

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Twentieth Sunday After Pentecost.

TELLING LIES.

Putting away lying, speak ye the truth every man with his neighbor, for we are members one of another.

Do these words of the Apostle, my dear brethren, awaken your consciences? Do they give light to your souls regarding the much too common offence of lying? We trust it may be so, for it is really distressing to observe the prevalent disregard of truth. Sometimes it would seem as if the Eighth Commandment had been entirely forgotten, and that it was a matter of indifference whether we spoke things true or false, our convenience alone guiding us in our choice.

Surely there must be a lack of appreciation of the virtue of truth when such a state of neglect of it can exist. There must be a grave error somewhere. Truth in itself is lovely, and should be cultivated because it gives a beauty to the soul which without it it cannot possess. Purity and temperance and alms giving are virtues, and bestow upon those who have them a peculiar quality. They are sought after, and great efforts are made to obtain them and to keep them. Why? Because they are virtues. What is truth, if it is not a virtue? And if it is a virtue, why not love it and seek after it? For it is not only the utterly unscrupulous man of the world, who has no higher object in life than to serve himself and promote his real or fancied interests at whatever cost—it is not only he who makes light of lying; but many who call themselves good-living people are frequent offenders in this matter.

Many, indeed, would not tell a gravely injurious lie, yet they seem to have no horror of lies of excuse, as they say, or untruths concerning trifling things. Nor have they any real sorrow apparently for falsehoods of this kind, nor a sincere purpose of amending.

And yet these are sins—venial sins, it is true; still they are sins. They are displeasing to God, and offences against His majesty; and they do no little harm, moreover, to the soul, depriving it of many graces and laying up a store of material for the fires of Purgatory.

But setting aside the consideration of the sinfulness of falsehoods in themselves, the dishonesty and the duplicity of which we are of necessity guilty when we descend to these things destroy our self-esteem. Soon we cease to respect ourselves, and progress from that to a general suspicion of the veracity of our neighbors, until in the end our confidence in those about us is gone and we are in a doubting, uneasy, troubled state of mind, fearful of all, trusting in none.

Thus our untruthfulness dishonors God, and deprives ourselves of the assistance which we might receive from our fellows, were we honest men and women.

Even if we practised this virtue from purely natural motives our lives would not be so barren as they are without it. Our friends would be about us, helping us with their advice, and we in our turn would sustain them in their difficulties, because we would know them and they us, and we would have trust in each other. But as it now is, how many are there truthful and honest enough to give and receive counsel? Love the truth, dear brethren, for the truth shall set you free.

The Pope's Birthplace.

Carpineto, the birthplace of the Pontiff, is a mountain village with about 5,000 inhabitants, and is picturesquely situated on the top of a peak of the Lepini Mountains. The present village was, in the Middle Ages, a rather important town. It was, with its surroundings, a duchy, first under the Bonifacio VIII., who had his boxes by a Salaria Columna at Anagni, and later under the Aldobrandini, to which belonged Clement VIII. For two centuries, however, the most important family there has been that of the Pecci, although they originally came from Siena. The Pecci own the only building which can be called a palace, and half of the environs. From their palace, which is built on the highest ground, the outlook is grand toward the mountains, and picturesque looking down over the roofs of the medieval town. The interior is much more sumptuous than one would expect in that half wild district. There are vast ante rooms and magnificent halls, hung with tapestry and large family portraits.

The room occupied by the present Pontiff when he resided in Carpineto is still called "Camera di Monsignore," and has not been disturbed. It is very modestly furnished, having a little iron bed with curtains, a small writing desk near a window, a picture of the Madonna, a portrait of the Blessed Margaret Pecci, an ancestress of his, and a few chairs.

Followed Their Advice.

"I broke out with great blotches on my face, and friends told me my blood was out of order and that I ought to take a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla followed their advice and from that time to this I have not had any eruptions on my face. I know Hood's is a good medicine." Mrs. A. E. Radkey, St. Louis, Michigan.

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Toronto, March 16, 1907.

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H. C. Ford.

Foreman, Cowan Ave. Fire Hall.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Jack's Victory.

CAROLINE HARRIS CALLAGHER IN THE CATHOLIC MIRROR.

Jack Reynolds was the most popular boy in school. A generous, whole-souled fellow, full of fun and mischief, and always ready for a "lark," he had many friends; but, like all great favorites, he had also a few enemies.

One Friday afternoon Jack was walking slowly along the road that led from the village of Riverton to his own home. His face was flushed, and his expression, usually so bright and happy, was dark and scowling; within his heart a very tempest of anger was raging; for Jack was bearing a heavy grievance. His weekly school report (which he had received that day) bore an ugly mark opposite the words, "English Composition," and that meant to Jack bitter disappointment and deep humiliation.

For many weeks past his composition book had been his pride and pleasure, and had gained him the highest commendation from Mr. Maxwell, his teacher, not only for the excellence of his work, but also for the extreme neatness and care with which the book was kept. Jack's father had promised him that if for twelve consecutive weeks his report for English Composition should be perfect he would give him as a reward a bright five dollar gold piece. Nine weeks had passed successfully; but, alas! the report of the tenth week was disgraced with that ugly mark.

When Jack first saw it he could not understand what it meant. His composition this week had been, he thought, particularly good. The subject was "The Klondike," in which he, like most of the boys, was deeply interested, and his paper was prepared with even more care than usual. But when he opened his composition book, he saw at a glance what the trouble was—it had been tampered with and defaced by some unknown person! Many words had been erased and their places supplied with others, so that the report was a jumble of nonsense, and the fair appearance of the pages.

For a moment Jack could hardly believe his eyes—it was surely not his book; but there at the end was the signature, "John Howard Reynolds" in his own clear, bold handwriting. Yes, some enemy had evidently done this; but who could it have been? Who was mean enough to be guilty of such a contemptible act?

Just then there flashed across his mind the recollection of something which had occurred at school on Monday last. He had gone to the school room during recess to get a knife which he had borrowed from another boy; and as he entered, he heard the lid of a desk fall suddenly, and saw Bob Summers walk quickly across the floor with an ink bottle and eraser in his hand.

Bob seemed greatly confused, but Jack thought nothing of the incident at the time, and merely saying, "Hello, Bob! what on earth are you staying all alone in this place for? You're missing a dandy game of ball," he picked up the knife, which was lying on his desk, and left the room. That afternoon, according to the custom of the school, the compositions were all laid on Mr. Maxwell's desk; and during the week they were examined, corrected, and marked on the weekly reports, which the boys received every Friday.

Without doubt Bob Summers must have done the mischief on that Monday. Jack had never injured him, but Bob's disposition was a jealous one, and he could not bear to see Jack (who had only been in Riverton for the past year) take the place which he had had for a long time as the best writer of English Composition in the school.

Jack had often noticed Bob's ugly, churlish manner, and knew that for some reason the latter disliked him; but as he had many true, warm friends among the other boys, he did not bother his head as to whether Bob did or did not like him.

But now he was furiously angry. He had forfeited and through no fault of his the five dollar gold piece; his beautiful, clean composition book was disgraced; and his father's disappointment would be great. Oh, if he only had that wretched Bob Summers within his reach (Bob had not made his appearance at school that morning), he would pommel the life half out of him! There was no punishment too great for him, nothing too bad to do to him. In the violence of his wrath, Jack vowed to himself that he would be revenged—Bob should be made to suffer intensely for this thing.

Thus lashing himself into a violent passion, Jack walked along muttering to himself, "The mean, cowardly beast! How I hate him!" when, just then, something fell from his pocket to the ground, and it was the little emblem of the League of the Sacred Heart, which he always wore. He looked at it for a moment, as it lay in his hand, hardly knowing that he did so, and involuntarily the familiar words rose to his lips, "Jesus, meek and humble unto Thine." He said them mechanically, at the same time fastening the little pin in its place; but as he did so, the meaning of the words he had just used came to him with a sudden shock.

How could he take such words "meek and humble"? No, indeed; meekness was far from him at that moment. If he met Bob now, it would go hard with him, indeed.

Bob should be made to—but hark! What was that? It sounded like a faint moan. Surely some one near was suffering; but where did the sound come from?

A sharp turn in the road brought Jack suddenly upon the scene of the trouble, and there, on the ground beside a broken bicycle, lay a boy from whose face the blood was flowing. In an instant Jack was at his side, but as he stood over the prostrate figure, he recognized his enemy, Bob Summers. Yes, Bob Summers—the boy whom he had been longing to meet, the boy who had wronged him so deeply!

Jack flushed a deep, dark red. How could he even touch the despicable being lying there? Bob was justly punished for his contemptible conduct—let him lie and bleed until some one else should chance to come along; it would only serve him right.

Rapidly these thoughts passed through Jack's mind, and for an instant he stood irresolute; then his better nature prevailed—he could not turn his back on any suffering creature, no matter how debased that creature might be. Again the words of that familiar ejaculation came back to him, and again he whispered, "Make my brother like unto Thine," he choked the angry, revengeful thoughts; and, running to the river, which flowed at the side of the road, he filled his cap with the cold water, and bathed the cut face of Bob Summers.

Bob's eyes were closed, but he moaned feebly; and there was a bad gash on the left side of his forehead. For some moments Jack continued his ministrations, and at length Bob's blue eyes opened and looked full into Jack's brown ones.

Seeing who it was that was bending over him, his pale face flushed, and, making a great effort, he sat up and tried to speak.

"Jack," he said, and then stopped, putting his hand to his head; "Jack," he began again, "you're awfully good to me, and I— but here he became very white, and fell back in a faint.

Jack was now much alarmed, but just at that moment he heard the welcome sound of wheels coming along the road, and to his great relief Dr. Stoneleigh's buggy came into sight.

"Well, Jack," cried the doctor, "what's the matter here?"

"Oh, doctor," replied Jack, "I'm so glad you've come! I found Bob lying here in the road with his head all bleeding, and I'm afraid he's dead."

"No, no," said the doctor, who had jumped from his buggy, "not dead nor feeling like it. He's just fainted, that's all. He's evidently had a bad fall from his wheel, but he'll soon be all right again. See, he's opening his eyes now."

While he was speaking, Dr. Stoneleigh had taken a roll of bandage from the little satchel he always carried, and saying, "There Bob, don't try to talk now; wait until we get home," he quickly and skillfully bound up the injured head.

"Now, boys," said the doctor, when the bandage was in its place, "you're neither of you very big, and I'm going to take you both home in my buggy. Get in, and I will put Bob between Jack and I, so that he will be safe, and so have another tumble to-day, and so saying, he lifted Bob into the carriage and drove rapidly to the home of Mrs. Summers.

By the time they reached the gate, the fresh air had so revived Bob that he was able to walk up the path without assistance. His mother, who was sitting on the porch, was much alarmed at seeing his pale face and bandaged head, but the doctor briefly explained the accident, and soon reassured her.

"It's really nothing very serious," Mrs. Summers, he said, "just a flesh wound, but you had better put him to bed and keep him quiet for the rest of the day. I'll stop in and see him to-morrow morning. Bob owes a good deal to Jack, though, for if it had not been for him, there's no telling how long Bob might have laid there in the hot dusty road, with his head bleeding, and getting weaker every moment. As it was, Jack's prompt and kind assistance was the right thing in the right place. Well, good bye, Mrs. Summers; don't worry about Bob. Jack, don't I drive you home? I'm going right by your house?"

"Yes, thank you, doctor," said Jack, but just as he was stepping in the carriage, Bob said, "Oh, Jack, don't go—I want to speak to you."

Jack hesitated, and the doctor, who was in a great hurry, said: "Never mind, Bob; you can't talk to Jack just now. Keep quiet to-day, and talk all you want to-morrow. Come, Jack, jump in. I've lots to do this afternoon, and can't waste my time," and the doctor and Jack drove quickly away.

Late that afternoon Bob's little brother called at Jack's home and left a note for "Mr. John Howard Reynolds," which read thus:

Dear Jack—I have done you a great injury, and write to beg your forgiveness. I know I do not deserve it, for it was I who ruined your composition book. I was jealous of you because you had so many more friends than I, and because you had taken the place at school that I used to have. Last Monday, at recess, the wicked thought came suddenly into my mind, and in five minutes your book was ruined. I have not had one happy moment since. When I had that fall off my wheel this afternoon I was on my way to see you and make a clean breast of the whole miserable business, and when I found you bathing my head, I cannot tell you how I felt. I have sent a letter to Mr. Maxwell and one to your father telling them the truth. I would give half my life if I had not done it. I know I have no right to ask you to forgive me.

Jack sat quite still for some minutes after reading this letter, thinking deeply. Could he really forgive Bob? If anyone had asked him that question a few hours ago, he would have replied emphatically, "No!"

but his resentment had vanished now. Since he had said for the second time the words, "Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thine," his stormy, revengeful feelings had disappeared, and as he thought of Bob lying there pale and bleeding, he had only a deep pity for him. Bob had already been severely punished; and had suffered intensely, and as Jack looked again at the words, "I have not the right to ask you to forgive me," he seemed to realize what it had cost Bob to write them.

Seizing a pen, Jack wrote:—

Dear Bob—I forgive you entirely. Don't mention it again.

John Howard Reynolds.

And placing this brief epistle in an envelope, he ran down stairs and along the road to Mrs. Summers'. Meeting Bob's brother at the gate, Jack gave the note to him, and hurried away, reaching home at nightfall. As he entered the house, the door of the library opened, and his father called, "Jack, come in here: I want to speak to you; and Mr. Reynolds began:

"My son, I know that you are aware of the letter I received from Bob Summers this afternoon. I cannot tell you how shocked and pained me to think that the son of my old friend, Robert Summers, should have stooped to commit such a dishonorable deed. If his father were alive it would have grieved him beyond all words; but I am thankful that Bob now realizes how shameful it was, and is trying to make some reparation. He tells me in his letter of your kindness to him this afternoon! Now, what I want to ask you is this: when you found him lying in the road did you know that it was he who had ruined your composition book?"

"Well, father," replied Jack, "I felt pretty sure of it," and he then told his father what he had seen in the school room at recess on the previous Monday. Mr. Reynolds listened attentively, and asked:

"Tell me, Jack, how did you feel about it when you first saw him? Were you not very angry?"

Jack paused for a moment; and then touching the little enameled badge which was on his jacket, he said, "Yes, father, I think I was mad enough to kill him, but this saved me," and in a few simple words he related the incident of the dropped emblem, and the little ejaculation which it brought to his mind.

Deeply touched, his father laid his hand on Jack's shoulder, saying:

"My boy, I thank God that He has helped you to gain such a victory over yourself to-day. It gives me far greater pleasure than the highest school report, or the fairest composition book you could bring me. Wear the little emblem always, Jack, and may it often be the means of bringing you the help and strength you need, as it was to-day. And as for the blotched and disgraced composition on 'The Klondike,' I shall keep it always, and shall write across the first page, the words, 'Jack's Victory,' in memory of to-day."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Punctuality preserves peace and good temper in a family or business; it gives calmness of mind, it gives weight of character; it is contagious, and thus leads to a general saving of time and temper and money.

Young men, and old ones, too, should remember that persevering application is of importance in any department of life. It is the result of every day experience, that steady attention to matters of detail lies at the root of human progress; and that diligence, above all, is the mother of good luck. Accuracy is also of much importance, and an invariable mark of good training in a man—accuracy in observation, accuracy in speech, accuracy in the transaction of affairs. What is done in business must be well done, for it is better to accomplish perfectly a small amount of work than to half do ten times as much.

Young Women to Avoid.

It is a good thing to avoid the company of those girls whose appreciation of a man depends upon how he may be able to minister to their appetites and vanities. The "ice cream girl" and the "summer girl" are two newspaper types of a class which it is wise for the average young man to avoid. The girl who, by her influence, does not make a young man feel better, purer, nobler, stronger, is a good one to leave for association with another who will help him to build up manliness and strength, both in mind and in spirit. While there are foolish women, as there are weak men, there are once upon men is for the best and the highest. Seek such for companionship and association, though perchance they be not quite so stylish in appearance or chic in manner as others. It being true that a man is at his weakest when under the influence of women, the necessity is the more imperative that no man should willingly lead himself into temptation, or, if led into it, remain there. Men and women interact upon each other; and each will find the kind he or she seeks for. The man who wants the company and affection of a worthy woman will have little trouble in discovering such a one, and when found she is better than rubies and fine gold. A man is not only known by the company he keeps, but by the company he seeks. Seek, therefore, those companionships, whether of man or woman, the conscious influence of which is to raise your ideas and standards of living. Whatever or whoever has the effect of lowering your ideas and standards

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Friendly Hints.

The old saw which says a man is known by the company he keeps contains more truth than many popular sayings. If a young man makes a friend of a corner loafer he will be considered a better man than his associate, for people will wisely reason that there must be an agreement of tastes between the two young fellows, or they would not be seen so much together. If an old-fashioned goes astray you are in no way bound to keep up an intimacy with him. You may be civil to him, and when an opportunity presents itself, try to convince him of the folly of his course, but it will do you no good to appear to be on terms of friendship with him. You may pray for him, but you must avoid his society until he shows some tendency to reform.

The hoodlums, the thieves, the drunkards, even the murderers, are bred on the street corner, which may stand in this article for any place where young men congregate to indulge in idle and filthy conversation. The passions are fed and inflamed in places where blasphemy gives profane emphasis to every remark. God can not come out of evil, and we can not expect to have virtue cultivated on the street corner. Home-keeping youths may have homely wits, as the poet says, but they are not in danger of losing either their souls or their characters. This does not mean that I would have a healthy young fellow sit by the fireside all day, like an old woman whose work is past, but that he should avoid giving scandal by keeping away from disreputable companions. There are plenty of resorts where he will not be tempted to sin against both the laws of God and man, and if he is drawn to the company of young women he should visit only those who are above suspicion, as Caesar wished his wife to be. There is nothing that will put a bridle on a young man's vulgar tongue so quickly as a virtuous young woman. She may not be able to control his thoughts, but she will assuredly not lead him in the wrong direction. A bad woman, on the contrary, resembles a fallen angel. She would drag others down into the pit of perdition into which she herself unfortunately plunged.

In choosing companions select those who are above you morally, if not socially. There is a mistaken idea that a good young man is necessarily a prig. A good young man may be offensive in his assumption of virtue, but he does not make an outward display of his piety, is one of the most social fellows in existence. He takes an interest in all the reputable affairs of the day, and enters upon the discussion of them with enthusiasm. And here let me remark that there is not much pleasure or satisfaction in life without enthusiasm. The lukewarm man, Christian or otherwise, is a dull fellow who never makes friends, because he has no more warmth in him than the dull embers of a dying fire. He has a hand like Uriah Heap, cold and clammy, and frequently a heart of the same description. Cultivate, therefore, a person for a whom you have an enthusiasm for literature, outdoor games, art or any decent thing, for he will inspire you to make the most of your gifts and will spur you on to new attainments. Do not affect the company of the fellow who was born tired, and who is bored by any worthy pursuit or pastime. He is apt to be more vicious in a quiet way than the more wide awake person who has been led into bad courses by thoughtlessness. The former is apt to drift into drunkenness through mere lawlessness of spirits created by inaction and laziness. Hope is born of enthusiasm, and the man without hope, as the boys say, is "no good."—Benedict Bell, in Sacred Heart Review.

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