

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fourth Sunday after Pentecost.

HOW TO PRAY.

"Launch out into the deep." (St. Luke v. 9.) In this account of the miraculous draught of fishes which we have just heard in the Gospel we see a striking illustration of what real prayer should be, and how it is rewarded. Suppose we devote these few moments this morning to the subject of Prayer.

We know that prayer is an absolute necessity of the spiritual life. We are strictly bound to pray, if we would save our souls. The manner and the matters of our prayers are, within certain limits, left to our own judgment. There are no conditions of length or place or time. Long prayers are not necessarily the best ones; on the contrary, the Publican said only seven words, and the Penitent Thief nine; and we have yet to hear of prayers more promptly efficacious. We need not come to church in order to have our prayers heard; God will hear us anywhere and at any time—As He heard Jeremiah in the mire, Ezechias on his bed of death, Daniel in the den of lions, the Three Children in the fiery furnace, Peter and Paul in prison.

Note that our Lord first desired Peter to "thrust out a little from the land," and afterwards to "launch out into the deep." So with our prayers. We must thrust out a little from the land—that is from attachments and affections of earth, before we can fully launch ourselves into the deep of spiritual union with God.

Do we "thrust out from the land" when we pray? And have we Jesus Christ in the vessel of our heart when we make the launch? Our prayers, to be good for anything, should have four characteristics: they should be recollected, detached, definite and persevering.

1. Before we begin to pray, we must place ourselves in God's presence. We must collect all the powers of our minds and hearts, and set them on the one supreme object. The Memory must be called away from every-day affairs, and used to furnish food for our meditation; the Understanding summoned from its ordinary musings on worldly things, to reason and reflect on what we pray for, and Whom we pray to; the Will steadily fixed on God—striving to conform itself to the divine will, producing affections and forming resolutions suitable to our present needs.

2. Without detachment there can be no recollection. We must "thrust out from the land." And how can we do this if the vessel of our soul is moored to the shore by a thousand and one little cords of earthly desire, and worry and care, and anxiety and passion? All these cords must be cut away, and we must "launch out into the deep," if we would pray aright and have God's blessing in ourselves.

3. Let us have a clear, definite idea of what we are going to pray for. Vague, meaningless generalities are out of place in such a serious business. Let us make up our minds beforehand about what we want, and then pray for that. It will not profit us much to ask for all the Cardinal Virtues and all the Gifts of the Holy Ghost at one time. It will be quite sufficient, and decidedly more profitable, to single out some one virtue of which we stand in special need, and make that the particular burden of our prayers and thoughts and efforts for weeks, and months and years, if necessary, until we gain it.

4. And this, after all, is the true test of genuine prayer—perseverance. "We have labored all the night, and have taken nothing; but at thy word I will let down the net." "Never despair" is the Christian's motto. Never mind how long we may have labored and prayed in vain; never mind how weary the spirit, or how weak the flesh; never mind how little seems our progress and how far away the "mark of the prize of our super-natural vocation." God will, as He has promised, finally and gloriously reward our perseverance. "To Him that overcometh I will give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the paradise of My God."

Western Handshakes.

Cardinal Satolli shook hands with visitors for three hours at a stretch during a reception in his honor at Kansas City on a recent Sunday. His arm was so lame and swollen on Monday that he could not move it without great pain. Two of the fingers of his right hand, on which he wears a ring, were cut, and his entire hand was badly bruised by the hearty handshakes of the Westerners.

Another Old Idea Exploded.

The old-fashioned notion that to keep warm one had to be loaded with a succession of garments till the weight of them was a burden and one felt too bulky to move, has been exploded. The age of common sense and comfort has arrived, when a man can adapt his clothing to suit all weather without wadding himself like a mummy. Fire Climax, the interlining which makes this possible, has gained its great popularity, because it is an absolute non-conductor of heat and cold. No breath of cold or frosty wind can penetrate it from without, neither can the natural heat of the body escape through it, and it is so light that clothing may be interlined with it, all through, without its adding any perceptible weight.

"Annoy the Beat."—Mr. D. Steinbach, Zurich, writes:—"I have used Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL in my family for a number of years, and I can safely say that it cannot be overpraised for the cure of fresh cuts and sprains. My little boy has had attacks of cramp several times, and one dose of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL was sufficient for a perfect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and I would not be without a bottle in my house." "The great lung ail is Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

For the Girl who Recites.

Now that the commencement season is drawing nigh, the girl who recites is looking for something that elocutionists, good and bad, have not worn threadbare. Has she ever thought of "A Legend of Brezgen?" Not long since an elocutionary contest was held in Cynthiana, Ky., and of the number who entered for the prize, the girl who recited this beautifully told story of the heroism of the Tyrol maid was awarded the medal. There was a tie between her and another contestant, but the judges declared in her favor because of the subject she had chosen.—Catholic Columbian.

"Growing Things."

"Very young children," says an exchange, "enjoy a garden plot of their own, and the planting, transplanting, weeding and watering furnish much entertainment and occupation." The truth of this statement is well known, and it seems to us that the thoughtful parent might find in this tendency of child nature the key to the solution of the great problem, how to interest the young people in the farm and the home. By careful cultivation of this love for "growing things," a strong love of the farm may be developed. And this is emphatically what is needed among our young people—what they are most woefully lacking in. There are few of the heads of families in the country who do not know from sad experience what the "States" fever is. Let them try the experiment of encouraging this natural-born love for the cultivation of the soil by giving the children plots of ground and seeds of their own, and we are much mistaken if greater interest in the farm does not result from it.—Autogonist Casket.

Speak out Your Love.

A French journal gives one excellent way by which we may do good, as follows:

Let your friends know that you love them. Do not keep alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill your lives with sweetness; speak kind, approving words while their hearts can hear them. The things you mean to say when they are gone say before they go. The flowers you mean to send for their coffin send to brighten their homes before they leave them.

If my friends have alabaster boxes full of perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary days and open them that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower, and funeral without an eulogy, than life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends before-hand for burial. Post-mortem kindnesses do not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance over the weary days of our lives.

Good Resolutions.

A profitable example has been afforded by President Edwards, whose "good resolutions" we may all of us lay to heart. "For the future direction of my life I resolve," he says, "that I will make religion my chief concernment. That I will never be afraid or ashamed to speak in defence of religion. That I will make it my daily practice to read some part of the holy scripture, that I may become acquainted with the will of God, and be quickened, and comforted, and qualified to serve Christ, and promote the interests of His kingdom in the world. That I will every day reflect upon death and eternity. I will daily pray to God in secret. That upon all proper occasions, I will improve vice, and discourage it, and to my utmost encouragement give and religion. That I will dispute only for light, or to communicate it. That I will receive light wherever and however offered. That I will give up no principle before I am convinced of its absurdity or bad consequences. That I will never be ashamed to confess a fault to an equal, or to an inferior. That I will make it a rule to do no action, at any time or place, of which action I should not be willing to be a witness against myself hereafter."

The Queen of Spain.

Queen Marie Christine, regent of Spain, has just manifested in the streets of Madrid a pretty piece of deference to the church that recalls the most picturesque incident in the career of the founder of the house of Hapsburg, to which she belongs. There is not a history of Germany that does not describe in glowing colors how Emperor Rudolph on one occasion, when out riding in the mountains, met an aged priest conveying the sacraments to a dying person, and how he alighted from his horse, lifted the priest into the saddle and then trudged alongside on foot, cap in hand and leading the horse.

The other day the queen regent, while out driving with her brother, the gigantic Archduke Eugene of Austria, met a priest accompanied by his acolyte, who was carrying the Viaticum to a dying woman. As soon as the queen heard the tinkle of the acolyte's bell she at once stopped the carriage, alighted with her brother, and then, after having forced the priest to take his place therein, ordered the coachman to proceed at a walking pace to the residence of the dying woman, Her Majesty following behind the carriage on foot with her brother, who doffed his hat.—Chicago Record.

Great battles are continually going on in the human system. Hood's Sarsaparilla drives out disease and restores health.

The Emperor at the Forge.

Some boys think it beneath them to help in common work. Not so with great men.

The Emperor Joseph of Austria set a good example in this respect one day when travelling in Italy. A wheel of his carriage broke down, and he went to the shop of a blacksmith in a little village, and asked him to mend it without delay.

"I would," said the smith; "but to-day is a holiday, all my men are away at church. Even the boy who blows the bellows is away."

"Now I have an excellent chance to warm myself," said the unknown Emperor. So, taking his place at the bellows (instead of calling one of his own attendants to do so), he followed the smith's directions and worked as if for wages.

When the work was finished, instead of the little sum which he was charged, the sovereign handed out six gold ducats.

"You have made a mistake," said the astonished blacksmith, "and given me six gold pieces, which nobody in this village can change."

"Change them when you can," said the laughing emperor as he entered his carriage. "An emperor should pay for such a pleasure as blowing the bellows."

I have known some shop boys who would have waited long, and sent far for help, before they would have "come down" to blowing a blacksmith's bellows. It is not boys with the best sense who thus stand upon their dignity.

Anecdote of a Scholar.

Who has not heard of the grand cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris? But how many know the beautiful story told of him who built it, and who from a poor peasant boy rose to be Bishop of Paris? In the days then, when Paris was the *Carthage* of the city of letters, of Christendom, and when students flocked thither from all parts, there came in quest of learning to the great city a ragged country boy. By begging his bread he kept soul and body together, while he stored his mind with knowledge. None was more assiduous at study outside of the schools. More than a decade of weary years this passes by; the poor peasant boy is grown to be a man, and Paris is proud of her great doctor, Maurice de Sully. His fame travels far, even to his humble home, where it gladdens his mother's heart and intensifies her ardent desire to see her boy once more.

To Paris she wends her way, staff in hand, clad in her peasant attire. The first fine ladies whom she accosts to inquire where she might find the doctor Maurice, take pity on her, and, bringing her home, offer her refreshments; then throwing a fine mantle over her coarse woollen petticoat, they lead her to Maurice and introduce her as his mother. "Not so," exclaims Maurice, "my mother is a poor peasant woman; she wears no fine clothes like these; I will not believe it is she unless I see her in her woollen petticoat. Whereupon the aged dame threw off her fine cloak, and her son embraced her, exclaiming: "This is indeed my mother." Is it any wonder that when the news spread through the city, as the chronicler adds, it did good honor to its master, who afterwards became Bishop of Paris?

The Price of Fame.

Scott is said to have written *Waverley* in less than six weeks. He wrote very rapidly, seldom revised, and as a consequence, his novels are full of blunders, inaccuracies and anachronisms.

Burns committed his poems to memory as he composed them, and when he sat down to write he had before him no labor of composition, but only the task of writing down what he had already finished.

Gibbon devoted over twenty years of his life to the labor of reading for and writing the "Decline and Fall." It was one of the most stupendous literary feats ever accomplished by the labor of one man.

Thomas Moore often wrote a short poem almost impromptu. He consumed over two years in reading and preparing material for "Lallah Rookh," and two years more in writing that inimitable poem.

Congreve would prepare a drama for the stage in a week or ten days, though four or five times the period was given to the work of revision and reconstruction after the play had been given to the actors.

Irving wrote the first one hundred and twenty pages of "Bracebridge Hall" in ten days; the "Alhambra" was mostly written during the three months he spent in that palace; his "Life of George Washington" required nearly five years.

Emerson is reported often to have spent from six months to a year in the composition of one or two short essays. His object was the condensation of the greatest possible thought into the fewest number of words.

Johnson commonly required three or four months for the composition of a drama. He generally revised it after the rehearsals had begun, adding here and taking away there as his judgment and fancy dictated.

Froude passed seven years in collecting materials and in writing his history of England. He was very careful in the selection of data and spent whole days in the effort to verify a single fact or citation.

One of Milton's biographers says that nearly twenty years elapsed between the sketching out of the plan of "Paradise Lost" and the completion of that work. The actual labor of composition was condensed into two or three years.



Dickens says, in the introduction to "David Copperfield," that he spent two years in the composition of that novel. He did not usually require so long a time, many of his novels being finished in less than a year, and most of his shorter stories in a few days.

George Eliot is said to have written "Middlemarch" in four months. Some doubt is thrown upon this statement by the fact that she commonly worked slowly, writing with great care and deliberation, and making few erasures after her work was done.

Bancroft devoted nearly thirty years to his "History of the United States," which is not a history of the United States at all, since it ends where the history of the country properly begins. Had the work been condensed on the same scale down to the present seventy-five or eighty volumes would have been required.

Mrs. Clark required sixteen years to prepare Concordance to Shakespeare. Cruden labored nineteen years on his "Concordance to the Bible," and immediately after its publication was sent to a lunatic asylum. He never entirely recovered from the mental disease induced by this gigantic undertaking.

Buckle devoted nearly twenty years to the collection of materials for his "History of Civilization." He wrote only a portion of the introduction, which remains a great monument to his literary and philosophical teachings. If the work had been finished on the same scale as begun, a hundred volumes would not have been sufficient.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

PHYSICAL APPEARANCE OF OUR LORD AND HIS MOTHER.

Tradition furnishes the devout soul with two diametrically opposite descriptions of the physical appearance of Jesus, and it is therefore to be supposed that there can be no certainty as to the physical appearance of His Mother. According to some of the Fathers of the Church our Saviour was not at all like that noble and majestic, grave though sweet personage whom Christians art usually depict; on the contrary, the humility of the Son of God, His desire to shun every appearance of praising the gifts for which humanity yearns, caused Him to assume a body which was rather ignoble than attractive. Certainly this theory seems to be sustained by that passage of Isaiah liii, 2: "There is no beauty in Him for comeliness; and we have seen Him, and there was no sightliness that we should be desirous of Him." When we insist that the prophet here speaks of the sacred countenance disfigured by blows, spittle and clots of blood, the defenders of the commonplace appearance of Christ declare that many Fathers hold that Isaiah was thinking of the God man as He appeared in His every-day intercourse with the children of men upon earth. For instance, when Celsus the Epicurean upbraided the Christians for venerating a person who was "insignificant in stature and of ignoble features," Origen replied that the Christians did not believe that Jesus was of insignificant height, but that they rightly held that He did not have a majestic appearance or a beautiful countenance. Then we hear St. Clement of Alexandria, St. Athanasius and Tertullian avowing that the usual appearance of Jesus, and not merely that which He presented amid the horrors of the Passion. St. Irenaeus is of the same opinion; he remarks that the face of Jesus was not beautiful; but "unseemly." St. Augustine also favors this supposition; for he says: "As man, Christ had neither beauty nor comeliness." However, the reason assigned by the holy doctor for his opinion is exceedingly weak. He says: "Unless the Jews had deemed Him ugly they would not have attacked Him, scourged Him," etc. St. Clement of Alexandria thinks that it was necessary for our Lord to assume a lowly and even despicable appearance, lest some might be so attracted by His beauty as to neglect His most important teachings for the mere pleasure of gazing upon Him. Certainly this argument is no more weighty than that of St. Augustine.

In direct contradiction of this certainly repulsive theory, we find many fathers and very many modern ecclesiastical writers contending that Jesus Christ was of remarkable beauty. These authors rely chiefly upon a passage in Psalm xlv, which all Scriptural scholars regard as referring to the Messiah: "Thou art beautiful above the sons of men; grace is poured abroad in thy lips." "With thy comeliness and thy beauty set out, proceed prosperously and reign." St. John Chrysostom says that Christ was wonderful not only in His miracles, His beauty struck even a casual observer. St. Jerome says that Our Lord drew people toward Him by the brilliancy of His eyes. And St. Bernard tells us that the voice of Jesus was sweet and His features beautiful; that men were attracted to Him by His appearance no less than by His words. St. John Damascene narrates how Ab-

Advertisement for 'Old Gold Smoking Tobacco' by W. S. Kimball & Co. Rochester, N. Y. Retail Everywhere. 10 and 25 C. per Package. 17 PRIZE MEDALS.

A MOTHER'S THANKS.

She tells what Pink Pills did for her Child—Suffered from St. Vitus Dance—Lost the use of her Right Side and Almost Lost the Power of Speech—Cured in a few Weeks.

Allyn, Que., Gazette.

Of all the discoveries made in medicine in this great age of progress none have done more to alleviate human suffering than have Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We suppose there is not a hamlet in this broad land in which the remarkable healing power of this favorite medicine has not been put to the test and proved triumphant. It is a great medicine, and the good it has accomplished can only be faintly estimated. There are many in Allyn who speak of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in terms of praise, and among them is the family of Mr. John Smith, the well-known blacksmith and wheelwright. Having heard that his daughter, Miss Minnie, had been cured of St. Vitus' Dance.

Byron used a great deal of hair dressing, but was very particular to have only the best to be found in the market. If Ayer's Hair Vigor had been obtainable then, doubtless he would have tested its merits, so as to my distinguished and fashionable people are doing now a-days.

POOR DIGESTION leads to nervousness, chronic dyspepsia and great misery. The best remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

NOTICE.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. When the publication of the *Canadian Freeman* ceased, a large amount of money was due by subscribers. Up to this time, the publisher did not trouble them with accounts or ask for settlement. The financial circumstances of the undersigned obliged him to appeal to those who were in arrears for the *Freeman* to pay part, at least, of what they owe. Though the indebtedness of all is long since outlawed by lapse of time, the undersigned ventures to hope that a large number of his old friends and supporters—or their children—will be led by a conscientious sense of justice and a recollection of the *Freeman's* usefulness in trying times, to come to his aid and respond to a call patiently delayed for a quarter of a century. The books of the *Freeman* having been lost, the matter of payment is left entirely to the discretion and honesty of the subscribers. Please address J. G. Moylan, Daily Avenue, Ottawa.

Advertisement for 'S18 a Week Easy' with an illustration of a woman sitting in a chair. Text: 'S18 a Week Easy. No trouble to make \$18 a week easy. Write to me for full particulars. Send your address at once. It will be for your interest to receive my free literature at once. Write to: IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 17, Windsor, Ont.'

Vertical advertisements on the left margin including 'United that we...', 'S18 a Week Easy', 'Friend Powder', and 'The Saints'.

Large vertical advertisement on the right margin for 'S18 a Week Easy' with an illustration of a woman sitting in a chair. Text: 'S18 a Week Easy. No trouble to make \$18 a week easy. Write to me for full particulars. Send your address at once. It will be for your interest to receive my free literature at once. Write to: IMPERIAL SILVERWARE CO., Box 17, Windsor, Ont.'