

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Trinity Sunday.

THE DIVINE MAJESTY.

For Him, and by Him, and in Him are all things; to Him be glory for ever and ever. Amen. (Epistle of the day.)

To-day, my dear brethren, the Church, having completed the round feasts and fasts which she began on Christmas, having brought to our remembrance our Lord's birth, His holy childhood, His ministry on earth, His Passion and death, His glorious Resurrection and Ascension, and the coming of the Holy Ghost as He had promised, finally brings us into the presence of the Being by whom all these wonderful works have been accomplished, and who is the sole object of our adoration—the ever Blessed Trinity, the three Divine Persons, the one God. She bids us contemplate, so far as it is possible for us, the great and ineffable mystery into the faith of which we have been baptized, and to join with the angels and saints in the canticles of heaven, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, who was, and who is, and who is to come."

"Of Him, and by Him, and in Him are all things," says the Apostle, reminding us of this highest of all the teachings of the Christian faith. Of the Father is the Son, and by the Son is the Holy Ghost, who proceeds from the Father and the Son, and in whom is their life and mutual love. The distinction of the Divine Persons is this: the Father is the source of the Divine Nature; the Son, and by the Son, the Holy Spirit, is the Divine Nature itself. One are we and all things created.

We and all the world around us are of God; not part of Him nor born of Him according to nature, nor proceeding from His substance, but still of Him in that we owe our being entirely to Him who drew us from nothing by His Almighty power. Nothing could ever have existed outside of God Himself except through the wonderful, incomprehensible act of creation. From nothing, nothing of itself could come; all things are from and of God, who created them from nothing.

By His Almighty power, then, we have been created, and by it now we are sustained. We could not live for a moment except by His continual support. It is only by His aid that we can draw a single breath, walk a single step, or perform the simplest act. The winds and the waters, and all the powers of nature, as we call them, are His powers, too, which He lends to us, and makes subservient to our use.

And in Him we live and move and are. He is nearer to us than we are ourselves. It is not only that He makes us live; it is His life by which we live; our life comes from and belongs to His eternal life. The life of God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost is in Himself; ours is in Him.

To Him, then, the one and only true God, "be glory," as the Apostle says, "for ever and ever." How often we say these words, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," and how little do we think of what they mean! If all that we are and have is from God, by Him and in Him, how can we set ourselves apart from Him, or claim anything for ourselves against Him? How can we glory in ourselves, or desire glory from others, when all glory, praise, and honor belong of necessity to Him from whom, by whom, and in whom all things are?

For this is what it means when we say, "Glory be to God." Not some glory or praise or recognition of His greatness from us, as a sort of tax or tribute which we must pay to keep the rest for ourselves. No, when we have given glory to God as we should, there will be nothing left for us to keep. This is the perfection of the creature, to prostrate itself at the foot of its Creator's throne, and to cast all the crowns it has received before Him that sitteth thereon, and to say with the angels and saints in heaven, "Theu art worthy, O Lord our God, to receive glory and honor and power, because thou hast created all things, and for thy will they were and have been created."

The New Freemasonry.

"New Masonry of the Grand Orient" is the title of a work by Georges Bois, just issued at Paris. Since the publication of the Pope's Encyclical on Freemasonry, *Humanum Genus*, and the revelations which followed, it appears that French Masonry has undergone a radical transformation. The ancient rites have been abandoned. The new rites of the French Grand Orient were promulgated in 1887 for symbolic or blue Masonry, in 1890 for red Masonry, and in 1891 for black Masonry. These new rites abandon completely the ancient, physical and traditional trials, which are now replaced by carefully calculated moral trials. They have also completely abandoned the ancient notion of the Grand Architect of the Universe, to be frankly become atheistic. At the same time, says a reviewer of this work, from whom these details are borrowed, an extremely remarkable political evolution—unique in the history of Masonry—was accomplished under the impulse of the Grand Orient. Since 1888 the annual assembly of the Delegates of Lodges, assembled at Paris in the first half of September, was transformed into a Masonic Parliament for the preparation of laws which are afterwards brought before the legislative assembly of the nation by Freemason deputies, senators or members of the Government. The author, M. Bois, advocate to the Appeal Court of Paris, makes this evident regarding the deliberations taken from 1888 to 1891, by abundant and extensive extracts. Here is to be found the source of many of these opposition laws, and the definitive formula voted and adopted

of several legislative projects which have not yet been brought before Parliament, and the explanation of an organization of administrative and political government hitherto unknown, of which the public had no idea. All these facts are supported by irrefutable documents, for the volume is, properly speaking, only a collection of Masonic documents. This "brief for the prosecution" includes a certain number of the historical documents, some of which touch on the very origin of Masonry, directly transcribed from the originals, the most of which are very rare and almost impossible to be reached. The work forms the most accurate and most complete account existing of that European pest, Freemasonry.—*Roman correspondence of the Boston Pilot.*

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Boy's Wit.

One of the parish sent one morn—
A farmer kind and able—
To grace the pastor's table.

The farmer's lad went with the fowl.
And thus addressed the pastor:
"Dear me, if I ain't tired! Here is
A gobbler from my master."

The pastor said: "Thou shouldst not thus
Present the fowl to me;
Come, take my chair, and for me act,
And I will act for thee."

The preacher's chair received the boy.
The fowl the pastor took—
Went out with it, and then came in
With pleasant smile and look.

And to the young parson, he said:
"Dear sir, my honored master
Presents this turkey, and his best
Respects to you, his pastor."

"Good!" said the boy, "your master is
A gentleman and a scholar!
My thanks to him, and for yourself.
Here is a half a dollar."

The pastor felt around his mouth
A most peculiar twitching.
And to the gobbling bird, he said:
He "boiled" for the kitchen.

He gave the turkey to the cook,
And came back in a minute,
Then took the youngster's hand and left
A half a dollar in it.

The Lesson of a Dream.

A certain rich man, about to die, directed that all his possessions should be sold, and the proceeds invested in a large diamond which he could hide in the hollow of his hand, and thus carry his wealth to heaven. His treasure took steps to fulfill the charge until delay. Meantime his master fell into a deep sleep, and dreamed he stood before the gates of Paradise. But when he sought to enter the blessed place he found that he had lost his treasure somewhere on the way, and fell to lamenting.

Said an angel who drew near:
"Why do you lament?"
"I have lost my diamond," answered
the man, describing it.

"We should call that cross where
we abide," returned the angel: "the
memory of one kindly act on earth
would more avail you here. And have
you none?"

"Alas, I know of none!"
"Not one?"

"I dried an orphan's tear one day,"
said the man, hesitatingly.

"That tear is here," replied the
angel, "laid up for you. Behold it!"
And as the astonished man gazed
upon the tear, it shone so brightly and
shed so gentle a light upon his soul
that he wept with joy to think that he
had lost his paltry diamond and found
so great a treasure.

On awakening from sleep he recalled
his faithful steward, and directed him
to distribute all his possessions among
the poor and needy. And soon after-
ward he died in great peace.—*Ave
Maria.*

"Kindness."

"O Auntie, dear! do look at that poor
dog that is coming in at the open gate.
I am sure he is starving, he is so thin.
There, he has lain down under the
apple-tree. May I not give him some-
thing to eat?"

"Yes," said auntie, looking down
into the sweet eyes glistening with
tears of pity; "go into the kitchen
and Margaret will give you some
meat; the poor creature must be starv-
ing."

When May offered the dog the food
he seemed too weak to stand, but raised
a face so full of gratitude that even if
she had counted her kindness a task
she must have been amply repaid. He
ate and drank ravenously, then licked
May's little hand as she raised it to put
his head, and said to her, in his dumb
way, as plainly as we could have
spoken: "You are kind and gentle,
and I love you for your goodness."

When May had finished May picked
up the plate, on which a small piece of
meat had been left, and turned to go
into the house, when she was startled
by a loud "caw, caw." On looking
she saw a large, black crow on one
of the branches of the apple-tree.
"What do you mean by frightening me
like that?" said May, who had a
little way of talking to everything:
"do you want this piece of meat?" put-
ting it as she spoke, on the highest
limb that she could reach by standing
on the tips of her little toes. The old
crow sailed down and helped himself
to the morsel, then spread his wings
wide and again said, "caw, caw."

"I don't know whether you mean
'thank you' or 'more meat,'" called
May; "I don't suppose that crows know
much about politeness, though, so I
believe you mean 'more meat.'"

When May's papa came home in the
evening he made a nice, straw bed in
the barn for dog, and he and May had
a long talk about a suitable name to
give him. Rover, as he seemed to be
called him, Rover, as he seemed to be
somewhat of a rover.

On the following morning and on
every morning afterwards, Rover
went to the apple-tree and waited for
little May to come with his breakfast,

and, strange to say, the old crow was
always on his perch in the tree to
welcome May with his loud "caw,
caw," to which she kindly replied:
"Good morning, Mr. Crow," and gave
him some breakfast also.

One morning long afterwards May
went as usual to the apple tree with
Rover's breakfast, but he was not
there: she called and called again, yet
he did not come; she looked up into
the tree to see if the old crow was there,
and there he sat cowering her very
closely. "Good morning, Mr. Crow,"
she called, but he answered not a word;
she gave him some meat, which he ate
greedily, watching the plate which she
held all the time. "You're a funny
old bird," she said, and put the plate
down, thinking Rover would come by
and by, but no sooner had she turned
to go than the crow flew down, and
taking a large piece of meat, flew
away with it. "You naughty greedy
old bird," said May, indignantly; and
while she stood thinking about it back
came Mr. Crow, took another piece of
meat, and May noticed that he flew to
the barn; so, following quickly she
reached there just in time to see Mr.
Crow on his way out of the door and
Rover looking well pleased, but
secretly tied. She waited to see what
it all meant. Presently the old crow
returned carrying a piece of meat,
which he gave to Rover. She could
not believe what she saw until again
the crow went and returned several
times, each time bringing the dog a
portion of his breakfast. She called
her aunt, and together they watched
the strange performance until Rover
had had all that he could eat.

May afterwards learned that her
papa had tied Rover up because the
new gardener was afraid of him, and
that he had forgotten to mention it to
her before leaving in the morning.
"Mr. Crow, you must forgive me for
calling you a naughty, greedy old
bird," said May, going over to the
savage bird and stroking his black
feathers. "You are a dear, good,
kind old thing. Is it not funny,
auntie, for a dog and a crow to be such
good friends?"

"Yes, dear," she answered; you see
that even the least of us can do little
acts of kindness for each other. It's a
lesson we may take to heart, my little
one."

M. C. DORRAN.

FEARED HIS INFLUENCE.

Why Cardinal Manning's Relatives
Held Aloof From Him.

Mr. Purcell, writing in the Dublin
Review, contributes a long article on
the late Cardinal Manning as an
Anglican, from which we may make
sufficiently interesting extract:

It has often been said of Cardinal
Manning that his Anglican days are to
him a page in his life finished and
turned down. It may, indeed, be a
closed book, as far as his public action
or speech is concerned to the outside
world, but to himself his early life,
with its hard-fought victory, is a page
on which his memory ever lingered
with a half-sad pleasure. The friends
of his youth, his co-partners in hope,
his fellow-workers in a cause he held
sacred, were dear to his memory.

Yet dearer by far to his heart were
those, of whom, since he became Cath-
olic, he rarely or ever spoke—his own
kind and kin, brothers and sisters.
With one exception, they all remained
where he had left them—in the Church
of Frederick. "My dear brother of
Frederick," the Cardinal said to me,
"is like a Spanish hildago in his high
sense of honor and in his loyalty and
allegiance to the Church of his baptism.
He looked upon my leaving the Church
of England as an act of disloyalty
which he never forgave. Since that
day we have never met: no letter has
ever passed between us." The Car-
dinal spoke of his brother with great
affection and respect. He added: "I
saw him twice: once at a railway
station: once in my carriage I passed
him in the street." On his death his
brother bequeathed to the Cardinal
some family heirlooms and books.

"But what I treasure most," said the
Cardinal, pointing to a book-shelf,
"are those two volumes in which my
brother bound up all my letters to him.
It shows that though we never met his
affection for me still survived." His
brothers and sisters held aloof from
him for the most part; yet, if estranged
from him in religion, their hearts were
from first to last knit together in the
closest ties of mutual esteem, affection
and love.

To show how fully the Cardinal
shared this family affection, I will re-
cite here one passage from a letter to a
near relative, written almost on the
eve of his departure from out of the
Church of England—that time of trial
for him and for them who were bound
to him by ties of family affection. The
letter is dated:

Lavington, 1850.

MY DEAREST:

"I feel sad at the thought
of leaving you all: for my heart holds
fast to you; and faster the worse the
times are." * * * My last letter,
I fear, gave you no comfort. But,
dearest, I dare not betray the
truth. * * * Give my very
affectionate love to * * *

H. E. M.

They who know the Cardinal slightly
or superficially had no conception of
the depth and tenderness of his loving
nature. No man was more misunder-
stood in this respect by the bulk of
those who venerated him as their Car-
dinal-Archbishop. The numerous and
affectionate letters that passed between
him and his relatives prove this beyond
dispute. Especially do I wish to em-
phasize—and it is within my own knowl-
edge—that this affection is not one-
sided, but mutual. The following
passage from a long letter—I wish I

had space to transcribe the whole of it
in these pages—will prove the point.
It is addressed to a near relative
(Anglican). The letter is dated:

Archbishop's House,

Westminster, S. W., Jan. 9, 1892.

MY DEAR—

"Frederick has kept all my
letters to him, and had them put into
two bound guard books. Dear brother,
I never knew how much he cared for
me. Some of his letters are most affect-
ing. Indeed, I have been more
touched and surprised than I can say,
at all your letters and those of my
father and mother. * * * Never
for a day have I forgotten them at the
altar in the Holy Mass. H. E. C. A.

Indeed, it was his brother's great
affection for the Cardinal which stood
in the way of their meeting. A like
cause, coupled, perhaps, with fear of
his influence, operated with other
members of his family, who, after he
became a Catholic, though their love
survived to the very last, held aloof
from him. The sole survivor of a
family of nine, of whom the Cardinal
was the youngest, confirms this state-
ment in a letter to me, one passage
from which I have permission to recite.
It is as follows:

"It is quite true that there never
was the slightest diminution of affec-
tion between them. It was Frederick's
(my second brother's) great love for
the Cardinal that would have made
meeting so painful, and my brother's
wife fully shared the same feeling.
For myself, though fully sharing it, I
had not the courage to deprive myself
of my loved society, nor did I see the
necessity of it: so by God's mercy our
mutual love was cherished to the end,
though faithful health on both sides
precluded of late our meeting."

Of his brother and sister in particu-
lar the Cardinal often spoke in terms of
affection. In reference to the members
of his own family, as well as his friends
and fellow-workers in the old days, the
Cardinal said:

"I left them, not they me. I went
over the bridge; they, too, many of
them, stayed behind. I did not con-
sider it right or proper, or comporting
with the dignity of the cause I re-
present, by making advances to subject
myself to a rebuff. But I met more
than half way those who held out a
hand to me. We parted; they held
aloof from me; but not one, I verily
believe, of my friends in those days of
trial bore ill-will against me personally,
or even resented my quitting
their side. They avoided me because
they were in fear of my influence over
the hearts and minds."

Manning, in the beginning, even
unto the end, of his Anglican life was
very susceptible to external influences,
to the praise or blame of men, to public
censure or applause.

Sarsaparilla belongs to the smilax
family of plants, and is found very
generally over the American continent;
but the variety that is richest in
medicinal properties is the Honduras
root, of which the famous Ayer's
Sarsaparilla is made.

Health Department.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

By constipation is meant irregular action
of the bowels, often called costiveness,
and commonly caused by dyspepsia, neglect,
excess in eating or drinking, etc. It is a serious
complaint and not to be neglected under any
circumstances, as it leads to impure blood,
headache, debility, fevers, etc. A uniformly
successful remedy is Burdock Blood Bitters,
which is faithfully tried, never fails to effect
a complete and lasting cure even in the worst
cases. The following extract from a letter
from Mr. Jas. M. Carson, Banff, N. W. T.,
circumstances, as I have been troubled
will speak for itself:—"I have been troubled
with constipation and general debility and
was induced to use your B. B. B. through
seeing your advertisement. I now take great
pleasure in recommending it to all my friends,
as it completely cured me."

The Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels, &c.,
act as so many waste gates for the escape of
effete matter and gases from the body. The
use of Morning and Evening Vegetable Dis-
covey helps them to discharge their duty.
Mr. W. H. Lester, H. M. Customs, Toronto,
writes: "I have personally tested the health-
giving properties of Morning & Evening
Vegetable Discovery, and can testify as to
its great value."

Thos. Sablin, of Eglinton, says: "I have
removed ten worms from my feet with your
B. B. B. Cure." Reader, go then and do
likewise.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels
blue, a deep, dark, unfading, dyed-
in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he
makes everybody feel the same way
—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a
headache, generally dull and con-
stant, but sometimes excruciating—
August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a
violent hiccupping or jumping of
the stomach after a meal, raising
bitter-tasting matter or what he has
eaten or drunk—August Flower
the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels the
gradual decay of vital power;
he feels miserable, melancholy,
hopeless, and longs for death and
peace—August Flower the Rem-
edy.

How does he feel?—He feels so
full after eating a meal that he can
hardly walk—August Flower the
Remedy.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer,
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

NO OTHER Sarsaparilla com-
bines economy and strength like
HOOD'S. It is the only one of
which can truly be said "100 Doses \$1."

THIRTY YEARS.

Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.

"I was troubled for thirty years with
pains in my side, which increased and
became very bad. I used

ST. JACOBS OIL

and it completely cured. I give it all praise."

MRS. WM. RYDER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

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

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY
AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

Next Bi-Monthly Drawings in 1892—March 2nd and 16th and April 6th and 20th.

LIST OF PRIZES.

3134 PRIZES	
WORTH - \$52,740.00	
CAPITAL PRIZE	
WORTH - \$15,000.00	
Tickets, - - - \$1.00	
do. - - - 25 cts.	
ASK FOR CIRCULARS.	

1	Prize worth \$15,000.....	\$15,000.00
1	" " 5,000.....	5,000.00
1	" " 2,500.....	2,500.00
1	" " 1,250.....	1,250.00
2	Prizes " 500.....	1,000.00
5	" " 250.....	1,250.00
25	" " 50.....	1,250.00
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100	" " 5.....	500.00
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