

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Ninth Sunday after Pentecost.

JUSTICE AND MERCY.

And when He drew near, seeing the city He wept over it. (Gospel of the Sunday.)

Which one of the children is best loved by the father and mother? Is there any poor little cripple in the family? That is the favorite child. It makes the parent's heart bleed to see the limping walk or the hunched back, to see the sorrow, pain-marked face of the little one. That is the one who receives the warmest caress; for that one the kindest tones and choicest words and nicest presents are reserved. Well, brethren, it is the same in the spiritual order. God has his best favors for his most unfortunate children: for men and women in the state of mortal sin. That is one reason why our Lord lavished such affection on the Jews; they had most need of it. Their hearts were the hardest hearts in the world. Jerusalem was the most accursed city in the world. It and its people were on the point of committing the most awful crime possible to our race. Hence our Lord wept over it those bitter tears of rejected love, and breathed those deadly sighs of heart wearied and disappointed in fruitless efforts for their salvation.

It is true, amidst those tears He told of the persistent obstinacy of the Jews, and of their final impotence, and of their terrific chastisement. But He did it all with many tears and with a deep regret better told by tears than words. Brethren, there is a deep mystery taught us by this scene. It is the mystery of the union of two sentiments in God which to us seem essentially different—justice and mercy. How could our Saviour weep over a downfall so well deserved? How could He weep to see a punishment all too light for the crimes of the Jews? Is there not a mystery here? How can it be explained? There is no adequate theoretical explanation of it. But there is a practical one, too. It is this: Put yourself in a Jew's place; fancy yourself one of that apostate race; stand up before our Lord and listen to His sentence given against you with infinite reluctance—every hard word a sigh of tender regret. Do you not see that this exhibition of mercy in the Judge only renders the justice of the sentence more evident to you and more dreadful? Mercy thus leads to justice a weapon which, while it only crushes down its victim the deeper, at the same time elevates much higher in the culprit's eyes the rectitude of the sentence.

Of course, the justice of God and His mercy are perfectly equal. Yet in some true sense we may say that His mercy is more powerful than His justice. Does not the Psalmist say that God's mercy "is above all His works"? Do we not know by observation and experience that where the wrath of God sets apart a single victim His tender love wins over a thousand? Why, the very sentiments of our hearts, the very convictions of our minds, the sacrament of penance, are they not the free gift of God, earned by us only because "His" means persons penetrating with light and strength streaming down from the throne of mercy? We offer repentance to God in a kind of a way as children make Christmas presents to their father. Where do they get money to buy them? From their mother, and she saves it up from the household expenses or gets it as a gift from her husband. In the long run the presents were bought by the one to whom they are given. Yet they are very dear to the father; he values them; they are real presents to him; they express a real devotion; they lose nothing of their character of presents because he is at the expense of it all. So with our Heavenly Father. If He gives the gold we coin it; we stamp the beloved form of the Son of God on our poor prayers, so that when they are given, yet they are very dear to the father; he values them; they are real presents to him; they express a real devotion; they lose nothing of their character of presents because he is at the expense of it all.

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The distention of the stomach which many people feel after eating, may be due to improper mastication of the food; but, in most cases, it indicates a weakness of the digestive organs, the best remedy for which is one of Ayer's Pills, to be taken after dinner. Mr. C. Harper, Ottawa, Ont., writes: "I have pleasure in stating that your Pink Pills are a wonderful tonic and restorer of the system. Since beginning their use, I have gained on an average, a pound of flesh a week. I have recommended them to a number of my friends, who declare that they are the only medicine that they have ever used that has done all that is claimed for it. Sold by all dealers. A HAPPY HINT—We don't believe in keeping a good thing when we hear of it, and for this reason take special pleasure in recommending those suffering with Piles in any form, blind, bleeding, protruding, etc., to Botton's Pile Salve, the best and safest remedy in the world, the use of which cures a vast deal of suffering and inconvenience. Send 20 cts to the Winkelman & Brown Drug Co., Baltimore, Md., or ask your druggist to order for you. Thomas Myers, Bracebridge, writes: Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is the best medicine I sell. It always gives satisfaction, and in cases of coughs, colds, sore throat, etc., immediate relief has been received by those who use it. Ask for Minard's, and take no other.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Manly Man.

It isn't the boy who doubles his fists and thrusts them under another nose, Baring the sleeves from his right wrists Ready to rain vindictive blows; Whose tongue is ready with gibe and jest To stir up strife whenever he can, Breathing menace and winking fear, Who grows to be a manly man.

Self-Sacrificing.

It once happened that the door of the tower of St. Leonard's Church at Bridgewater, England, was left open. Two lads, who lived in Bridgewater, had gone to the fields, and they hunted for wild flowers. They came to the church, and, seeing the door opened, they wandered in. They were tempted to go to the upper part, and scrambled from beam to beam. All at once a joist gave way and the beam on which they were standing became displaced and they fell. The elder had just time to grasp the beam when he fell. The younger slipped over his companion's body, and grasped his comrade's legs. In this fearful position the poor lads hung and vainly shouted for help, but no one was near. The elder became exhausted and he could no longer support the double weight, and said to the younger below that they were done for. The little fellow returned: "Could you save yourself, I'll let go?" The elder replied: "Yes, I think so." The little lad said: "Good-bye, and God bless you." He let go and a moment more he was dashed to pieces on the stone floor below. The other boy climbed to a place of safety.

Tabby As a Tramp.

Some weeks ago a family removed from Piedmont to Bismarck. Among other members of the family was the household cat. Tabby did not like the change, and for several days after her arrival at Bismarck wandered around aimlessly, mewing pitifully at the cars as they passed. One day last week the boys at the depot noticed Tabby jumping on the trucks of the southbound freight train. The conductor and brakemen were told of their extra passenger, and resolved to watch her. At Hogan Tabby was still on the trucks; at Annapolis she was routed by the boys, but climbed on again before the train started; at God's Hill she was "fired" and chased into the bush, but again she made connections, and when the train reached Piedmont she left her seat with the air of a conqueror and trotted up town. (Ironton Mo.) Truth.

Little Bertha's Compromise.

Little Bertha was a spoiled child at home, honored and petted by everybody, and was indulged in every whim and caprice, as only children are, almost always, liable to be. Especially at the table, she forever had her own way, her likes and dislikes being admitted, and over that realm she was queen. Among her dislikes was a mortal repugnance to fat in any form. Jack Spratt's hostility was not more marked than hers, and she was accustomed, when eating, if she discovered any of the detested fat in her food, to place it on her father's plate, which he tolerated. The past summer she went into the country to visit her grandmother, who was a martinet for discipline, and people of her household had to mind. Little Bertha was very fond of her grandma, but readily understood the obligation to mind her. Seated at dinner, the first day after her arrival, she found a piece of fat meat on her plate. She took it on her fork and was about to deposit it on her father's plate when she caught the firm eyes of her grandmother fixed upon her.

"I don't like fat," she said, holding it up on her fork. "Put it on the side of your plate," replied the old lady. "I don't like fat," she repeated, looking askance at her father's plate and then at her grandmother. "Put it on the side of your plate, dear," was again repeated. "The morsel was still on her fork, and she said again, 'I don't like fat,' with the same command from her grandmother. She held it thus for a moment, looked at her father's plate, and then at her own, then at her grandmother, and opening her mouth she gulped down the offending matter, settling the difficulty without further struggle, much to the amusement of all.

A Wise Catholic Boy.

A graduate of one of our Catholic schools was last week brought into a controversy; the subject related to the Holy Eucharist. A non-Catholic friend told him candidly that he could not believe in it. "Do you believe the words of Christ?" asked the other. "Most decidedly" was the reply. "Then, here are His words which are recorded in every Bible, and language cannot be plainer: 'This is My Body; this is My Blood.' 'Unless you eat of the Flesh of the Son of Man and drink His Blood you have no life in you.' 'He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood hath everlasting life, and I will raise him up on the last day.' 'My Flesh is meat indeed, and My Blood is drink indeed.' As the living Father hath sent Me, and I live by the Father—that is consubstantially—so he that eateth Me, even he shall live by Me." "But I can't understand it all the same," said the Protestant friend. "But what can we understand?" asked the other: "It does not follow because we don't understand a fact, that the fact does not exist. Go into a wheat field in the spring of the year and root up with your knife what seems a blade of grass. At the root you will discover a rotten grain of wheat. That grain was the seed. But from it in the harvest time spring up two dozen grains!

It had to rot before it reproduced those other grains! Can you understand that? No! But it is a fact. God's power is there, the same as it is manifested in the Holy Eucharist."

That Protestant boy is now studying up Catholic tenets, and God, no doubt, will bring him out all right.

JACK McLAUGHLIN.

Flood and Fire Had no Terrors for this Brave Irishman—Saves a Score of Lives at Deadly Peril to His Own.

(Special to N. Y. World, 5th Inst.) There are heroes in Titusville. There were 1,500 people in the flooded district, and 1,000 made their way to places of safety. Three hundred were snatched by brave men from the fire above and the water beneath, and men never fought greater, fiercer, more implacable foes.

Among the heroes John McLaughlin is perhaps entitled to first mention. Big and brawny is "Jack" McLaughlin. He has made a competency digging oil wells, and exposure has reddened the fine face with its blue eyes. His red moustache and red hair are sprinkled with gray. A simple, patient, lovable man is "Big Jack," with quiet, sluggish ways, who has lived thirty-nine years unmindful of chaffing. It was good-natured chaffing, for every one loved him. They didn't know Jack McLaughlin until the flood.

On Saturday night McLaughlin strolled up to Church Run to watch the little flood there. As he came back he crossed Martin street. He heard people were in danger and he went down. A young man named Leipelin asked him to help bring out his mother and sister. They had been driven to the upper floor of the house, which was sixty feet away, and the water was five feet deep. McLaughlin waded out to the house. He climbed up a pile of driftwood on to the shed. He took the sister out of the gable window and waded ashore with her.

He returned for the mother. She is a large woman, weighing 200 pounds. Jack himself weighs 240 pounds. The driftwood broke away under the great weight, and both were plunged into the water. They floundered about, but McLaughlin found his footing, and carried the woman ashore. Then he waded out again to see if any one else wanted to be taken ashore, but the people refused to leave their houses.

He heard that help was wanted at South Franklin street. People tried to stretch life ropes there but they were not successful. McLaughlin ran up to the hardware store and bought balls of twine. He found a ball player and told him to throw it as far as he could. The line was caught and ropes hauled out.

Then McLaughlin heard that people were in danger at South Washington street. It was 3 o'clock when he got there. Then the fire broke out. In that fierce, red glow, he saw hundreds of people across the black waters which rushed along. There was no soul among all those people but knew the danger of an oil fire.

Shrieks rose above the roar of the fires and water. Then would come a moment of silence and those on the shore knew the voices were forever stilled. Two hundred yards away McLaughlin saw hastily faces against the black machine shop. There were children there, and McLaughlin had three children.

He knew that no man could live in that raging torrent with his own efforts. Life lines must be stretched. One of his balls of twine was thrown to a man who was in a coal car. He caught it and drew over the rope, fastening it to the break rod. The other end was tied to the opera house steeple.

McLaughlin called to the man on the car to throw the ball of twine over in the flood so it could float down to the machine shop. There a man caught it and made it fast.

While they were doing this McLaughlin saw ten or twelve people on a piece of sidewalk on the corner of Mechanic and Washington streets. The house beside them was aflame. They were on their sidewalk raft to the machine-shops.

He saw men and children dropping from trees into the water and floating to the shops. Two men plunged into the water and made their way to the shop. McLaughlin took off his coat and waded into the water.

He felt his way along, carefully avoiding debris which shot past him. At the mill race he struck a current which carried him off his feet and he sank. But he had a firm hold of the rope. Across the railroad track he struck another current.

No fewer than six of these between the shore and the shop. When he reached the shop he found those who preceded him utterly exhausted. The first person he reached was a boy. He placed the youth astride his shoulders, tucking his legs under his arms. He placed his arm around the life-rope and reached his hand up and clasped that of the boy. He knew in the bad places the boy would clutch him about the throat if he did not hold his hand. With the other hand he drew himself along the rope.

Steadily and carefully he made his way with the water rushing about him up to his arm-pits, trying to bear him away. Blazing timbers shot by him and he had to avoid them or receive a blow which he could not withstand. On the shore, some ankle deep in the waters, were massed a crowd watching with all their eyes half afraid to breathe. Slowly and steadily he forged along.

When he reached the railroad track he mounted upward and then they cheered. Not a second did he pause, but plodded on. A groan of horror ran through the crowd. He had disappeared in the angry water, but the men holding the rope felt a great tugging. McLaughlin was carried off his feet in that torrent, but still he clung to the rope. Steadily, that it might not part, he drew himself along.

Again he felt the earth under his feet. The onlookers saw the boy's head and shoulders appear and shouted with all their might. A dozen men rushed into the water and drew them both ashore, while cry upon cry went up. "You'd better take that kid to a doctor quick. He's pretty badly used up," remarked McLaughlin as he turned to go back into the flood.

Next he brought a young girl to land. Then he brought three women ashore, two of them weighing more than 200 pounds. He was carried on his feet at the race with this great weight upon his back. The water was twenty feet deep and the debris was hurled along as if shot from a cannon. But the tide could not loosen McLaughlin's hold or stop his progress.

On the next trip McLaughlin was on the railroad track where he was to fall into the flood. Again went up the cry of horror, for that place was not safe. But again the strong man arose. It was a narrow escape. A plank or log had been hurled against his leg, knocking him off his feet and cutting a great gash. No one knew about this until afterwards, for he never stopped to bind up the wound, but turned again to the work of rescue, helped by Frank Timmins, Guy Painter Frank Root, Fred Pennel, James Henderson and others who worked until more than fifty people were saved. They worked in the bitter cold water for three hours.

The fire and flood of Oil Creek will sound down the corridors of time linked with the name of "Jack" McLaughlin, who bore on his own broad shoulders seventeen people from the jaws of death, and whose clear brain made possible the saving of scores of others.

The smoker who has not yet tried the "Myrtle Navy" tobacco has a new pleasure before him in the use of "the weed." An investment of twenty-five cents will furnish him with the means of giving it a fair test. Let us advise him to make the experiment; he will find the tobacco to be all that they thousands of friends claim for it, and it is far superior to any other.

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Do you feel as though your friends had all deserted you, your body refusing to perform its duties, and even the sun had taken refuge behind a cloud? Then use Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and you will return to your normal health, and have a completely cured of Dyspepsia that caused you so much suffering for three years. Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is the medicine that effected the cure after trying many other medicines.

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Suddenly Prostrated. GENTLEMEN—I was suddenly prostrated while at work by a severe attack of cholera morbus. We sent at once for a doctor, but he seemed unable to help. An evacuation after forty minutes was fast wearing me out, when we sent for a bottle of Wild Strawberry, which saved my life.

MRS. J. N. VAN NATTER, Mount Brydges, Ont. Mrs. O'Hearn, River Street, Toronto, uses Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for her cows for Cracked and Sore Teats; she thinks there is nothing like it. She also used it when her horse had the Epizootic, with the very best results.

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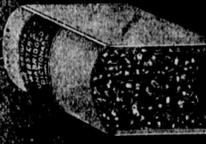
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S E A L E D T E N D E R S addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Owen Sound Dredging," will be received until Saturday, the 5th day of August next, inclusively, for dredging in the Harbour of Owen Sound, Gray County, Ontario, according to plans and a combined specification, and tender to be seen at the office of the Town Clerk, Owen Sound, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers. An accepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of One Thousand dollars (\$1,000) must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, E. E. ROY, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 25th July, 1892. 723-2w.

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