

The May.

BY SYLVIA HUNTING.
The streams are laughing,
The May is here;
The trees are budding,

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

DUTIES OF PARENTS.

"I am the Good Shepherd: I know mine."—(St. John, x, 14.)

Our Divine Lord, my dear brethren, not only asserts that He is "the Good Shepherd," but also proves Himself to be so by the care and solicitude which He has for the well-being of His flock.

In order that you may be good shepherds you must know your children. Know them interiorly, what their dispositions are, what they wish, desire, and aim at; what troubles they have, what they need, what is good or evil, expedient or injurious to them, what their faults and defects are, whether they are inclined to this or that vice, that evil habits may not be allowed to grow up and take root in them.

"Hast thou children," says Sacred Scripture, "instruct them and bow down their neck from their childhood." You must instruct your children in the truths of religion. Impress upon them the end for which they were created. Speak to them of the future life, of the eternal happiness or the eternal misery which awaits us—a heaven full of joy or a hell full of suffering. Speak to them of God's knowledge, who knows and sees all things; of God's justice, who leaves no good unrewarded and no evil unpunished. Instruct and warn them regarding all things appertaining to salvation. Let the words uttered by Tobias, when on his death-bed, be re-echoed in every household: "Hear, my son, the words of my mouth, and lay them as a foundation in thy mind, and take heed that thou never consent to sin nor transgress the commandments of the Lord our God. Never suffer pride to reign in thy mind or in thy words, for from it all perdition took its beginning. See thou never do to another what thou wouldst have done to thee by another. Eat thy bread with the hungry and needy. Bless God at all times, and desire of Him to direct thy ways and that all thy counsels may abide in Him. Fear not, my son; we shall have many good things if we fear God, and depart from all sin, and do that which is good."

You must protect your children from the wolves. Know who their companions are. Watch over them that no wolf in sheep's clothing may enter amongst the flock, that none of the flock may stray into the wolf's den of the dance-hall, the public house, or any of the other miscellaneous places of amusement. Be not like the hireling who leaveth the sheep and flieth when he seeth the wolf coming. You, like good shepherds, must go before your flock leading it in the right way. Children are taught far more by example than by words. You yourselves must be virtuous and God-fearing, diligent in the practice of your Christian duties. Do you go punctually to Confession, or are you slothful and careless, and put off for a year, or years, the worthy reception of Holy Communion? Are all your acts influenced by the consciousness of God's presence? Are you just and forgiving in your transactions with others? Are you solicitous to perform good works, works of charity, of mercy? Would you have your children live according to the dictates of their holy faith? Then set them good example and they will be sure to walk in your footsteps. "If any man have not care of his own, and especially those of his house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

Health and vigor are essential for success. Therefore make yourself strong and healthy by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

To One Who Said: "Remember May!"

Oh! could I ever, forgetting
The month that in my heart
In memory's jewelled setting
Dwells holy and apart.

Long and wearily had the painter labored upon a Madonna, but yet another day left it unfinished. The first ray of the morning sun had found him sitting with folded hands before the half-finished picture, nor had he gone from it when the last ray of the setting sun looked in at the opposite window.

That day after day, he had sought in vain after that celestial expression of the Virgin Mother, which his soul had often seen in its dreams but could not now recall. Sometimes, when his soul forgot its earthly dwelling-place, and all its sorrows, and went joyously back to revel amongst the joys of its own home, it would bring to the painter, on its return, as it were, pictures of heavenly loveliness, which he too easily lost.

The birds sang sweetly in the grove near by, and gladdened the painter's heart with their cheerfulness, for the song of a happy bird was one of the greatest joys of his life.

Once more he took his pencil, and labored on with a light heart. Once again the Madonna was finished. He gazed upon it long and earnestly, but yet was not satisfied. "Alas!" he cried, "it is not the Virgin Mother that I have painted, 'tis only a smiling goddess of summer-bowing with a child." And again he wiped away his work, and almost despairing in his heart.

He dreamed that while he was lying in the shade of the wood, looking upon the beautiful flowers around him, a female form rose up from out the bosom of a lily, and stood before him. At first she seemed shrouded with a thick mist, but it cleared away before the painter's gaze, and revealed to him the bright vision. And never before, in all his dreams of beauty, had he beheld so lovely an embodiment of all graces and beauties. Her flowing robe glistened with its own whiteness as she walked in the light. The slender vultures were hardly bent under her feet, and everything she passed was covered with beauty. In every flower he beheld a reflected image of the vision, as if each one carried a mirror in its bosom.

She came near to the astonished painter, and said, in a cheerful tone: "Behold me, for whom thou hast long sought for in vain. I am the Spirit of Beauty. I was born in heaven, but I have long dwelt here on earth, that I might cheer the hearts of men. But they do not look for me here, though I am always near them. They search the skies, thinking that I never come down from heaven. But thou at last hast sought me aright, and so hast found me here in thy grove, not away in heaven. So I am every where: in the forest and field; on the mountain and in the lake; in every lofty tree, in every humble flower. Here I gladly abide, wishing for man to see and love me, that I may dwell in his heart and bless him. Yet he passes along in the path of life, so dreary without me, thinking not that I am in the flowers under his feet, as well as in the stars above his head. Lie in his mind, the more the flowers which died in his path, he would mind less the thorns there.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

We have much pleasure in producing, from the Church Progress, the second part of Judge Dunne's talk to young men, which is as follows:

Many young men ask—How shall I find my vocation? Notice what you have read, and what it is of your reading that has most attracted your attention. We are told that Cowley was made a poet by finding a copy of Spenser; that Corregio was led to become a painter by reading the life of Michael Angelo; that Richardson's "Lives of the Painters" made Reynolds an artist; and we know that a gallant Spanish knight, seeking himself in the hospital at Pampeluna with a perusal of the Lives of the Saints, became thereby the founder of one of the greatest religious orders of ancient or modern times. Of course there is something above all this in the matter of determining vocations, and most of you, I hope, know how to get safe direction on the subject.

How may I succeed in my vocation? Ah! that is the question the new recruit is always asking. It has been answered innumerable times, and the answer is, "Always do the best you can with whatever you have undertaken." Do not waste time questioning as to whether you have a great natural talent for your work; if you have, in all probability, more talent for the work you have selected than you have for anything else; and having made your choice, all that remains for you is, to take your talent as you find it, and to do with it the best you can.

Of course there is such a thing as great natural talent for special work—genius, in fact; and I will not breathe one word in derogation of the admiration, reverence and awe with which, as a great gift from God, it ought ever to be regarded. But not one man in a hundred thousand has it; not one in a million is able to bear it. It is a spark of divine fire, I know; but a fire of such fierce, consuming flame, that it were better for you to go down on your knees and thank God for withholding it, rather than, with Promethean rashness, ask for its endowment.

The question for most of us, then, is not, have we great natural talent for our work, but can we, by care, by patient, persevering labor, develop power sufficient to succeed in our vocation, even though we may not have been able to show at first any great natural aptitude for it. Can we do this? All along, down through all the history of all ages, the answer comes ringing back: "We can, if we will."

Is not oratory a gift? Almost every one will tell you that it is. This world is now, historically, some six thousand years old. During that time hundreds of nations have risen, thrived and fallen, affording numberless opportunities for the production of distinguished orators. Of all that time, one man stands before the world, acknowledged to be the greatest orator that ever, anywhere, lived. Did he spring, full panoplied, from the brain of Jove, dazzling the world "like the herald Mercury new lighted on a heaven-kissing hill?" O too well you know the story! How his first efforts, too, were failures; how he filled his mouth with stones, and gnashed his teeth upon them in an agony of rage; how he shaved his head and hid himself from the sight of men, until, by patient labor, he had perfected himself in the art by which he sought renown. All along the line you will find the same story. You will find it with Boacens in debate, with Bulwer in literature, with Peel in memory, with Santa Giacinta in piety, with Domenichino in art, and hundreds of other cases known to you now, or with which I hope you will soon become familiar.

"As you study the secret of their success, you will find that it consisted, not in gazing upon the distant future, but in faithful utilization of the ever-living present. Young sportsmen crane their necks looking afar off for game, while the old hunter is quietly knocking down his prey almost at their feet. In your anxiety to accomplish something worthy do not dream always of great things in the distance, but, day by day, do the work which lies within your reach, appealing to you for attention. Even so, and only thus, will your hand gain in cunning, your mind broaden in conception, your will grow in power, your heart swell with courage; and when the "occasion sudden" comes, to every man it comes once, it not oftener in life, while the vain dreamer, who has been supinely waiting, is swept aside in the mighty rush of events, you will be able to seize the opportunity, and, as with giant strength, hold it all your own.

In the game of chess the pawn is the most insignificant piece, yet it has passed into a proverb with Caissa's vocaries that to properly play the pawn is to be master of the game. The game of life is played with a thousand pieces, most of them of comparatively trifling value, but you will never succeed in it until you come to have a proper reverence for what seem little things. Michael Angelo was explaining one day to a visitor what he had been doing to a statue since his friend's last visit, when it was thought the statue was finished; how he had sharpened a little here, softened a little there, let his chisel fall with almost infinitesimal touch upon the corner of a lip, the expression of an eye, the delineation of an almost undiscoverable muscle. "But," said his friend, interrupting in astonishment, "are not these things trifles after all?" "No," said the artist, gravely, "they are not; these are the things which go to make per-

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Now I am thy companion, and I will work with thee till men see me in all thy works."

The spirit ceased and the painter awoke. The moon was shining full in his face, and it seemed to him as if she had flown up to it, and was looking down upon him. "O glorious vision!" he cried, "thou art in heaven, on earth, and in my soul; leave me not, I pray, though thou shouldst leave heaven and earth." Thenceforth the painter lived, as it were in a new world. He saw beauties in all nature, and each new beauty he found added to the joys of his life.

Again the Madonna was finished. And now the canvas glowed with a life and beauty, more noble and affecting than the summer-like freshness and youth of the las, Madonna, but yet not perfect. It seemed as if he had painted a grace as a mother. There was in her face that expression of joy and contentment, which lurks some anxiety, which you have seen upon a mother when holding in her arms her sleeping babe. And on the face of the child you might read his gentleness and meekness, but you could not see there his divinity. It was a life-like picture of motherly love and childish affection, but all in it was human. The painter felt that there was something wanting in it, and he knew that it was the holy expression which he had so long and earnestly sought. And still unsatisfied, he laid away the picture, hardly expecting that he should ever better it.

One summer evening when the fields and groves were all so quiet in the moonlight that it seemed like Nature's hour of prayer, the bell of the church, which stood alone in the valley, began to call the villagers to Vespers. And when the painter heard it, and saw how happy they all seemed who were hastening to the church, he went and joined with them. As he sat in the dimly lighted church and looked up amongst the dark overhanging beams of the roof, feelings of awe and grandeur came over him. And all the while the priest and the people were praying, the painter was lost in holy meditation.

Soon the organist began the noble symphonies of the "Stabat Mater," filling the church and the hearts of the worshippers with its sweet music. And after the organ had ceased the echoes played it over again and again up amongst the lofty arches of the roof, till it rose to heaven to join the angels' song. The painter's heart was filled with love and peace. He went from the church to his lonely room, and, taking the long-neglected Madonna from the corner, once more put it upon his easel. While he sat before it he fell asleep.

And again the Spirit of Beauty appeared to him; but now there was with her another noble spirit, whose face shone so with the brightness of her divinity that he could not bear the sight. But it soon beamed on him with a gentler light, that changed his fear to love. The two spirits stood before him holding each other by the hand. And the face of the Spirit of Beauty was turned toward heaven; but the other spirit looked upon the earth, pointing with her finger to heaven. Then the Spirit of Beauty said: "Man, I have been with thy heart ever since I first met thee in the grove. Thou hast done all that we can do. Thy works are beautiful. I cannot make them more. But listen to my sister spirit, for she would make thee her own." Then the other said: "I am the Spirit of Religion. I would dwell with thee and be thy dear companion. Thou hast never found me in the grove, nor canst thou find me there. Only my footprints are on the woodland and the lake. If thou wilt but open thy heart to me I will bless thee."

Then the Spirit of Religion raised higher her finger towards heaven, saying: "I would lead thee there; wilt thou go?" And the painter gladly received the other spirit, for her loveliness had drawn him toward her. The sister spirits dwelt together in his heart. He awoke.

And now the twin spirits which were dwelling with him in his dreams, came and dwelt with him in reality. And when again the pious painter heard the mournful "Stabat Mater" echoing through the lofty church his whole heart was filled with its music; for now he felt more than its beauty—he felt its religion. Long ago this happy painter died, but his immortal days are with us yet, ministers of purity and holiness, teaching us beautiful lessons. Chief among them all is a beautiful Madonna, the noblest glory of his country, and a joy to the world. The mild countenance of the Virgin Mother is truly wonderful; words could never half describe it. There repose love for God and man, joy and anxiety; and over all is spread the blissful expression of a young mother's love. And the holy child, bent down from his mother's knee, looks earnestly into her face, as if he were saying, "Mother, I would be saving unhappy man, can I not do?" This was the twin spirit of Beauty and Religion did for the painter. If we listen, with our whole heart, to the silent teachings of Nature and Art, they may teach us where we also may find the heavenly companions.

Fatal Results of Delay. Sickness generally follows in the path of neglect. Don't be reckless; but prudently take a few doses of Scott's Emulsion immediately following exposure to cold. It will save you many painful days and sleepless nights.

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fection, and therefore should not be considered trifles." "Gray's Elegy" is a little poem of a few dozen lines, yet the author works on it eleven years before he gives it to the world. Some books of most easy reading were entirely rewritten five, ten, fifteen, and, in one case I remember, seventeen times, before getting to the printer's hands.

I knew a Chief Justice once, now a member of the Supreme Court of the United States, who on one occasion travelled one hundred and eighty miles just to change a single word in one of his opinions, before publication; a word not affecting the decision, but only the turn of a phrase, as a matter of style. Such is the care some men take of their work, while foolish, lazy people, too confident of their ability, too careless of their reputation, too contemptuous of other judgment, say: "Let it pass; it is well enough and will not be noticed." Very likely it passes without notice, and the author likewise, but the careful judge I speak of was passed to a higher place.

I cite these things for your encouragement, when you find you cannot, at the first dash, do things as you would like. Most people have the same trouble, even the most successful ones. The difference between people in this regard is not one of trouble so much as it is one of work. Is there anything more orderly, more finished, more nearly perfect, as a work of art, than Gibbon's "Decline and Fall"? Yet the author tells us that "at the outset all was dark and doubtful" and that even after seven years' work he came near abandoning the whole project in despair. Dryden says of some of his finest work that "it was at first such a confused mass of troubled thoughts, tumbling over one another in the dark." "Invention," says Buffon, "depends on patience. Contemplate your subject long; it will gradually unfold, till a sort of electric spark convulses for a moment the brain and sends down to the very heart a glow of inspiration."

If you have ambition, have also courage. Work on steadily, faithfully, hopefully; you will prevail at last, whatever the work may be, and accomplish more than at first you even dreamed of doing. "Every man," says Gibbon, "has two educations—one which he receives from others; the other, and more important one, that which he gives himself." To-morrow you begin your second education. Give your talents a fair chance. You do not know yet what power there may be in them. Work in the future as some of you have worked here, and there is hardly anything you may not accomplish. I have seen, since my arrival here, proofs of labor which astonished me. I said to some of you in the hall, after the first night's display of your powers, that you had frightened me, and that instead of going to your regatta yesterday, I intended, I was going to shut myself up and work before venturing to address you. I have

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