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#### FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost.

HOW TO BECOME A SAINT. "And take unto you the helmet of salvation."
(Eph. vi. 17.)

Brethren: God is continually bring ing home to our minds by visible signs His love and care for all His creatures, and especially for man. God is everywhere and in everything, by His power, by His essence, by His love. Everything about us, everything that happens to us by the providence of God, is a manifestation of His loving care, and all the events of life are intended as so many aids for our sancti-

None of us would dare question the statement of St. Paul that we are all called to be saints, to holiness of life but how few of us fancy it possible or realize how easy it is to attain sanctity! "To be a saint! God forgive me!" you say, "I never practically thought of such a thing as possible for one like me. I know, and so do my neighbors, that such a state, such high perfection is farthest from my thoughts. Saints! Why, those are people we read about, not every day Christians, who have a thousand daily cares to

annoy and distract them."

Brethren, if you do not talk this way
I know that in your inmost soul you often think these thoughts. Sanctity is to your minds something away off; it is the top of the highest mountain, at whose base you stand; you look up. wish you were there, shake your heads sadly, and say: No, I cannot reach the top; some few chosen souls may at-tempt it, but I must stand just where I am, satisfied to remain in the shadow of its great height.

Oh! what foolishness of heart, what want of confidence in God! Does He not most earnestly desire our sanctifi-Does He not want us all to be saints? And if so, has He made the road to sanctity so difficult, so dis-heartening that most of us must give up the struggle through want of cour-

If the work of our salvation, brethren, seems so beset with obstacles apparently insurmountable, it is as suredly because we have no just idea of what holiness of life is. For, be convinced of this, that sanctity simply consists in fidelity to the order of God in our daily lives, and this fidelity is possible and within the reach of all.

An envelope with a note to Mrs. in our daily lives, and this fidelity is possible and within the reach of all. And what is the order of God to which we are bound to be faithful? In the first place, we must be faithful to the duties imposed upon us by the com-mandments of God and His Church, as well as to those belonging to the particular state of life we have chosen. And, again, we must willingly accept all that God sends us each moment of

Now, in this is there anything beyond our strength? To enable us to keep His commandment God gives us those seven great channels of grace and mercy — the sacraments of the Church; and to fulfil the duties of our special calling He sends us attractions and aids to facilitate their practice. "All this have I done from my youth," you may say with the young man in the gospel. "The commandments I succeeded in keeping fairly well, but my difficulty is to know how to fulfil the order of God in the duties of the

Brethren, the duty of the present moment is for you the sacrament of the present moment, the outward sign by means of which God bestows His graces upon you. Every care, every trial, sickness and health, poverty and wealth, sorrow and joys, all that comes upon you, are so many means by which the providence of God works towards surprised at themselves for ever hav-

Our lives consist in a great number of unimportant actions. Yet it is through fidelity in performing these commonplace actions that we are going to sanctify ourselves, accepting with love and patience what we too frequently endure with weariness and irritation. This great treasure, this constant and ever present means of grace, this sacrament of the present moment, is yours, brethren, present everywhere and at all times, and in making use of it lies a sure road to sanctity, your helmet of salvation.

## A Tribute to Catholicity.

Mr. Walter Blackburne Harte in an article in the Arena writing on the wealth of Boston Back Bay, pays a notable tribute to Catholicity. Though not altogether correct it is worth re-

producing:"The Catholic Church is the only one that is not ashamed to have poverty clinging to the skirts of its most beautiful temples, and although this bitter contrast is not that of an ideal state, still our meaning is clear—the Catholic Church is, and always has been, in closer touch and sympathy with the poor and miserable than the Protestant. The manifest military organization of the Catholic Church, and the intimate hold it has upon the imaginations of its people, prevent it from ever being seized with the complete lethargy that is practically making the Protestant churches merely social leagues among the rich, for the dissemination of a system of canting ethics, in direct contradiction to the teachings of its founder, from which the poor are turning heart-sick, disgusted, desperate.'

If your child is puny, fretful, troubled with glandular swellings, inflamed eyes, or sores on the head, face, body, a course of Ayer's Sarsapayou begin to give this medicine the better.

### DAN.

A Story For Boys.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

CONTINUED.

"Well, count it in your mind, or add it, lad, and answer your own ques-

tion. So Dan succeeded in convincing himself that five cents four times made twenty cents to add to the game money, and then his mother laid the whole before him, and laughed with him over his first day's good fortune; and then he dropped the forty-four cents in the "bank," and hugged his mother

"You won't often be so fortunate as you've been to-day, dear," she said, "and you must not grow impatient, boy, if you don't go smooth-like all the time. There's ups an' downs in business, an' we've got to be prepared for both things. Don't be forgettin' you owe Miss Vi'la some

money."
"Ah no, indeed! but she said I mustn't think of that, an' not speak of it to her for two weeks, an' then we'd talk a little; she's so good mammy!

I will not take time to go fully into the history of the croquet game ven-ture, but will say that, as days went people seemed to take more interest in Dan, and the little fellow was more fortunate in getting odd jobs to do, and the "medder" up by his house became quite a popular resort for the young people, who enjoyed plenty of room for their game, and considered a penny apiece for a game not at all extravagant. When "custom" was scarce, as on some days, Viola was pretty sure to happen along and feel like playing a game with Dan, and always insisted upon paying the price, and presenting Dan with his share of the price as well, for she laughingly said, "The rules are strict, and yet it would look queer for a proprietor to be paying himself

for his game, you see."
Oh, she was a kind friend, indeed, to Dan, and when at last the dollar Carmen, and Dan took it from the post office soon after, carrying that unheard-of thing — "a letter for mammy"—home with great curiosity and speed. You may guess; it ought not to be necessary for me to tell you what the note said about the money it enclosed. But Dan and mammy loved Viola better than ever that day. Of course Bill Barley and "those boys of his" were inclined to annoy Dan, and made several attempts to steal the wickets he left always in position in the field (so as to save mistakes in setting them again), and to find the box of balls and mallets, and the table, which were always hidden over-night in the bushes. But after they had been caught one night, or nearly caught, I should say, by the farmer in charge of the field for Mrs. Howe, a cross, ugly mastiff was left as watchman at night, and no boy dared risk getting over the fence. So Dan was secured from further annoyance of that sort.

So the summer days went on and on. Dan's little heart expanded more and more, and the village people, taking a new interest in him,—of course, owing to the influence of his staunch friend, Miss Viola, -were quite ing imagined the poor little fellow to have been the chief "bad boy" of the place. Why, if they had only had a fair chance to look at him, long before, to have really looked into those honest eyes of his, and watched the expression of that little brown face, as they often watched it now, surely no person of sense could possibly have believed all the miserable notions which had somehow-without any of Dan's fault, we who are behind the scenes have known all along-become circulated about the little "half-breed." Well, all that was over. Dan had no need to shamble along uneasily, keeping his eyes open for Bill Barley or some other misfortune, and he didn't expect now-a-days to hear surly threats or meet con-temptuous glances. Thanks to the

and feel that his shrinking days were profits, Dan pulled up his wickets, packed his set in its box, and stowed

energetic hugs. he wouldn't touch a cent of it unless em needn't talk to me bout bein he was sure there was sufficient becheerful." rilla is needed to expel the scrofulous humors from the blood. The sooner hind it in the little pasteboard box. So Dan would get to the Fair after while he spoke, and he had not seen

it, and received from her — a great surprise to him, too—a bright half-dollar with which to buy something for his mother and himself.

The standard restauts between two kinds of thoughts and desires.

A red flush, which had no connection with sunburn, crept up to his brows and lost itself in the mass of

Mrs. Howe's meadow, you remember.
The man had since then grown into a liking for the boy. One afternoon, at a time when the Fair grounds were being arranged, and tents being put sky, so broad and blue above the landup for various purposes, Dan and the farmer's hired choreboy were in the field together helping with the hay. Dan whistled merrily about his work, Dan whistled merrily about his work, for not only was he happy, but he seemed to overflow with a sort of new delight in being alive, and able to enjoy all the gladnesses which had come to him in various ways, and he wished everybody in the world could be as happy as he was now, with his new friends and his "lots of jobs," and his anticipations about the Fair.

Lake wears, whistling to the sprang to his feet, turned his back upon the feat grounds, and went over to Jake.

"Jake, Ja-ke," he said, swallowing something very hard, and trying to speak steadily. "You can cheer up truly, 'cause you're goin' — goin' to have a boss time, I can tell you. See! this was a present to me, an' I can do what I like with it, 'cause in' may may be more you see an' it. Jake wasn't whistling; oh, no! ain't mammy's money, you see, an'it (Jake was the chore boy.) He was unusually doleful. I say 'unusually,' because Jake was always rather dolesee here, Jake, I've had lots of good ful and "down in the mouth," as the boys say. He was an orphan, and a stranger — as Dan had been once — to me, an now I'm goin to let you see in the village. He had no especial friend or crony, and the old farmer and his busy wife were not over-abundant with kind words and attentions; and so, when you think of it, poor Jake was really worse off than Dan, who had at least the comfort of his dear mother's love, for all his hard luck about the village. Besides, Dan yer?"

Yes, sir, I do, honest and true and Jake had only been three weeks in the place. He liked it better than the orphan asylum, to be sure, but he was very lonely and unhappy most of the time, and Dan began to notice it soon after he started in on his work for the farmer. On this afternoon, as actually whistled (though Dan did not

the farmer yelled at him crossly. "Can't ye move like a live critter?" he cried. "Come, stir those stumps of yours, an' creep as lively as ye kin!" Jake tossed the hay sullenly,

"Nothin' ails me 'cept bein' as I be," answered Jake, "an' I wish I Dan didn't fully understand Jake's meaning, but he could see well enough that here was a boy who was feeling as he used to feel before Miss Viola enlisted her kind heart upon his side of affairs in general, and he pitied

Jake with all his heart.

"Cheer up, Jake," said he, sympathetically, "there ain't any use in bein' cross, you see, an' if you don't move faster the old man'll lick you. I see it in his eye."

Dan's intention was more cheerful than his words, but Jake somehow didn't seem comforted, and so the two boys worked together, one happy, the other unhappy, until the hay-cart moved away to empty itself of its fragrant freight and return to load up again. Dan threw his hat down, and cooling afternoon breezes, and straight-ened his tired little back, and whistled

Presently he cried out gayly:
"Oh, Jake, I can see the Fair
buildin's an' the tents! Jus' look!
Ho! won't it be fun!"

back and sitting down gloomily.

"Why, don't you like to see 'em so far off, an' kind of wonder how "There'll be nothing to hinder, hav'll look when you get inside 'em? "I ain't goin' to be inside 'em," sighed Jake; "how'd you s'pose I'm

goin' to ge to that ere Fair?" Dan was silent. He had forgotten for the moment that only a little while ago he would have been as hopeless about the Fair business as poor Jake now was.

His little heart grew sad and sorry for Jake in a moment. He felt as if he would like to help Jake have a good time, but he didn't see how he could. He would like to have said, "Here, Jake, you can have half of my money when Farmer Jones pays me to-night, an' - " But no, he couldn't say that, for it was mammy's money, not his, he was working for. He had no right to give any of it this happy change about, Dan Carmen could hold up his little figure, and feel that his shrinking days. browner than ever, and sunburned in the bargain right on the tip of the approaching, and the village boys were getting excited. Dan was no longer "proprietor" of the croquetground. That game had lost its popularity at last, and so after some weeks of quite successful business and tailsman for good fortune-and the Fair. As Dan picked it up from the grass, a thought popped into his it away at home with the old table, head. He wished at the moment that thanked Mrs. Howe for her kindness it had not, for when thoughts did come thanked Mrs. Howe for her kindness in letting him have the field so long, and then held himself "open for engagements" of any kind that might turn up. His mother had wished to he didn't want to hold this special thought at all. It fretted him consequences he against the second to have the field so long, and then held himself "open for engagements" of any kind that might turn up. His mother had wished to him in that sert of a way to have the field so long, and then held himself "open for engagements" of any kind that might turn up. His mother had wished to him in that sert of a way to have the field so long, and then held himself "open for engagements" of any kind that might turn up. His mother had wished to from her own purse, but Dan laughed thought at all. It fretted him conat her. "What do you spose I earned it for, mammy, darlin' if it wasn't to help you?" he asked, throwing his to give it attention. He went off by about her neck with one of his himself and sat down, but not until he had heard Jake mutter sadly, "I'd However, she made him take out the like to have a good time same's other Fair admission money, knowing how fellers. I ain't never had a good time's he longed to go, and yet feeling that I kin remember! Folks as does have

His back was towards Dan all the all, and he was a very light-hearted the half-dollar which Dan now held in

boy when he told Miss Viola all about his hand, hesitating between two kinds

Dan had been working for a farmer for a day or two. The very same old matted on Dan's head and forehead. fellow, by the way, over whom he and He looked at Jake's drooping back Miss Viola had triumphed in regard to and shoulders, then at the money

see here, Jake, I've had lots of good to me, an' now I'm goin' to let you see how nice it feels to have a good time too." He dropped the coin into the hand of the astounded Jake, and went on, "Now you can go to the—Fair, you know, Jake, an' have as good time as the rest of-the fellers.

Jake's face was like a sunbeam. "Yer don't mean it, Dan, now, do

Hello, there's the cart back. Now, fly 'round, do Jake, 'cause you ought to feel better now, you see

I say, Jake was more than ever sad, and was so stupid about his work that pile for the pitchfork, and caused the old farmer to look at him with pleased surprise. Later on, when work was over, Jake and Dan said good-by to each other, and Jake followed the cart and men towards the farm, while and made no reply.

"What ails you, Jake, anyway?"
asked Dan, his own sturdy little arms raking fast and far as he spoke.

Dan, feeling still rather lumpy about the throat, walked slowly home to deposit this day's profits of thirty cents—all the farmer paid "a boy" in the pasteboard box. He made up his mind to say not a word to his mother about the change in his plans. It would trouble her to have him disappointed, and he would find some good reason for staying at home when the time came, no doubt. But poor little Dan, he didn't whistle much during that walk home, and the smile he put on, when at last his mother saw him, was not very deep down in his heart, after all, though she didn't know it.

> The Fair day drew near, and finally there was but one day before the open-ing. Dan, taking home a basket of clean clothes for one of his mother's patronesses, met Viola Carew at a

turn of the road.

She greeted him with more than usual warmth — though she was always so cordial — Dan fancied, and bared his curly brown head to the he pulled his cap off with instinctive gallantry as he paused before her.
"You will go bright and early to

the Fair, Dan, to morrow, I suppose?" she asked, smiling, and watching the little brown face closely.

The boy cast down his eyes and shifted from one feet to the other.

"I don't want to see 'em, an' I ain't goin' to," replied Jake, turning his said, feeling that he was giving at

will there. Dan?" she asked again and Dan wondered why she asked such searching questions.
"You know I gave you that half-

dollar on purpose for the Fair, Dan, my boy. I hope you haven't lost it.

Dan looked up bravely. "Oh, no, Miss Vi'la, I haven't lost it; no in-

deed ! "Well, then, I shall look for you the first thing," she said; "and perhaps you'll wait for me at the entrance gate?

Poor little Dan, he felt himself in a corner, and feared to explain, lest his partial friend should reprove him for what he had done : and, moreover, he didn't like to tell of his good deed half as much as he would have been willing to confess to a fault. She stood there awaiting his answer, and he kept digging a little bare heel into the dust, and twirling the handle of his cart in great confusion of mind. At last she said, severely.

"Dan, where is that money? I believe you've lost it, after all. How you act! Why don't you look up at me, and be honest in speech?" 'Oh, Miss Vi'la, I ain't lost it at

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Sometime I'll tell you what hap pened to it, but I don't think I feel like goin' to the — I mean I don't know as mammy can spare me to-morrow, ma'am, an' if you'll tell me bout the horses afterwards, it'll be most as good as seein' em myself.'

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"Four years ago," she said, "I was a sufferer in all that the term implies, and never thought of being as healthy as I am to-day. Why, at that time, I was such a scrawny, puny little midget, pale and emaciated by an ailment peculiar to us women, that my father and mother gave me up to die. The local practitioner (I was at that time living at Scotland, Brant Co., Ont.,) said it was only a matter of days when I would be laid away in the churchyard, and as I was such a stufferer I cared not whether I lived or died: in fact, I think I would have preferred the latter. "I could not walk, and regularly every night my father used to carry me up stairs to my room. I remember my telling him that he wouldn't have to carry me about much longer, and how he said with tears in his eyes that he would be willing to do it always, if he could only have me with him. It was evidently foreordained that I should not die at that particular time, as a wonderful transformation in my condition was the talk of the neighborhood. I read of the marvellous cures that were being wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and my father went to Brautford, where he purchased a couple of boxes from Jas. A. Wallace. I commenced taking them, and I thought for a time that day they did me no good, as they made me sick at first, but very shortly I so noticed a great change. They began to act on my trouble, and in the short space of six months I was able to walk. I continued taking the pills, and in six months I was in the condition you see me now. I fully believe that they alone saved me from the grave, and you will always find myself and balance of my family ready to talk about the good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me."

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