

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Sunday within the Octave of Corpus Christi.

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

"Jesus said to them: I am the bread of life; he that eateth of me shall not hunger, and he that believeth in me shall never thirst." (St. John vi) 35.

My Dear Brethren: There are many profound thinkers interested in surveying the domain of consciousness, and in making explorations to discover the process by which ideas are formed and retained in the human mind. Within the brain, where the powers of thought reside, there is a sort of dark continent that has not yet been illuminated by the sunlight, or even by the electric light of modern science. It is more than probable that the masters of scholastic philosophy in the thirteenth century knew as much concerning the laws that govern the process of mental growth as the most pretentious modern scholars. In a mysterious way the sight, the hearing, and the other corporeal senses co-operate with the faculties of the mind to produce ideas. Without being able to analyze the process closely, we are nevertheless certain of the results produced. The material world enters in communication with our immaterial spirit, and does so through the agency of the senses. The most difficult problem of mental philosophy is to explain how these sensible impressions are transmuted into thought, and to show how we obtain assurance that the inner world of thought is a correct photograph, and exact representation, of the world around us.

During the time of our Lord's public life He performed many astounding miracles which proved His dominion over the forces of nature, which proved His power in the spirit world beyond the grave. He gave sight to the blind, health to the sick, life to the dead. He multiplied a few loaves of bread and some fishes so that the hunger of five thousand people was appeased. All these were miracles that fell under the senses. They are evidences of His power which come to our understanding through the ordinary channels of human thought and knowledge.

But in the great mystery we celebrate during this octave, my dear brethren, faith, and not the senses, tells us of the greatest of all His miracles—His presence in the Holy Eucharist. Our eyes see nothing that would of itself convince us of His presence. Our senses cannot perceive that our Lord is truly present under the appearances of bread and wine. It is only by the aid of faith that we can penetrate the veil that hides Him from our view.

We believe solely on the testimony of our Lord; we call to mind the words He spoke at the Last Supper, and remember that He has declared those blessed who have not seen and yet have believed. So when we receive Holy Communion, when we assist at the Blessed Sacrament, we make an act of faith in the Real Presence.

The mysterious life that our Lord has chosen in the Blessed Sacrament is the greatest of all miracles, and when considered attentively fills the mind with wonder and amazement. By a constant and perpetually recurring miracle He abides with His creatures. He still dwells among us, and finds delight in distributing gifts and blessings to the children of men. It was not sufficient for the accomplishment of His plan that He should assume our human nature; that He should offer Himself to the poorest and most destitute of the people among whom He lived. He laid plans and appointed ambassadors to secure the peaceful conquest of all nations. He entered into an agreement beforehand with all who should receive His doctrine. He promised to reward every one who would live righteously, in conformity with the law that He established.

He is still living with us. He is as really present on our altars as He is in the home of His eternal Father. He is with us because of His personal love for each one of us. His presence among us is a great and unceasing wonder, but it is a wonder that can only be explained by His love. Wherever the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is celebrated, there is He present, not only in His Divinity, but in His ever-adorable humanity as well. Thrones and temples have been built for Him in all nations, and from His presence the sorrowful find comfort, the weak find strength, the cowardly find courage, and all find the pledge of eternal life.

Be ever gentle with the children God has given you; watch over them constantly; reprove them earnestly, but not in anger. In the forcible language of the Scripture, "Be not bitter against them." "Yes, they are good boys," I once heard a kind father say; "I talk to them very much, but do not like to beat my children. The world will beat them." It was a beautiful thought, though not elegantly expressed. Yes, there is not one child in the circle around the table, heartful and happy as they look, now, on whose head, if long enough spared, the storm will not beat. Adversity may wither them, sickness may fade, a cold world may frown on them, but amidst all, let memory carry them back to a home where the law of kindness reigned, where the mother's reproving eye was moistened with a tear, and the father frowned "more in sorrow than in anger."

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The public are too intelligent to purchase a worthless article a second time, on the contrary they want the best! Physicians are virtually unanimous in saying Scott's Emulsion is the best form of Cod Liver Oil.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Be True to Your Old Friends.
Never cast aside your friends if by any possibility you can retain them. We are the weakest of spendthrifts if we let one drop off through inattention, or let one push away another, or if we hold aloof from one through petty jealousy, or heedless slight or roughness. Would you throw away a diamond because it scratched you? One good friend is not to be weighed against the jewels of the earth.

Moral Safeguards.
The safeguard against temptation is not seclusion, but self-culture. As it is not disinfectants which will most certainly secure one against infection, but a sound constitution, so it is not rules of life which will strengthen one against temptation, but a strong soul. One must build up his moral constitution by the habit of noble deeds and high thinking, by fellowship with pure and honorable men. The chief aids in this regimen are literature and friendship.—[Jan MacLaren.

"I'm Glad to See You"
Folks are often glad to meet other folks, you know. But they sometimes falter when it comes to saying so. Or they say, "I'm glad to see you," O so faint and low. That you wonder just how far their gladness feelings go.

Say, "I'm glad to see you," when you mean it. Speak it out; Don't bite off a piece of it and leave the rest in doubt. Let your lips know what your soul is thinking most about.

Does it take an orator to say the sentence right? Does it need much rhetoric to make you feel His might? Has it not a thousand tongues which tell its meaning quite?

You feel it when you're going home and see the window light. You see it in a sweetheart's smile, blushing warm and bright. In a mother's morning kiss and in the last at night. In the baby's reaching arms, which tell the same delight.

"Glad to see you," O, you friends of long dead yesterday. Could we only hear it from your dear lips far away? Could we tell it into ears which mingle now with clay.

We might gain the meaning which the simple words convey. Say "I'm glad to see you," then, to friends who still are here; Say it with a meaning that is music to the ear.

More than simply say it; words are cheap, but deeds are dear; And men will say it back to you and make their meaning clear.

There is a charming story told about the late Charles Dickens that has the merit of not being well known. He was walking in the neighborhood of Gad's Hill one day not long after he had acquired his property there, when he suddenly knocked against a little girl wheeling a doll's perambulator. In an instant the tiny vehicle upset, the dolls being thrown out. It was a bad accident as far as they were concerned, for wax heads and limbs are not calculated to stand much hard usage. The little maid burst into tears, and, much to the kind-hearted novelist's sorrow, refused to be comforted. "Then, come home with me," Dickens whispered soothingly, "and we'll see if we can't find some grand waxen lady in silks and satins for you." So back to the big house the two went; and sure enough, up in his children's nursery he managed to discover a few prettily dressed dolls. With these he safely tucked in her perambulator the once happy little girl trotted off. But it is in the sequel that the best part of the story lies. The child's heart was set on making some return for this kindness; so her parents, who had not the faintest suspicion of her friend's personality, took her to town to choose something. Her choice fell eventually upon a gorgeously bound book. When Dickens the next day undid the parcel his small visitor brought, he was surprised and delighted to see a copy of "David Copperfield." Not till many years later, when they met again in society, did the little girl learn who the "kind gentleman" was.

A Bit of Daily Inspiration.
Fixed duty claim'd, ever, and
And human love to charm each hour.
These, these, my soul, make blessedness;
I ask no more, I seek no less.

The Little Enjoyments.
Is there anything more delightful than the capacity to enjoy whatever of pleasure comes in our way, not waiting for the especially grand occasions before we can enthuse and enter thoroughly into the spirit of the events of minor importance?

This sort of a disposition enables its owner to extract far more enjoyment from life than that which can only become exhilarated over the rare happenings. The girl who enjoys a quiet evening at home and finds in it many points as attractive, though utterly different from the charms of a theatre party or reception, is the one who will not be cast down after marriage when she finds that there are many more of the stay-at-home times than the expensive outings. The nature that has to have its enjoyables on a grand scale in order to appreciate them will lose much of earth's beauty. The beauty of field and tree and leaf are spread open before us to revel in and enjoy. The interchange of congenial conversation is as elevating and inspiring as the best play ever written, and even in solitude there are not always left to us the solace of great thoughts of master minds to be found in books?

The world is so full of happiness if we do not turn our backs on the trifles and make ourselves miserable longing

for the events of great importance to come along.

"I Forgot" and "I'll do Better."
The two sentences which are the most frequently in the mouth of a certain lassie, who shall be nameless, are "Mamma, I forgot," and "I'll do better, mamma."

Now, when I was a little girl, and given to making excuses for my shortcomings, my dear, wise mother used to say, very gravely:

"Helen, that may be the reason you did it; but it is no excuse for your having done it. I forgot' never can excuse your doing or not doing a thing, it is simply telling of another fault committed. Only old people whose memories are failing are excusable for forgetting."

This made a very deep impression on my mind, and I think of it to this day whenever I find myself forgetting, and wonder whether I have reached the age when I am excusable for these lapses of memory.

I wish the girl who says "I forgot" so frequently could manage to remember my mother's reply, and lay it sufficiently to heart to profit by it. She is always ready to supplement it with:

"I will do better, mamma."
Now every man, woman or child who says, "I will do better" in his own strength, will find that he has no power to do better.

Therefore, my dear young readers, don't content yourself with saying "I will do better," but first give yourself to God, and then say:

"God helping me, I will do better."
Notice it is not "shall," but "God" and "will." We must let Him put His strength inside of our earnest desire, and then His will becomes our will; and what He wills always comes to pass. And this is what is meant when we are told that He works in us according to His good pleasure, "both to will and to do."

The Children Who Saved Hamburg.
Hamburg was besieged. Wolf, the merchant, returned slowly to his home one morning. Along with the other merchants of the city, he had been helping to defend the walls against the enemy, and so constant was the fighting that for a whole week he had worn his armour day and night. And now, he thought bitterly, that all his fighting was useless, for on the morrow want of food would force them to open the gates.

As he passed through his garden, he noticed that his cherry trees were covered with ripe fruit, so large and juicy that the very sight was refreshing. At that moment a thought struck him. He knew how much the enemy was suffering from thirst. What would he not give for the fruit that hung unheeded on the trees of his orchard? Might he not, by means of his cherries, secure safety for his city?

Without a moment's delay, he put his plan into practice, for he knew there was no time to be lost if the city was to be saved. He gathered together three hundred of the children of the city, all dressed in white, and loaded them with fruit from his orchard. Then the gates were thrown open and they set out on their strange errand.

When the leader of the army saw the gates of the city open, and the band of little, white-robed children marching out, many of them nearly hidden by the branches which they carried, he at once thought it was some trick by which the townspeople were trying to deceive him while preparing for an attack on his camp. As the children came nearer, he remembered his cruel vow, and was on the point of giving orders that they should all be put to death.

But when he saw the little ones so close at hand, so pale and thin from want of food, he thought of his own children at home, and he could hardly keep back his tears. Then, as his thirsty, wounded soldiers tasted the cool, refreshing fruit which the children had brought them, a cheer went up from the camp, and the general knew that he was conquered, not by force of arms, but by the power of kindness and pity.

When the children returned, the general sat at the table with them, laden with food for the starving people of the city, and the next day signed a treaty of peace with those whom he had vowed to destroy.

For many years afterward, as the day came round on which this event took place, it was kept as a holiday, and called "The Feast of the Cherries." Large numbers of children, in white robes, marched through the streets, each one bearing a branch with bunches of cherries on it. But the old writer who tells the story is careful to say that the children kept the cherries for themselves.

Every age of the world's history has its tales of war and bloodshed and cruelty, of wild struggles and of great victories, but nowhere among them all is there the story of a more beautiful victory than that which was won by the little children who saved Hamburg.

Health and happiness are relative conditions; at any rate, there can be little happiness without health. To give the body its full measure of strength and energy, the blood should be kept pure and vigorous, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Parmelee's Pills possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell."



CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Universe.

After the fatigue and wear of the day's toil, be it toil of brain or muscle, we naturally seek a relaxation, and young men, as they put it, are bound to have a "good time." A good time of the right sort and in season is "the one thing needed" in every man's life. Of all human facts and forces that contribute to a man's happiness, perhaps the keenest and most telling are books. Of things human, the highest enjoyments, I think, have been bestowed upon you here, with a reiteration of these eulogiums, but I want to introduce you into the circle of a few great minds. As of everything else under the sun—and for that matter above the sun, too—erroneous opinions have obtained respecting books and reading. Many a young man associates books and reading with that hard, painful mental effort, we call study, and because he has a natural antipathy for study, steers clear of books and book-men. I think it was Frederick Harrison, who said that the poetic and emotional side of literature are the most useful for daily life. Many books to be properly digested and assimilated, do indeed require study, but is a study *sui generis*.

The Requirements of a Book.
Our own wants and tastes should determine our relationship with books. Books, then, should conform to the dictum of our needs and likings, and surely studies that are on subjects which have a real grace and charm in particular for us, can never become dry, trying, or hackneyed. Mathematics was the most distasteful subject under heaven for Macaulay. Certainly, then—and I confess the same in my case, "The Euclid" and kindred books on matters purely arithmetical, had no attraction for him. Yet Trevelyn, his biographer, tells us that Macaulay's greatest source of happiness was his books, and Macaulay was a man who had more of wealth and talent, rank and fame than falls to the lot of most men of our own day.

The Case With Working Men.
If the men who spend the day at hard work over a machine or engine, or at any of the trades, where the body is put to great physical taxation, knew the blessings of books, how readily would they exchange the boisterous company of the pauper-making saloon for the dull hummer and quiet pathos of "David Copperfield," or the sterling interest and touching narrative of "Adam Bede." Every young man, who has received the rudiments of a common school education, has by dint of application and in spite of the difficulties, real or apparent, that stand in the way, within his grasp the best obtainable pleasure in the land, the surpassing pleasure of a good book!

How to Read.
If you have never learned the ways of reading and are still a neophyte in the art of books, I cannot too strongly recommend to your earnest and careful perusal several good works on the subject of books and reading. Father F. X. O'Connor's "Reading and the Mind, with Something to Read," is an excellent little treatise. Brief enough, so as not to be pedantic, and still comprehensive enough to give all required information on the subject. Father O'Connor's book can be had at the Public Library, or can be purchased for the trifling sum of 25 cents from the publishers, Benziger Bros., New York. Another manual on the subject, replete with valuable lessons and suggestions is from the scholarly pen of the reverend editor of the *Rosary*, "What, When and How to Read." A more elaborate work, sound in principle and tolerant in spirit, is President Porter's "Books and Reading."

The First Book.
The stumbling block with most young men is an incalculable ignorance of what books to read first. I would recommend, without restriction for the new reader, books of fiction. Defoe's "Robinson Crusoe," Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," "Arabian Nights," Miss Alcott's "Little Men" are suitable for the beginner. John Bright, the famous English philanthropist and lecturer, never tired in his maturer years of "Robinson Crusoe," "Arabian Nights" and "The Vicar of Wakefield." If one's first acquaintance with book-friends be fortunate, consciously or unconsciously he will find himself drawn towards his new friends, and a life-long companionship will soon spring up between the reader and his books that will stand by him in all vicissitudes of fortune or of family, and however things may go amiss and the world frown on him, will be a shield against every ill and contribute most to his happiness and cheerfulness.

A Young Man's Library.
Every young man ought to possess himself of a bible, and a "Hamlet," "Macbeth," "As You Like It," "Merchant of Venice" or any other of Shakespeare's plays that he likes best. Never attempt Shakespeare, without a commentator. Rolfe's edition, (Harper Bros., 49 cents a volume) has found great favor, though I much prefer Hudson's edition (Sinn & Co., 40 cents a volume.) The Shoddist, a complete one-volume edition of Shakespeare, that find a market in dry goods stores, and cheap book-stalls, are infallible indications of one's crude taste and palpable ignorance of the great poet. Never undertake to read one author through *ad oculos ad mala*, and least of all Shakespeare. I knew a man who went through Scott in this way, and ever after he held the name of Scott in execration. Only the greatest of our literary people ever attempt the whole of Shakespeare. It were better to get the best out of "Hamlet," "Othello," "The Twelfth Night" or any other trio of plays, by an earnest and oft-repeated reading, than to go through the whole list, in a desultory manner, merely for the story.

Poetry.
Of modern poets, you should have one with whose works you are entirely conversant, whom you have read and reread, and always turn to with the same avidity. Alfred Tennyson, the ripe scholar, the able poet, and noble man, stands without a peer at the head of modern English poetry. Byron were better left untouched. No man who values purity of thought, can consistently read the licentious pages of Byron. Lord Tennyson never penned an impure line. "In Memoriam" and "The Idyls of the King" are, perhaps, the best things we have had in the way of poetry, since Shakespeare lived and wrote. Of course you have read Longfellow's "Evangeline," and perhaps the "Spanish Student." The "Spanish Student" is a bit of neat work, though I confess I was somewhat disappointed in the "winding up." Adelaide Procter, has no rival, for pure, chaste poetry, and tender pathos, among the female poets.

In the Field of Fiction.
In fiction the range is so extensive and tastes so different, that I feel some hesitancy in recommending this or that author. There is honest Walter Scott who though occasionally arising a little spleen against things Catholic, is in general not only very fair but many of his stories have a Catholic coloring. Scott created for himself a distinct place in the field of fiction, and no one has yet usurped his place. We could little spare "Ivanhoe," "Quentin Durward," or "Rob Roy," from our literature. No one has written such wholly-souled, spontaneous narrative in the whole range of English fiction. Fielding, Thackeray, Dickens, Cooper, George Eliot, Bronte and Jane Austin all have their clients, who claim for them first place. No one can afford to miss the pleasures of "David Copperfield," and to an earnest and appreciating soul, broad enough and noble enough, there is no story in any language equal to "The Mill On The Floss." Beside this the finest of her work, and "Adam Bede," "Romola," and "Scenes From Clerical Life," I would not recommend indiscriminately to young men, the rest of George Eliot, not because, as it is ignorantly held by some, whose opinion on men and books is about as weighty as their gray matter, she is iconoclastic, or as they put it, immoral (George Eliot never wrote a licentious line) but because there is a great ethical principle at the bottom of all her works, more particularly in her later works, which she solved according to her own lights, and unfortunately these lights were those of Comte — George Eliot in her later life was a Positivist, pure and simple, and of course all the deductions that naturally flow from this agnostic school of philosophy are found in her books, but not "free-love" or any other such revolting doctrines, as the literary dolts hold. "Dion and the Sisybils" and "Ben Hur" are both classics. "Ben Hur" for the first hundred pages may prove a little stiff to the pleasure-seeking reader, but when once you get into the story, you will be loath to lay it aside before finishing it. Both books will bear repetition.

Real merit is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures even after other Sarsaparillas fail. Get Hood's and only Hood's.
For Nine Years.—Mr. Samuel Bryan, Thedford, writes: "For nine years I suffered with ulcerated sores on my leg; I expended over \$100 to physicians, and tried every preparation I heard of or saw recommended for such disease, but could get no relief. I at last was recommended to give Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL a trial, which has resulted, after using eight bottles (using it internally and externally, in a complete cure. I believe it is the best medicine in the world, and I write this to let others know what it has done for me."
There are so many cough medicines in the market that it is sometimes difficult to tell which to buy; but if we had a cough, a cold or any affliction of the throat or lungs, we would try Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those who have used it think it is far ahead of all other preparations recommended for such complaints. The little talk like it, as it is pleasant as syrup.

In his Vegetable Pills, Dr. Parmelee has given to the world the fruits of long scientific research in the whole realm of medical sciences, combined with new and valuable discoveries never before known to man. For Delicate and Debilitated Constitutions Parmelee's Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Nothing makes a man so much in love with purity as purity. Many a man by coming to know and love a pure, sweet woman, has been lifted out of sins against which he vainly struggled. It is the sight of embodied goodness that makes us want to be

good. Many a mother, by the usefulness of her life, fills her children with a desire to be like her, and this desire in turn makes them unselfish, filling their lives with the truth and beauty of noble living. There are obscure men and women who hardly in their lives utter a word of preaching, yet, by their example they do more to make people around them, gentle, truthful and Christ-like than any ten who preach but do not practice. It is not those who talk about goodness, but those who are good, that are the light of the world.

It is impossible for one who never goes wrong, nor makes a mistake, nor commits a sin, to know just how to be sorry for an erring one. We must stumble ourselves before we can judge with equity of the hardships of a road and the frailty of weary feet. My heart goes out to young men who in the hard fight of life have fallen, and are chained to a secret sin. Pain would they rise up and live the high and noble life of purity, love and self-conquest. But their efforts are un-availing — they are anchored to the secret sin. But all hope has not fled. Where there is the faintest desire to live the right life, there is hope. To realize one's incapability and want of strength is a good thing, and where there is courage to fight against failure there is success awaiting the effort. Strong passions are often like fierce flames, they burn out and leave in fact whatever is solid and noble in the character. No matter what his life is no young man should lose confidence in himself. Faith in his capability for higher and nobler things, should be part and parcel of every young man's moral make-up. "Poor human nature," exclaims Carlyle, "is not a man's walking, in truth, always a succession of falls." The real man is he, who can rise, after the fall, and still fight on.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS.

Rev. H. Augustine Otkie, of Chattanooga, delivered a sermon on the cure of drunkenness which advocates the gradual elimination of the evil in place of stringent measures of reform. Father Otkie does not urge total-ism, but makes temperance his text: We quote from his sermon: "There is no salvation for the thirsty, sauntering tribe of mortals usually called drunkards? There is. And what is it? Temperance. Temperance, my friends, is a virtue, and a cardinal virtue at that."

First. Monthly confessions and communion. The humiliation attached to the former and the strength imparted by the latter will gradually loosen and break the shackles of vice.
Secondly. The drunkard should resolve never to drink an intoxicant unless handed to him by his wife or mother. Let the holy of holies of the household be the dispenser; she will never give him too much, and be sacred hands of a faithful mother and dutiful wife will exercise the alcoholic demon. Let the wife or mother give him a glass with his breakfast, with his dinner, with his supper, but no more.

Follow these rules and within three months you will have conquered the demon of drink. You will come to the church and, in the fullness of your heart, exclaim: "What shall I render the Lord for all He hath done unto me. I have forsaken the cup of intoxication and taken up the cup of salvation. I invoke the name of the Lord."

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ON THE LIP
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