

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

The Epiphany.

FOLLOWING GOD'S GUIDANCE.

Be ye therefore, followers of God, as most dear children. (Eph. v. 1.)

My dear brethren, these are not words of counsel or good advice; they are words of command, written by St. Paul. This command is to follow God, and to follow Him as most dear children, obediently as the Magi did of old. What is it to follow God? It is to do at least as much as we do when we follow any one great man. How do we act then? We seek to be with him a great deal. We listen to his every word. We do as he does. We adopt his views of things. We repeat what he teaches. Neither do we dare to differ from him, for fear that people will say that we have no sense; nor do we venture to act in any manner opposed to his ways of doing. In a few words, a man who is followed is the leader in fashion, in taste and style. Everybody approves his ways, and imitates them. His friends have also the friendship of the world, simply because they are his friends. Any one whom he approves and recommends is listened to and followed because he has recommended him. If we want to follow God, He does not really require, outwardly, any more than men require of us to follow them.

But how can we do this? First: Seek to be with God a great deal. Where is He, that we may find Him? God is everywhere, and is always found by looking for Him and seeking for Him diligently in prayer; for prayer keeps us near to God and God near to us. And He is always on the altar; hear Mass not only on Sundays, but now and then on week days; visit the Blessed Sacrament.

Secondly: Listen to His every word. God speaks to our souls in prayer, not with a voice like the voice of a man, but in His own sweet and quiet way. We must listen attentively to hear the gentle words of God, not with our outward ears of the body, but with the ability to hear that is within our souls—the ability of the soul to hear the voice of a spirit speaking to our spirit. God also speaks to us through His Holy Word in the Sacred Scriptures, in the Epistle and Gospel set apart for each Sunday of the year, in the writings of holy men and women, in the teachings of Christian parents and friends. But the most important way in which God has taught, and continues to teach us all, is by means of His Church. When we listen to her words, in sermons and other instructions, we hear the word of God.

Thirdly: Do as God does. Try to be like Him, and Him alone. Take care to do always the thing that is right. Try hard to be loving, merciful, forgiving, and gentle to all, even your enemies. When we have anything to do, we must say, would God do this way or that way? When we meet with cruel treatment from others, with ingratitude and base injustice from those we love, we must say at once, how does God treat those who do these things? How does He treat me notwithstanding my many, many sins? I shall go and do to these bad people as He has done to me. I shall even bless them, as He has blessed me.

Lastly: If we want to follow God, at least as well as we follow a great man whom we have made a leader among us, we are sure to honor his friends, and obey those he sends to us in his name. Who are these? Not only all good people, but especially our pastors and spiritual directors. The pastor or parish priest is a man sent by God to make sure of the success of God's work in his parish. Any one who follows God in that parish unites heart and soul with his priest to help him carry out his plans. If any one wants to get the greatest amount of merit for his good deeds, he is sure to get it by following first these plans; for the priest stands as a father among his children. He knows the good and the bad, the rich and the poor. He knows what is best for each. He is the best adviser as to what ought to be done, and as to the way it is to be done. In charities he is certainly the best leader. Private works and charities are good, it is true; but the first duty, after one's own necessities are cared for, is to follow the order of God, in aiding the parish work through the parish priest and his assistants. We may safely say that one act done for God, in union with those put over us by Him, is worth in heaven, and here also, many good works done simply because we like to do them our own way.

To follow God, then, is to follow as dear children. We must consent to be led by God in all things connected with duty, just as little children are led by their fathers and mothers. We must take care, at least, that we follow His lead, and not show more honor to others than we do to Him.

A Business Education Pays.

For particulars concerning a Business or shorthand education we would advise any young man or woman to write to Mr. A. Blanchard, C. A., principal of the Peterborough Business College, Peterborough.

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls. The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offers the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 18, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, \$10; 2nd, \$5; 3rd, \$4; 4th, \$3; 5th to 14th, a Handsome Book; and 15th to 25th, a picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 43 Scott St., Toronto not later than 25th of each month, and marked "Competition"; also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winners' names will be published in The Toronto Mail on first Saturday in each month.

Hotel, 54 and 56 Jarvis St., Toronto. This hotel has been established throughout. Home \$1.00 per day. DONNELLY, Proprietor.

LADY JANE.

CHAPTER XX.

LADY JANE DINES WITH MR. GEX.

For some time Lady Jane sat in the doorway, not knowing just what to do. She was very tired, and at first she was inclined to rest, thinking that Tiburce would come back and find her there; then when no one noticed her, and it seemed very long that she had waited, she felt inclined to cry; but she was a sensible, courageous little soul, and knew that tears would do no good; besides it was very uncomfortable, crying behind a mask. Her eyes burned, and her head ached, and she was hungry and thirsty, and yet Tiburce did not come; perhaps they had forgotten her altogether, and had got into the milk-cart, and gone home.

This thought was too much to bear calmly, so she started to her feet, determined to try to find them if they were not coming to search for her. She did not know which way to turn, for the crowd confused her terribly. Sometimes a rude imp in a domino would push her, or twitch her sleeve, and then, as frightened as a hunted hare, she would dart into the first doorway, and wait until her tormentor had passed. She was such a delicate little creature to be buffeted by a turbulent crowd, and had it not been for the disguise of the domino she would soon have found a protector amongst those she fled from.

After wandering around for some time, she found herself very near the spot she started from; and, thankful for the friendly shelter of the doorway, she slipped into it, and sat down to think and rest. She wanted to take off her mask and cool her hot face, but she did not dare to; for some reason she felt that her disguise was a protection; but how could any one find her when there were dozens of little figures flitting about in pink dominos?

While she sat there thinking and wondering what she should do, she noticed a carriage drive up to the next door, and two gentlemen got out, followed by a young man. When the youth turned his face toward her, she started up excitedly, and holding out her hands she cried out pitifully, "It's me, it's Lady Jane."

The young fellow glanced around him with a startled look; he heard the little cry, but did not catch the words, and it moved him strangely; he thought it sounded like some small creature in pain, but he only saw a little figure in a soiled pink domino standing in the next doorway—some little street gamin, he supposed, and without further notice he passed her, and followed his companions up the steps.

It was the boy who gave Lady Jane the blue heron, and he had passed her without seeing her; she had called to him, and he had not heard her. This was too much, she could not bear it, and withdrawing again into her retreat she sat down and burst into a passion of tears.

For a long while she cried silently, then she fell asleep and forgot for a time all her troubles. When she woke a rude man was pulling her by her feet, and telling her to wake up and go home; he had a stick and bright buttons on his coat. "A young one tired out and gone to sleep," he muttered, as he went on his way.

Then Lady Jane began to think that that place was no longer a safe refuge; the man with the stick might come back and beat her if she remained there, so she started out and crept along close to the high buildings. She wondered if it was near night, and what she should do when it got dark. Oh, if Tante Modeste, Tiburce, or Madelon would only come for her, or Tante Pauline—even she would be a welcome sight, and she would not run away from Raste, although she detested him; he pulled her hair and teased her, and called her "My Lady," but still if he should come just then she would not run away from him, she would ask him to take her home.

At that moment some one behind her gave her domino a violent pull, and she looked around widely; an imp in yellow and black was following her. A strand of her bright hair had escaped from her hood and fallen over her back; he had it in his hand, and was using it as a rein. "Get up, my little nag," he was saying, in a rude, impudent voice; "come, trot, trot." At first she tried to jerk her hair away; she was so tired and frightened that she could scarcely stand, but she turned on her tormentor and bade him leave her alone.

"I'm going to pull off your mask," he said, "and see if you ain't Mary O'Brien." He made a clutch at her, but Lady Jane evaded it; all the spirit in her was aroused by this assault, and the usually gentle child was transformed into a little fury. "Don't touch me," she cried; "don't touch me," and she struck the yellow and black imp full in the face with all her strength.

Now this blow was the signal for a battle, in which Lady Jane was sadly worsted, for in a few moments the boy, who was older and of course stronger, had torn her domino from her in ribbons, had snatched off her mask, and pulled the hood from her head, which unloosened all her beautiful hair, allowing it to fall in a golden shower far below her waist, and there she stood with flashing eyes and burning cheeks, quivering and panting in the midst of a strange, rude crowd, like a little wild hunted animal suddenly brought to bay.

At that moment she saw some one leap on to the banquette, and with one well-aimed and dexterous kick sent her enemy sprawling into the gutter, while all the bystanders shouted with laughter.

It was Gex, little Gex, who had come to her rescue, and never did fair lady cling with greater joy and gratitude to the knight who had delivered her from the claws of a dragon, than did Lady Jane to the little horny hand of the ancient professor of the dance.

For a moment she could not speak; she was so exhausted with her battle and so overcome with delight that she had no voice to express her feelings.

Gex understood the situation, and with great politeness and delicacy led her into a pharmacy near, smoothed her disordered dress and hair, and gave her a glass of soda.

This so revived the little lady that she found voice to say: "Oh, Mr. Gex, how did you know where I was?"

"I did n't, I did n't," replied Gex tremulously. "It was just you call one accident. I was just going down the Rue Royale, and just turning the corner, I was on my way home. I'd finished my Mardigras, and I was going back to Rue des Bons Enfants, when I heard one little girl cry out, and I look and saw the yellow devil pull down my little lady's hair. Oh, bon, bon, did n't I give him one blow!"

"—did n't I send him in the gutter fling!"—and Gex rubbed his hands and chuckled with delight. "And how lucky was I to have one accident to find my little lady, when she was in trouble!"

Then Lady Jane and Mr. Gex turned down Rue Royale, and while she skipped along holding his hand, her troubles all forgotten, she told him how it happened that she had been separated from Tiburce, and of all her subsequent misadventures.

Presently, Gex stopped before a neat little restaurant, whose window presented a very tempting appearance, and looking at Lady Jane with a broad, inviting smile, said, "I should like to know if my little lady was hungry. It is past four of the clock, and I should like to give my little lady von Mardigras dinner."

"Oh thank you, Mr. Gex," cried Lady Jane, delightedly, for the smell of the savory food appealed to her empty stomach. "I'm so hungry that I can't wait until I get home."

"Vell, you shan't; this is one nice place, vairy cheap and fashionable, fit for one little lady, and you shall see that Gex can order one fine dinner, as well as touch the dance."

When the quaint little old man, in his antiquated black suit, a relic of other and better days, entered the room, with the beautiful child, rosy and bareheaded, her yellow hair flying out like spun silk, and her dainty though disordered dress plainly showing her superior position, every eye was turned upon him, and Gex felt the stirrings of old pride and ambition, as he placed a chair with great ceremony, and lifted Lady Jane into it. Then he drew out his spectacles with much dignity, and taking the card the waiter handed him, waited, pencil poised, for the orders of the young lady.

"If you please," he said, with a formal bow, and an inviting smile, "to tell me what you prefer."

Lady Jane frowned and bit her lips at the responsibility of deciding so important a matter; at length she said, with sparkling eyes and a charming smile:

"If you please, Mr. Gex, I'll take some—first, my little lady—but first, one leetle bit of soup, and the fish with sauce verte, and one leetle bird,—just one leetle bird with the petit pois,—and one fine, good, leetle salad. How would that suit my leetle lady?"

"And ice cream?" questioned Lady Jane, leaning forward with her little hands clasped primly in her lap.

"And after, yes, one creme a la glace, one cake, and one leetle bunch of raisin, grape you say," repeated Gex, as he wrote laboriously with his old, stiff fingers. "Now we will have one fine leetle dinner, my leetle lady," he said, with a beaming smile, when he had completed the order.

Lady Jane nodded an affirmative, and while they waited for their dinner her bright eyes trailed over everything; at length they rested on Mr. Gex with unbounded admiration, and she could not refrain from leaning forward and whispering:

"Oh, Mr. Gex, how nice, how lovely you look! Please, Mr. Gex, please don't wear an apron any more."

"Vell, if my leetle lady don't want me to, vell, I vunder," replied Gex, beaming with satisfaction and pride. "And perhaps, I will try to be one fine leetle gentleman again, like when I was professeur of the dance."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THOUGH the soil of Virginia grows the best tobacco leaf in the world, it does not all grow equal qualities. The production even of adjoining counties is often quite different, the one producing leaf which at once detests it grows in the other. The leaf of the "Myrtle Navy" is the product of the choice sections of the State, which, through some combination of local influence, produces a better quality than any others. This is shown by its always commanding a higher price than any other smoking leaf.

Mrs. Celeste Con, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parnele's Pills according to directions until the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion.' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least." These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

Cannot be Denied. The curative influence of the pine in lung diseases is everywhere admitted, and when combined with other effective pectoral remedies as in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup the effect is doubly beneficial. No case of cough, cold, asthma, bronchitis or hoarseness can resist the healing powers of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. 25c and 50c.

No other Sarsaparilla has effected such remarkable cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla, of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and other blood diseases.

COCKLE AMONG THE WHEAT.

Some Specimens of Catholics who Bring Dishonor to the Church.

Non-Catholics are not altogether to blame for some of the prejudices which exist against the Church. Catholics themselves, says the Very Rev. Dean O'Brien, are to blame in many instances. Such Catholics may be classed as the ignorant Catholic, the bad Catholic, the hickory Catholic, the one of your business Catholics, the foreign Catholic and the policy Catholic. The actions of such Catholics does not effect the doctrines of the Church, but leaves such impressions of the doctrines of the Church on non-Catholics as must necessarily excite prejudice.

The ignorant Catholic does not know anything about his Church, and does not care about knowing. He cannot answer satisfactorily, or explain the slightest objection to the Church. He is bold, saucy, impudent concerning everything non-Catholic, and is at a complete loss to give an honest answer to an honest question. This is a case of stubborn foolishness. Yet very often are the mutterings of such given as authority on Catholic matters.

The bad Catholic brings disgrace and odium on his Church by not practicing its teachings—not practicing what he pretends to believe. He is the drunken, profane, dishonest and troublesome person, who has little regard for anything or any one, and while not a Catholic in reality, claims to be one, and brings to the Church the corresponding odium.

The one-of-your-business Catholic is one that knows better, but thinks that non-Catholics have no right to know anything concerning his belief. No matter how civilly a question is put to such persons they generally answer with a stinging reply.

The hickory Catholic seldom attends service. He is in with you for all sorts of sport, does not care much what it may be, and is a hail fellow well met, with all classes and in all things, except in Church affairs, when he is crossed is generally settled with a blow or a kick. The amount of faith of such a Catholic is, they want to see a priest before they die, and they won't allow any one to insult the Church or its priest.

The foreign Catholic is one of the greatest stumbling blocks to the progress of the Church in this country. To them is much of the prejudice manifested due. They desire to impress upon the people that they are foreigners and glory in "my country," and its customs, just as if the accident of birth was an honor. It is as silly to be proud of being born in a certain country as it is to be ashamed of it. The Church, which is essentially cosmopolitan, is presented to the American by such in the garb of a foreign nationality.

Foreign Catholics must learn that freedom for them, means freedom for every man, woman and child in this country, and no matter how much a person may detest certain things, he has no right whatever to deny to his neighbor the fullest liberty to do as he pleases within the limit of the law. The laws of the Church, and country require us to be good citizens, and to do our duty in that respect, and mind our own business, we will never be an obstacle in the way of progress.

The policy Catholic is the meanest of the lot, and does the most harm. He is a sleek, naty fellow, that agrees with every one and everything because he does not want to give offence. He is a Catholic with Catholics, and his father used to be one with non-Catholics. He is a society man; very often a politician, and as oily as Mr. Dickson's Uriah Heep. Our contempt for such—neither flesh nor fish, is unlimited.

The question is frequently asked, "Why is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral so much more effective than other cough remedies?" The answer is, simply because it is the most skillful combination of anodynes and expectorants known to medical science.

1892, "The Cream of the Havana Crop."

"La Cadena" and "La Flora" brands of cigars are undoubtedly superior in quality and considerably lower in price than any brand imported. Retail dealers will not admit this to be the case. The connoisseur knows it. S. Davis & Sons, Montreal.

Mr. Parpessus Boileau, Ottawa, says: "I was radically cured of piles, from which I had been suffering for over twenty months, by the use of Thomas' Electric Oil. I used it both internally and externally, taking it in small doses before meals and on retiring to bed. In one week I was cured, and have had no trouble since. I believe it saved my life."

About Anæsthesia. When dyspepsia invades your system and bad blood occupies a stronghold in your body the way out of trouble is to annex a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, the best remedy for dyspepsia and bad blood, and the only one that cures to stay cured.

BABY'S BLOOD AND SKIN.

Cleaned and purified of every humor, eruption, and disease by the celebrated

CUTICURA REMEDIES.

These great skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies afford immediate relief in the most torturing of itching and burning Eczema and other Itchings, scaly, crusted, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, permit rest and sleep, and point to a permanent and economical (because most speedy) cure when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Thousands of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful, un-fading, and incomparable efficacy. Sold everywhere. PORTER DRUG AND CHEM. CO., BOSTON. "All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

HOW MY SIDE ACHE!

Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kneeing, and Urinary Pains, and Rheumatism relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing, strengthening plaster.



It's Soap, pure Soap, which contains none of that free alkali which rots the clothes and hurts the hands.

It's Soap that does away with boiling or scalding the clothes on wash day.

It's Soap that's good for anything. Cleans everything. In a word—it's Soap, and fulfills its purpose to perfection.

SURPRISE is stamped on every cake.

ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO., St. Stephen, N. B.

Many Old FARMERS produce as much, or more, than that from any other soil. The rich, brown soil of Michigan Farms produces a fine crop without this assistance. The best marketable general fertilizers of climate and freedom from frost, blights, together with good society, charities, etc., make Michigan Farms the best in the world. Write for full particulars to the best fertilizer company in the world. H. H. HENRY, General Commissioner, Lansing, Mich.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR The Celebrated CHOCOLAT MENIER Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION Lbs. For Samples sent Free write to C. ALFRED CHOUILLON, MONTREAL.

INSURE IN THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE. BECAUSE The Mutual principle is the only one by which participating members of a life company can secure a full equivalent for their money.

WHY? BECAUSE No purely Mutual Life Assurance Company has ever failed. BECAUSE None of the old technical terms and antiquated restrictions appear in the Policies of the Ontario BECAUSE The results of the Ontario's policies on matured policies are unsurpassed.

C. E. GERMAN, Gen. Agent. GEO. W. MILLER, Dis. Agent. 441 RICHMOND STREET, LONDON.

A Food that is eminently The Great Strength-Giver. Should be SOUGHT AFTER by those seeking to attain Physical Development and good powers of ENDURANCE. HEALTH FOR ALL.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT. THE PILLS Purify the blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS and BOWELS, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

GRATEFUL-COMFORTING. EPPS'S COCOA. BREAKFAST. "By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which will promote well-being and assist in the digestion of food."

NASAL BALM NEVER FAILS. SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING. Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

CHURCH BELLS CHIMES. THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS CHIMES. FULFORD & CO., BRACKVILLE, ONT.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY. THE CHURCH BELLS, BARS AND CHIMES. Price & Terms Free. Name this Journal.