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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Trinity Sunday

THE PRECEPTS OF THE CHURCH. If any man has not made his Easter duty this morning, or before to-day, he ought to think seriously on the frightful state of his soul. The decree of the Lateran Council which prescribed the Easter duty says of him who refuses to obey its law, "Let him while living, be driven from the Church, and dying, let him be deprived of Chris-tian burial." If this punishment meant simply a temporal exclusion from the society of the faithful, which at present it does not mean; or if it meant no more than a refusal of Chris-tian burial, though that would be hard enough for the sinner, and especially

sinner at least. But really it implies more terrible things than it expresses. For the authority which put forth that decree is the same as that to which Christ said, "Whatsoever you shall bind on earth it shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever you shall loose on earth it shall be loosed in heaven."

so for his friends; if it meant only

what it says, it might be tolerable, to a

Thus is he excluded from the Church in heaven who is justly excluded from the Church on earth.

This grievous sin of not hearing the Church does not take away the obliga-tion of performing the Easter duty until Easter comes round again, as too many think. The obligation hangs over the man who refuses to fulfil it until what it requires is done. Moses said to the people of Israel in giving them the law of God, so might it be said to the sinner who scorns this most important obligation : "If thou wilt not hear the voice of the Lord our God, to keep and do all His commandments and ceremonies, all these things shall come upon thee and overtake thee. Cursed shalt thou be in the city and cursed in the field. Cursed shall thou be coming in and cursed going out. The Lord shall send upon thee famine and hunger, and a rebuke upon all the works which thou shalt do; until He consume and destroy thee quickly, for the most wicked inven by which thou hast forsaken tions,

Be assured, dear brethren, that if these temporal curses do not come upon him who has neglected his Easter duty, he has already brought upon himself the worst of spiritual curses, the death of his soul by his mortal sin. And as has been said, the obligation is even present to multiply evils upon the head of him who scorns it, just as every blessing becomes a curse to him who For every time the sinner resolves to fulfil the ever present obligation, and then breaks that resolution, by putting off without reason the fulfil ment of it, he commits a new mortal And thus the curse increases and

Would that all might be impressed with the importance of this duty, and the gravity of the sin of neglecting it ! Even if we did not have the explicit decree of the Church to bind us, we could not help inferring the obligation, from the strong words of Christ, "Unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you shall

not have life in you."
Nothing could impress upon us more forcibly the obligation of Holy Com-munion than these words of our Blessed Saviour. For, which of us desires the everlasting death of his soul? And if we cannot live, except by Christ, who will not rejoice, with his whole heart. that such a sweet Fountain of Perpetual Youth is provided for our souls? "Drink ye all of this."

How marvellous is God's goodness and mercy to us, poor sinners! And how base is the ingratitude of that man who requires a law to force him to partake of God's infinite mercies! God grant that such ingratitude may keep none of us from the bounty of our all-merciful Benefactor!

He that eateth My flesh and drink eth My blood hath everlasting life and I will raise him up at the last day.

Catholic Landmark Secured by a Methodist Society.

The Epworth League has come into possession, by purchase, of two hun-dred and forty acres of land whereon that society will establish summer headquarters. The site is notable as having been the scene of Pere Mar-

quette's early labors.

Having established missions at Sault Ste. Marie and Mackinac, in 1673 Father Marquette, accompanied by Joliet and five others, set out to discover the Mississippi river which the Indians had told them of. They found the river, explored it to the mouth of the Arkansas, and then returned to Green Bay, making a trip of two thousand five hundred miles in open

canoes in about four months. The following year Marquette re-turned to the vicinity of Chicago to plant a mission among the Miamis, and the next spring started for Mack inac to visit his mission at that place. Coasting along the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, Marquette entered the mouth of the river, which has ever since borne his name, erected an altar in the woods, said Mass and then retired into the forest for rest and meditation. When found a few hours later by his companions he was dead, having breathed his last in the solemn silence of the wilderness. He was buried near the lake shore, and a year later his remains were removed to and then to St. Ignace. is still pointed out, and it is within the resort grounds.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

He Got the Place.

In one of our exchanges we find an interesting account of a small boy who. to help his poor mother, tried to secure a position in a banker's office. He was small of his age and feared he might not get the place. Some fifty boys were waiting to see the banker and here we begin :-

There was an excitement on the street, loud talking mingled with profanity, and the boys, hearing the noise, went out to join the spectators.

It was such a scene as one sees occasionally in the streets. A heavily laden truck. A tired beast of burden refusing to go further from sheer exhaustion and overwork. A great brutal fellow with arms uplifted, ready to bring the lash down upon the quiv-

A number of trucks were waiting for the refractory animal to move on, the drivers not in the best of humor, as some of them urged their companion "to give it to him!" as they termed it. Once more the lash was uplifted to

come down with brutal force, when suddenly from out the throng a small boy with a pale, resolute face stepped forth, and going to the side of the truck said, loud enough to be heard by

" Stop beating your horse!"
The driver looked amazed. Such a

little fellow to utter the command.
"What did you say, youngster?"
he asked on gaining his self possession. "Did you tell me to stop lickin' this 'ere horse?" He added: "'Cause if you did I'll break this 'ere whip across your

His temper was rising. The great veins swelled out on his temple, as stooping down he fairly yelled:
"Let go, I tell you."
The boy did not flinch although the

whip was uplifted, while the horse, who already recognized in him a friend, rubbed his nose gently against the sleeve of his faded blue jacket. The big brutal driver, inwardly admiring the little boy's pluck, and be ginning to realize that he was not to be frightened by threats, changed his

manner and said:
"I don't want to get in trouble youngster, see! I'll try and coax the critter along."

He got down from his elevated position. A few kind words and the horse moved on with a low whinny, as if to

say to his little rescuer,
"Thank you for your kindness, my

As the crowd dispersed, one seedylooking individual remarked to his companion:

I say, Billy, the kid's made of the right kind of stuff." Another of the spectators, a middle-aged man, with a houghful serious face, richly dressed,

held the same opinion.
"A wonderful boy," he inwardly commented. "Brave and self-reliant; commented. "Brave and self-reliant; I like his face, too — an open, manly countenance. Just such a lad as I should like to have about me. By the way," glancing at his timepiece, "that reminds me I have advertised for an office boy and should be at my desk."

Five minutes later he was seated in the office interviewing the applicants.

his office interviewing the applicants. One after another he dismissed, but when another applicant entered, the banker's face beamed with pleasure as

he recognized the little defender.

He found him a good penman, neat in personal appearance and well re-commended; and Harold Dean entered the banker's office at \$4 a week instead of the usual price, \$3, and is now not only helping his good mother, but on the way to a fortune and happy life.

The Girl She Despised.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," cried Milly Gardner, as she waltzed around the breakfast room, waving aloft an invitation she had just received. "But this seems to be a shiny shadow! a stream of sunshine.

"I daresay you will have a good time," said Milly's cousin, Laura, ris-ing from the table; "but I have been

simply ignored."

"O Laura," exclaimed Milly, in a reproaching tone, "you have lived here two mouths, and in that time you have repelled the friendly advance of every girl in town, and you have treated my best friend, Jane Bolter, shamefully, and the result is that they are either ashamed or afraid to go near you now.

Then fearing least her naturally ho temper master her, Milly said in a dif-

ferent tone:
"I guess I'll go over and see if

Jane's ready for school."
"Humph!" exclaimed Laura, "almost inaudibly, as Milly closed the front door, and ran down the gravel walk, "Jane Bolter, indeed! A farmer's daughter, like the rest! Why, Uncle James is the richest man in town. He lives in the best house not counting Bolter's, which is the same. Jane Bolter, indeed! I don't see what

Milly can see lovable in her." Laura Gardner was born and bred in New York City, of rich, indulgent parents. Her mother, however, being in very poor health, was advised by her physician to take a trip across the ocean. It was then that Laura was sent to her Uncle James' - Milly's

Laura treated all the girls in Cold Spring with cool contempt, and had a peculiar way of reminding people that she "had moved in the best New York society.

Jane Bolter, Milly's friend, was not a beautiful girl. She had short, curly The spot where Marquette was buried golden hair, reaching to her shoulders, is still pointed out, and it is within and wore old style clothes, but her cheerful countenance and frank grey eyes inspired one with a feeling of PROTECTION from the grip, pneumonia, diphtheria, fever and epidemics is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It makes pure blood.

often kept impulsive Milly from saying things which she would be heartily sorry for five minutes after.

Milly found Jane at her grandmother's spinning wheel, winding up yarn and playing with her pet kitten. She really looked, as she sat there, like an old fashioned girl of her grand-

mother's day.
That day, and for many succeeding ones, the party was the chief topic of talk in school and at home; but as "time waits for no man," the day of the party came at last, bright, clear and not too warm.

The girls, dressed in white, with wreaths of flowers upon their heads, marched in a body to the picnic grounds, which were situated in a wood, about a mile from town. On the outskirts of it was a grove especially adapted for the spreading of lunch at parties.

The morning was spent in racing through the woods, and playing game by the young people, the old folk staying at the grove unpacking the hampers.

At length the bell sounded, and the boys and girls came rushing to the grove, and, seating themselves at the tables, did justice to the ample supply

of good things before them.

At last they arose from the table, and agreed amongst themselves that it was too warm for racing and games, and each one would be allowed to roam at will till half past 2 o'clock, when games would begin again.

Jane Bolter inquired in vain for

Milly, and at last determined to go in search for her.

She walked along humming lightly to herself, her head upraised as she gazed at the patches of blue sky here and there, between the trees. Suddenly she stopped instinctively, and glanced about her for a moment, then recoiled with a look of terror on her now pallid features.

Right before her was Laura - a beautiful picture she made as she sat there on the trunk of a fallen tree, her raven black hair falling in waves and ripples to her waist, her thin mull dress in graceful folds about her slender form. Her eyes shone brightly and a contemptuous smile played about her lips, as she read the yellow paper covered novel in her hands.

All this passed before Jane like a flash, but her eyes rested in horror on a glittering object lying in the grass, with its horrid head uplifted, ready to dart at the unconscious girl so calmly reading a book, almost as poisonous as the fangs the snake was about to fasten in her round, white arm.

For a moment a conflict went on in Jane's soul. Why should she try to save a girl who despised her?

Her better nature triumphed, however, and in less time than it takes to tell, Jane picked up a large stick, and rushed forward striking the snake a tremendous blow on the head, but it only served to enrage him, and before she could strike a second blow, the angry reptile had fixed his poisonous fangs twice in her left arm; but once more she struck a blow which ended his existence. She then fell exhausted to the ground.

Laura's cries brought Milly, who had been somewhere in the neighborhood, to the spot. At a glance she took in the situation, and running over to Jane applied her lips to her blue and swollen arm.

Soon others of the party came hurry ing to the scene, and Jane was carried to the doctor, who, when he heard the facts, declared that while Jane had saved Laura's life, Milly had saved

her cheerfully, and soon they were

chatting pleasantly together.

From that day forth they were the best of friends, and Jane exercised over Laura the same influence she had

so long exercised over Milly. Two years later, when her parents returned, they noticed a change for the better in Laura. When questioned as to the improvement, she said:
"I owe it all to Jane Bolter, the girl

I despised." And she lovingly pointed to her friend Jane.—J Donahue.

THE CARDINAL'S EYES.

They Taunted Mr. Adams Until He Became a Catholie.

Invitations were issued by the mem-bers of the reading circle, "Papils of bers of the reading circle, "raphs of the Holy See," for a lecture by Mr. Henry Austin Adams last week at No. 456 West Fifty-first street. His sub-ject was "Cardinal Newman," and Father Mooney introduced him with a few congratulatory remarks to the reading circle upon the "rare literary

treat" they were about to enjoy. Mr. Adams began by saying that "The consideration of the life and character of Cardinal Newman has peen for all English peeple and will be throughout all time one of the sweetest,

deepest and most eventful of things. "After having deserted the Church of England and bringing down upon his head the vituperation of the British he died fifty years later, and not a voice could be raised against him."

Mr. Adams spoke also of a youthful picture of the Cardinal which he posesses, the eyes of which, he claims, have influenced his life, and until he

the eyes," he said."
"The Church of England," he said, further, "is rapidly approaching Cath-olicism. Nothing can stop it, nothing

A CARLETON CO. SENSATION.

Back to Health After Years of Ex-treme Suffering.—Vielded to the Ad-vice of a Friend and Obtained Re-sults Three Doctors Had Falled to

From the Ottawa Journal

Mr. George Argue is one of the bestknown farmers in the vicinity of North Gower. He has passed through an experience as painful as it is remark able, and his story as told a reporter will perhaps be of value to others. was born in the county of Carleton, said Mr. Argue, and have lived all my life within twenty miles of the city of Ottawa. Ten years of that time have been years of pain and misery almost beyond endurance. Eleven years ago I contracted a cold which resulted in pleurisy and inflammation of the lungs. Other complications then fol-lowed and I was confined to my room for five years. The doctor who at-tended me through that long illness move about was due to the contracting



I could hobble around on crutches.

of the muscles and nerves of my hands and feet through long confinement to bed. I could hobble around a little on crutches, but was well nigh helpless. At this stage a second doctor was called in, who declared my trouble was spinal complaint. Notwithstanding medical advice and treatment I was sinking lower and lower, and was regarded as incurable. I was now in such a state that I was unable to leave my bed, but determined to find a cure if possible, and sent for one of the most able physicians in Ottawa. I was under his care and treatment for three years. He blistered my back every three or four weeks and exerted all his skill, but it. vain. I was growing weaker and weaker, and began to think the end could not be far off. At this juncture a friend strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I yielded to his solicitations, and by the time six boxes of pills were used I found myself getting better. I used in all thirty boxes, and they have accomplished what ten years of treatment under physicians failed to do. Thanks to this wonderful medicine, I am able to attend to my duties and am as free from disease as any man in ordinary health is expected to be. I still use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they are the medicine for me, and so long as I live I shall use no other. If I had got these pills ten years ago I am satisfied I would not have suffered as I did, and would have saved some hundreds of dollars doctor bills. It is only those who have passed through such a terrible siege as I have done who can fully realize the wonderful merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr. Argue's experience should con vince even the most skeptical that Dr Jane's life.

The following day, Laura, confused and penitent, went to Jane's house to beg her forgiveness. Jane greeted

Williams Pink Pills stand far in advance of other medicines and are one of the greatest discoveries of the age. There is no disease due to poor or watery blood or shattered nerves which will not speedily yield to this treat ment, and in innumerable cases patients have been restored to health and strength after physicians had pronounced the dreaded word "incurable." Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by address ing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Refuse imitations and do not be persuaded to try something else.

Moral Training.

The need of moral training for the formation of good citizens, is every day standing out in bolder light, illus trated by the misdeeds of educated but immoral men. The Rev. Doctor Lyman Abbott, of Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn, writes on the subject in the current number of the Century :
"Educate a man," he says, "without training his conscience, and you may educate only a forger: teach him chemistry without developing in him humanity, and you may make only a dynamiter." For its own sake, he thinks, the State ought to persist in exacting that all children should be instructed in morality. "For," says he, "the men who are to determine what are the rights and duties of the State in dealing with other States, what are the rights and duties of the individual citizens in dealing with one another, what is the nature, penalty and cure of crime, and what is the moral quality of the corporate and co operative acts of the community, are to determine moral questions, and mus be educated to perceive moral distinc became a Catholic looked tauntingly at tions and to see that moral consideration, "but now the taunt is gone from tions always outweigh consideration." of mere expediency or apparent self-interest." The Catholic Church has interest." been saying this time out of mind, and can retard it now. The English nation is being brought back into the catholic Church. They should accept it and act on it, no matter who tells lie an inexhaustible energy of world-it and act on it, no matter who tells wide expansion." the majority have closed their ears to



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is not Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

THE RELIGIOUS SPIRIT OF GLADSTONE.

We cannot help thinking that some on the increase. He is quoted as saying with great earnestness on a recent occasion: "To me there is only one men, like Mr. Gladstone, are left graphically outside the Church by a pecial dispensation of Providence. Mr. Gladstone's influence on the religious life of Protestant youth—of which many instances have come to public knowledge-would be impossible under other circumstances. We recognize a very special message to the rising generation outside of the Church in these recent words of the Grand Old Man:

The religion of Christ is for mankind the greatest of all phenomena, the greatest of all facts. It is the dominant religion of the inhabitants of this planet in at least two important respects. It commands the largest num ber of professing adherents. estimate the population of the globe at 1,400 millions (and some would state a higher figure), between 400 and 500 millions of these, or one third of the whole, are professing Christians; and at every point of the circuit the ques tion is not one of losing ground, but of gaining it. The fallacy which ac-cepted the vast population of China as Buddhists in the mass has been exploded, and it is plain that no other religion approaches the numerical strength of Christianity; doubtful, indeed, whether there be any that reaches one-half of it. The second of the particulars now under view is, perhaps, even more important. Christianity is the religion in the command of whose professors is lodged a proportion of power far exceeding its superiority of numbers, and this power is both moral and material. In the area of controversy it can hardly be said to have a serious antagonist. Force, secular or physical, is accumulated in the hands of Christians in a proportion absolutely overwhelming; and the accumulation of influence is not less remarkable than that of force. This is not surprising. or all the elements of influence have their home within the Christian pre cinct. The art, the literature, the systematized industry, invention and commerce—in one word, the power of the world—are almost wholly Christian. In Christendom alone there seems to

As many men recover faith in Christianity as they near the close of life, Mr. Gladstone's faith would seem to be question in the world, and that is how to bring the divine revelation to the heart of the human race." Mr. Gladstone added: "I believe that the brain of the world is on the side of Christianity-I mean the convictions of thinking men. During my many years of public life I have been associated with sixty of the most prominent men of our times: fifty five of them were professors of the Christian religion, and consistent professors; the other five were respecters of religion. The great physicians of England are for the most part Christian men."

These words require no comment ; but a mental comparison between Mr. Gladstone and those apostles of naturalism and aestheticism who complacently relegate the Christian faith to "the limbo of dead mythologies" is inevitable. - Ave Maria

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterm-inator will convince you that it has no equal as a medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not please you.

does not please you.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your threat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's tgrave, when by the timely use of Bickle's Anti Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided. The Syrup is pleasant to the taste, and unsurpassed for relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

colds, bronchitis, etc., etc.

Tell the Deaf.—Mr. J. F. Kellock, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, wrote to Ireland telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half-a-dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

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