

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Tenth Sunday after Pentecost.

INGRATITUDE.

Ingratitude is a very mean vice, no matter against whom it is committed. There may be some fathers and mothers listening to me who have felt how cruel a sin it is, for there are children, not a few nowadays, who have treated their parents, good parents too, with shocking ingratitude; have cursed them and reviled them; have struck them; have allowed them to live on the charity of strangers; have forced them to play the part of drudges during those sad years of old age when leisure and comfort would be so welcome...

Perhaps you have heard of the poor man who was walking along the docks one evening, and hearing the cries of a drowning man he threw off his coat, jumped into the water, and, almost drowning himself in the effort, finally brought the poor fellow safe on shore. He turned out to be a very rich man. Grateful, as you may suppose, for his life, he turned to his rescuer, he drew from his pocket a handful of silver, and—what do you think he did? He asked him if he had change for half a dollar!

Indeed there are many who towards the end of their lives suffer sharp remorse for the ingratitude of their earlier days. How many who never pray for their benefactors; who are so proud and selfish that they do not want to have any benefactors; who are just as careless of benefactors' names in their acknowledgments as of any others; who think that a little money can pay a debt of affection; who often receive and never give, nor so much as ever thank!

Well, my brethren, if we treat each other so, we treat God no better, not even so well. Now where did I get my good home, and my dear friends, and my plentiful meals, and my good bed? From God, who certainly does require at least thanks in return. Did I ever give them? Did I ever so much as actually feel that God had given me these gifts? Where did I get my good health, my clear head, my strong arm, my light step, my happy heart? Brethren, we get such things only from the most loving kindness of our Creator. And every day we get them over again. And every day we receive them, we enjoy them—alas! sometimes in a sinful manner—and we go on our way almost as if there were no God at all.

The truth is that the commonest sin of our lives is ingratitude to God. It is like the very germ sin, or the poison in the air, or the venom in the blood of fallen man. It is a sin which is rooted in pride, feeds upon selfishness, and brings forth the fruit of spiritual indifference. In truth, it is as much a state of soul as a sin or a series of sins. Hence it is heartily detested by all good Christians. They endeavor to practise the virtue of thankfulness at every turn. They are careful to give at least a quarter of an hour thanks giving after Communion; they not only make novenas for favors, but novenas in thanks for them; when at table they say at least one mouthful of prayers in gratitude for the many mouthfuls of each of their meals; they thank God for the afflictions He sends as well as His favors, for He is the same God to their loving hearts in storm or sunshine; in a word, one of the channels of the love of God in their lives is a deep sentiment of gratitude for His favors. I am inclined to believe that this virtue is a mark of predestination to eternal life.

Tourist Missionaries.

A novel mission, preached by means of precept and not by word of mouth, is that of the "Tourists of the Sacred Heart," whose territory extends through Southern France; especially in the neighborhood of Marseilles, their headquarters, where the idea originated. Observing that the peasants were losing the habit of attending Mass, some fervent young Catholics, knowing that the provinces are always ready to copy urban example, conceived the idea of making excursions to such out-lying districts for the sole purpose of giving good example; so the Tourists Club was organized to go once a month to some town in Provence, hear Mass there and spend the balance of the day in whatever pursuit appeals to its taste. The result was exactly what was anticipated. Many heretofore negligent Catholics, noting that the city folk were scrupulous about the practice of their religion, felt that attendance at Mass was "the proper thing," and though starting in this unworthy they have been led to higher motives through the silent preaching of the Tourists of the Sacred Heart; so that a marked improvement in church attendance is noted wherever the club has been received.

What causes bad dreams is a question that has never been satisfactorily answered; but, in nine cases out of ten, frightful dreams are the result of imperfect digestion, which a few doses of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will effectually remedy. Don't delay—try it to-day.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HIS REWARD.

By H. COSTI-AN ARMSTRONG.

"Shady cottage" was indeed a lovely place. It was just far enough from town to deaden the noise of factories and the general bustle usually found in a thriving city. A wide lawn lay between the cottage and the road. Trees grew plentiful about, and lastly, a veranda stretched all along the front of the house. Here dwelt Dr. Stuart, his wife, and two children; one a boy of thirteen years, and the other a curly-headed little girl of five.

They had got tired of the city, and decided to spend the summer in the country. They had only been here two weeks, yet the pure air and healthy exercise had changed them wonderfully. One evening, Robert, their eldest child, entered the little sitting-room, where his father and mother and Dorothy, his sister, were sitting, with a flushed face and sparkling eyes. He had been on his "green," as the boys of the neighborhood called their playground, and had, for the first time, heard about the bicycle race, which was to come off to-morrow. "Just think, father," said he, "it will be on that level stretch of road between Mr. Morgan's house and the old mill. Everyone will be there, I guess. Here he paused, and then continued, "Do you think Dorothy and I could go?" Dr. Stuart gravely answered, "I am afraid my little girl couldn't go. She is far too small. She would get tired standing around waiting for it to begin. Don't you think so yourself, Dot?" As she listened to her father a few tears stole into her eyes; she brushed these away, however, and bravely answered, that she supposed she would.

Just here a neighbor stopped at the door with papers, and a letter from some one in the city. It was a note from a friend inviting Mrs. Stuart to spend a day with her in the city. As Mrs. Stuart wished to do some shopping, she accepted the invitation, and they all proceeded to get her things ready. This done, the children went off to bed. Rob was going too, when Dr. Stuart called him over to him and said: "About the race, Rob, I think you may go all right, but Dorothy can't go. Your mother leaves at 10 to-morrow, for town. I, myself, will be at the medical meeting. On the way, I will stop at Mr. Crump's and ask Joe to come over and stay with Dorothy, while you are gone. Joe won't mind, because he told me he was not going to see the race." Rob thanked his father and went off to bed with a light heart. Next morning, at 10 o'clock, a carriage drove up at the door, and Mrs. Stuart got in and was driven to the railway station. After a while the doctor also went, leaving Rob and Dot alone.

Dr. Stuart had arranged with Mr. Crump that Joe was to come over at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The race started at 2:30. Rob and Dot got their lunch, and went out on the veranda, to wait for Joe. As the time passed, and Joe didn't come, Rob began to glance uneasily at the clock in the sitting-room. Five minutes past 2, no Joe; then 10 minutes past, and still no Joe. Rob grew impatient and went out to the gate where he could get a good view of the road for quite a distance.

"He should be here long ago," he muttered to himself. "I wonder what is the matter?" At last, when 15 minutes had passed and not a sign of Joe, Rob could have cried. It suddenly dawned upon him that Joe might not be coming. Perhaps he had not understood what his father had said to him. Rob didn't know what to do. If Joe didn't come, why he could not leave Dorothy, and that meant that he could not go to see the race. An idea entered his head for a moment, but he thrust it away from him at once. The idea was to leave Dorothy alone in the house; she would surely be all right sitting right there, until he came back. He remembered, however, what his father had said to him. "Stay with Dot until Joe comes," were his words. "Father trusted me, and I will not break his trust," he said to himself.

Rob came in from the gate, and sat down beside Dorothy, he tried to amuse her and be cheerful, but he found it very hard. He had set his heart on going, and it was a bitter disappointment. He liked bicycle races very much. He also, often longed to have a bicycle, but had never asked his father to get him one. The silence was broken by Dorothy, who suggested that they should have a game of ball. She was very sorry for her brother, and wanted to cheer him up. Rob consented, and they went into the field together. They played ball for awhile, then they told each other stories, and after that they played checkers. Rob thought the time passed very quickly. Dot said afterward that it was as good a time as she ever had.

"Here is father at last," exclaimed Dorothy, shading her eyes with her hands and looking down the road. "What a time he was." The doctor alighted from his carriage and walked up the avenue towards the house. Rob and Dot hastened to meet him; he kissed Dorothy, and then turned to Rob, with a pleased expression and a smile on his face. "Ah! my brave boy! I thought as much of you. I am indeed proud of you! It must have been a hard trial."

Rob gazed at his father for some time, in surprise and astonishment. "Why, father!" he began, "how did

you know about Joe not coming?" "Ah my children, I must tell you about that," said the doctor, gravely.

"As I was coming back from town, I met a man who was going as fast as his horse could carry him, towards town. As he passed by I recognized him as Davy Crump; at the same moment he seemed to know me, for he shouted to me to stop. I did so and in a few moments he came up with me again. 'Quick doctor?' said he, 'Is your horse pretty fresh?' Now I had been going slowly most of the time, so I answered him 'Yes.' 'Good,' said he 'I've got his leg broken and got nearly killed on his way over to your place. I was going to town for a doctor when I luckily met you! All this time we had been flying along the road towards Mr. Crump's house. Not another word was uttered between us, each attended to driving. 'Here we are,' shouted Davy, at last, and we both jumped down, hitched our horses to a post, and went in. I examined Joe, and found, that although his leg was severely injured, he had no grievous internal injuries. The family were delighted when I told them this. I staid with Joe awhile and then told them that I considered that I need not stay any longer; I, however, promised to come over to-morrow, and see how Joe was getting along. I then drove home."

They were all silent for a few moments, and then Rob spoke, "No wonder the poor fellow didn't come," he said; then they all went into the house. As they were sitting at the tea-table that evening the doctor said: "I am glad my son had the courage to resist the temptation to leave Dorothy alone and go to the race." Rob felt repaid when his father said this to him.

Right after tea, Dr. Stuart announced to Rob and Dorothy that he was going to drive into town to get Mrs. Stuart. He had another purpose in view besides the one mentioned above, but he said nothing about it to Rob. Dorothy was let into the secret, however, and when she came and sat down beside Bob on the sofa, after the doctor had gone, he thought he saw a mischievous twinkle in her eye, and he wondered a great deal.

They were just beginning to get sleepy, when they heard the click of the gate, and a few minutes after, the papa and mamma walked in. They went off to bed right away, and were soon soundly asleep. Next morning, during breakfast, there was a great deal of whispering between Dorothy and her mother, which astonished Rob not a little, but he was more astonished when his father requested him to come out to the kitchen and see something. He wonderfully obeyed and stepped into the kitchen.

His father, mother and Dorothy were standing at the far end of the kitchen, but something else caught his eye, near him. It was bright and shiny. As he caught sight of it a thrill of delight passed through him. It was a bicycle. Who was it for? He thought perhaps it was for him. Then he caught sight of something white hanging upon the handles by a string. "To Rob, from father, mother and Dot," he read upon the card with a bounding heart. Yes, sure enough, the bicycle was for him!

All the while the rest of the family were looking on with pleased surprise. "Oh, father, I am so glad," was all that Rob could say. "My son," said Dr. Stuart, "when I saw that your honor and unselfishness conquered your natural inclinations I determined to reward you. You have well earned your reward." Rob thanked his father again and again, and he decided that "Duty before Pleasure" is a splendid motto to go by.

A Noble Deed.

A beautiful act of the Queen of Spain is being very favorably commented upon through the entire Spanish press. The Queen was riding in her carriage with her brother, Archduke Eugene of Austria, through the Pasco de Areneros, one of the finest streets of Madrid, when they met a priest carrying the Holy Sacrament to a dying girl. Both the Queen and her brother stepped out of the royal carriage, surrounded the carriage on foot to Galtzer street, where a young girl, Maria Louise Fuentes, the daughter of the well-known actor of the same name, was in throes of death.

The Queen showed great interest in the family, and assisted at the ceremony of administering the Extreme Unction to the girl, who died soon afterward. When the priest left the house the Queen and her brother returned on foot behind the royal carriage in which the priest rode to the church of Nuestra Señora de los Dolores, where the priest dismounted and thanked the Queen for her kindness.

When the population of that quarter of the city learned of this noble act of their Queen Regent the enthusiastic demonstration seemed never to end. When the Queen had reached the palace she sent one of her adjutants to the house of the dead girl with a purse containing a round sum of money to help defray the expense incurred by the illness and death of the girl.

A Chance For Us All.

The possibilities of winter comfort seem now to be only limited by the extent of the spruce forests in the Solovka "wooden cloth"—and this is practically what Fibre Chamois is—can be had for a trifling expense to line our outer garments with, no one need ever suffer from sharp frosts or frostiest air of winter. An absolute non-conductor of heat and cold, Fibre Chamois is also durable, light and pliable so that the presence of a layer of it through a coat is never felt save by the protection it gives from a roaring gale or icy temperature. As its thorough worth has long since been proved there is no possible chance of disappointment in preparing to enjoy the beautiful warmth it always provides.

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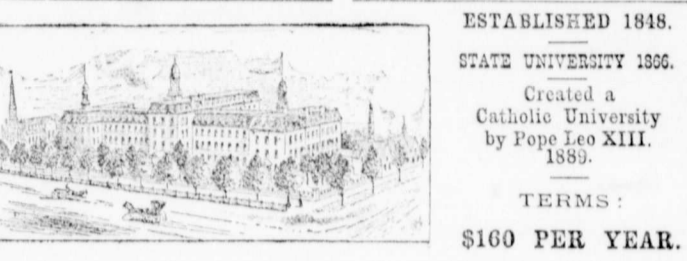
A MEDIAEVAL SERMON.

The Address of a Bishop Over a Thousand Years Ago.

William Henry Sheran of the University of Chicago furnishes to the North Western Chronicle of St. Paul, Minn., a literal translation of an Anglo-Saxon sermon preached at the dedication of the Church of St. Michael, Northumbria, by the Bishop of Oxenford in 873. "After one thousand years," writes Mr. Sheran, "this dedication sermon by the Bishop of Oxenford has the tone and freshness of yesterday. With a change of local color it might have been preached at the recent church dedication in Chicago. A comparison between the sermon of the ninth century and the recent Chicago sermon of the nineteenth century reveals the changeless character of the milk-white hind that is fated not to die. Centuries go by, but the Church goes on forever. This comparison also reveals the charming simplicity with which the most sublime Christian truths were treated in those ancient days: they were given that simple, clear, intelligible form which the Master supplied when He first made them known through parable and maxim and familiar illustration. How infinitely sublime and attractive, while coming home to every heart and mind!"

The sermon is as follows:— Most Beloved Brethren:—On the mountain which is called Gorganus is the holy place of St. Michael; this mountain stands on the borders of this land of Campania near the Adriatic sea; and in this place the festival of St. Michael originated and spread throughout the faithful Church. The story in brief is thus: a rich man named Gorganus sought to kill an angry bull that troubled his flock. One day at the mouth of a cavern on the mountain side this fierce animal stood, and Gorganus improving the opportunity, let fly an arrow. But instead of hitting the mark, the arrow returned and slew the man. An explanation was asked from God when the Archangel Michael appeared in a ghostly vision and said: "Wisely ye seek from God what is hidden from man. I am Michael the archangel and by the turning of that arrow would show that I am the guardian of the place." On many other occasions Michael appeared; and the upshot of his visits was the building of a church in his honor.

It is proper that churches should be dedicated to Archangels; for we read in the Old Law that Archangels are set over every nation that they may take care of the people and likewise over the other angels, as Moses in the fifth book of the Old Law, declares in these words: "When God on high divided and scattered Adam's offspring, he set the boundaries of nations according to the number of His angels." In this sense also the prophet Daniel writes his prophecy: "An angel of God spoke to Daniel concerning the Persian people, and I declared that the Persian people, and there is none of those my supporters, save Michael, the prince of the Hebrew folk. Lo! Michael, one of the first princes, came to me in success, and I continued there with the king of the Persian nation." From these words it is manifest what great care the archangels have over mankind; for Daniel declares that Michael came to his successor, it is credible that the Archangel Michael has care of the Christian men—he who was guardian of the Hebrew folk while they believed in God; and as they were wise who on Mount Gorganus built a church in his honor, so you to-day, most beloved brethren, are wise in building this church to the honor of the same heavenly Prince. Like the Hebrew folk, we Anglo-Saxons are in sore need of his protection; we have many temporal foes, both on land and on sea, to overcome. There are among us civil strife and dissensions and much letting of blood, and the Danes in their plundering



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crafts lay waste our coasts; they come up the mouths of our rivers and burn our cities and pillage our fields and houses. As the Archangel Michael drove the evil one from heaven so may he drive out from our earthly paradise the fierce and fiendish Dane. But the Archangel Michael will assist us against our spiritual foes as he stands our guardian against temporal ones. We need all the heavenly help we can secure in this awful warfare which rages between the soul and what St. Paul calls the body of corruption. In this Church during the years to come many will find eternal life; and some alas! may find eternal death. For we read in Holy Writ that Many are called but few are chosen. Many will begin at this church to follow the narrow rugged path up the steep mountain of perfection. They will in beginning fight a good fight; but we have reason to think that the arrows of some will not hit the enemy, but, like the arrow of Gorganus, return and kill the archer. The Church, however, is intended by God to be a door to eternal life for all who enter it; and all will find it thus, if they invoke the aid of its powerful patron, St. Michael. He can drive the foe from the battlements of the soul just as he drove Satan from the battlements of heaven. He has great power with God, most beloved brethren, and he will always use that power in your behalf if you humbly beg him to do so. When our forefathers forsook the dark and bloody idols of idolatry and became children of the one true God and of His holy Catholic Church, they deemed it the greatest of all blessings. And in sooth it was a great blessing like the blessing of morn after a long dark night; it was a great blessing to be numbered among the Christian nations of the earth; it was a great blessing to be free from the vile practices of superstition and to enjoy the fellowship of the saints and the angels—to share that light which illumineth every one coming into the world. The building of this church is a proof, most beloved brethren, that you cherish that holy faith as your fathers cherished it, that you intend for yourselves and for your children that light and that bounty which the Gospel brings, and the very name which you have given to it shows that you love the fellowship of the saints and of the angels, for you have chosen a patron who unites both in his glorious title—St. Michael.

Most beloved brethren, it is your loving duty to care for this house of God, that is builded in your midst. It becomes your grateful duty to give yearly the tithe of all you receive from Him in order that His house may be in every way worthy of Him. You would not be willing, most beloved brethren, to receive all from Him and see the place of His habitation wax needy! You would not see His Northumbrian home a prey to want and ruin! From the earliest years it has been the custom of the Northumbrians to pay their tithes to God's church and to found new ones as they are doing to-day; among all the Anglo-Saxon tribes upon the island God's church has gained no truer friends than the Northumbrians; they are now and they have ever been the devoted children of the Church. Whenever the Danes harried the land and burned the shrines, the Northumbrians set to work at once and rebuilt them. May you, most beloved brethren, ever keep this in your mind; and while God's house is in your midst and the daily sacrifice is offered therein, may that house know your bounty—the large gifts of your faith and goodness. And may the great St. Michael, who has ever in mind the weal of souls, always stand near as your watchful guardian—putting to flight with his invincible sword all the foes of your temporal and eternal happiness.

A Converted "Priest-Eater."

Another of the most violent "priest-eaters" has followed the example of all such cowards and when he fell sick has turned monk. Francis Sarcey is a well-known French writer, but more widely known as a defamer of the Church. Recently, however, he went to the monks' hospital to be nursed during his illness. Evidently his soul-journey there was good for his soul as well as his body, for he has been noted that he "eats" no more priests and writes no more bigoted essays. He now professes a tolerant skepticism and recently permitted himself to write: "What a pity that our society should be so organized that an action which leaves a stain upon honor can not be repaired, forgotten, pardoned! Oh, how marvellously inspired was the Catholic religion when it instituted the sacrament of penance and the absolution that follows as a consequence! I wish we had in our code, or rather in our customs, an institution that could be compared to the sacrament of penance. Lay society is less powerful than the Catholic priest."

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