our lives ought to be examples of temperance, uprightness and purity. No drunkard is fit to bear the name of Catholic. No libertine is worthy to be named among the faithful. No thief ought to be classed among the members of the Church.

Let your zeal for your religion rouse you on Sunday, rain or shine, to attend Mass. Let it stir you up to your confession and Communion every month, at least. Let your life be an example of what you profess. Be not a swearer, or a curser, or a drunkard, a thief, a liar, a scandal-monger, a licentious man. Be but a good-living, practical Catholic, that those who are without may be the sooner attracted by the religion which makes you what they see you to be. By these means you may become fellow-workers with the clergy in the great plan of converting our country which God has determined on.

Put them in practice, these means of prayer, teaching and example, that when our Lord shall come you and

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A "Soft" Job.

He was an able-bodied young man, but he was lazy. He earned only \$5 a week. He had a "soft" job, and so did not care that his wages were small; that he, a man, was only earning a boy's pay. Too many boys are looking for a "soft snap" as they call it. A place where they can loaf half the time, and look on while somebody else works the other half, just suits them. They do not realize that the greatest pleasure on earth is hard work which employs both body and mind, and brings in its train sweet sleep, contentment and success.

A Girl's Best Charm.

My dear girls, keep yourselves looking as sweet and dainty as possible. Never under-value the charm of an agreeable appearance. It is the most delightful letter of introduction that can be given to a stranger, and there is no reason in the world why every woman should not be pleasant to look upon. A famous woman once said: "There are no ugly women; there are only women who do not understand how to make themselves beautiful." This is absolutely true. So the right thing for you to do is to sit down, think it over, and make yourself the charming example that points to the moral of this.

You Cannot.

Say, young man, there is one thing you cannot do. You can't make a success in life unless you work. Better men than you have tried it and failed. You can't loaf around the street corners and saloons, smoke cigars, tell foul stories, drink whiskey and sponge on some one else without making a failure in life. You should learn a trade or get into some honest business. If you don't you will become a chronic loafer, despised by all—producing nothing—simply making yourself a burden on your parents or on the State.

There is no place in the world to-day for loafers. The ripe fruit is always at the top of the tree. You must climb to get it. Smarter men will jump up and pluck it all. Move! Do something, no matter how small. It will be a starter. Help yourself and others will help you. There is no royal road, or short cut, to success, for visionary idlers. Toil, grit, energy and perseverance—these are the requisites. Wake up and see what you can do!

Danger of Keeping Bad Company.

The crows one spring began to pull up a farmer's young corn, which he determined to prevent. He loaded his gun and prepared to give them a warm reception. The farmer had a sociable parrot, which, discovering the crows pulling up the corn, flew over and joined them. The farmer detected the crows, but did not see the parrot. He fired among them, and hastened to see what execution he had done. There lay three dead crows, and his pet parrot with ruffled feathers and a broken leg.

When the bird was taken home the children asked, "What did it, papa? Who hurt our pretty parrot?"

"Bad company!" bad company, answered the parrot in a solemn voice.

"Ay, that it was!" said the farmer.

"Poll was with those wicked crows when I fired, and received a shot intended for them. Remember the parrot's fate, children. Beware of bad company." With these words the farmer turned round, and with the aid of his wife bandaged the broken leg, and in a few weeks the parrot was as lively as ever.

But it never forgot its adventure in the cornfield; and if ever the farmer's children engaged in play with quarrelsome companions, it invariably dispersed them with the cry, "Bad company! bad company!"

Home Education.

How full of meaning is that saying of St. John Chrysostom's: "The parent's lips are the child's primer."

The words that fall from a parent's lips are necessarily the first education of the infant's mind; they constitute an ever-present source of intellectual development, an all-powerful factor in the formation of the child's affections and aspirations. It is in the parent's words that the child's intelligence begins to discern the first glimmerings of that holy faith and religion, the germs of which were infused at the baptismal font; it is the parent's whisperings that engender the first beginnings of a sacred awe for the mysteries of religion; the first realization of dependence on the invisible Creator; the first tender yearnings of love towards Jesus and Mary; the first aspirations of a holy ambition in the growth of virtue, and the attainment of eternal reward! Finally, the parent's lips ought to be that daily source of instruction from which the innocent and pliable soul of the child learns its duties, its dangers, its enemies, its temptations. How often the self-restrained and generous devotedness of the man or woman dates back to the first idea of virtue and Christian charity implanted in childhood by God-fearing parents; or, on the other hand, how often the hideous crimes and the moral obliquity of the criminal classes can be traced to the blasphemy, the irreligion, and the immorality of the homes of their childhood.—Right Rev. Dr. Kuck.

Give the Boys a Chance.

Yes, give them a chance to develop themselves! Don't hinder or permit them to be hindered with the belief

that the success of their father in business makes it unnecessary for the son to work, and work hard too. Show them the peculiarity of this government where a good trade or profession is a better possession than a prospective heritage. Few boys who if shown the necessity of developing themselves but will do it and do it well. Don't regard the father's wealth as a passport to happiness, or success for the son. A friend of Simon Cameron was one day speaking to him about Donald Cameron, Simon's noted son, and during the conversation, remarked upon the advantages in early life that Donald enjoyed, but which to his father were entirely wanting. "Yes," said Simon, "but there is one great advantage that I had which my son could not feel." "Why, what was that," asked the friend. "The advantage of poverty."

While it is not necessary or desirable that each boy should feel the pangs of poverty to become a successful man, yet it is desirable that the boy should not have thrust upon him a belief of his own independence; that previous generations have made his bed a downy one; that labor—manual or mental—is to him not the evidence of manliness and the unfailing guarantee of his position. Advise your boys, but advise them properly. Give your boys a chance, but be sure it is a chance. This is a serious subject. Don't let your false pride lay out a wrong course for those in whose generation your old age must be spent, and on whose future many of your hopes are laid.

Crowned According to Merit.

There are degrees of beatitude among the saints in heaven. The soul's bliss depends largely on the manner in which it has borne its moral responsibilities when on earth. According as it shall have merited in this life will its glory be in the life beyond the grave. The clearness of the beatific vision and the intimacy of the beatific union depend upon the sanctity of the soul after it has passed through its probationary state. In proportion to its share in the light of glory will it see God more perfectly. But this share depends upon its charity.

Therefore the soul having the most charity will see God the most perfectly and will enjoy the greatest happiness. Admirable to contemplate are the various grades of merit running through this heavenly company. There is the soul of the infant that died after it had been cleansed in the saving waters of baptism; here shine forth the confessor and the martyr, who have undergone bodily torture for the love of Christ; there sits radiant the wife and the mother, whose tortures of soul for a wayward husband or an undutiful son were no less bitter; there moves the virgin, who within the convent enclosure or amid the world's snares had retained her innocence; elsewhere the repentant sinner, who rose up from his sins and became renovated in the spirit of holiness and right-doing. Again, that bright flame so high up in a soul, unknown to fame, who in the cloister of his heart fought and wrestled all through life with the best within, and kept it down; and, lo! God has taken special note of his hard-won victory, and has set him far above many a great earthly light and many a one famed for sanctity. And yonder is a white soul that had been reviled by the tongue of calumny, interceding with God that He may grant the greatest of repentance to the blackhearted slanderer and calumniator, whose slanderous words had sent that soul to a premature grave. And so every soul reveals the working of God's grace in some distinct manner; and all the way up to Joseph, up to Mary, beauty, variety and harmony run through the scale of this heavenly diapason.

Baptist Deaconesses.

The Amity Baptist Church and the Second German Baptist Church of New York have recently established the order of Deaconesses, who are to do similar work to that done by the sisterhoods of the Catholic Church, although they will take no vows of celibacy nor will they be obliged to remain in the organization for any particular length of time.

Nevertheless, the establishment of such an order is important and significant, for there is no denomination that has been so determined in its opposition to sisterhoods as the Baptists, who have believed strenuously in the independence of the individual, and who, some years ago, would have regarded an order of this character as "Popish" in the extreme.

These Baptist Sisters, however, are to wear a distinctive dress and to devote their time to the assistance of the poor and helpless, precisely as certain orders of the Catholic Sisters do. It is a great innovation, and we are glad to see it, for two reasons: it shows that prejudice against our good Catholic Sisters is disappearing, and that they are now taken for models, even by those who formerly misunderstood and despised them; and there is pleasure in observing that there are true, earnest women among Protestants who are willing to give up the world in great measure and sacrifice their lives to the good of unfortunate humanity. Catholic women have been doing this for ages and it is nothing new in our Church; but it is only of late that Protestants have had the scales removed from their eyes and have begun to perceive how much noble work women, properly organized, may do in this field.—Baltimore Mirror.

Not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, tells the story of its merit and success. Remember Hood's cures.

THIRTY YEARS OF TORTURE.

Hands and Fingers Twisted out of Shape With Rheumatism.—The Story of an Old Man Now Nearing the Foot of Life's Hill—How Relief Came to Him After Repeated Failures and Disappointments.

From the Kemptville Advance.

"I am now almost at the foot of the hill of life, having attained the seventy-sixth year of my age, and never during that time have I made a statement more willingly and conscientiously than now. My body has been tortured by pain for upwards of thirty years, caused by rheumatism, and there are thousands enduring a like affliction that need not if they would but heed my experience and avail themselves of the proper means of relief. The disease first affected my hip and spread to my legs and arms. Like many sufferers I spared neither trouble nor expense in seeking something to alleviate the pain. The disease had made me so helpless that I was unable to put on my coat and my hands and fingers were being twisted out of shape. There seemed not the shadow of a hope of relief, and very naturally I became discouraged and disheartened, and time after time have I given up in despair. While in Arizona three years ago I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I sent for six boxes in order to give them a fair trial. I followed the directions closely and by the time the fourth box was finished the pain had greatly lessened and I was much improved. My friends having witnessed the



I was unable to put on my coat.

wonderful effect upon my body could not help admiring the Pink Pills and being about to leave for the East I gave the remaining two boxes to them. Unfortunately I neglected getting another supply for nearly a year after returning to this part, and I felt that me Pink Pills were one of the necessities of life. Last spring I procured a few boxes and have been taking them since, with a very satisfactory effect and glad to say. Now I feel like a new man entirely free from pain or stiffness of joint. I have a slight numbness of foot and half way to the knee, but am confident that these pills will relieve this feeling. Although well advanced in years, I am able and do walk many miles a day. For rheumatism Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stand pre-eminent above all other medicines according to my experience and I urge a trial on all suffering from this painful malady."

The above is an unvarnished statement of facts as told the *Advance* recently by Mr. George Selleck, an esteemed resident of Miller's Corners, and no one hearing the earnest manner of his recital could fail to be convinced of Mr. Selleck's sincerity. But if this were not enough hundreds of witnesses could be summoned, if need be, to prove the truth of every word stated. Mr. Angus Buchanan, the well-known druggist and popular reeve of Kemptville, speaks of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as one of the most popular remedies known, having a great sale among his customers and giving general satisfaction.

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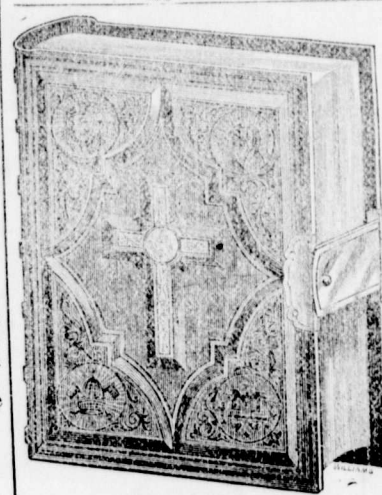
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When Baby Was Dead.

When baby was dead, And the sudden rays of sunshine crept Into the quiet room, across the bed Where he so gently, sweetly slept: I seemed to strain not to hear him cry, And catch at the light—like he used to do!

When baby was dead, And mother's tear-scorched face reached down To kiss the face, the eyes, the head, And smooth the folds in the nightgown, I would have barked my all to hear him cry, And reach up his arms—like he used to do!

When baby was dead, Ah, my God, what a moon was wrung From a broken heart, as heavy as lead— From lips where a baby song lately hung; I would have barked my all to hear him cry, And hear him laugh out—like he used to do!

When baby was dead, I could see no joy in the air of gloom— Hope into outer darkness fled! When God spoke soft through the desolate room, A promise, some day we'd hear him cry, And see him reach up—like he used to do!

—ATLANTA CONSTITUTION.

Two Good Irish Stories.

A Protestant magistrate once had a little waif of an Irish boy brought before him for some trifling misdemeanor. Wishing to ascertain how much the child comprehended of his duty to God and his neighbor, he asked him if he could say his prayers. The boy promptly repeated the Lord's Prayer, and further volunteered that he could say the "Hail Mary." The magistrate testily replied that he did not want to hear that, but requested him to repeat the Creed. The child, much frightened, began to do so, but when he came to the clause, "Born of the Virgin Mary," he stopped short, and anxiously said, "Please yer Worship, she's turned up again, and what am I to do?"

A tourist was being driven over a part of the country in Ireland where his infernal majesty appeared to have given his name to all the objects of interest in the locality, for there was the Devil's Bridge, the Devil's Cauldron, the Devil's Glen, etc. Said the traveler, "The devil seems to be the greatest landowner in these parts!" "Ah! sure, yer Honor," replied the jarvey, "that is so; but he lives in England. I think he's what they call an absentee landlord in Ireland.—London Gentlewoman.

Prejudice.

The New York *Independent* expresses gratification to observe constant evidences of a change in the tone of many Protestants in this country toward the Catholic Church. "There was a time," it says, "when no Protestant seemed to be able to look upon it with the least degree of toleration or allowance. He waged war against it as though it was an evil thing, and only evil. The great amount of prejudice has obscured clear vision both on the Protestant and Catholic side. We hope that the time is at hand when this prejudice shall be dissipated, so that Catholics may come to understand their Protestant fellow Christians, and

appreciate them for what they are; and that a similar view may be taken of Roman Catholic Christians by Protestants."

There is indeed a marked change in the attitude of many Protestants toward the Church; and, from being brought into closer relationship with their separated brethren, Catholics have become more tolerant of ignorance that is unconscious and of ignorance that is without malice. A blessed change! It is only justice to add that such able and honest journals as the *Independent* have done much to bring it about.—Ave Maria.

The Sin of Lying.

Telling the truth is a duty inculcated again and again in the Sacred Scriptures. God insists on the necessity of truth-telling. The truth always and under all circumstances must be told. If one would be acceptable to God. Even men who make no pretense to religion insist on the necessity of truth. The world will pardon many grave sins, but it has no place for the man who will not tell the truth. The social fabric demands truth as an essential element. Take away the sacred regard for truth, and you sap the very foundations of social order. Justice rests on truth. It would be difficult to imagine how truth could exist unless truth held supreme sway. When we consider the importance and necessity of truth to society we can understand better why God, who is the author of society, commands us to be always truthful and why He uses such apparently harsh language against lying and the liar.

"Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord," "a thief is better than a man who is always lying," "thou wilt destroy all who speak a lie," "a lie is a foul blot on a man," such are some of the severe but just terms in which God denounces lies and liars.

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