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Pills

Pills for many ed the best re

id Liver

Sixth Sunday after Pentecost. MAN'S NEED OF GOD.

JULY 4, 1896.

"And Jesus said to His disciples: I have compassion on the multitudes, because they have nothing to est, and I will not send them away fasting, lest they faint in the way." (St. Matt. av. S2.)

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

If our Divine Lord were to reappear in the flesh to day, walking amongst men, as He did nineteen centuries ago, He would, no doubt, have with Him again the multitudes, attracted by the sweetness of His divine personality. He would see at His feet amongst the miserable millions embodying man-kind's collected woe not only the dumb, the blind, the lame and maimed, cast themselves down before Him to be healed, but crowding around Him a multitude of those who have nothing to eat. Compassion would again be do minant and rule supreme in His Sacred

Heart, and who can doubt that the Healer of mankind would again, while healing the sick, not send away the others fasting ? I will not dwell here on the fact that

than themselves, their relief is a means

to make those who help them like Jesus

Christ. But though without such help the wretched multitude must go away fasting and fainting, this sorrowful truth is not the whole truth. The real state of things is still worse. For if

we consider likewise, as we ought to

greater number of those that have abundance-that is, that are filled with

bread and meat and the other good

things of this life -we find that in an

heart and the aspirations of man's

from true life.

the spiritual and moral condition of the

in the present as in bygone times there is scarcely much difference as to the re of headach gements, Ayer' They are eas vastness in numbers of those who literally, in plain Gospel language, "have nothing to eat." I will only say, that if the percentage of the poor and needy, ne I have ever INSON, 368 Rider

LS forid's Fair. for the blood. X YEARS ľS

ER FRIEND

seen that, in spite of their bodily fulness, they still are spiritually fasting owing to the void in their hearts. In this world there is no food which are in reality vast numbers of them

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

the pledge.

Legs Versus Bicycles.

More grit is required to get health-ful exercise on foot than a wheel or on horseback, but the former method has a

great advantage over the others in

that it costs nothing. The doctors say that walking is the best kind of exer

cise if one can get enough of it. One

trouble with most people when they

take to walking for exercise is that they make too hard work of it, consid-

ering walking as a thing they must do - driven to it by the greater evils of

dull heads and dyspepsia. Much of the benefit of such outings is destroyed

if one must take with him an unwill-ing mind. Go joyously, with the knowledge that at the end of a good,

brisk, blood stirring walk there is new

bope and courage. But walking for the sake of exercise merely can have little charm. The

mind should be alert to impressions

from things around, above and upon

the ground. Everything should have interest. And the surroundings

interest. And the surroundings should for the time crowd out all

thoughts of business and other ordinary

cares. As the physical change should be complete, so should the mental be.

The interest of an hour's walk is increased if there is a definite place or

person to visit, determined upon in advance. Buildings, trees, stree

scenes and persons encountered on the

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Be of Good Courage.

Here's a hand to the boy who has courage To do what he knows to be right ! When he fails in the way of temptation He has a hard battle to fight. Who strives against self and his comrades Will find a most powerful foe : All honor to him if he conquers A cheer for the boy who says " No !"

There's many a battle fought daily The world knows nothing about : There's many a brave little soldier Whose strength puts lecions to rout. And he who fights sin single handed Is more of a hero. I say. Then he who leads soldiers to battle And conquers by arms in the fray.

Be steadfast my boy, when you're tempted, And do what you know to be right; Stand firm by the colors of msnhood, And you'll overcome in the fight. "The Right," be your battle cry ever In waging the warfare of life; And God, who knows who are the heroes. Will give you the strength for the strife.

Bed-Time Prayers. There are some children. It is sad to say, who take too little trouble in reciting their prayers at night and at all times. They hurry over the words

as if anxious to get through and pay very little attention to what the prayer signifies. This, of course, is not the right way, for when we are addressing Our Lord or his Blessed Mother, we should speak with the greatest revernothing to eat. I will only say, that should speak with the greatest rever-if the percentage of the poor and needy, ence and respect. Not only should of those hungering for their daily bread, has remained unchanged, as great as in the past, it is owing to the prevalent, all but universal love of gain. If, then, the wretched become dependent upon others more fortunate than themselves, their relief is a means times a day not only many

and, in fact, at the beginning of almost every act of life. This pious custom keeps us recollected, and it is a great preservative against sin, for if we are constantly thinking of God we have no opportunity to think of evil.

The Goodest Mother.

Evening was falling, cold and dark, And people hurried along the way As if they were longing soon to mark Their own home candle's cheering ray. other sense of the divine text they have nothing to eat. If we only were able to read their souls, it would be

Before me toiled in the whirling wind, A woman with bundles great and small, And after her tugged, a step behind, The bundle she loved the best of all.

can fill the desire of men's souls. There is, then, not only the danger of A dear little roly poly boy With rosy cheeks, and a jacket blue, Laughing and chattering, full of joy, And here's what he said—I tell you true their fainting by the way, but there

"You're the goodest mother that ever was." A voice as clear as a forest bird's : And I am sure the glad young heart had cause To utter the sweet of the lovely words. who have fallen, who at every moment are falling, by the wayside, and away

We then discover this fact, even Perhaps the woman had worked all day, Washing or scrubbing; perhaps she sewed, I knew, by her weary footiall's way. That life for her was an uphill road. more deplorable than the first, because

having nothing to eat in the spiritual sense, so many fall away from belief in God. In the truer and deeper, the But here was a comfort. Children dear, Think what a comfort you might give To the very best friend you can have here, The lady fair in whose house you live. mystical sense of the text, we see that there are millions to day who have nothing to eat, who go about fasting,

faint, and who even die in the way If once in a while you'd stop and say,— In task or play for a moment pause, And tell her in sweet and winning way, '' You're the goodest mother that ever was.' The expérience of past ages bears me out when I say that God alone can satisfy the necessities of the human

Juvenile Precocity.

There is a little boy in Germany In vain has mankind attempted to live without its Creator. "Of old," says the venerable Father Lalleman, who, though but three years of age, can read the newspapers with ease and has no trouble about doing ex amples in long division. He will probably die of brain disease before he is five.

"the devil disguised himself as God, presenting himself to the heathen in idols, as the author and the end of everything in the world." Later on, in modern, in our times, men have tried to fill the void within by creatures which then embedient for God. But Goldsmith showed no talent what-ever during his childhood and was if you do those tasks to win it. Now for the last part of the definiconsidered rather a stupid boy. Pope, on the contrary, was a clever author at which they substituted for God. But nobody has succeeded, nobody can suction: "An unwilling or reluctant laborer." Ah, that is just where the twelve. Henry Kirke White, John Keats and Thomas Chatterton were are doing our work unwillingly that ceed without God. The oft-repeated attempt of man to deceive his own wonder-boys. The three names are world-famous, and yet White was but twenty one when he died, Keats heart and soul into the belief that any. we make drudgery of it. But even if your present employment thing but God will still his hunger, has be humble and wearisome, will not its faithful performance fit you for better caused only wretchedness and supreme twenty-four and Chatterton only seven the boulevard. Life is sill rich in openings The truth then is: To-day as of old, teen. things? Our own William Cullen Bryant was multitudes are without God, without Christ, by their own fault. They will not follow Him out to the desert, will -vou know not what a day may bring but seventeen when he wrote "Than-atopsis." As a boy Napoleon was a little general, Schiller was a poet in forth. To-morrow you may hear the invitation : "Step up higher ; because you have been faithful in a low not lister, to His words, ponder upon his teens, and Handel had produced an opera before he was fifteen. Corneille, the French poet, had com-posed a tragedy before he was twelve. them ; will not ask for grace to believe and be filled with truth. No ; in pride place you will be tried in one more re-sponsible, but requiring the very qualdeluded self-satisfaction, in the ities that you have there acquired. Do the duty in sight ; let to morrow bustle of life, in the entanglements of During his teens Goethe produced a take care of itself so far as work and passion or business, they suffer life to run on in some faint, half-hearted way number of poems and dramas. Rap worry are concerned. Drudgery well ael was a clever artist at twelve, and done is the foundation of success desiring the truth but never, as the Michael Angelo was already renowned Apostle says, coming to the knowledge of it. But we, by God's mercy, have at the age of sixteen. Millet was given Hon. John Sherman in Llquor. a course of free instruction on account of his marvellous ability when he was the truth, we have eaten and been filled ; oh ! let us prize it, let us above There is no more instructive not Coleridge began the "Ancient Mariner" when he was 14. Byron significant incident in the autobiog all be faithful to it-for our Lord says : raphy of John Sherman, recently pub Blessed are you, not because you know lished, than a short story of his youth the truth, not solely because you pos-sess it, but blessed are you if, knowing Speaking of the young men who were contemporaries of his, he says that a was only 19 when he published his first book of poems. Auber wrote an operetta for the stage before he was it, you live up to it. very large proportion of them became 14. Prince Eugene planned cam-paigns at the age of 13, and Kant was habitual drunkards and died prema-Religious Resurgence in Italy. turely. a metaphysician at 17. Millais was But what saved John Sherman from The Guardian, speaking of the re ligious reaction in Italy, says: "It is a time of promise for the future, and the Church has risen to an artist at the early age of 11, and the fate of his friends of youth? Was he proof against all the attacks of the modern fire gods? Was he one of Mozart, the greatest of all child wonders, was the composer of a sonata before he was 6, and at the age of 9 he those ideal characters, about whom we the occasion. Before her altars, in commemoration of the brave men sacwrote his first Mass. read so much and of whom we see so little. That temptation never seems to St. Peter of Verona was an eloquent rificed at Ambo Alagia, party feeling has been forgotten. All over the country masses have been said, and affect ? Not at all. His career might preacher at 15. St. Catherine of Sienne was a zealous tertiary at the have been consigned to the charity of same age. St. Paschial Baylon con-verted the herdsmen of Arragon when oblivion were it not for a loving mother the Pope himself more than once exand-a pledge. Hear the story from his own mouth. pressed his sympathy and anxiety for the defenders of Macalle. The Church, e was but a lad in his teens. St. Aloysius was a saintly child before he "On one occasion," he says, "I went home very sick from drinking. My indeed, has triumph after triumph to was 9 years old. When but a boy at school St. Dominic sold his books to register in the past year. There are mother received me with much sur now two Capuchin chaplains attached feed the poor during a famine then prise and sorrow, but neither com to each brigade in Africa ; the priests are again entering the schools everyplained nor scolded, and with the utraging, and he offered himself in ranom for a slave when he was but 15. most kindness put me to bed, and watched over and cared for me. I was where as authorized teachers of relig St. Louis of Brignolies, nephew o ion (in Milan thousands of families de King Louis. was devoted to the glorifinot stupid enough to be unconscious of manded religious instruction, and in my degradation and of her affection, men turned pale and murmured under ation of God and the mortification of Genoa of all the scholars only seventy self at an early age. It is recorded of this child that he would steal out of his and then and there resolved never to six refused it); the municipalitie early everywhere are in the hands of play an important part in American public life. He has always been re-markable as a scher and indexe need indexes is the color had gone out of her and have one child, a pretty, curly-haired babe. be in such a condition again. royal bed and sleep upon the floor in the Clericals, who have knit a great part of Northern Italy into a Catholic memory of the King who had not where to lay his head. So saintly was the childhood of St. federation by means of the country markable as a sober and industrious banks, which are strictly propagandist man, and these qualities have won for Charles Borromeo that his singular vir in the towns young men's societies are tues caused his elevation to the Cardihim a standing to which more brilliant springing up, and in Genoa, as in nalate at the age of twenty-two. St. men have not attained. His temperate er places, the Corpus Domini prostanislas Kostka was but seventeen habits were undoubtedly the founda head of th when he died, after a life which, tion of his successful career, and he their feet. cession has been restored, after an interval of twenty years."

though but short, had its every minute devoted to God. St. Laurence O'Toole was a model of virtue at the age of fourteen, and became abbot before he twenty-five. St. John, the Beloved Disciple, was only a boy when our Lord called him to follow Him. St. Louis the Crusader, King of France, was but twelve when he ascended the throne, and voluntarily vowed to make the de-fense of God's honor the aim of his life.

htte. St. Agnes, St. Cyril and a host of other child martyrs gave up their lives for the holy faith. These young saints needed not the maturity of years to teach them the better maturity. to teach them the better way.

Sanctity and genius, though often revealed at an early age, are occasion-ally of slow development. Some do not

know themselves until the world has tried them. St. Francis Navier, St. Augustine, St. Ignatius, St. Alphon-sus were among those who found the heavenly path amid the tangled ways f earth. Each one's life is his own to do with as he will. The qualities of heart and mind which God has given him must be used for God and man-the earlier the better, for we are not all set right when we make mistakes at first. Early virtue and early knowledge are

sure to bring early reward. CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Drudgery.

It was Jean Paul Richter who said these words : "I have made of myself times a day, not only upon rising in the morning and going to bed at night, but when the Angelus bell rings and when we sit down to meals, the more they seem to mean. Is there the more they seem to mean. Is there any one of us who can honestly say those words? This world would by a very different place if every man in it could truly say: "I have made all that could be made of the stuff." "But I have no chance to make much of the stuff that's in me," a young

man replies. "I'm kept at drudgery, without any opportunity to improve myself or develop my talent." You are wrong, young man. In that very place you can cultivate the

noblest traits of character-fidelity, constancy, devotion to duty because it is duty, hopefulness, resignation to Providence, etc.

Besides, what is drudgery? Web-ster says: "A drudge is one who works hard or labors with toil." I hope we are all drudges in that sense. We shall have the company of the great ones of the world, for never did any

one achieve greatness who did not work hard. But there is more to the defini tion: "One who labors hard in servile employment." That does not sound very inviting, I will confess,

but it is an aid to contentment to remember that nothing need be done in a servile spirit, that the lowliest em-ployments may be raised and glorified with a high motive, and that the nobl-est purpose of life—sanctity—can be attained as well in drudgery as in con-

spicuous occupations. Dr. Trumbull says : "He whose work is only for itself and himself will

find his best work drudgery. He who lives and labors lovingly to fill out his lot in life makes his drudgery divine." You see-nothing need be servile if it be done from love. If your life be only a monotonous round of menial tasks. look aloft where a kingdom awaits you



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SEND FOR CALENDAR.

"The crowd gathered round with that wonderful celerity with which men and women will collect when danger is with him to keep out of it, but without avail. He went from bad to worse, and soon lot his negative.

over. " What heroism !' said the men. " What courage !' said the women. Ah, for that the little Sisters are un-

surpassed.' "But the sturdy form swayed a mo ment, and then the little bleeding hands were clasped together as she leant upon the parapet for support." A carriage soon drove up, and the nun was taken to the nearest hospital.

soon lost his position. Matters got so bad that when she wanted to see her husband Mrs. Leught was obliged to go to the saloon to do so.

That made her desperate, and she resolved to adopt heroic measures in an effort to bring her husband to his senses.

So one day recently, when Leught was in a back room of the bar, a young and pretty woman, neatly dressed, and carrying in her arms a bundle, The hospital nurse told Lady Henry walked boldy into the saloon. She Somerset the end. "Ah, the little Sister ! It was the looked about her calmly, as if in search bravest thing a woman ever did ; or, for the matter of that, a man either. of some one. Then she walked up to the bar, deposited the bundle thereon and started to leave the place. She lay here so quiet when her hands The bar room was full of men at the were dressed, and so faint, and the time. When the woman entered they doctors would not let her move because became quiet, and then astonished, as they wanted some days to elapse in she laid the bundle on the bar very order to see what effect the virus had gently taken. She was so patient and yet so gay, she made all the sick people in the As she started to leave the place one of the waiters stepped forward and stopped her. At the same time there ward smile-it seemed like God's sunwas a movement in the bundle, and a convulsions took her on the fifth day. and again and again they racked her baby's head peeped out of the folds of cloth. The baby looked about at the garish furniture with wide, staring poor little body until it was a living death to behold her. After the parox. eyes and began to cry. The effect was electrical. All the ysms she would look up and say : " 'I am glad I saved the childrenmen crowded up and tried to quiet the such young lives, so much before them, so many to love them-tell them I am child, which refused to be quieted. Even the bartenders joined in the glad I saved them.' And in her hands, all trembling still, and bound effort to amuse the youngster. "The baby wanted to see his father," Mrs. Length explained to the crowd, "so I brought him to the only because of the wounds, she would hold her beads, and murmur her pravers until the terrible convulsions seized place where his father can be found her again. But the suffering was not He can take care of the boy now he to last, for the good God knew that she cause I've got to go to work could bear no more, and she went to her reward." to making a living for myself and the child." That settled it with the crowd Leught was hauled out of the back A TEMPERANTE LIDY. room, and almost before he knew what How a Baby Cured Its Parent of the had happened was walking down the street beside his wife, with the child in his arms. He got his former position back a few days later, and hasn't been in the saloon since. Blood-purifiers, though gradual, are radical in their effect. Ayer's Sarsa-parilla is intended as a medicine only

way will add interest. If information gained in such outings is supplemented by the reading of a chapter of a book or a section of the encyclopedia, or by the pointed question put to some specialist, the walks may be made to contribute materially to one's educa-A \$100 bicycle or a trip to the moun

street

tains, as beneficial as they are, need not be depended upon for spring time and summer recuperation.

THE BRAVEST DEED I EVER SAW.

Under the above title Lady Henry Somerset contributes a pathetic story The scene is laid in a boulevard in Paris, where a Sister of Charity i walking with some children.

"The little Sister listened for a moment, and then, turning to the flowerwoman, she asked :

" ' Of what are they frightened ? Is it a runaway horse? Keep close to the parapet, my children.' '' No, no, Sister,' said the woman, gathering up her pots, and drawing them closely around her, 'they say

there is a mad dog.' "' A mad dog ! A mad dog ! Will a man dog : will he bite?' cried an elder girl. 'Will he come our way? I remember on our farm a boy was bitten and he died. Oh ! my Sis-

ter, hasten, hasten ! Where can we go to escape so terrible a fate?

"Presently the crowd began

AY CONCERN. AY CONCERN. the Canadian Free-ot of money was due stime, the publisher accounts or ask for circumstances of the appeal to those who ream an to pay part, e. Though the in-since out-lawed by rigned ventures to of his old friends and rem-will be led by a stice and a recollec-sefulness, in trying and respond to a call atter of a century. an having been lost, of Moylan, Daly avenue, Ottawa.

of the Saints d Jr One Year 3.00.

B.OO. the Saints contains y in the Year. Tae Butler's Lives" and to which are added a Saints, recently or the United States the Third Pienary al also the Lives of 1881 by His Holiness Usy John Gilmary autiful frontispiece hearly four hundred leganity bound in imired by our Holy who seen this special s; and approved by shops. be sent to any of our og the hem credits on The CATHOLIG Three Dollars. We arriage.

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thicken, and two or three panic stricken women came running down

"' He comes, they cried, ' the police have been unable to cope with him. He is biting right and left. Good Good God ! we shall none of us escape !' " 'What imbeciles women are,

shouted a burly man, as he hastened his footsteps and made for the neares bridge. "The crowd has almost dispersed

it took but a moment to drive them panic-stricken from the street. shine when she was there. "The Sister hesitated. Around her

clung the tiny children, too young to be able to run with any speed, and too

numerous for her to be able to disperse hem quickly. And then a little cloud of dust and a speck on the horizon of the long boulevard-a speck that grew and grew until in an instant a dog came towards them, his tail between his legs, and white froth hanging from his mouth. It seemed as if the animal was more frightened than the human

beings who had fled before it. "Almost before it reached the place where the children stood, it began to snap right and left, and then dashed towards the pavement.

"The little Sister stood for a moment, and then, as though a sudden inspiration came to her, without an instant's hesitation, she went straight to meet the dog as it approached.

"The animal ran towards her, vap

It has remained for a woman in St. ping and snapping and snarling as it came. Down bent the grey figure and the wide white cap as she kuelt upon Louis to devise a simple and effective scheme for getting her husband out the flagstones, and, after a short fierce of a bar-room in which he had be struggle, two plump little hands were spending too much of his time and all his money. She not only induced him to go home, but to wish that he had forced down the animal's throat. "Two policemen, puffing and heated from a long pursuit, came where she

never been in a saloon. The woman who did it was Mrs. was, and when they saw her action the Fritz Leught, who is not only young, but very pretty. She and Leught have been married a little over a year their breath : "She is lost !" "The Sister looked up into their

Drinking Habit.

and not a stimulant, excitant, or bey erage. Immediate results may not always follow its use ; but after a reasonable time, permanent benefit is cer-

their feet. but very pretty. She and Leught bare over a year tain to be realized. sonable time, permanent benefit is cer-tain to be realized. sonable time, permanent benefit is cer-tain to be realized. *Unequalled.* - Mr. Thos. Brunt. Tyend-tain to be realized. *Unequalled.* - Mr. Thos. Brunt. Tyend-tain to be realized. *Unequalled.* - Mr. Thos. Brunt. Tyend-tain to be realized. *Unequalled.* - Mr. Thos. Brunt. Tyend-tain to be realized. *Unequalled.* - Mr. Thos. Brunt. Tyend-tain to be realized. *Unequalled.* - Mr. Thos. Brunt. Tyend-tain to be realized. *Unequalled.* - Mr. Thos. Brunt. Tyend-tain to be realized. *Unequalled.* - Mr. Thos. Brunt. Tyend-tain to be realized. *Unequalled.* - Mr. Thos. Brunt. Tyend-tain to be realized. *Unequalled.* - Mr. Thos. Brunt. Tyend-tain to be realized. *Unequalled.* - Mr. Thos. Brunt. Tyend-tain to be realized. *Unequalled.* - Mr. Thos. Brunt. Tyend-tain, be continue to recommending Dr. Thomas' ECLEC-mow he can't explain, he got into the habit of frequenting one of the bar-mored of it he failed to go home when through with his work in the evening, preferring to pass all his leisure time to recommend it.