

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Twenty-First Sunday After Pentecost.

HOW TO BECOME A SAINT.

"And take unto you the helmet of salvation." (Eph. vi. 17.)

Brethren: God is continually bringing home to our minds by visible signs His love and care for all His creatures, and especially for man. God is everywhere and in everything, by His power, by His essence, by His love. Everything about us, everything that happens to us by the providence of God, is a manifestation of His loving care, and all the events of life are intended as so many aids for our sanctification.

None of us would dare question the statement of St. Paul that we are all called to be saints, to holiness of life; but how few of us fancy it possible or realize how easy it is to attain sanctity! "To be a saint! God forgive me!" you say, "I never practically thought of such a thing as possible for one like me. I know, and so do my neighbors, that such a state, such high perfection, is farthest from my thoughts. Saints! Why, those are people we read about, not every-day Christians, who have a thousand daily cares to annoy and distract them."

Brethren, if you do not talk this way I know that in your inmost soul you often think these thoughts. Sanctity is to your minds something away off; it is the top of the highest mountain, at whose base you stand; you look up, wish you were there, shake your heads sadly, and say: No, I cannot reach the top; some few chosen souls may attempt it, but I must stand just where I am, satisfied to remain in the shadow of its great height.

On! what foolishness of heart, what want of confidence in God! Does He not most earnestly desire our sanctification? Does He not want all to be saints? And if so, has He made the road to sanctity so difficult, so disheartening that most of us must give up the struggle through want of courage?

If the work of our salvation, brethren, seems so beset with obstacles apparently insurmountable, it is as surely because we have no just idea of what holiness of life is. For be convinced of this, that sanctity simply consists in fidelity to the order of God in our daily lives, and this fidelity is possible and within the reach of all. And what is the order of God to which we are bound to be faithful? In the first place, we must be faithful to the duties imposed upon us by the commandments of God and His Church, as well as to those belonging to the particular state of life we have chosen.

Now, in this there is anything beyond our strength? To enable us to keep His commandments God gives us those seven great channels of grace and mercy—the sacraments of the Church; and to fulfill the duties of our special calling He sends us attractions and aids to facilitate their practice. "All this have I done from my youth," you may say with the young man in the Gospel. "The commandments I succeed in keeping fairly well, but my difficulty is to know how to fulfill the order of God in the duties of the present moment."

Brethren, the duty of the present moment is for you the sacrament of the present moment, the outward sign by means of which God bestows His graces upon you. Every care, every trial, sickness and health, poverty and wealth, sorrow and joys—all that comes upon you—are so many means by which the providence of God works towards your sanctification.

Our lives consist in a great number of unimportant actions. Yet it is through fidelity in performing these commonplace actions that we are going to sanctify ourselves, accepting with love and patience what we too frequently endure with weariness and irritation. This great treasure, this constant and ever present means of grace, this sacrament of the present moment, is yours, brethren, present everywhere and at all times, and in making use of it lies a sure road to sanctity, your helmet of salvation.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

MARGUERITE'S SACRIFICE.

Laura L. Atkins, of Clarksville, Tenn., contributes the following pretty story to the Youth's Advocate: All the spring the bicycle fever had raged in the town, and boys and girls of all ages could be seen spinning along all times of day. A bicycle club had been organized, which met once a week, and the members would take long rides, frequently carrying lunch and spending the day in some lovely woodland, returning at sunset. They had gay times, and nearly every girl in town who was not already the proud owner of a wheel was saving all her spare money to purchase one.

Marguerite was very fond of riding, but Mr. Field was not able to give her the coveted wheel. She was the oldest of four girls, of sweet disposition, and a general favorite with all her associates. In her home she showed the sweetness of her character in the relation of daughter and sister. The younger children always found in her a sympathetic friend, and she was her mother's most willing help. She had denied herself a great many small pleasures in order to save the money for a bicycle. Her mother would not let her even in bad weather that she might save the car fare to add to her little bank. Frequently the price of some bit of ribbon or other girlish luxury found its way there, and a bright, ten dollar gold piece jingled in company with the smaller coins. The gold piece had been an Easter gift from her grandfather. Marguerite did not know how much the bank contained, but it was nearly full. She had just told her friend, Helen Williams, that she thought she would soon have enough.

At the next meeting of the club it was decided that an entertainment be given, the proceeds to be equally divided among the members. All thought it a capital idea, and for the next week brains and hands were busy. A "Rose Fro" was announced, and every one was invited. It was to be held on one of the girls, and when the appointed evening came, a large crowd gathered to see what was to be done. At the gate was arranged a high arch, covered with roses of different varieties, and a dainty little maid, crowned with roses, held a little book shaped like a rosebush, in which each comer was expected to drop a dime. The yard was beautifully illuminated with Japanese lanterns, and the bright young girls flitting around made a pleasing scene.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

THE POWER OF GRACE.

In the lives of most men of mature years there are memories they would gladly blot out, if they could. We speak, of course, of men endowed with sufficient grace and talent to be able to make a career of virtue. Those who are not occasionally haunted by specters of mispent days and error's shadows, and who will probably end their days in the same spirit of blind self-deception that has already defaced their beauty of character and profaned their hearts, are not the subject of this chat. It is not always the bitterness of the prodigal son, but it is always with a sense of great loss for that which might have been, that the prodigal son, when he returns, finds himself in a state of utter ruin. A day that depreciates the worth of the offering which our youth has made to God, will make us make to the Great Judge in return for the unutterable benefactions which the mere gift of life itself implies. The willful misdeed, that is, the one that is not the plain requirements of integrity, which must detract from the merit of our stewardship and deprive us of some portion of the final auditing of earthly accounts. The cruellest aspect of this reflection is the inevitable consciousness that subtraction from the final account of duty cannot wholly repair the injury of youthful indiscretion, nor expunge the record. What we have written down of our own account, we cannot erase, and what we have written down of the account of God, we cannot blot out. It is there, in imperishable characters, in the Book of Life to be erased only with the last stroke of the personal accounts which the final auditing of earthly accounts will make manifest.

It is the realization of this paramount fact, that touches with an inextinguishable though not a painful, but a gloomy and humiliating light the Christian heart that has weathered the temptations of youth and struck a fair course to the final auditing of earthly accounts. The cruellest aspect of this reflection is the inevitable consciousness that subtraction from the final account of duty cannot wholly repair the injury of youthful indiscretion, nor expunge the record. What we have written down of our own account, we cannot erase, and what we have written down of the account of God, we cannot blot out. It is there, in imperishable characters, in the Book of Life to be erased only with the last stroke of the personal accounts which the final auditing of earthly accounts will make manifest.

There is a period in the lives of most young men, when the blandishments of Satan seem to be resisted, if at all, with a feeble and unsteady hand. The ideas that are apparently unheeded, the grace of first communion and the strength of confirmation have been long in the mind, and the workings of the experienced and of those who love us and would save us from our own weakness, are disregarded. The ideas that are apparently unheeded, the grace of first communion and the strength of confirmation have been long in the mind, and the workings of the experienced and of those who love us and would save us from our own weakness, are disregarded.

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THE POWER OF GRACE.

A SCIENTIST SAVED.

We are all conscious of two tendencies within us—one which tries to drag us down to what is material, sensual and evil, and another which seeks to raise us to what is noble, elevating and spiritual. The former comes from our physical being, from that nature which we have in common with the brute creation; the other is our moral sense, our reason, our conscience.

It is the power of distinguishing between right and wrong which makes the great difference between us and the lower animals. You may teach a dog not to steal, but it will only be through fear of punishment. But we have a sense of responsibility to a power higher than ourselves. This is the voice of conscience within us, guiding, checking, upbraiding us if we have done what is wrong, or, on the other hand, approving us if we have done a good action.

The history of the human race is that of a constant struggle between these two principles. They are the two masters of which our Lord speaks in the gospel of to-day, and each is striving for the ascendancy over us. Which are you serving, the flesh or the spirit, God or the devil? This is the practical question for each one of us. For there is no half-way. We cannot serve both of these masters. You can not be half the friend of God and half the slave of the devil. Either you are now in the state of grace, the child of God, an heir of heaven, or you are held captive by the devil, and should you die at this moment he would claim you as his own.

But, perhaps, you doubt which master you are serving, because your soul is the battle field for that conflict of which the apostle speaks—the lusting of the flesh against the spirit and the spirit against the flesh, so that you do not the things that you would. That is, though in your heart you would rather listen to the promptings of your better and nobler nature, yet sometimes it seems as if the flesh had the upper hand, and you are tempted to think there is no use in trying any longer.

Take courage and be consoled by the experience of St. Paul. Thrice he has sought the Lord that a grievous temptation might depart from him, and he received the answer, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for power is made perfect in infirmity." No one has described more vividly than St. Paul this conflict within us. "The good which I will," he says, "I do not, but the evil which I will not that I do. For I am delighted with the law of God, according to the inward man, but I see another law in my members fighting against the law of my mind, and captivating me in the law of sin. Unhappy man that I am! Who shall deliver me from the body of this death? And he answers, "The grace of God by Jesus Christ our Lord." If, then, you are tempted—if even you have fallen, be not discouraged. God's grace can save you, God's grace can enable you to triumph over your lower nature, if you have done those things that you would not. Despair not, then, but, trusting in God's mercy and in the power of His grace, arise and renew the struggle. Victory will crown your efforts in the end, if only you persevere in the fight, for "he that persevereth unto the end shall be saved."—Sacred Heart Review.

My Dear Uncle: I write to say how pleased I should be if you could see your way to giving up your six glasses of whisky a day. I am sure you would find many advantages in doing so, the greatest of which would be the means of prolonging your days. The means of prolonging your days. The means of prolonging your days.

My Dear Nephew: I am much obliged to you for your dutiful letter. I was so much struck by what you said, in particular, by your kind wish to lengthen my days, that last Friday I gave up the whisky. I believe you are right, my boy, as to my days being lengthened, for, indeed! it was the longest day I ever remember.

This Tells Where Health May Be Found. And that is more important than making money. If your blood is impure, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine for you. It cures scurvy, salt rheum, rheumatism, catarrh and all other diseases originating in or promoted by impure blood and low state of the system.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, headache, cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints which attack the system at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are debilitated from eating these tempting fruits, but they need not abstain if they take Dr. J. D. Kellough's Dysentery Card, and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner, and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

Only those who have had experience can tell the torture of a corn. Pain with your boots on, pain with them off—pain night and day that is a curse to those who use Holloway's Corn Cure.

A SCIENTIST SAVED.

From the Republican Columbus, Ind.

An Interview With a College President—His Many Duties Caused His Health to Break Down—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him to Activity.



Prof. Alvin P. Barnaby. A reporter recently called at his famous seat of learning and was shown into the room of the president, Prof. Alvin P. Barnaby. When last seen by the reporter Prof. Barnaby was in delicate health. To day he was in the best of health. In response to an inquiry the professor said: "Oh, yes, I am much better than for some time. I am now to perfect health, but my recovery was brought about in rather a peculiar way."

"Tell me about it," said the reporter. "Well, to begin at the beginning," said the professor, "I studied too hard when at school, endeavoring to educate myself for the profession. After completing the common course I came here, and graduated from the theological course. I entered the ministry and accepted the charge of a United Brethren church at a small place in Kent County, Mich. Being of an ambitious nature, I applied myself diligently to my work, and studies. In time I noticed that my health was failing. My trouble was indigestion, and this with other troubles brought on nervousness."

"My physician prescribed for me for sometime, and advised me to try a change of climate. I did as he requested and was some improved. Soon after, I came here as professor in physics and chemistry, and later was financial agent of this college. The change agreed with me, and for a while my health was better, but my duties were heavy, and again I found my trouble returning. This time it was more severe, and in the winter I became completely prostrated. I tried various medicines and different physicians. Finally, I was able to return to my duties. In the spring of 1896 I was elected president of the college. Again I had considerable work, and the trouble, which had not been entirely cured, began to affect me, and last fall I collapsed. I had different doctors, but none did me any good. Professor Bowman, who is professor of natural science, told me of his experience with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and urged me to give them a trial, because they had benefited him in a similar case, and I concluded to try them."

"The first box helped me, and the second gave great relief, such as I had never experienced from the treatment of any physician. After using six boxes of the medicine I was entirely cured. To day I am perfectly well. I feel better and stronger than for years. I certainly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to similar sufferers and overworked people."

How Much do You Weigh? Thinness is wasting. Wasting is tearing down. Scott's Emulsion builds up; it never makes waste. It will give you rich blood and bring back your weight.

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Derby Cigarettes 5 Cts. Per Package. COLLECT... SUNLIGHT SOAP WRAPPERS AND COMPETE FOR THE 12 STEARNS' BICYCLES AND 27 GOLD WATCHES Which Are GIVEN AWAY EVERY MONTH. See your grocer for particulars, or drop a postcard to LEVER BROS., Limited, TORONTO