

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

First Sunday in Lent.

THE LOVING CHASTISER.

"Man liveth not by bread alone, but by every word which proceedeth from the mouth of God" (St. Matt. iv. 4.)

In placing these words before us, brethren, the Church bids us mark the difference between the food of the body and that of the soul. Both are good; but one is good for this life alone, and the other is good for both this life and life everlasting.

The sermons and instructions heard in church during Lent, both at Mass and at the week-day services, are extremely important to all Christians.

Are you a sinner? Then, in God's name, you must turn your face away from your sins and study the lessons of your hereafter as they are taught in the church between now and Easter.

But the great lesson of these sad words of Lent is the love of our Lord Jesus Christ. What can prove love better than suffering? Who has suffered like Jesus Christ?

Let each one, therefore, make up his mind to fast plentifully on the word of God, the Bread of Life, during this Lent, by attending faithfully at all the public services in the church, by assiduous prayer, and by a devout reception of the sacraments.

Ritualism.

In Paisley, Scotland, there is according to the London Times, a Baptist church with a surpliced choir of both sexes, and in a Glasgow Congregational church, we are told, a liturgy is used with choral responses, including the Ten Commandments and the chant of Psalms, while over the communion table is a large gilt cross.

No objections can be urged against the generally acknowledged remedial properties of pure cod liver oil beyond its tendency to upset the stomach and impair the appetite, and fortunately even this drawback is overcome in the preparation Maltine with God Liver Oil.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most to be dreaded disease, Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Ollie's Dreams.

Our Ollie went to his bed With tears just back of his eyes, And a pain, because, as his sister said, He was "overly fond of pie."

HAPPY TOM.

In England and Scotland men build very tall brick chimneys which carry off the smoke from the great factories. They are so tall that a lot of scaffolding is built round them so that the men may get up and down to their work.

Tom Sanders was the son of a master mason. He was a sturdy Scotch boy, not a bit handsome, for he had red hair and freckles and big feet and hands and a snub nose, but he had a pair of as merry blue eyes as ever twinkled in a boy's head.

He never had a chance to get lonesome, for he had a lot of brothers and sisters. They lived in a wee little house, but it was all their own, and they had a garden where they raised their vegetables.

So you see they were a very happy and busy family. Tom's father could not always get work. The winter before this time I am telling you of he had been idle for a long time, and Tom had to work pretty hard, but he didn't mind it.

"Ab, he's the blithe, bonny lad, God bless him!" At last Tom's father got a "job." It was a good one, too. He was to superintend the building of one of the largest chimneys that had been built for years.

Day after day the father went to his work. Tom carried his dinner to him at noon, and when night came they were all together, a healthy group, and far happier than many who live in palaces.

"I'll tell thee what we'll do, mother," said Mr. Sanders one day. "The morrow after the chimney is done we'll ha' a bit of a holiday, and all go over to the Loch for an outing."

The children heard it and were delighted, and day after day they questioned their father as to when the happy day would come.

"Will it be next week, feyther?" rosy little Kate would ask, and when he would shake his head wee Will would plead:

"Tell us how many days will be before we can ha' our frolic."

But at last the long waiting came to an end, as all things do, and Mr. Sanders announced one night to the delighted children:

"To-morrow the chimney'll be done, and then, hey for our frolic!"

The next afternoon Tom and his mother and the children all went to see the scaffolding come down and the father descend the long rope for the boys thought that was a great feat.

Slowly the men took down the heavy timbers and struck the sides of the chimney with hammers to see that there were no weak spots in it. Tom's father, up at the top, was paying great attention to the movements of the men, for he had taken great pains with that chimney, and wanted to be sure that it was all right.

At last it was all done, and there stood the tall chimney in all its beauty of workmanship, and the men gave a great shout. Tom and his mother looked up at the top. It was so high that the brawny mason looked like a little boy.

And now they looked to see him come down, but—what was the matter? They saw him start, look wildly about him and then clasp his hands wildly about his head in a dazed sort of a way.

The men looked at each other and then up at the chimney, wondering what could be the matter, when all at once truth burst upon them:

They had forgotten the rope! Tanned and grimy as they were their faces grew ghastly as they thought of the awful consequences of their mistake. What could be done? It was impossible to get ladders that would reach to the top of the great tower, and of course they could not throw anything up to such a height.

It had taken the whole force of men

all day to tear down the scaffolding and it would take ten days to build it up again. The case seemed hopeless.

The poor mother threw herself on the ground and cried and groaned as if she were dying, and all the children kept her company, all but Tom. In that little red head of his the thoughts were buzzing about like bees.

"There must be some way," he kept saying over to himself, and all the time he kept thinking as hard as ever he could. At last he sprang up with a shout:

"I have it!" he cried. The men thought that the horror of the situation had driven him mad, but they soon knew better.

Mr. Sanders was standing in a hopeless way looking down at the little group, when Tom, making a trumpet of his hands, shouted:

"Can you hear me, feyther?" He nodded his head in reply, and then Tom screamed up at him with all the strength of his lungs:

"Tak' off thy stockin', an' unravel it an' let down the thread wi' a bit o' mortar. Canst hear me?"

Again he nodded this time eagerly. He pulled off his boot and then his stocking, which he looked at for a moment, as if he did not know how to go about it.

Tom's mother was on her feet now, all eagerness, and she called up to her husband:

"Begin at the toe, lad!" You see she had knit those stockings herself, and of good honest Scotch wool, and she knew all about it.

At last he got the thread started and unraveled, row after row. He took his knife and dug a bit of the hard mortar and tied it on the yarn. It came slowly down the tall chimney, blown about by the wind, but it was coming.

As soon as Tom saw that his father had caught his idea he was off like the wind. But before the little thread reached the ground he was back all out of breath, bringing a big ball of stout twine. A dozen willing hands were ready to tie it to the yarn, and then they shouted:

"Now hold fast the string, lad, and pull it up."

When the twine got to the top the big rope was fastened on, and almost without breathing they watched it slowly uncoil like a great serpent, and at last that, too, had reached the top.

The iron was there all right, and they saw that he was making it fast. And now they wondered if he would have the nerve to come down. The last hour had been a terrible strain upon him, when it seemed that he must have fallen in that little circle until he died.

He came to the edge of the chimney and made a sign of descent. Then he began to come down. He came rapidly about half way, then, clutching the rope convulsively, he stopped.

His head fell back and a cry of horror went up when they thought that, after all, he would be killed. Again Tom came to the front and shouted:

"Dinna gie it up, feyther; it's but a bit further noo, dinna gie it up!"

And he didn't give it up. Rousing all his strength he took hold once more and slid safely to the ground, where he fell all in a heap, as weak and helpless as a baby.

How they kissed him and cried over him and how Tom's mother thanked God, and how proud Tom was when his father at last staggered to his feet, and laying his hand on his head, exclaimed:

"My lad, thou'st saved my life." Do you need to be told that the holiday was the happiest one that had ever come to these humble folks?

I shall have to tell you about it, however, for it was on that day that a most wonderful thing happened to Tom. Something that made people change his name from "Happy Tom" to "Lucky Tom."

The boys had often begged that their father would allow them to go into a cave, several miles up the coast, for they lived in a seaport town. But the cave was full of water when the tide came in, and it was not safe for the boys to go alone, but on this day Tom's father said to him:

"Now, lad, ask me what ye will and I'll grant it if I can."

Little Ben slipped slyly up and whispered in Tom's ear:

"The cave, ask him to let us go in." And as that was the very idea that Tom had in his own head, he did ask it, and of course it was granted.

They took a lot of candles with them and some old clothes, and a generous basket of lunch and away they went to the cave.

The opening of it was just a great hole like a cellar, but the boys kept on and soon they found an opening through which they crawled and found themselves in a great room with a crystal roof. They held up their candles and every part of the cave glittered as if it were set with diamonds.

Tom ran back to fetch his father, but he said he would rather stay outside. They began to look for another room and soon they found it. The only opening into it was a hole just big enough for them to squeeze through. This led to a smaller room, which they began to explore.

Ben fell over something which proved to be the skull of a man. It frightened him so that he began to cry, but Tom was interested, and looked about for more bones which he found. It was plain that a man had died there.

Shading his candle with his hand Tom groped slowly round the wall. He found a rude chair made of boughs from a tree, a table, one or two rusty pans and an old knife. This room had been the abode of a man some time, but when? And who was he?

That was what Tom wanted to know. He groped on up to the very darkest corner, and there his foot struck against something hard. He stooped and saw that it was a small iron trunk, fastened with a 'big lock. Tom tried to lift it, but could not. Evidently it was full of something heavy.

"I guess father will come now," he said, and he crawled out to tell him. Tom was right. His father did come. Eagerly, too, and when he saw the iron trunk, he exclaimed:

"Hoot! lad; it's a money chest. Who knows but ye've found a fortune?"

Together they got the heavy box outside, for the tide had begun to come in and they dared not stay any longer. They carried it up on the cliff, and then with a heavy stone Tom's father broke the lock and opened it.

It was full of gold, yellow gold, all in little leather bags, and in the very bottom of the trunk was a letter. They had to unfold it very carefully, for it was rotten with age. It was written in red ink, and this is what it said:

"Whoever shall find this treasure shall have it for his own, for I have neither kith nor kin. No friend have I in all the world save my bags of gold. I have lived for them and with them, and I shall die with them.

"I have not sinned to get this treasure, unless it be a sin to rob the forgotten dead, for I have taken most of it from sunken ships.

"I have risked my life often, but it paid me to be able to sit and count over the shiny pieces and know that they were mine.

"Should ever human eyes seek out my hiding-place, and find my treasure, perchance they will find my bones beside it, and I ask that he who is the lucky finder will dig for me a grave in the crystal chamber and mark the place with a cross. That is all I have to ask, and I will not even tell my name. Let that die with me."

That was a strange will, was it not? But it stood the test of the law, and Tom was rich.

But it did not spoil him. He was the same Tom as before, only he was able now to help people, and he did so.—Catholic Citizen.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

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The Estimates of Kindred.

The opinions of relatives as to a man's powers are very commonly of little value, not merely because they sometimes overrate their own flesh and blood, as some may suppose; on the contrary, they are quite as liable to underrate those whom they have grown into the habit of considering like themselves.

Apologies.

There is perhaps no more suitable test of a man's fineness of fibre than the way in which he apologizes unless it be the way in which he receives an apology, says a writer in The Illustrated American. The semi-barbarian is always with us, though masked perhaps in a silk hat or gown of Parisian exquisites. He (it is just as often she) hates to apologize. He thinks that he lowers himself in trying to make amends as, indeed, in the eyes of one of his own kind, he does. He may feel that, perhaps with no ill intention whatever, he has done some one else an injury. He may regret it, but to say so would be for him a sacrifice of personal dignity. To injure or malign or wound another is to him no humiliation. The humiliation would lie in acknowledging that he had been in the wrong. He can stand being in the wrong. He can hold his head up quite comfortably under such an imputation.

But to acknowledge it—to "crawl," as his apt phrase goes—that abases him in his own eyes. He thinks that the person to whom he apologizes is metaphorically setting a lordly heel upon his neck. When a sly semi-barbarian of this familiar type receives an apology he does in spirit set his heel on the apologist's neck. He accepts the apology with an air that claims magnanimity for doing so. His condescending graciousness is the last touch of insult.

The Savage in Young Men.

There is one fault to which young men are especially addicted, and that is the frequent exhibition of a lack of mercy and consideration for weakness of others. In their own superabundant life, they cannot readily conceive that any one may be in a condition to require their charitable toleration. They have not quite got over the brutality, so to speak, of animal spirits, and with an overflow of animal spirits, they go about destroying not only material objects but reputations, as if they themselves were above criticism. They are cruel in their thoughts and their actions, and they have a fondness for practical joking that often leads to direful results. For the aged, the poor and the infirm they have no respect. No one who is not able to defend himself is likely to escape from their malicious pranks or their jering tongues. And these practices are not confined exclusively to those who have not had the advantage of what is called a respectable bringing up. Many a young man who prides himself on his good family is guilty of brutal tricks that would disgrace a savage of the Dark Continent. The simple minded are the especial butts of these self-styled high spirited fellows. They

think it is manly to crush beneath their feet, metaphorically speaking, all who are incapable of protecting themselves, owing to physical or mental weakness. It is quite the opposite. It is low, beastly, and entirely contrary to the teachings of Holy Writ. Of course this does not apply to all young men, and least of all to those who are being educated in Catholic institutions, but to those who do not know or forget that

"The quality of mercy is not strained; It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed; It blesses him that gives and him that takes."

He that is merciful to man and beast is on the highroad to happiness here and hereafter, but he that is cruel to one or the other is on the down grade to destruction in this world and the next. He will sink lower and lower until he is a fit companion of tongs and those miserable specimens of humanity, rich or poor, who find pleasure in the prize ring and in the sensational papers which encourage it in vile pictures and vile text.

And charity and mercy are twin sisters. Young men are prodigal enough in spending their money for pleasure, but when charity appeals to them, they are not so lavish of their dimes. A young man will often throw a dollar away readily enough in dissipation, but when he is asked to help the poor and afflicted his expenditure sometimes shrinks to a grudgingly given penny, and the young fellow who is uncharitable in act is usually uncharitable in thought. He thinks the worst of his neighbors, both women and men, and attributes to them the most discreditable motives. He is not ten himself morally, because of his brutality and uncharitableness, and he desires to find an excuse for himself in the imagined depravity of his acquaintances.

Therefore, I believe that if a young man wishes to become a reputable citizen, he must cultivate the virtues of mercy and charity. This is taking a practical, everyday view of the subject gathered from experience. A young fellow can have force and be a gentleman. In short, he can be energetic without being a Mohawk.—Benedict Bell in Sacred Heart Review.

Treating.

One habit that with profit to himself can be left off by the resolute young man, says the Catholic Universe, is the pernicious and distinctly American custom of "treating," which prevails among all classes in this country. This habit has nothing whatever to recommend it. Sometimes it is foolishly regarded by those addicted to it as a manifestation of generosity and good fellowship. It is invariably the offspring of shallow and thoughtless egotism. It is the source of a great deal of the dissoluteness that exists in all grades of society, and its consequence is the dreadful train of misery and sorrow that follows in the wake of intemperance.

Many, if not all, hopeless human wrecks from excessive use of intoxicants can trace their destruction to this vicious custom of treating at the bar. It is especially dangerous to young men who lack the requisite firmness of will to resist its fatal influence. It is not only an expensive habit, but silly besides. Think for a moment. A young man is induced to join one or two, or a half dozen others in a "social glass" of liquor, for which perhaps he has really an abhorrence. But he accepts, and the effect of custom is that he takes not only one drink of spirits which he does not relish, but two, or a half a dozen, as the case may be. He puts this fiery fluid into his stomach, not because he needs or craves it, but simply in obedience to a senseless tradition of perverted politeness.

This description of gluttony, if we may call it such, is infinitely worse than other kinds, because there is no plausible excuse for it, or mitigation of its downright badness. What would be thought of an individual, who, having accepted a friend's invitation to dine, should insist, after partaking of the meal of his host, on immediately duplicating the performance in deference to a distorted custom of sociability? Yet there is just as much reason why a person should gorge himself with two or three consecutive dinners, as for his indulgence in successive libations, that, instead of benefiting him in any way, injure him both physically and morally. The treating habit is a curse to American manners, and an outlandish notion of sociability and good-fellowship, which every sober minded young man in possession of his mental faculties should assiduously avoid. Make up your mind now, before the evil habit has grown upon you, that in your case, at least, the custom will become more honored in the breach than the observance. Even if you do not intend to practice total abstinence from spirituous liquors, turn your face resolutely away from this fruitful agency of demoralization.

Does it Pay to Tiptoe?

You know it don't. Then why do you do it? We know why. It requires too much self-denial to quit. The Dixon Cure, which is taken privately, is purely vegetable, is pleasant to the taste, and will remove all desire for liquor in two or three days, so that you would not pay 5 cents for a barrel of beer or whiskey. You will eat heartily and sleep soundly from the start, and be better in every way, in both health and pocket, and without interfering with business duties. Write in confidence for particulars. The Dixon Cure Co., No. 4 Park Avenue (near Milton St.), Montreal.

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PERMANENTLY CURED.

A Story Told by a Justice of the Peace.

ATTACKED WITH LAGRIPPE WHICH LEFT HIM WEAK AND WORN OUT—KIDNEY TROUBLE ADDED ITS COMPLICATIONS AND THE SUFFERER WAS DISCOURAGED.

From the Journal, Summerside, P. E. I.

One of the best known men around Badque and vicinity is Mr. Alfred Schurman, who has recently removed to North Carleton. Mr. Schurman was born in Badque about seventy years ago. Some twenty-five years ago he was sworn in as a Justice of the Peace, and about twenty-one years ago he was appointed clerk of the county court, in both of which offices he has given every satisfaction. Mr. Schurman was also a farmer on a large scale, and like most men engaged in that occupation led a busy life, being compelled to attend strictly to business, but less than a year ago he retired from farming and now lives in a cosy cottage in North Carleton. Before his retirement, work such as only a man engaged in that occupation knows anything about, claimed his attention. His increasing years made the burden heavier and the spring work of 1893 wore him completely out. This is what he tells about it, and how he was cured. "In the spring of 1893 the constant toil and drudgery connected with the work of farming wore me out completely, and the break-down was the more complete because the results were coupled with the bad effects left by an attack of la grippe. One of the results of la grippe was a nasty cough, another was the complete loss of appetite. My spirits were greatly depressed and I felt that I had lived out my days. I always felt cold, and consequently the stove and I were great friends, but the cold affected more especially my feet and caused me great annoyance. Added to this complication was a serious kidney trouble which threatened to prove the worst enemy of all. I was unable to do any work, had no ambition and less strength, and was not a bit the better of all the doctor's medicine I had taken. It was my wife who advised me at last to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I bought six boxes and began taking them. My hope revived because a change for the better was soon taking place, and before they were done I was cured. The six boxes brought back my appetite, strength and ambition, in short all that I had lost in the way of strength and health. The next spring however my health again gave way and I immediately began using the Pink Pills again, and I am happy to say that they effected that time a permanent cure, and to day I am well and hearty as if I were only forty. I strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all who are suffering as I was.

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