

## FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON.

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

THE BLESSED EUCHARIST—THE BREAD IN THE DESERT, THE BEATIFUL SYMBOL OF THE BREAD OF HEAVEN.

"Whence shall we buy bread, that these may eat?" (John 6, 5.)

Hearing the gospel of today, some may ask: Why does the Church, in the midst of Lent, read to us the miraculous multiplication of the bread? The answer is very simple. She desires, in advance, to remind us of that most holy Food of the angels which we should receive during the Easter season. And, truly, how wonderfully intimate are not the relations of the bread in the desert and the Bread from Heaven, the Blessed Eucharist! This bread for the five thousand was food miraculously multiplied by God's omnipotence. And by the same power, is not the bread of the angels, the Blessed Eucharist, transubstantiated, during the holy Sacrifice of the Mass, from earthly bread to His most sacred Body and most precious Blood? When our divine Saviour multiplied the bread in the desert, you have heard from the gospel, He raised His eyes to Heaven, gave thanks to His Heavenly Father and blessed it. And did not Jesus do the self-same thing when He instituted the Blessed Sacrament at the last supper. Does not the priest do the identical thing during the holy Sacrifice of the Mass? And, again, although those loaves of barley bread, so miraculously blessed, had been distributed among five thousand, they were not consumed, twelve baskets of fragments remaining over and above. In the same manner, there are millions of Christians who receive the bread of angels, the holy Eucharist, and, yet, it is not consumed, but the Body and Blood of our Lord Jesus Christ remains unconsumed and undiminished. As the five barley loaves were distributed by the hands of the apostles, among the hungry in the desert, in a similar manner, the apostles and their successors in the priesthood, should according to the commandment of Jesus Christ be the ministers of this Heavenly Bread. Behold, therefore, the great resemblance between the bread in the desert and the Bread of the angels in the blessed Eucharist!

This similarity will appear still more conspicuous when we consider a singular circumstance which preceded the miracle of this day. Before our Lord fed the hungry people, it is related that He cured the sick and infirm that were brought to Him, and from this we should learn that he who desires to receive this life-giving Bread of Heaven with blessing, must possess a soul entirely well or must have it healed by our Lord Jesus Christ, in the sacrament of penance. "Wherefore whosoever shall eat this Bread, or drink the Chalice of the Lord unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and Blood of the Lord." For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh judgment to himself, not discerning the Body of the Lord." (1 Cor. x, 26-29.) Oh, most terrible of all crimes! To bring the King of the angels into a heart where Satan reigns! My dear Christians, if there is a spark of faith left in you, you will never dare, like Judas, to receive your God, and thus procure for yourself judgment and eternal damnation, instead of grace and eternal happiness. Oh, by a worthy confession cleanse the heart into which God shall enter. Procure for yourself, in the sacrament of penance, the wedding garment of grace in which alone you will be a worthy guest of the Heavenly Bridegroom.

When the people saw the miracle that our Lord had wrought they wished, out of gratitude, to make Him King. In a similar manner we should show our gratitude to Jesus when He has taken possession of our soul in the sacrament of Love. We should then make Him King of our heart, that is, we should give ourselves to Him wholly and entirely and live only for Him and according to His divine pleasure. This we promise to do, when, after holy Communion, we adoringly exclaim: Jesus, I live for Thee; Jesus I die for Thee; Jesus, Thine I am in life and in death. Amen. But, alas! what happens only too often? To-day you make Jesus your King, and perhaps, a few days later, you de throne Him by the commission of a mortal sin, and permit the devil to reign in His stead. To-day you promise your Saviour eternal love and fidelity, and shortly after, when it comes to the test of proving your loyalty, you reject Him, crucify Him again, and trample under foot His most precious Blood. Oh, what ingratitude towards your greatest benefactor! Is this to return love for love? By such treachery, can the Bread of Heaven become for us the food of life? Oh, let us, therefore, in future, not only receive the God of all graces into a heart free from all sin, but let us also preserve the fruits of holy Communion in the holy practice of virtue and in the entire surrendering of ourselves to God and to Heaven. Then, indeed, will the reception of the Bread of angels be for us the source of all graces and the pledge of eternal salvation; then, indeed, will be fulfilled in us what the priest says in giving holy Communion: "May the Body of our Lord Jesus Christ preserve your soul to life everlasting." Amen.

Dr. Chase Cures Cataract After Operations Fail.

Toronto, March 10th, 1897.

My boy, aged fourteen, has been a sufferer from Cataract, and lately we submitted him to an operation at the General Hospital. Since then we have resorted to Dr. Chase's Cataract Cure, and one box of this medicine has made a prompt and complete cure.

H. G. FORD.

Foreman, Cowan Ave. Fire Hall.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

## A DEVOTED DAUGHTER.

In the year 1808, Napoleon besieged Madrid. The defence was long and obstinately maintained, soldiers and citizens vying with each other in bravery and enthusiasm. But in spite of the most heroic efforts the Spaniards were obliged to surrender, and the French troops, stepping over heaps of slain, entered the city, after one of the bloodiest struggles recorded in the history of that period in the Peninsula.

Amongst the names of those who signed the act of capitulation Napoleon remarked one—that of the Marquis de Saint-Simon.

"That officer is a Frenchman," he remarked to the Prince de Neuchâtel; "he has born arms against his country. He must be arrested, tried, and punished according to the utmost rigor of our military law. Let no one venture to utter a word on his behalf."

There was no gainsaying such an order. Marthier sought out General Beillard, who had just been appointed Governor of Madrid, and communicated to him the Emperor's commands.

Beillard remonstrated, and urged that the capitulation had been ratified. The Prince only shrugged his shoulders and answered:

"The Emperor insists."

Nothing remained but to obey. At 11 o'clock at night the court martial assembled, and at midnight, the Marquis de Saint-Simon was brought before his judges. He was a venerable old man, more than seventy years of age, of noble demeanor, simple and dignified in speech.

In a very few minutes he had enlisted the sympathy of all present. The Marquis made but little effort to defend himself from the accusation brought against him. He seemed quite indifferent to the preservation of his few remaining years of life. The only defence he offered was a sketch of his political career given in a few brief simple words:

"I am the son of Marquis de Saint-Simon. From my childhood I have been devoted to a military career, and I can say with truth that I have always acted according to the laws of honor. During the campaign in America I took Admiral Cornwall prisoner. In 1789 I was chosen to attend the Convention as the deputy of the nobility. Might and main I opposed the decree abolishing the titles and prerogatives of my Order. I loudly declared that I would never yield my consent, and that after such proceedings I was resolved to leave France. I carried out my resolution and came to this country, where I have been naturalized since 1790 and been made a grandee of the first class. I have received honorable wounds, which will bear testimony that I have not been ungrateful to my adopted country."

"Without any solicitation on my part, the French Government thought well to erase my name from the list of émigrés. I admit that I availed myself of this favor to return to Paris, where I remained for some time. I came back to Spain, and in these last dark days, considering myself to be free and unrestrained master of my actions, I assisted in the defence of the country which has heaped honors and distinction upon me. The rest, gentlemen, is known to you. Now pronounce your sentence."

Although deeply impressed by the truth and nobility of the Marquis' words, still the court martial decided that by the single fact of his having availed himself of the privilege of return to France the Marquis had acknowledged he was a Frenchman. Hence the law must take its course, and sentence of death was pronounced.

The Marquis accepted his fate with perfect calmness, his serenity contrasting strongly with the agitation of his judges.

Meanwhile his daughter, hearing of her father's arrest, at once went to the house where the court martial was being held to learn the cause of this extreme step.

The inquiry had not yet concluded, and the poor girl awaited the end in an ante room.

The court martial at last being over, the dread result was quickly known, but all shrank from communicating the dire intelligence to Madlle. de Saint Simon.

The gloomy look of those around her struck a chill to her heart.

Just at that moment General Beillard entered the *salon* to call the adjutant on duty.

The girl rushed forward, and grasping his arm, cried out:

"General, where is my father? What has become of him? What has he done? Lead me to him, I beseech you!"

Beillard hesitated. He was reluctant to tell her the awful truth.

"Mademoiselle, I must admit that your father has been tried and found guilty of having borne arms against his country. But do not despair; all hope of saving him is not yet lost."

The unhappy girl gave way to an outburst of violent grief and despair.

"Ah, sir," she cried, "save my father, save him, or I shall die with him!"

"What you ask of me," answered the General sadly, "is not, alas! in my power; but at the risk, even of incurring the Emperor's wrath, I shall help you, as far as I can, to obtain your father's pardon. In spite of the strict orders which I have received with regard to him, I shall defend the execution of the sentence. You must at once set out with one of my officers and try to reach the Emperor, who will review his guards at dawn. My carriage is at the door. Go, mademoiselle, Heaven and your filial piety will do the rest!"

Beillard then called one of his officers, a Captain Rastoul.

"You will be good enough," said the General, "to accompany this lady in my carriage as far as Chamartin. It is now 3 o'clock, the guards must be there already. Drive my horses to death if necessary, but do not fail to reach Chamartin before the Emperor leaves. You must contrive to get to the Emperor, do you understand, so that this lady, whom I entrust to your honor, may be able to speak to him. Go, Captain, the minutes are flying and a life hangs on them!"

General Beillard's carriage reached Chamartin just as Napoleon was reviewing the last line of his guards.

Madlle. de Saint-Simon sprang out, rushed to Napoleon and, catching at his stirrups, called aloud in an agonizing voice:

"Mercy, sire, mercy!"

The next moment she lay on the ground in a faint.

Napoleon stood still, frowned, and asked with displeasure:

"Who is that young woman? What does she want?"

Captain Rastoul stepped forward and answered:

"Sire! she is the daughter of the Marquis de Saint-Simon, who has been condemned to death by court-martial. General Beillard has taken it on himself to delay the execution, and I have taken it on myself, as she is lying here unconscious, to ask—"

"And my commands?" interrupted the Emperor with chilling severity.

"Sire, this young lady—"

"Quiet, Monsieur le Capitaine, withdraw!"

As the Emperor spoke, he cast a glance at the unconscious girl lying at his horse's feet. His features relaxed, a look of softness stole over them. He made an impatient gesture, as was his wont, when deeply moved, and in a dry harsh voice he said to the officers around:

"Gentlemen, let the greatest care be taken of Madlle. de Saint Simon, and when she recovers tell her that her father's life is spared."

The Emperor then rode away slowly; once he stopped and turned around in his saddle as if to be convinced that his orders were faithfully carried out.

The death sentence of the Marquis was commuted to detention in the fortress of Besangon.

His devoted daughter received her mission to share her father's captivity. Her tender care and affection brightened and soothed his lonely seclusion.

When the event of 1814 restored the Marquis to freedom he returned with his daughter to Madrid, where he soon afterwards died.

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

## Reportorial Work for Literary Aspirants.

The best school for literary beginners is the newspaper office. To be a reporter for a while gives a young man the best experience in dealing directly with all phases of life and kinds of people that he can possibly have. The writers most popular to day all served an apprenticeship as reporters. Mr. Howells, Richard Harding Davis, and Frank R. Stockton—in fact, of nearly all writers of to-day—Edward Bok in the *March Ladies' Home Journal*.

## Faithfulness in Little Things.

In youth nearly everybody has dreams of accomplishing great deeds, of winning a name, of becoming rich, or of occupying a foremost position in the world. But these aspirations never come to anything, usually, because, in the desire to accomplish great things, the small duties that lead up to success are forgotten. Worthy results are only reached by patient labor. The house is built by laying brick on brick, or stone on stone, and no one can leap to success. It will come gradually, if it comes at all, and one must work and dream if one would win in the struggle of life. Some people, to be sure, inherit wealth, and oftentimes this is a curse and not a blessing, but some of their forebears must have labored hard to accumulate the riches which they endeavor to enjoy, and fail miserably in the attempt through a foolish and frivolous course of existence. Goldsmith truly says:—

"All fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates and men decay."

What is not gained by one's own hands is rarely valued, and is wasted in excesses that are hurtful to both soul and body. It is only two generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves is the figurative way in which we express the fleeting character of wealth in this country, and the grandchildren of millionaires are apt to die poor.

Be faithful over a few things and you are likely to become a ruler over many, and do whatever comes to your hand with all your heart, and there can be little doubt of ultimate triumph in your undertakings. When you get up in the morning lay out your employment for the day, as near as possible, and resolve to perform it without hesitation or regret that it is difficult.

If you stop to think over the trouble that it is going to cost you may rest assured that it will be poorly done, and that the hours will seem dreary and tedious. If you enter upon it in a cheerful spirit, the time will "fly on angel's wings," for the man who is in

love with his daily task is happy and unrepining, and does not suffer near as much fatigue as the grumbler, who tires his mind out at the start.

If you put enthusiasm into both your work and your play you will find that you will experience all the happiness that man deserves here on earth, and you will find friends and helpers wherever you go. The moody man is not liked. He brings no sunshine with him, and no one takes pleasure in his company. Assume a virtue if you have it not, and put on an agreeable outside, even if you are in trouble, and you will discover that your cares are thereby lightened, and your burdens are easier to bear.

The most unhappy men I have known, in an experience which has extended over many years, were those who were afraid to enter upon an undertaking for fear they might fail. They were always planning to do something unusual, but the plans never materialized, and they came to an old age of poverty through their lack of resolution, zeal and courage. Not that I think poverty is a crime, except when it is brought about by our own negligence and laziness. The poor we have with us always, according to divine mandate, but there are degrees in poverty, and there are many worthy people enduring it through no fault of their own. I believe

No radiant pearl, which crested fortune wears,  
No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears.

Not the bright stars, which night's blue arch adorn,  
Nor rising suns that gild the vernal morn,  
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows  
Down virtue's manly cheek for other's woes.

Let me get back to my subject, or, as they say in a free translation from the French, let me return to my mittens. Be always in earnest,

"In books, in work and healthful play,"

and be faithful in small things, and I am sure that you will reap the reward you deserve in the victory that attends honest effort. Do not shirk anything because you believe it is too insignificant to undertake. It may be the stepping stone to all the fortune and fame that is worth having.—Benedict Bell in *Sacred Heart Review*.

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"Hello! Is this true that I have been reading about you being cured of Rheumatism, by Dodd's Kidney Pills?" asked his friend.

"Why certainly it's true. Otherwise I should never have permitted it to be published," answered Mr. Cole.

"And did Dodd's Kidney Pills really cure you, or was it your doctor's medicine?"

"I was taking no doctor's medicine. I wasn't using anything except Dodd's Kidney Pills. Therefore it could be nothing else but Dodd's Kidney Pills that cured me."

"Was it a mild case of Rheumatism?"

"Not by any means! It was, on the contrary, an exceptionally severe one. I suffered more than I can describe. I tried several of the remedies that were recommended as being 'sure to cure' me. But though one or two of them gave me a little temporary relief, none went anywhere near curing me."

"When a friend urged me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, I demurred. I believed there was no better than the other remedies I had used. However, I bought a box, and began to use them."

"I soon began to feel easier. My sleep came back to the terrible pains vanished, and four boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills made my cure complete and thorough. I cannot speak too highly of them, and I shall recommend every sufferer from Rheumatism to use them, knowing they will positively cure."

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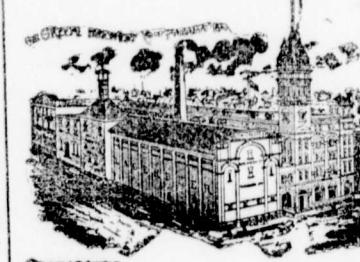
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