

**FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.**  
Ninth Sunday after Pentecost.

**A CHRISTIAN'S WEAPONS.**  
"For the days shall come upon thee: and thy enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round and straiten thee on every side." (St. Luke xix. 31.)  
We learn from to-day's Gospel that we are not to expect to go smoothly in this life without ever meeting anything that will disturb us. On the contrary, our Lord would have us clearly understand that we are to be tried on every side, for His words are: "And thy enemies shall cast a trench about thee, and compass thee round, and straiten thee on every side."

The axiom has it, "Forewarned is forearmed"; so then we have great reason to be grateful to our Lord for His pointing out what we are to look for during our stay on this earth. The evident reason of this prediction is that we should be prepared to meet whatever befalls us. The question arises, then, Have we the means on hand to combat and overcome our enemies? Yes, in abundance. We have so many helps, my dear brethren, that they are too numerous to mention. Why, to name some of them, we have prayer, the sacraments, our Lord Himself in the Sacrament of the Altar—what more can we ask for? If we are overcome by our enemies we have but ourselves to blame, for our Lord has said, "Come to Me all you that labor and are heavy laden, and I will refresh you." Do we do this? Don't we rather turn to the things of earth and try to drown our sorrows by means of them? I am afraid the latter is what many of us have recourse to, and hence we are vanquished by our adversaries. How many of us, when it pleases the Lord to take from us one whom we loved dearly, turn to Him in prayer and seek assistance in that hour of trial? Is it not often the case when, for instance, a father or a mother is taken away, that the son, terrified at the affliction, endeavors to get rid of it by drinking and carrying on in a disgraceful manner—and to what good? True, drink may make one oblivious of his surroundings for the time being, but when its influence has passed away the trouble returns with redoubled vigor; whereas, if at the outset he would turn his thoughts to God and beg of Him the grace to bear his trials manfully, it would be a stay for him to sustain his troubles and a source of merit hereafter.

There is not one of us that is not ready to oppose and conquer the enemy when he threatens the life of our body, and if we are so solicitous about that which, after all, is but to last for a few years, what shall we say when he attempts to deprive us of what is to continue for ever—the soul? Now, then, an enemy, common, I was going to say, to us all, is detraction; that is to say, telling the faults of our neighbors to their detriment to every one that will listen. Knowing, then, the adversary, what steps are we to take to put him down?

Let us take, for example, a person who wants to overcome this vice, and who, nevertheless, is prone to it to such an extent that its commission affords him or her a kind of gratification. Of course, we said above we had abundant means to overcome our enemies and sustain ourselves in the warfare against him; but the special means to vanquish this enemy is the sacrament of penance. This person at the start is fully in earnest and means to be successful at the sacrifice of self.

The first thing such a person does is to institute a daily examination of conscience. At the expiration of each day it is carefully noted down how many times this fault has been committed: one day, one month, is compared with another, so that in a very short time the state of the conscience is pretty exactly known; and the number of sins in this particular sin comparatively few, supposing, as we said before, the person is in earnest. This help, together with a weekly or monthly confession, will produce in six months' time a gratifying result to God and the soul who has had so much success in the warfare against the adversary.

If we would recognize how much we have to be grateful for instead of finding fault because there are those who seem to be better off than we, we should find a deal of comfort to which we are new strangers. We think too much of our environment and not enough of our destiny. Wealth has very little to do with happiness. Money gives nothing to the heart, can purchase neither a moral principle nor an aspiration. Strip the millions from one man, take away the poverty from another, pull off everything until you get down to the naked soul, and you find that the only real difference is a difference of character. Environment counts for nothing, but character counts for everything. I say this, therefore—give no attention to what others are able to do or to enjoy, but devote yourself to doing and enjoying all that is possible in your own small life. There never yet was a night without a star, and if you search for the star and do what you can to ignore the darkness you will find more happiness than you ever dreamed of.—George H. Hepworth.

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**OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.**

**My Place in the World.**  
Whoever I am, wherever my lot,  
Whatever I happen to be,  
Contentment and duty shall hallow the spot  
That Providence orders for me;  
No covetous straining and striving to gain  
One feverish step in advance,  
I know my own place, and you tempt me in vain  
To hazard a change and a chance.  
I care for no riches that are not my right,  
No honor that is not my due;  
But stand in my station, by day and by night,  
The will of my Master to do;  
He lent me my lot, be it humble or high,  
And set me my business here,  
And whether I live in His service or die,  
My heart shall be found in my sphere.

If wealthy, I stand as the steward of my King,  
If poor, as the friend of my Lord,  
If feeble, my prayers and my praises I bring,  
If strong, my pen or my sword;  
If wisdom be mine, I shall cherish His gift,  
If simplicity, I shall love it,  
If sorrow, His hope shall my spirit uplift,  
If joy, I will throne it above.

The good that it pleases my God to bestow,  
I gratefully gather and prize;  
The evil—it can be no evil, I know,  
But only a good in disguise;  
And whether my station be lowly or great,  
No duty can ever be mean;  
The factory cripple is fixed in his fate,  
As well as a king or a queen.  
For duty's bright livery glories all  
With brotherhood, equal and free,  
Obedience, as children, the heavenly call,  
That places us where we should be;  
A servant—the badge of his servitude shines  
As a jewel invested in heaven;  
A monarch, remember that justice assigns  
Much service, where so much is given.  
Away, then, with "helpings"—humble and  
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**Small Bits of Knowledge.**  
The tidy young girl may be glad to know that a box of mignonette and geraniums in blossom in a window are as effectual in barring the entrance of a plague of flies as a wire screen, and far pleasanter to the eye. Flies have also, it is said, a decided aversion to the odor of the oil of bay leaves, and a few drops in a dish placed near the window will prevent their unwelcome visits.

**La Rabida Sanitarium.**  
La Rabida, one of the few remaining souvenirs of the glories of the World's Fair, has been turned into a sanitarium for children, and its first inmates were installed last week when Mrs. Adolph Piralle and her three children took up their abode beneath its roof. The Spanish Vice Consul of Chicago, Senor Standy Ginez, and his wife, personally interested themselves to see that everything was in good shape for the comfort of the inmates, and they, with the women of the Drexel Circle, will be the patrons of the new sanitarium.

**Pleasant Employment.**  
Tattooing, which went out of date many years ago, is being revived by the industrious girls of the summer hotel verandas. The shuttle is a fascinating little implement when wielded by a pretty hand, and the patterns are as dainty as lace.

Etching on leather is also very fascinating work and may be done by anyone who is careful and skillful. Very simple tools, such as nails or pieces of iron wire set into wooden handles, will do. Try first very simple designs—straight lines for a border with interlacing rings in the corners and the center, or conventional designs of leaves and flowers. A leather screen or curtain for the grate is beautiful, etched with a hot iron. The sear is made lighter or darker, much as a painter would develop a picture by means of light and shade.

**That Little Slight.**  
It is deplorable that we, when judging those nearest and dearest to us, should show so little confidence in them. We say and think that we trust those whom we love, but do we really trust them? Let the friend of years seem to slight us, let her be irritable or thoughtless, are we not immediately hurt, and do we not say to our wounded selves, "She does not love me much, or she could not treat me so?" "Past record" certainly counts for something. It does not in our judgment of the friend whom we meet on our drive. We stop to speak to her, and she looks grave, distrust, shows little interest in what we have to say. Unless we are very charitable, we drive on with a sensation of indignant resentment burning in our bosom. We regret having stopped to speak to our friend. She seemed actually bored. It was scarcely polite of her to act as she did. Never mind; she need not fear that we will repeat the offense. We can take a snub when it is intended for us.

Why does not some good angel suggest here a thought of this friend's "past record"? Is she not the same girl who came to see us daily when we were ill, who has often denied herself pleasures, sacrificed her own inclinations, to help us? And all that goes

for naught before the thought that she has once appeared to slight us. What matter if she may have some anxiety crushing disaster may be threatening her? That does not occur to us. We only know that we are hurt.  
Alas, how true this is!

**Enthusiasm.**  
An explosion from fire damp took place in a coal-mine near Scranton, Pennsylvania, by which four miners were buried in one of the remote tunnels. The work of excavation was carried on vigorously three days, but no sound or sign from the buried men was heard. Nobody knew how many into their living graves. A private letter thus describes the scenes:

"The work of rescue was thoroughly planned, the digging was done by gangs of miners who relieved each other at regular intervals. But a hopeless apathy seemed to have fallen on them. They muttered to each other as they slowly shovelled out the earth, that the men were dead long ago. The wives and children of the victims hung around them with white, hopeless faces, crying and praying. The owners of the mine stood apart, and whispered together with gloomy shakes of the head. Everything and everybody was covered with grime, and when the sun set, employers and workmen concluded, in a feeling of despair, that it was at last time to give up effort.

"Just then a buggy drove hastily up, and a young man leaped out of it. It was the youngest member of the firm, who had been absent at the time of the accident. He was very pale, but his eyes were shining. The women crowded around him.

"'Dad?' Not a bit of it," he cried, cheerily. 'They had enough food to keep them alive longer than this. Hello, boys! Why, you've made tremendous headway! You must be near the men. Give me a pick. Come along! We'll have them out in no time!'

"He had thrown off his coat, and was dealing muscular whacks at the barrier.

"Give them a cheer to let them know we're coming. Now, altogether! Women and all! One—two—three—hurrah!"

He had put new life into them all. A rousing cheer rang out, and every man worked with a will. Hours passed. His energy did not flag. The women ran for food or stimulants. The gangs eagerly relieved each other, digging with zeal, and at intervals the cheery hurrah went up from many voices. At the last about the leader threw up his hand for silence.

"A feeble cry was heard. The men were saved. They owed their lives to the enthusiasm of that young man."

There is no quality which contributes more surely to success in men's lives than a boyish, hearty energy combined with common sense and good judgment. A biographer of Lord Nelson declares him to have been always the eager boy: the ship he commanded was always to him the best in the navy; his officers and men the best in England. This gay enthusiasm not only helped him to win his brilliant victories, but gave him the devoted love of the English nation.—Youth's Companion.

**Girl Graduates.**  
Season after season, with the recurring periodicity of the roses, we welcome the appearance of the fair girl graduates, always with a thrill and a glow at our hearstings as we think of the life which lies beyond their college gates. It is more and more in the air—the feeling which some old-fashioned folk do not share—that a girl's first ambition should be for a career; that the self-supporting, money-earning, absolutely independent young woman is the one to be admired and envied. All fair-minded people must rejoice that so many thoroughly equipped young women graduate yearly, and that in the fierce struggle for a foothold they are less handicapped than of old; but the sentimental observer, hearing the songs, and the bacchante sermons, and the essays so polished and so profound, and watching the slim fingers that clasp the diploma, is still glad that for hundreds of graduates there is nothing to do except to live at home and make society richer, and more charming and elegant. The educated woman keeps society at its high water mark, and she is as useful and as honorable in relation to her world as can possibly be her classmate with definite work to do in the outside marketplace, among the ranks of working men and women.—Exchange.

**The Modern Knight.**  
These are certainly not the days of chivalry and romance; of long-haired poets and clinging females. The tendency is toward the practical and even the inventions now a days are mostly objects of utility, something which saves time and gives comfort and ease. We are quick to appreciate and use anything which makes our lives easier, especially if it be in the way of clothing. Let anybody once realize the magnificent beautiful warmth which Fibre Chamox will add to his clothing and he will certainly be a complete non-conductor of both heat and cold, so that the layer of it through clothing keeps out the fiercest winds and preserves the natural heat of the body.

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**CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.**

Catholic Columbian.

The hope of a vacation is now active in the hearts of many young men whose noses have been kept close to the grindstone of work for a year. They would like change of scene and of air, a rest from toil, a chance to lay in a new stock of health. Dr. Edison, of New York, gives them these sensible hints:

"The business man who goes off on a summer trip leaves behind him a very active — almost an abnormally active existence. In the country he finds absolute quiet and a general state of inactivity. This condition of affairs is very pleasant for a few days; then the rest-seeker, accustomed as he has been for months previous to the roar and bustle of city life, begins to feel the need of activity. The habit of an active life is just as well pronounced as the tobacco habit, or the taste for intoxicating drink. Many a business man cannot drop his work suddenly; without his accustomed round of duties he becomes nervous and sick. So it is absolutely necessary for a man of that character to indulge in some form of recreation which will keep him constantly employed in some new direction.

Rest in itself is well enough, but absolute inactivity is not good. The business man who is on a vacation must take a certain amount of exercise, which he does not do in the city, in order to get rid of the effete materials that have accumulated in his system during the winter, when he has been engaged in sedentary occupation; he must undertake to lay up new strength by means of outdoor life and exercise.

All kinds of outdoor exercise are good; and a man should indulge in the kind that appeals to his individual taste. The man whose taste runs to bicycling may not care for boating and will not obtain any benefit, probably, from that form of recreation, while the yachtman would find no enjoyment in a spin on the wheel. And it may be said of all forms of outdoor amusement that we derive the most benefit from those in which we take the most interest.

**Our National Manners.**  
The foreign critics tell us that we are rapidly improving in our behavior; we are too conscious of the need of improvement to resent the patronizing comment, and eagerly wait for the sure coming of that type of manners—higher than has as yet been realized—when our institutions shall have fully ripened the character of the people.

In the externals of behavior we are in advance of the last generation. The immense development in taste and art that has come about through foreign travel and world-expositions has a corresponding development in manners. Uncouthness of dress, roughness of speech, and the general barbarity of the manners that once prevailed in large sections of the country have largely passed away. The salutations, respect for another's personality, the care of the person, the tones of the voice, and the use of proper language—all are better than they were. Is there also an improvement in feeling and mutual relation? The external, in the main, is indicative of what is within. Great masses of people are not hypocrites. The kinder address shows a kinder spirit and a truer sense of equality. The deference of a century ago was the offspring of aristocracy; that, indeed, has passed away with the dying out of its source. But if we no longer bow down before our fellows, we entertain for them a more rational respect. To go a little closer into the matter, the masses have greatly improved in manners, but the class which used to be regarded as aristocratic and especially well bred, has deteriorated, as was to be expected. The withdrawal of the deference of the lower classes, as our institutions began to be felt, throws us into confusion. The old-time aristocrat—and a noble figure he was—is consciously out of place and relations; his manners suffer in consequence, and now like Portia's English suitor, he "gets his behavior everywhere."

But we must not infer that we are yet a people of refined manners. Dr. Bushnell, many years ago, said that emigration tended to barbarism. We are a nation of emigrants; the greater part of us, for two hundred years, have lived in the woods, and the shadows of primeval forests still overhang us. There must be more intelligence, more culture, a more evenly distributed wealth, a denser population, and a fuller realization of our national idea, which is also the Christian idea—personality—before we can claim to be a well-bred people. In Europe, the manners of the great percolate down to the masses. One consequently hears and sees there a delicacy of behavior and gentleness of address not common here. It is, however, largely external and a matter of imitation. We have few such outstanding examples, and whatever of attainment we have is genuine and from within. We are



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destined to see on this continent a form of manners more genuinely refined and noble than the world has yet known. Just now we are in an open place between the going out of aristocratic or feudal habits and ways and the coming in of a culture and behavior based on equality and mutual respect.

**A Dream of Union.**  
Speaking of the proposed union of all Catholic young men's societies on the plan of the Young Men's Christian Association, Father McMillen says: "First of all, the idea of a big building and a coalescing of parish societies into one general association has been a dream with many for years. It cannot be realized. Work for young men must be done through parish societies. Several attempts have been made by boys and young men to establish and conduct societies independent of parish and pastor, yet calling themselves Catholic. They have in each instance that has come to my notice, amounted to naught. The most successful societies are such as result from the Sunday-school, and are based upon friendships formed in the parochial school and Sunday-school. A pastor naturally takes a warm interest in the career of his own boys, and will work with a heartier will for their building for the association, whose membership takes in all classes and denominations united under the common standard of Christianity. A Board of directors and salaried officials conduct the finances, and the general members have very little concern as to the ways and means question. Our young men, on the contrary, must proceed slowly, as there are scarcely any munificent donations from generous millionaires to help put up and support magnificent buildings."

**The Inspiration of Opportunity.**  
It is a truism that a man never knows what is in him until the right opportunity comes; and there are no surprises in life more delightful than the rapid growth in power often made by one who had hitherto given little thought to it.

promise, but who responds immediately to favorable conditions. One reason for that misjudgment of individual ability which is so frequent among us is due to the fact that we do not rightly measure the capacity of many whom we know best, for the reason that that capacity is undeveloped. It has been said of Emerson's insistence upon self-reliance, and especially of the essay in which that note is struck with such clearness, that this preaching has produced more bad writing than any other single cause in America. It has given a great many people, who had no special qualifications for writing, absolute confidence in their own work. Self-reliance is one of the most effective qualities that a man can possess, but self-reliance must be based on judgment and not on blind egotism. But, while many men and women overestimate themselves, it is probably true that the great masses of men and women underestimate their capacity. When opportunity touches an undeveloped man, it is astonishing what power is often displayed; and it is undoubtedly true that, while there are no mute Shakespeares, the world is full of men and women of real power who need only an opportunity to exhibit it. But opportunities are often made than found, and opportunities would come often to all of us if we held ourselves, in the right sense, at a higher price. We are too easily satisfied with what we have done, and we too early accept what appear to be the limits of our growth. No man or woman ought ever to accept any limits to development. There is a Power behind us on which we have a right to count, even when we distrust our own capacity. Right methods of life, right habits of work, and sound aims keep us in touch with that divine power which nourishes and unfolds everything which it feeds. Upon this faith as a foundation, we have a right to demand of the new time that it shall give us weight and force and vitality such as the old time never gave us. We have a right to ask of ourselves greater efficiency, energy and freshness. Refusing to set any limit to our growth, we have a right to insist that life shall mean more to us and shall do more through us every year than in any previous year. Mr. Story was once showing a friend who was visiting him in Rome, his recent work. "For which of the things you have done," asked his friend, "do you care most?" "I care most," said the sculptor, "for the statue I am to carve next." It is not achievement which brings hope, consolation and inspiration; it is opportunity. If we are immortal, the future is our reality, not the past.

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