JULY 30, 1898.

FIVE - MINUTES' SERMON. Ninth Sunday After Pentecost.

THE MISFORTUNE OF A SINNER SEPAR-

ATED FROM GOD.

" If thou also hadst known, and in this thy day, the things that are to thy peace." Luke 19, 42,

Bitter tears we see to day in the eyes of Jesus. They concern, first the unbelieving, deicidal city of Jerusalem, the measure of whose iniquities will soon be filled, whose fearful destruction is unavoidably approaching. But these tears concern no less every ob durate sinner, who will not acknowl-edge the time of his visitation, but by his wicked life prepares for himself destruction. The Redeemer, therefore, weeps over the sinner, because He has compassion on him. But the sinner, compassion on min. But the sinher, who should be weeping, has no pity on himself, he laughs and jests, is cheer-ful and hilarious, as if he were the happiest person on earth. He mocks and jeers at those who sadden their life by thoughts of penance, who do not, like him, drink at full draughts of the cup of sinful enjoyment. But is he in earnest with his unrestrained joy ? it truth that comes from his mocking mouth? Ah ! no, it is mere lying and Though exteriorly his decention. countenance mirrors sunshine, joy and hilarity, ah ! what bitter torment withsoon as it becomes quiet and tranquil around him ! Then he is constantly reminded of death and eternity, a voice calls loudly within him which cannot be quieted. Like the trumpet of judgment, it calls to him : Woe to you miserable being ! you are an enemy of God ! Woe, if now the hand of death should seize you ! you would be irrevocably lost, a reprobate for all

eternity. At Syracuse, in Italy, reigned a tyrant named Dionysius. He was feared and hated by every one as an oppressor, but he himself, lashed by the furies of a bad conscience, lived also in constant fear and disquiet. On hear-ing one of his slaves lauding him and wishing to be in his place, if only for one week, Dionysius summoned him to his presence. He clothed him with magnificent garments, surrounded him with a numerous retinue of servants, and bade him be seated at a table laden with delicious viands. All was hilarity and good humor. Suddenly the happy slave raised his eyes to the ceiling and behold, his horrow ! He became pale with fright, fled from the table, and re fused all the proffered grandeur. And whence this sudden terror? He beheld above his head a sword suspended by a silk thread; at any moment the thread might break, and his life would have been lost. See, unhappy sinner, this is your picture. You, too, are seated at the banquet of joy and pleas-ure, but above your head hangs the sword of divine justice on the frail thread of life. At any moment the thread may break, and the eternal Judge may command the angel of "Take your scythe and cut." death : You know not. O sinner, whether you will see the morrow, but you do know, that if you die as you are now living, you will be a reprobate for all eternity.

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Oh, horrible condition of the sinner, separated from God ! He, like the prodigal son, has left his father's house and sits now with the swine, i.e., his evil passions, which the devil gives him to feed ! He has become like those poor Israelites, who under Pharaoh, had to serve as slaves in cruel bondage. As they were obliged to fatigue them selves with the hardest labor, from early dawn till late at night, amid

from His mouth the sentence which will make you miserable for all eternity O sinner, what you will one day gladly wish, but will no longer be able to do, perform it now, when the grace of God still makes it possible for you. Be reconciled to Heaven, become again a child of God in the happy peace of a good conscience, and remain such all the days of your life, so that you may, in the most dreadful hour of life, go to meet the eternal Judge with joyful hosanna. Amen.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE SAINT THAT PLAYED TRU ANT.

BY DORA M. BAXTER.

On the 7th of April, along in Lady Tide, comes the Feast of St. Isldore of Seville. Then the Church, in her glorious liturgy, pours fourth such hymns of praise, recounting deed after deed and virtue upon virtue of this her favored son, that we cannot help catching some of her enthusiasm. brightest of Doctors," she sings, "light of holy Church, blessed Isidore, lover of the divine law, O plead for us with the Son of God !"

Up speakes my little lad. "But who was St. Isidore, and was he really a doctor?" No, my boy-not a doctor that feels your pulse. When you are a little older you will find that a man may be a doctor in many things besides medicine ; for doctor means really a teacher, and sometimes lawyers and musicians receive the title because they know enough to teach others. St. Isidore was doctor of sacred knowledge -that is to say, he was wise in all that relates to God and the service of God. I wonder if any of my young readers will ever be privileged to write after their names a big D. D. or an LL D., or even an M. D.? It is an honor worth working for.

So thought St. Isidore : though there was a time when, like our own girls and boys, he didn't believe he ever could learn. He had an older brother named Leander, who was a very learned man, and a saint in his daily life. Indeed, they were a family of saints : for there was a beautiful sister, Florentine, who was a holy nun. Now, Isidore used to go to school to his big brother, who was inclined to be very strict and stern. Sometimes teachers are so anxious for their pupil's progress that they are severe without intending it. Did you ever think that? Each morning Isidore grumbled more and more about having to go to school. "I am so very dull !" he sighed. "And I have such long les sons, so dreadfully dry ! And brother looks at me so hard when I miss that I forget everything I ever did know, any I'd much rather stay at home way and chase butterflies."

Then and there, spying a gorgeous one, the little fellow ran away in glee. Catch it he did, and two others besides, bofore he stopped ; and then, panting, hot and tired, he sat down by an old well to rest. "You'd better go to school, Isidore," whispered a wee, small voice 'way down in his heart. But Isidore wasn't listening. "Better go to school." Too intent was he on the velvet wings of his butterfly. "Dreadfully late !" said the voice and with that away darted the little winged creature, leaving Isidore to face the awful fact that he was late for school. "I don't care !" he exclaimed. angrily. "I'm not going at all. I'm just going to play hookey to day."

early dawn till late at night, amid hunger and stripes, so must the sinner in the ignominious slavery of Satan, number of things. But most of all he man drifts into gross sins, if he does gazed down into the depths of the old well, and wondered how the water got there, and how long it had been there, and if he would drown if he fell in and would his brother say it was a punishment, and preach about it in a ermon, until all the boys in the church trembled in their shoes. Isidore shiv ered at the thought. Finally, along came a woman carry ing on her head a pitcher, which she set down on the ground, and proceeded to let the bucket down into the well. "What makes that block so worn out?" queried Isidore. "Why," said the woman, "that is caused by the rope passing over it so many times." She eyes the boy's pure face curiously. "Why is that stone all hollowed out in one place " was the next question. Because the rain happens to fall on that one spot." Then she went away. This new train of thought put Isidore in a better humor, and by and by he turned his face schoolward. "I'spose if I study the same thing over and over again every day, I'm bound to get it into my head some time or other ; so perhaps I had better go to school, after all,"-which was no sooner said than done. "Did he get a whipping ?" asks my little lad. Well, I don't know about that. But if he did, he managed to live through it; for we are told that he spent many years in working for Christian education. So we may suppose he was always glad he went back to was always gial he went back to school that day. Upon this my little maid falls to musing. 'It seems to me that of all the saints St. Isidore is most like you, brother." "Why?" asks brother, wonderingly. "Because he was always asking questions," says the

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

Saving as a Duty.

There is a trite saying that "Saving is the secret of wealth," and this is true, vastly more, it is the very essence of right character. Its exercise means comfort for self and ability to give comfort for sent and ability to give comfort to others. Its neglect means the threatening of starvation to body and to soul. The habit formed means self-controlled; disregarded means self-ungoverned. Every man should adapt it aca point of Christian duty = adopt it as a point of Christian duty.-J. M. Holley.

About Worrying.

"Everybody tells us," says Mr. Stoggleton, "not to worry. They tell us that worry never did anybody any good, and that on the other hand it absolutely impairs one's capacity for work, and so helps to aggravate the very situation that we are worrying This is true, all of it, and sound over. advice it is, too, and it has been said many times; but it should be more often supplemented with detailed instructions as to how to avoid worrying. Now let me make a try at it. Perhaps I shall repeat things that I've said before ; but if I do, it will be because I

think they're good for humanity. "A prime necessity of our perma nent freedom from worrying is the possession of the personal quality common ly known as sand. If a man has not been endowed with sand by nature he must pick it up for himself ; nobody is going to give him away, but he can do this easier than he thinks.

"Most of the things we worry over are only bugbears that fade and dis appear upon the first attack. Herein lies the first secret of success - in attack; and the great secret lies in persistence, in keeping always at work. The man who actually does this, wasting no time, will find, the first thing he knows, that he's stopped worrying and he laughs a little as he says to himself that he's got no time to worry; and the next thing he knows he fidds his sandbox is no longer empty, he's actually got some sand of his own, and then he is somebody and begins to find some solid satisfaction in life.

Don't Drift.

Many young men start out in life without any definite aim, and the re sult of this is nearly always defeat and disaster. It is better to settle down to some business or profession, even if circumstances should afterward compel its relinquishment, than to have only a vague idea of doing something sometime. The habits formed by hav ing some percise object in view are invaluable, for no one can be industrious and far seeing who trusts entirely to chance. To be sure, opportunity is often a great factor in winning a victory, but he who has no purpose in life never knows how to take advantage of an opportunity when it is pre sented. To succeed one must be like the men described by the poet :--

And statesmen at her council met Who knew the seasons when to take Occasion by the hand, and make The bounds of freedom wider yet.

No triumph was ever won by sitting down and waiting at the door for prosperity to come in. She avoids effortless creatures, and leaves them to the ruin they court by their inaction. And do not be afraid to attempt, for courage mounteth with occasion. And remember always what Cowper says :-

"Absence of occupation is not rest, A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed." Always have some project in hand if

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN; and if he does not do this he is false to God and false to himself. Therefore, I say, don't drift. Have an aim and pursue it with an unflinching will. -Benedict Bell, in Sacred Heart Re view.

TEMPERANCE NOTES. Sacred Heart Review.

The first drink is the first link in a chain of spiritual bondage. Don't forge the first link.

Who can blame the children of drunken parents, if, when they grow up, and often long before that time, they hasten to leave surroundings that have been a torture to them for years

People who insist on others drinking intoxicants are doing the devil's work, and the sooner they realize it the bet-ter. Particularly is this so when they force liquor upon young men who have never tasted it before. Surround your children with good

influences if you would have them grow up a credit to their race and faith. Above all, keep out of your home that most insidious form of temp tation, intoxicating liquors of all kinds.

There are times when temperance work seems of little avail, and the heart of the conscientious laborer in this part of the Lord's vinevard is bowed beneath a weight of discouragement and defeat. But this should be only a temporary check. Everything done with a good intention counts with God The results are in His hands. He looks to us for intentions.

Maltine With Coca Wine Feeds the

Maltine With Coca Wine Feeds the Nerves. Are you all run down? Are you tired in body? weary in mind? Does lassitude burden and unfit you for mental or physical labor? Does sleeplessness rob you of mental force? make your days a weariness and night a torment? In brief, is life rapidly becoming a burden to you? Thousands are living in this miserable condition while re-lief from this worst of mental and physical conditions may be speedly obtained by the use of Maltine with Coca Wine. It is a real tonic, for it builds up the body, gives strength and vigor to the nerves, supplies strength and vigor to the nerves, supplies stomate. Maltine with Coca Wine renews every fibre of the body, gives mental activ-ty. Maltine with Coca Wine is a builder-builds nerve, builds muscle, builds bone. It gives vim and nerve. It braces, not as a stimulating agent; it braces because it cures. That is what you need. All drug-gists sell it.

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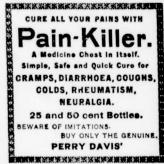
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My sore hands commenced with a burning on my fingers. When I rubbed them you could see little white pimples, and I felt like twisting them out of their sockets. I had high fever and coid chills, mights I had to walk the floor until I fell asleep. My hands peeled like an onion, the finger nails got loose, the water ran out, and there the burning fre was. My hands puffed up worse than a toad, the was. My hands puffed up worse than a toad, the was. My hands puffed up worse than a toad, the water ran through the bandage on to the floor. I went to a doctor for a year. I got CUTTOWA Re-solvENT and CUTTOWA SOAP. The nails hardened up, peeled off, and my hands are now cured. CASPER DIETSCHLER, Pembroke, N. Y.

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Excursions to Ireland

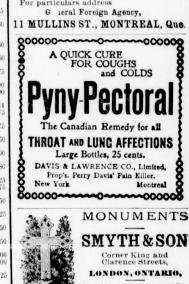
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weary himself day after day, and receive as reward only the lashes of a bad conscience, a prefigure of the horrible punishment which awaits him in eternity. Picture to your mind a rebel whom the anger of his royal lord has seized and cast into a deep subterranean dungeon, to languish there in chains for life. Is this perhaps the sinner? No, it is not he : for human language is too poor to paint such misery. Sinner, you are a prisoner of Satan, a servant of hell, you are a hor-row to the angels, an abomination by Heaven, you are-tremble, poor worm of the earth, -you are an enemy of God ! Terrible truth ! should not your heart

tremble? Should not your hair stand on end? Should not your blood con-geal in your veins? God your foe! God, from whom you have all, and who can deprive you of all ! God, who commands the abyss, and it engulfs Core with his adherents. God, who beckons to the water, and it rushes from its shores to inundate whole countries! God, your foo, who can momentarily hurl you body and soul into hell. to burn there eternally ! This God is your foe. Oh, greatness of misery ! And you can still remain an enemy of You can continue another hour in so pitiable a condition? that I might therefore call to

you in the depth of your soul: "If thou also hadst known, and in this thy day, the things that are to thy peace, but now they are hidden from thy eyes." Luke 19, 42. Deluded being, you still count on many days, and you consider not, that perhaps in the next hour the clock will have run down for you. You speak only of the mercy of you. You speak only of the mercy of God and think not of His sanctity and justice, which are equally great and little maid with the wide-awake eyes. unfathomable. Oh ! that you might know what it is to lose Heaven, and to burn eternally in the consuming flames of hell, truly, you would not tarry a moment to reconcile yourself to God by penance, and to save your soul for the never-ending eternity. It is yet time, but your hour may be near. The Redeemer will yet be a loving Saviour

A Strong Nation.

Consists of strong men and healthy women, and health and strength depend upon pure, rich blood which is given by Hood's Saras-parilla. A nation which takes millions of bottles of Hood's Sarasaparilla every year is laying the foundation for health, the wisdom of which will surely show itself in years to come.

not do anything else. The young fellow who is busied in reputable work does not have the temptations of the idle man. He has his own, of course, but they are not the kind that make him the hideous wretch who haunts the barrooms, or worse places. Without an aim man is like a boat

He knows not without a rudder. where he is going, and is at the mercy of the winds and waves of adversity. Misfortune comes to all, at times, but the person with a purpose is better able to bear it than the spineless loafer who does nothing but lie around and regret his fate. Learn some business, regret his fate. Learn some business, and learu it well, so that your services may be always in demand. Even when depression rules, the competent man is more certain of employment than the one who, through lack of application, has only half learned his trade or profession. I once knew a fellow who felt he was above the necessity of labor, because his mother had a little money. She insisted upon his attempting some work, and he studied first law, and soon becom ing tired of that, he tried medicine, which he forsook in a short time. Then he went into a large wholesale house, but concluded, very quickly, that he had no aptitude for business. Well, his mother lost her little hoard in an unfortunate speculation, and through the rascality of a so-called friend she trusted. On the 4th of July I saw her son peddling peanuts from wagon, and they were not good ones, at that. He was not fitted to take up any of the pursuits in which he had only dabbled, and he may, perhaps, be obliged to seek even some humbler employment than the one I have men tioned. Now I have no desire, and indeed I

think it a sin, to sneer at any honest employment, but surely the young man who has advantages should make the most of them and not seek employments which people have had to adopt through some natural lack of mental but your hour may be near. The state is the isolation for nearin, the wisdom of physical stamina, or through a want Redeemer will yet be a loving Saviour to you, but perhaps you will soon see Him on His judgment seat, to hear Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take, easy to operate. 225. or physical stamina, or through a want

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