

SEPTEMBER 18, 1907.

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Fifteenth Sunday After Pentecost.

HOW TO HELP OTHERS.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so will ye fulfil the law of Christ." (Gal. vi. 2.)

At first sight, my brethren, this may appear to us a rather difficult way of fulfilling the law of Christ. We think, and very often express the thought, that our own burdens are already heavy enough; but to bear, over and above these, the burdens of others would seemingly make life unendurable, and that it would apply rather to the Apostle's heroic age than to ours. Such, I say, might be our first thought in regard to these words; but it does not need much reflection to see that such is not the meaning of the Apostle, and that his command is as much applicable in our time as it was in his.

We who are Catholics profess, in words at least, to be fulfilling the law of Christ; but, unfortunately, our works are too often tainted by the spirit of the world, and that spirit is selfish. It bids each one consider simply himself. Never mind your neighbor, it says; he must fight his own battle, and if he is weak and unable to do it, let him go under. Such is the way the world acts, and we but too often follow it, and the fruits of it can be seen in the countless burdens that men have to bear to-day, and that their neighbors allow them to bear, because they do not have the Christian spirit, and do not undertake in the right way, the way pointed out by the Apostle, to help them. Who does not see that the Christian spirit bids us help with both sympathy and money and other goods of this world, those multitudes of unfortunates whom the world despises, but who are the true friends of Jesus Christ?

But it was not so much of the burdens of this life that the Apostle was speaking. He had in mind, as is evident from the context, a far worse burden, one that causes much more suffering than any temporal loss, and that is the burden of sin. "Bear ye one another's burdens," How can we help others to bear their burden of sin? How can we lighten it or free them from it altogether? My brethren, it is easy enough. Have you never, in a time of sorrow, felt the consolation that came to you from the loving words of some friend? He did not say much, perhaps, but you knew his words came from the heart; that he sympathized with you, and even as he spoke, the weight seemed lifted from you. He had helped you bear your burden, and his words of consolation had lightened, and, perhaps, entirely taken away your sorrow.

Thus might we help others bear their burden of sin by kind, cheering words, by words of encouragement and hope. Who can tell how much good we might thus do? Who can tell how many lives that are now full of misery might have been made lives of happiness by a few kind words? If, when the first misstep of a young man became known at home, the father had only spoken to him words of sympathy and hopefulness instead of words of bitter reproach, had only helped him bear his burden of horror and remorse and haled him to repentance! Instead of this, parents and others drive sinners to worse things by violent language and by coldness and uncharitableness. There would be much less sin in the world if the sinful and miserable were dealt with in a spirit of charity rather than in that of severity.

So, I say, each one of us can help others, more or less, to bear their burdens. It may be some one who has been burdened with sin for years. He longs to be freed from it, but he is afraid; he has become a coward; and the word that would help him on, that would give him courage and hope, is the word of kindness that any one of his friends may speak.

But you may say, "I never have a chance to do that; no one ever comes to me; they go to the priest." My brethren, that may be so; but why is it? Are we not to blame ourselves? Do we cultivate the qualities that would inspire others to come to us. When we hear that our neighbor has fallen, do we not perhaps puff ourselves up, as did the Pharisee of old, and thank God that we are not like the rest of men? We can help others. There are many persons living in the world who have thus done untold good, who have comforted the sorrowful and cheered the despairing, who have won by their words of kindness and hope souls that otherwise would have been lost forever.

ETERNAL VIGILANCE.

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Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable, sure. Severe Bronchitis Cured Promptly by Dr. R. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

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Halifax, N. S. Insurance Agent. Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, &c. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their hearts' content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief, and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

DOROTHY.

The Judge had dined and was enjoying an after-dinner cigar before turning to a pile of papers that lay on the table at his elbow. Yet even as he watched the flickering fire and puffed dreamily at his cigar luxuriously in a little relaxation after a hard day's work in a close and crowded court, his mind was busy formulating the sentences he intended to sum up a case that had been tried that day. There could be no doubt as to the guilt of the prisoner, who had been accused of a most impudent fraud, and though it was a first offence, the Judge intended to pass the severest sentence which the law allowed.

The Judge was no believer in short sentences. He regarded leniency to a criminal as an offence against society, and he was accordingly those who had been convicted of various crimes and were only retained by fear of punishment. The well-to-do people who got up petitions to mitigate the sentence upon a justly convicted thief or murderer were, in his eyes, guilty of a most unchristian and unbecoming interference with the law. There was no trace of weakness or sentimentality in his cold gray eyes, thin lips and massive chin. He was a just man, just to the splitting of a hair, but austere and unflinching.

He had conducted the trial with the most scrupulous impartiality, but now that a verdict of guilty was a foregone conclusion he determined to make an example of one who had so shamefully abused the confidence placed in him. Stated briefly, the situation was as follows: The prisoner, Arthur Maxwell, was cashier at a firm of solicitors, Lightbody and Dakton. The only surviving partner of the original firm, Mr. Lightbody, had recently died, leaving the business to his nephew, Thomas Faulkner. Faulkner accused Arthur Maxwell of having embezzled a sum of \$1,200. Maxwell admitted having taken the money, but positively asserted that it had been presented to him as a free gift by Mr. Lightbody. Unfortunately for the prisoner, the letter which he had stated had accompanied the check was not produced, and Faulkner, supported by the evidence of several well-known experts, declared the signature on the check to be forged. When the check book was examined the counterfoil was discovered to be blank. The prisoner asserted that Mr. Lightbody had himself taken out a blank check and had filled it and signed it at his private residence. He could however produce no proof of this assertion and the evidence available was opposed to his asserted statement.

Arthur Maxwell, soliloquized the Judge, "you have been convicted on evidence that leaves no shadow of doubt of your guilt of a crime which I must characterize as one of the basest." The chattering of voices in the hall brought the solicitor to abrupt conclusion. The Judge required absolute silence and solitude when he was engaged in study and the servants who stood in consent to the least disturbance taking place within earshot of his sanctum. He jerked the bell impatiently intending to give a good scolding to those responsible for the disturbance.

But the door was thrown open by his daughter Mabel, a pretty girl of twelve, who was evidently in a state of breathless excitement. "Oh, papa!" she exclaimed, "here's such a queer little object that wants to see you. Please let her come in."

Before the Judge could remonstrate a little child, a rosy faced girl of between five and six, in a red hood and cloak, hugging a black puppy under one arm and a brown paper parcel under the other trotted briskly into the room. The Judge rose to his feet with an expression which caused his daughter to vanish with remarkable celerity. The door closed with a bang. He could hear her feet scud up rapidly upstairs and he found himself alone with the small creature before him.

"What on earth are you doing here, child?" he asked irritably. "What can possibly want with me?" she remained silent staring at him with round frightened eyes. "Come, come, can't you find your tongue, little girl?" he asked more gently.

"What is it you want with me?" "If you please," she said timidly, "I've brought you Tommy." Tommy was clearly the fat puppy, for as she bent her face toward him he wagged his tail and promptly licked the end of her nose. The Judge's eyes softened in spite of himself.

"Come here," he said, sitting down, "and tell me all about it." She advanced fearlessly toward him, as animals and children always did in his official moods. "This is Tommy, I suppose?" he said, taking the puppy on his knee, where it pressed its delight by ecstatic contortions of the body, and appeared to consider his watch chain a fascinating article of diet.

"I've brought you other things as well," she said, opening the brown paper parcel, and revealing a doll with a very beautiful complexion, large blue eyes, and hair of the purest gold, a diminutive Nipper's ark, a pen holder, a broken-bladed knife, a crayon, a paint box, a picture book or two, and what bore some faint resemblance to a miniature of the body, and several other trifles. She seemed particularly proud of the last named.

"I painted them all by myself," she exclaimed. The Judge thought it not unlikely, as he glanced with twinkling eyes at the highly unconventional forms and daring colors of those strikingly original works of art. "What a lovely thing! It is very kind of you to bring me all these pretty things, but why do you want to give them to me?" "I don't want to give them to you," she faltered.

The Judge regarded her with friendly eyes. He was used to hearing romantic deviations from the truth from the lips of imaginative witnesses that frankness was at all times delightful to him. "I'll give them to you, and Tommy, too,"—the words were accompanied by a very wistful glance at the fat puppy,—"if you'll promise not to send your papa to prison."

A sentence such as precedes some awful convulsion of nature, pervaded the room for several seconds after this audacious proposal. Even Tommy, as though covering before the outraged majesty of the law, buried his head between the Judge's coat and vest, and lay motionless except for a propitiatory wag of his tail.

representative of the criminal classes, to be dealt with as severely as the law allowed in the interests of society in general. He was the father of this soft, plump, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, golden-haired little maid, who would inevitably have to share, now or in the future the father's humiliation and disgrace. For the first time, perhaps, the Judge's pang of pity for the wretched man who at that moment was probably pacing his cell in agonizing apprehension of the inevitable verdict. A vivid picture of the inevitable fate of the prisoner's white face, twitching lips and tragic eyes. He remembered his own emotion when he first sentenced a fellow-creature to penal servitude. Had he grown callous since then? Did he take sufficiently into account the frailty of human nature, and the brevity of life, the far-reaching consequences that the fate of the most insignificant unit of humanity must entail.

At this moment the door opened and his ally, a slender, graceful woman, considerably younger than himself, with a refined, delicate face, came quietly in.

"Ah," exclaimed the Judge with a sudden inspiration, "I believe you are Judge and all this, Agnes. What is this child doing here?" "You are not vexed, Matthew?" she asked half timidly.

"Hardly that," he answered slowly, "but what good can it do? It is impossible to explain the situation to this poor little maid. The Judge is not vexed on such an errand. How did she get here?" "It was her own idea, entirely her own idea, but her mother brought her and she determined to make an example of one who had so shamefully abused the confidence placed in him."

"But my dear," expostulated the Judge, "you must have known that it could do no good." "I—I knew what the verdict would be," answered his wife. "I read a report of the trial in an evening paper. But then, when the sentence, you know—and—and I thought the poor child might soften you a little, Matthew."

"You are a hand strayed mechanically among the toys, and to interest the child he began to examine one of the most vivid of her pictorial efforts." "How think it very hard and unjust, Agnes?" he asked.

"No, no, no," she answered hurriedly. "Not unjust, never. There is not a word of the whole world says it. But don't you think, dear, that justice without—without mercy, is always a little better than mercy without justice. I never spoke to you like this before. I wouldn't now, but for the poor woman in the next room, and the innocent child in your hands. There is not a word of the whole world says it."

The Judge made no reply. He bent still more close over the scarlet animal straying amid emerald fields and burnt amber trees, of a singular original shape.

"That's a cow," said Dorothy, proudly. "Don't you see its horns?—and that's its tail—it isn't a tail, but a tail, and it can draw cats better than cows." In her anxiety to exhibit her artistic abilities in her higher manifestations, she took the paper out of her pocket and handed it to him. At first he glanced at it listlessly and then his eyes suddenly awoke and he examined it with breathless interest.

"Well, I'm blessed!" he exclaimed excitedly. "It was not a very judicial utterance, but the circumstances were exceptional." "Here's the very letter Maxwell declared he had received from Lightbody along with the check. His references to it, as he could not produce, do, in fact, exactly correspond to what you believe it to be, I do. Listen! it's dated from the Hollies, Lightbody's private address."

"My Dear Maxwell,—I have just heard from the doctor that my time here is nearly over, and I am trying to arrange my affairs as quickly as possible. I have long recognized the unostentatious but thorough and entirely selfless nature of your services, and I am sorry to be unable to do more for you. I hope you will accept the enclosed check for \$1,200. With best wishes for your future, believe me, I am, Sir, your sincere friend, Thos. S. Lightbody."

"What do you think of it?" "I'll send it round to Maxwell's solicitor at once." "Oh, Matthew, then the poor fellow's innocent after all. If the letter is genuine he certainly is. There, don't look miserable again. I'm sure it is. If it had been forged you or your production at a moment's notice. Where did you get this letter, little girl?" Dorothy blushed guiltily and hung her head.

"I took it out of papa's desk—I wanted some paper to draw on, and I took it without asking. You won't tell him, will you? He'll be angry." "Well, my dear, perhaps he will let me know about it, my dear, but I don't think he'll be a bit cross. Now, this lady will take you to your mother, and you can tell her that papa won't go to prison, and that he'll be home to-morrow night."

"May I—may I say good-by to Tommy, please?" she asked. "Tommy's going with you," said the Judge, kindly. "I wouldn't deprive you of Tommy's company for Tommy's weight in gold. I fancy there are limits to the pleasure which Tommy can bestow, but that would be his own society. There, run away, and take Tommy with you."

Dorothy eagerly pursued the fat puppy, captured him after an exciting chase and took him in her arms. Then she walked toward the door, but the corner of her eye rested wistfully on the contents of the brown paper parcel. The Judge had just presented them to her. But Dorothy looked disappointed. The thought of giving them to purchase a better, she was willing to compromise in order to escape the pang that the loss of Tommy and the doll and the paint box and other priceless treasures would have inflicted, but she still wished—poor little epitome of our complex human nature—to taste a joy or heroic self-sacrifice. Besides, she was afraid that the Judge might after all refuse to pardon her father if she took away all the gifts with which she had attempted to propitiate him.

She put the parcel on the chair and opened it out. Holding the wriggling puppy in her arms, she gazed at her treasures, trying to make up her mind which she could part with, but that would be sufficiently valuable in the Judge's eyes to accomplish her purpose. Finally she selected the sheep and presented the luxuriantly woolled animal to the Judge.

"You may have that and the pretty picture for being kind to papa," she said, with the air of one who confers inestimable favors. He was about to decline the honor, but, catching his wife's eyes, he meekly accepted it, and Dorothy and the puppy and the brown paper parcel disappeared through the door. "Well, well," said the Judge with a queer smile as he placed the fluffy white sheep on the mantel-piece. "A new picture, I should think, that would be a very good thing. But we never know what we may come to."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

If, then, anything in your own lot or nature tempts you to neglect the common and humble duty of cheerfulness, remember that it is a duty which you owe to others, a duty by which you maintain the bond of fellowship with the lives around you, a duty which you neglect at your peril, since its neglect will bring upon you loss and deprivation and weakness far greater than those which may now make cheerfulness an effort.—Theodore G. Williams.

Stepping-Stones to Success.

The Cleveland Catholic Universe rightly says that it is a great mistake to suppose that a Catholic's faith requires him to eschew all ambition for worldly advancement. Dives' fault was not in feasting and wearing fine linen. Not at all. Had he used the goods which he possessed in such abundance, according to the dictates of charity—as God's almoner, the moderate enjoyment of the good things of the table, and the fine apparel would not have counted against him. It is perfectly legitimate, may more, it is praiseworthy to properly covet the means of being useful to oneself and to others. Money is not in itself a curse. The misuse and abuse of it is. Every young man should aspire to improve his condition. It is both sinful and foolish to sacrifice things of greater importance to gain wealth.

Nothing is more hateful and debasing than avarice. But the betterment of one's financial and social position is a commendable ambition. Frugality and temperance are virtues. These are the stepping-stones to material success. The wise and prudent young man will take advantage of every opportunity to advance himself and multiply his chances of prosperity. That he does so is practical proof of his wisdom and prudence.

The slothful and improvident person cannot justify his shortcoming and failures by any text in Holy Writ. It is Christian to bear misfortune with fortitude and resignation. But it is neither Christian nor honorable to invite tribulations by the neglect of simple rules of common sense.

Which do you fancy best measures up to the requirements of the moral law, the young man who dissipates his chances of getting on, by extravagant and shiftless habits, indifference to the future, with its many vague but certain responsibilities, lack of energy to provide for more than the immediate needs of physical comfort and pleasure; or the youth who cultivates habits of economy, who believes in putting by something—no matter how little—against possible emergencies and in preparation for future opportunities?

The young man who is careful about his appearance and who takes a pride in elevating himself, intellectually and socially, or the other one who is slothful from preference and devoid of desires beyond the satisfaction of his present questionable animal cravings?

This is not a sermon, and is not meant to be; it is merely contrasting facts and their consequences in relation to their bearing on conduct and the moral obligation of prudence, wisdom and judgment. The young man who flatters himself that heedlessness of that which fosters human prosperity, corresponds to scriptural injunction, errs stupidly. There is a difference between seeking worldly riches for the countless advantages their possession affords, and attaching oneself to the exclusion of what is essential to the highest development of the intellect and soul.

This is not a refuge from the reality of an unresponsible and sluggish aversion to that vitalizing force which makes for self-improvement in every direction.

Every young man has the power to help himself, if he wants to use it. No matter how humble the sphere in which he moves, or what apparent lack of opportunity exists in his surroundings and employment, he can prove his superiority to circumstances, if he goes the right way about it. He has within himself the elements of success, and everything depends on whether he utilizes or ignores these.

To a certain extent he is absolute master of the situation. No one can emancipate him from the bondage of poverty unless he provides the means of escape himself. There is a great deal in opportunity, but opportunities only become available through our own alertness and activity.

Hundreds and thousands of toil worn mortals are wearily grinding away, heads down, in the hopeless treadmill of abject drudgery, because they failed to recognize or neglected to seize opportunities that came their way. For this failure and neglect they are themselves wholly responsible. It were useless to deny it. A little sober reflection will convince the most skeptical of the fact. It is not necessary to cite instances illustrating the truth of our contention that every person possesses the power of self-help. In this country especially, the history of nearly every individual who has risen to affluence and eminence in any branch of human enterprise, confirms the fact. Nor is it necessary to confine ourselves to the records of men of public prominence. In the life around us, among our neighbors, those with whom we touch elbows every day, countless illustrations of this commonplace truth force themselves upon our notice.

We do not know that any set formula can be given which if followed will assure success. Each person must be responsible for himself. Circumstances are not without their influence, but nearly everything depends on the individual. To a great extent he must mould and

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Some general principles might be laid down for the guidance of youth in this important matter, broad and simple propositions so manifest that no one can contemplate the lives of successful men without plainly perceiving what they are. The first requisite is a desire to succeed, then a determination to carry this into effect. The best foundation to work from is a sound character, a sound mind and sound health. The Catholic who is faithful in practice to the teachings of the faith which he professes has not much to acquire. The discipline of earnest effort and indomitable perseverance will conquer all obstacles.

Starting from this point failure is a work without meaning. Work is the main thing. Education, serious study, the accumulation of knowledge, all within comparatively easy command of application. To intelligence, will and determination, all things are possible. If you are a mechanic, become a master of your trade—you can, if you will. Expert skill commands the high price. The best wages will give you the opportunity and means that you need. There is more required than manual skill. Cultivate your mind, train and develop your executive powers; you have them and can use them advantageously, if you will. There is no question about that. When you have saved sufficient money, begin business on your own account.

Be your own master. You can if you will. A combination of intelligence and energy and honesty is invaluable. You can combine them in your own person, if you have the moral courage to make the start and to persevere. Know all the details of your business. Keep yourself thoroughly informed on all matters pertaining to its study, the improvements that are constantly making in this inventive and progressive age, strive to add to these results better and more effective methods. This is very simple and easy. All that is necessary is a resolute will coupled with the qualities of head and heart that any man can acquire with persistent self-cultivation.

The same spirit can be applied to any class of work. Whether you labor with your head or your hands makes no difference so far as the efficacy of the system is concerned.

Am I Doing My Work?

It may be sweeping rooms or washing dishes; it may be carrying a hod or soper, it may be tending a baby or writing a sermon—the question is just as applicable, "Am I doing my work?" not criticising somebody else, not working for a better chance, not waiting for something to turn up; but doing my work as well as I know how to do it?

If one can answer this question in the affirmative he has answered one of the greatest questions that he is ever called upon to face. To be in one's place and doing one's work is supremely satisfying; to be out of one's proper place at last will be agony, because it will take one away from God. If a man is meant to be a physician he is miserable as a lawyer; if a useful and prosperous farmer is sometimes spotted to make an unhappy and second-rate professional man, what will be the agony of living for an eternity out of one's element or, in other words, away from one's God? To be something, the right something, may be the high ambition of every humble child of God, and he may be sure that at last he will certainly reach the very summit of his ambition.

CONFIRMATION.

It has frequently been observed that the sacrament of confirmation seems not to be regarded with due importance in the United States. Whatever the cause be, almost every Confirmation class numbers one or more adults (other than converts), who have neglected this strengthening sacrament during the years when its grace was most needed. The practice of the

Church at one time was to administer confirmation to children immediately after baptism, and it is only during the last hundred years that the custom of deferring this sacrament until after First Communion has sprung up. The Bishop of Marseilles, in France, is one of the few prelates who uniformly confirm children before they receive the Holy Eucharist; and for this he has received a letter of commendation from the Holy Father, part of which we quote from the St. Louis Review: "We bestow the greatest praise upon you for this; for the practice which had become common in your country and elsewhere was in accordance neither with the ancient and constant discipline of the Church nor with the welfare of the faithful. There are in the souls of children the germs of evil passions; if they are not eradicated early, they gradually grow stronger, seducing inexperienced hearts and involving them in perdition. Hence the faithful have need even at a tender age of being 'clothed with the strength from on high,'—an effect which the sacrament of confirmation is destined to produce. As the Angelic Doctor rightly observes, in this sacrament the Holy Spirit is given to us to fortify our souls for the combats of life, and to give man his full development. Hence it follows that the children who are confirmed at an early age become more docile in accepting the commandments, that they can better prepare themselves for the reception of Holy Communion and derive more abundant fruits from it."

The second Plenary Council of Baltimore decreed as the practice to be followed in this country that the sacrament of confirmation must not be administered to any child under seven years of age, "except for grave reasons; for example, the danger of death."—Ave Maria.

She Wears Her Cross.

The up-to-date woman wears her cross if she is so fortunate as to possess one. As an article of jewelry this symbol of suffering is as popular as it was in the days of the grandmothers. When the grandmothers were girls the possession of a handsome and jewelled cross that could be worn as a pin, a hair ornament, or a locket, amounted almost to a badge of aristocracy. The black ones, studded with diamonds or pearls or both, were highest in favor, as they are to-day. The fashionable cross must be antique looking. Not every body's grandmother possessed one, however, so the jewelers have come to the rescue of the woman who did not fall heir to one, and an bringing out exquisite designs in Roman gold; most of them are studded with precious stones, and many have backgrounds of black enamel.

Piles Cured Without the Use of Knife by Dr. Chase. I was troubled for years with piles and tried everything I could buy without any benefit, until I tried Dr. Chase's Ointment. The result was marvellous. Two boxes completely cured me. Jas. Stewart, Harness Maker, Woodville, Ont.

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