

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fifth Sunday after Pentecost.

GOOD READING.

"Converse in fear during the time of your journeying here." (1 St. Peter 1, 17.)

Printing as an art has been of such great value to the human race that it may seem to some like an attack upon the liberty of men to say anything against the use of it.

So many books have been written, so much knowledge has been spread abroad by means of them, so many evils and abuses exposed, and so many thousands, indeed hundreds of thousands, of lives made happier because of the printing press, that it deserves a place among the greatest of God's blessings to men.

This we admit, and gladly and heartily thank the Lord for the benefits He has been pleased to bestow upon us through the press. We know it has had, and still has, a noble office, and has done a noble work. It has uprooted evil and righted wrong; it has advanced knowledge and has given joy to many a heart. And it has done well when it has done these things.

It has done well when it has aided justice and truth and the living of a good life. For all these reasons its influence and power are deservedly great, so great that to lightly estimate them or overlook them would be to ignore great factors in human affairs. Nor do we wish, nor do we seek to lessen this influence as long as it is exerted in the cause of what is right; but the press, like many another thing good in itself, has been misused.

It has been made to pander to the grosser vices of men. It has been made to lie, to steal, to be impure. It has been made to teach false religion, false politics, and false morality. At times it has been the very worst enemy of mankind; filling men's minds with theories entirely impracticable, or such as, put into effect, would destroy their happiness.

Nor have men hesitated to prostitute its high calling for the sake of furthering personal gain and ambition, or even revenge. The trust and confidence of the public have not unfrequently been abused, and error commingled with truth so subtly, and right and wrong, that the public sentiment has been arrayed against truth and justice; for there is an almost unaccountable impression given many people that what they find printed is of necessity true unless it is absolutely proved to be false.

Our care must be, in the light of the facts before us, to distinguish between the good and the bad press. We must beware of the evil set flying, as it were, upon the air, and hold ourselves aloof from the crowd, when it is being hurried along to its ruin by bad advice and by bad principles.

Good books and good papers are doing God's work in the world—as apostles in their way; but those that are bad are working in the interest of the "prince of darkness."

A good press sheds a bright light over the earth—the light of truth; a bad press is like a heavy cloud obscuring the sun. We can have nothing to do with evil; we should hate evil. Let us have nothing to do with bad books and bad papers. Let us neither read them ourselves, nor permit others to read them, when we have authority to prevent them. Let us banish them from our houses; that at least we can do, for there we are supreme. Let us strive also to have them banished from the shops where we deal and from the land wherein we live.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Work as Best We Can.

We would have inward peace, Yet will not look within; We would have misery cease, Yet will not cease from sin; We want all pleasant ends, but will use no hard means.

What were the wise man's plan? Through this life, 'tis our pain, To work as best he can, And win what's won by strife. But we an easier way to cheat our pains have found.

Is it so small a thing, To have enjoyed the sun, To have lived light in the spring, To have loved, to have thought, to have done; To have advanced true friends, and beat down baffling foes?

I say, Fear not! Life still Leaves human effort scope; But, since life terms with ill, Nurse no extravagant hope. Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then despair.—Matthew Arnold.

The Highest Flight Ever Made by a Kite.

The modern system of flying kites tandem was devised by Mr. Eddy in 1890, although it was hit upon two years later independently by Dr. Alexander B. Johnson, the distinguished surgeon of the Roosevelt Hospital in New York. The tandem system makes it possible to send kites to far greater altitude than had ever been previously attained. And here the best record is undoubtedly held by one of Mr. Eddy's tandems, sent aloft at Bayonne, on November 7, 1893. Mr. Eddy began to send up the kites at 7:30 a. m.; but, being hampered by light breezes from the east, found he was kept busy until 3:30 in the afternoon in getting nine kites aloft. He had paid out nearly two miles of cord when a top kite, a little two-footer, stood straight over the spar buoy in Newark Bay. The lowest kite, a six footer, was hovering some distance inland from the shore, on a line from the shore to Mr. Eddy's house (where the end of the line was anchored), measuring 5,500 feet by the surveyor's map. Taking two observations from the two ends of this base line, Mr.

Eddy's kite quadrant showed angles of thirty-five and thirty-six degrees; and these data, by simple methods of triangulation, were sufficient to determine the altitude of the kite, which was found to be 5,505 feet—or something over one mile. The kites were seen by hundreds of persons during the fifteen hours they remained up, the experiment coming to an abrupt end at 10 o'clock that night by the blowing away of the two upper kites in the increasing wind. The escaped kites disappeared in Newark Bay along with 3,900 feet of the line.

Cook and Hens.

The barnyard rooster is the proudest of domestic creatures and struts about with the hens as he owned the earth. The ancients regarded the rooster as the companion of Mars, the god of war, and he was the emblem of strife, haughtiness and quarrels. The ancient Gauls wore a representation of a rooster on their helmets as a crest, and after the French revolution the people of that country took the same emblem.

The rooster was also the emblem of watchfulness, from his habit of crowing at the approach of daylight. Hence the figure of this fowl was placed on the top of church steeples in old times, as from that point he might be supposed to await the coming of dawn.

Our young readers will probably remember that the cock figured in the Passion of Our Lord, crowing thrice at the sin of St. Peter.

The hen is the really useful creature, as she not only lays the eggs, but sits on the nest and hatches the little chicks. The rooster does nothing but walk about and display himself, watching at the same time for a chance to fight if a rival should appear in the neighborhood. With his fine comb and tail he imagines himself very handsome. But the fact is, there are certain breeds that bring among fanciers very high price.

Our Constant Friends.

How oft, at evening, when the mind, o'erwrought, Finds in dim reverie, repose from thought, 'Tis at that hour when soft subsiding day Slants on the glimmering shelves its latest ray:

Along those darkling files I ponder slow, And muse, how vast the debt to books we owe.

Yes: friends they are! and friends through life to last. Hopes for the future! memories for the past! With them, no fear of leisure unemployed; Let come the leisure, they shall fill the void; With them, no dread of joys that fade from view:

They stand beside us, and our youth renew: Telling fond tales of that exalted time, When love was bliss, and power was in its prime.

Come, then, delicious converse still to hold, And still to teach, ye long-loved volumes old! And sweet 'twill be, or hope would so believe, When close round life its fading tints of eve, To turn again our earlier volumes o'er, And love them then, because we loved before.

And only bless the waning hour that brings, A will to lean once more on simple things.

The Little Lamb.

Every boy and girl probably knows the old rhyme of "Mary and her little Lamb," and of how fond she was of it and how one day it followed her to school, and the consequences that ensued. Who wrote these lines is not known, but it is safe to say that no poem in the English language ever had so wide a popularity.

The lamb is the gentlest of animals, and it is many times alluded to in the beautiful figurative language of Scripture. Our Divine Saviour Himself is referred to as the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world." He also speaks to St. Peter, saying: "Feed My lambs, feed My sheep," the meaning being that St. Peter was to be the head of the visible Church on earth and to exercise control over the whole Christian flock, surrendering the same power and office to his successors the Popes.

The common sheep is said to have been the first animal domesticated by man. We are told in the book of Genesis that Abel was a "Keeper of sheep" and that he "brought an offering unto the Lord of the firstlings of his flock and the fat thereof." And from that time until the death of our Saviour lambs continued to be the most frequent sacrificial offering, both among the patriarchs and the Jews. The weaving of wool from which our clothing is made was among the earliest of arts, shearing his sheep. Those who keep sheep, either as a business or as pets, speak of them as quite intelligent. They soon learn to know the voice of the shepherd and the bark of the shepherd's dog. They stand very much in awe of the dog and will obey him implicitly, and he is put to watch them to prevent them from straying away. A dog will gather a flock of sheep together in the evening and drive them home as well as a man could do. All the shepherd has to do is to tell him to go in search of the sheep and collect them in one spot and he will carry out his instructions to the letter.

The Quality of Being Agreeable.

It might reasonably be supposed that good people would be agreeable and bad people disagreeable, but this is by no means a fixed rule. There are many notable exceptions, especially among bad people, who are often delightful companions. They study to please but they may cover up their faults of character. There is no reason, however, why good people should not follow their example in this respect. When they act naturally they are agreeable; but some good men, with warm sympathies and great kindness of heart, seem to think that it is necessary for their own protection to put on a gruff, repellent manner. There are others who at heart are good friends, yet make themselves disagree-

able to those they love by a bad habit of positive contradiction. All of us have a great deal of self-love, and we cannot regard as agreeable one who continually differs from and contradicts us, especially if he does so in an offensive way.

The agreeable man is always courteous and considerate. He keeps out of disputes and contentions, seeks to give utterance only to pleasant things, and if driven to contradict, does so in an amiable manner. He may or may not be as good and faithful at heart as the gruff disputant, who is apt to be boastful of his frankness, but the quality that makes him agreeable is his cultivated manner. Some people go so far as to deprecate politeness as a concession to hypocrisy, but it is really a manifestation of consideration for others. It is, of course, cultivated by hypocrites, and those who are excessively polite may be suspected of insincerity, but that is not a good reason why sincere people should not use it to make themselves agreeable.

The otherwise good man who lacks politeness or assumes a gruff, repellent manner, really sacrifices a part of his gifts, for very few people will discover his good qualities under his repulsive manners. Those who do may have patience to bear with him, knowing that his heart is right, but others will judge him by his manners, and, finding him disagreeable, will avoid intimacy with him. It is not enough, therefore, to be just or kind-hearted; one should also be agreeable in manner, and it requires very little effort to be so. The foundation of agreeable manners is thoughtful consideration of others or true politeness. This does not imply any necessary sacrifice of frankness and honesty. It does not mean that one shall not contradict or dispute, but it does mean that when a contradiction is made necessary it shall be expressed courteously and inoffensively. Every one should cultivate this kind of politeness, for, in so far as it helps to make one agreeable, it extends his opportunities for usefulness, and helps to give full play to his other good qualities.—Baltimore Sun.

Little Blessings.

"A cup of cold water given in My Name shall not go unrewarded." If even a cup of water given in charity will be rewarded, how rich must be the blessings showered upon the loving soul which makes sacrifices to assist and bring help and comfort to the poor. Even a kind word is noted in the Book of Life in our favor. "Feed the hungry," "Clothe the naked," "Visit the sick," "Comfort the sorrowful." There are so many ways pointed out to us by our Lord Himself, where we can be a blessing to others, and at the same time draw down blessings on ourselves.

The following story illustrates this: "Please, ma'am, would you be after buying a bit of lace to-day?"

The knock at the side door had not been heard by the girl, who was clattering dishes in the kitchen, so it was the lady of the house who opened the door, and such a cold wind entered that she shivered as she did so.

"Lace? Oh, no! I don't need any now." "But wouldn't you want a bit later? It's a terrible day out, and I've had no luck at all yet, and I washopin' to make out the \$2 rent."

"I'm sorry, but I cannot buy it. This looks pretty, but won't you come in and get warm? This wind is dreadful."

"Thanky; it'll be a rare treat to get warm again, such a fire is heartening to a body."

"Katie, there's a woman half frozen in the dining-room. I do not think the dinner is cold; we will fix her a lunch with hot coffee. Bring the tray in when ready."

"I've never been out to sell anything before this winter, and I don't appear to get the hang of it somehow; everybody says no, or else they shut the door before a word is passed. I never yet had anyone to ask me in to a fire like this, ma'am."

"There has been no day so cold." "It makes no difference, lady. Some folk's hearts are colder than the weather. Johnnie, that's my son, was laid off in the panic, and when the mill got to running again, the very next month, he fell and broke his leg, and the idleness frets him terrible. You see, his wife's dead, and he has two slips of girls, but we've always lived decent like before. I'd rather wash and scrub than peddle lace, but I can't get the work. Is all this good stuff for me?"

Katie had brought in a well-filled tray and a steaming cup of coffee. "Deary me! I ain't tasted coffee in weeks, nor roast meat either. It was a lucky minute I knocked at your door, ma'am. It's a saint you are."

"Oh, me!" laughed the lady, "very far from a saint, only I know you are cold and hungry."

"S'poken I buy some lace for my new apron, Mrs. Lawrence, and for my sisters?" said Katie.

And so while the lace-vender ate her lunch, she selected the pattern desired. "It's a thousand times I'm obliged to you both. I feel heartened up now, and my soul's that warm that I'll not mind the wind's blow at all."

"Can you make room in your basket for these packages?" said Mrs. Lawrence. "It's tea and coffee for you and Johnnie."

"Oh, yes, indeed. But won't you take some edgin' for it? I wasn't meanin' to complain to get charity."

"I know you were not, but please take this: people often take such things to invalids, you know. I hope your son will soon be well and strong. If you go to the last house in this block I'm sure you will sell some lace."

Best for Wash Day. USE SURPRISE SOAP. Best for Every Day. For every use about the house Surprise works best and cheapest. See for yourself.

"Thanky, ma'am! God bless you." The wind grew stronger and the cold more intense as the day wore on. But the cold could not touch two hearts which were warm, one with kindness received and the other with kindness given.—Providence Visitor.

The Infant Recruit.

There was a very little fellow in company G, a farmer boy, says the Chicago Times-Herald. He was not quite sixteen and small of his age—a baby-faced chap. No one took deeper interest in the drill. He missed no duty, even sought extra duty that he might show that he was fit for a soldier and be the more certain that he would be accepted.

"What are you going to do with that round-faced baby?" asked a six-foot pliny man.

"Watch and see for yourself," said a G man.

"Do you think they will take me, captain?" asked the boy the morning the mustering officer arrived. "I hope so, Henry." "Thank you, captain."

What distress there was on the little one's face when the mustering officer said: "Step this way, young gentleman, as Henry passed for examination."

"Are you old enough for a soldier?" "Yes, sir." "Are you eighteen?" "I will be eighteen on my birthday, sir." "Does your captain want you in the company?" "Ask him, please."

"There is not a man in the company whom I think will make a better soldier. It will please me greatly to have you muster him in," said Captain Northrup, when called. "We will take him," said McIntyre. And the round-faced boy of company G was a baby in fact—cried like one—but he cried for joy. He seemed only too glad for a chance to be shot at.

Little as he was, no man in his company had a larger knapsack: he never fell out on a march, no matter how long or how hot the day. He never missed a battle. "Captain, there is good material in Henry for a non-commissioned officer," said the sergeant. "Rather too young, isn't he?" "He is old enough to be as good a soldier as there is in the regiment."

The next evening, when the regiment was on dress parade, the adjutant read off the promotion of Private Henry C. Matraw to be a corporal. What a hero he was at Gettysburg, in the Wilderness and at Spotsylvania! He had grown some, but was still a mere boy. In August, 1864, the captain commanding the regiment—the field officers were dead or prisoners—said: "Sergeant-major, I will dictate a letter to the governor asking for the commissioning of several officers to fill vacancies." He said, among other things: "The first and second lieutenants of company G have been killed in battle. I respectfully request that First Sergeant Henry C. Matraw be commissioned first lieutenant of said company." In the same letter several lieutenants were recommended for captains, and the sergeant-major was named for adjutant. The commissions came in due time. That evening five of the young fellows went to the tent of one of their number and celebrated—celebrated all night. It was a time when the sergeants counselled against drinking much water and when it was easy to fill canteens at the commissary's. The next day they went to the corps headquarters, found the mustering officers, were sworn into the service as officers, put on shoulder straps, and took their new stations.

What a proud day was for the youngsters! What a handsome officer company G's boy soldier made! Ah, me, that was long, long ago.

A few months later company G and company D were consolidated. In the next battle the captain was killed; Matraw succeeded him. He was the youngest and smallest captain the regiment ever had; it had none braver.

I was reminded of this story of a real hero upon meeting Captain Matraw a few days ago. He lives away out in Nebraska; is a railroad man at Norfolk. He saw in the Times-Herald that one of his old brigade commanders was to visit the state from which he enlisted, called the family together, and said: "Children, your mother and father are going to be absent for a week." Then he took the train and rode seven or eight hundred miles to meet that old commander and other men with whom he had served his country when the country needed him. Glorious little Matraw!

The Priesthood.

I admire the wisdom and skill of the Catholic priesthood. They have more common sense than Protestant ministers. They are more skillful. They have longer heads. They know better how to grasp and hold a city.—The Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., Independent, New York City.

The Most remarkable cures on record have been accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is unequalled for all Blood Diseases.

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ANOTHER GREAT TRIUMPH.

The Bowmanville News interviews Mr. John Hawkins—And is Given Particulars of a Nine Years' Suffering from Asthma, from which he has been Restored to Health when his case was Looked on as Hopeless.

From the News, Bowmanville.

During the past five years the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have developed into a household word, and from several cases that have come under our personal observation, there is not the least doubt in our minds but that they are a boon to mankind, and in scores of instances have saved life, when everything else had failed. The cure of Mr. Sharp, whose case we published some time ago, was one of the most remarkable that we have heard of. To-day he is as well as ever he was in his life, and is daily knocking about in all weathers attending to his farm duties. Recently another triumph for Pink Pills came under our observation, and, after interviewing the person cured, he gave permission to make the fact public, and we will give the story in his own words. Mr. John Hawkins, who resides in the township of Darlington, some ten miles north of Bowmanville, and whose post office is Enniskillen, came to the county from Cornwall, England, some forty-five years ago, and up to the time of his sickness had always been a hard-working man. One day, however, while attending his work, he got wet, took a chill and a severe cold followed, which finally developed to asthma. During the succeeding nine years he was a terrible sufferer from that distressing disease, and gradually grew so bad that he could not work, frequently spent sleepless nights, and had little or no appetite. Finally he could scarcely walk across the room without panting for breath, and would sit all day with his elbows resting on his knees—the only position which seemed to give him ease, and at one time he never laid down for six weeks. As it was a hardship for him to talk, all he asked



was to be left alone. During this time he had been doctoring and had tried nearly everything, and spent over \$100, but got no relief. Finally some one recommended him to take Pink Pills. He thought they could do him no harm at any rate, and procuring a supply he commenced taking them. After he had taken three boxes he found that he was improving, and after taking two more boxes, to the astonishment of all, he walked across the field to the woods and cut up a cord of wood. He continued the pills and took two more boxes, making seven in all, and to-day is as well as he ever was, but always keeps a box of Pink Pills in the house. The neighbors all began to ask him what he had done, as the asthma had left him, and they never expected to hear of him being well again. To one and all he tells that it was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that did it, and has recommended them to scores of people since his recovery.

With such wonderful cures as these occurring in all parts of the Dominion it is no wonder that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have achieved a greater reputation than any other known medicine. All that is asked for them is a fair trial, and the results are rarely disappointing.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They are also a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will give you an appetite, tone your stomach and strengthen your nerves. Safe, Certain, Prompt, Economical—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—a standard external and internal remedy, adapted to the relief and cure of coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and all affections of the breathing organs, kidney troubles, excoriations, sores, lameness and physical pain.

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