TEMBER 15, 894.





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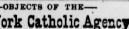
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SEPTEMBER 15, 1894

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost Children obey your parents in all things; for this is pleasing to the Lord. (Colossians iii, 20.)

THE DIGNITY AND HAPPINESS OF OBED-IENCE.

Brethren, there are many new things found out now-a days ; but there things found out now a days; but there are also some old ones and good ones being forgotten. Among other things we are apt to forget the happiness of obedience. Of course I do not mean obedience to the Church; perhaps there never was an age when Catholics rested so content in the gentle restraint of our holy Mother the Church. But I refer to the practice of obedience one ma'am ?' to another, done after the pattern of our Lord Jesus Christ. The loveliness to another, beaming face and smile. of this virtue is best seen in the boson of the Christian family. Affection, indeed, is the bond of the family, but the fruit of affection is obedience. There is nothing more pleasing to God than the son who is always at the service of his father and motion. Con-families are without at least one such son. He is often the one at first the least ice of his father and mother. Few of whom at first the least was expected; of poor natural talents, of delicate health, of irascible temper, or one whose earlier years were way ward. But all the time he was observant, though no one, not even himself, gave him credit for it. Year by year the spectacle of father's and mother's affection and sacrifice penetrated him, till he became deeply attached to them. How much this reverent love for his parents had to do with his religious state as a boy and a young man! It may be true that scarcely any boy ever grows up to be a man and is never a liar to his father and mother, or a pil ferer of cake and fruit and pennies about the house. But the good boy drops all this at First Communion or when he goes to learn a trade, and he becomes honest and truthful in little clear off or she'd make me.

things as well as great. One of the happiest days for him between the cradle and the grave is when he runs and puts the first dollar he has earned into his mother's hands. That good son lets all his brothers go away from home to seek their fortunes; he stays with the old folks, comforts their old closes their eyes in death and with much love and many tears follows them with his prayers beyond the grave. The others were, perhaps, good children, but he is the hero of the family.

ture ?' Then there is the good daughter, who in childhood is the sunshine of the family, and in maturer years every-body's other self. How many parents too poor to hire a servant, have living riches in an industrious daughter ! How often do parents find one at least of the girls from infancy is the joy of the whole family ; who seems to have received in baptism such a fulness of the Holy Spirit that charity, joy, peace, patience, long suffering, kindness, and piety are the common qualities of her character! The faith also finds an apostle in such women. An intelligent woman, though perhaps unable to argue skilfully, can establish the truths of religion by methods fully, can establish the truths of religion by methods all her own. A friendly jest, good-natured silence, a patient return of loving services for ill treatment, the

spectacle of her good life, not an hour of which lacks a virtue-all this in our which lacks a virtue-all this in one instinct with religion is an unanswer-able argument and often irresistible. How did it happen, people sometimes ask concerning this or that person,

The she did not marry? She had good enough looks, excellent sense, a bright mind, affectionate disposition, and saw plenty of company. Why did she not marry? My brethren, the day of judgment will tell us that it was because Cod had set her same that it was because Cod had set her same that her mind, affection the day of judgment will tell us that it was because Cod had set her same that her mind. The same that it was because construction to the same that the mind her to by out in planty of company. Why did she not is brown, glad eyes, he cried exult-ingly: "Oh, fifty cents for mammy's box! Her caught the same that it was because "Oh, fifty cents for mammy's box! Her caught the same that it was because "Oh, fifty cents for mammy's box! Her caught the same that it was because "Oh, fifty cents for mammy's box! Her caught the same that it was because "Oh, fifty cents for mammy's box! Her caught the same that it was because that it was because that the same that that the same that the same that that

God had set her apart that she might

seeds of kindness which pretty Miss Viola planted, almost without knowing it, in Dan's heart that morning under

the trees, were beginning to take root. BY MARY D. BRINE. Don't you think Dan was worth liking Well, at the appointed time the next morning the small boy and the tall young lady were both on hand together "Oh, dear, maybe next year, darl ing," sighed the mother ; and with the promise Bennie tried to be content, peneath the large elm-tree in the quiet and jumped into bed thinking of Dar field all full of sunshine and sweet-

THE

DAN.

A Story for Boys.

CONTINUED.

And what did you do, then ?"

and, like Miss Viola, growing more in-terested with each thought of the poor little "half breed" village boy. Miss Viola looked expectant and happy ; Dan, on the contrary, seemed quite downcast.

The next afternoon, while Viola wa Being questioned, it turned out that he had wanted to wear his "Sunday returning from the post-office, a famil-iar boyish voice cried out, "How do, clothes" (a trifle better than his every day suit), but "mammy wouldn't let Turning, she saw Dan in the door. him, 'cause she thought the lady would way of a store regarding her with a like the old ones better, an' now he'd have to be painted as a-a shabby boy,

"Why, good-afternoon, Dan ; how an' wouldn't it make a dreadful shabby are you to day?" "Pretty well - I mean first-rate, picture : Viola laughed a great deal at Dan's ma'am," replied Dan. "I'm gettin' mammy's soap, an' may I jus'go a little way 'long with you, please, Miss Vi'la, I ain't seen you for so long time?" Taking his package from the clerk he ran down the steps and was soon beside the young lady, who was really glad to see him though Dan's rueful face and speech. She explained that the picture would be much prettier subject of her work to represent a country boy in a field, looking as if he had been working and had stopped really glad to see him, though Dan's 'long time " had only counted up the for an idle moment. If Dan was shabby, he was not at all stupid, and hours between the previous morning and this early afternoon. All the

quickly caught her ideas. "Well, I'll kind of lean against this same, the compliment was appreciated by Miss Viola, and together they tree an' look real lazy, jus' as if I wasn't workin' for fifty cents," he said with sly humor. "Nobody'd know I was doin' anythin' like earning money, walked along the street. "What have you to do for your mother this afternoon, Dan?" she asked, a sudden thought prompting

would they ?" So he leaned back against the sturdy the question. "Nothin', Miss Vi'la, 'cept try to get old tree-trunk, with his hands in his a job to earn some pennies for mammy'

pockets and his hat pushed back from his curly head and his little feet crossed box, where she keeps her money. Seems's if I can't do anythin' to help easily, and Viola went to work in short my mammy, an' I do try so hard. Why, jus' now I asked a lady up the order. For a time there was silence, except

road to let me pull weeds out her gardin, an'-an' she jus' only said to for the rustling of the leaves around them and above in the branches of the grand old elm. and the soft twittering "Well-I cleared ; there wasn't any money in it, though ; if there was the birds which flew hither and thither in the sunlight. Finally Dan spoke.

money in 'clearin'out,' I'd be rich, Miss Vi'la, in a hurry, I tell you." The boy laughed as he spoke, but his "Fifty cents'll make a big pile of pennies, won't it? I guess mammy'll feel like givin' me a quarter to go to the Fair, 'cause she said I didn't have eyes were troubled in spite of the laugh, and Viola made haste to bring huch fun like other boys, an' she knew I'd think a heap of goin' to that Fair where I could see the horses." a happier expression there. "Dan, do you know what 'posing means? For instance, did you ever hear of any one's posing for a pic-

"You mean the County Fair, don't Are you fond of horses ?' vou ? Dan drew a long breath. "Oh, I jus' love 'em !" he replied, pulling his

Dan scratched his curly head and looked puzzled. "I don't know the word. ma'am, but I 'spose it's doin' something 'about the picture, ain't it ?" hands from his pockets in his eager

"Here, here, my boy, put back those hands! you're forgetting that I'm painting you," cried Viola, in dis-"Yes; in fact, it's next thing to being the picture. Well, to pose means to sit or stand in some desired position, while you and the position

Dan blushed and hastened to take his "pose" again, but the little tongue ran on all the same.

are being put-painted -on convas or paper. You saw me painting yester-day morning, but I was only making a picture of the landscape about. Now, "You see, daddy was workin' on a place where there was, ch, lots of horses, when I was a little feller, and I want to paint you, my boy, and if you'll meet me at that big tree in the I used to ride 'em when I was so little that dad had to hold me on, an' bymefield over there, to-morrow morning, I will show you how to pose for me, and I will pay you fifty cents for doing so. Would you like to try?" went away to work somewhere else, an' I didn't see him much, an' most for-Dan's mouth and eyes seemed trying to see which could open the wider. He stood stock-still in the road and got how he looked, but I ain't never forgot horses, 'cause I rides 'em when-ever I get a chance, fan' I stick on, too, gave a long, low whistle presently, which betrayed his astonishment and delight, and told Viola more than a volley of words could have done.

an' no horse can throw me if I get a "Yo fair start, an' the horse ain't up to Dan?" Finally, "Do you mean it? do you mean tricks with a feller. I'd go most anywhere to see horses, but I don't like mean it, Miss Vila? Oh ! won't I, though ! won't I !"

form and clinching his fist angrily. The woman shook her head. "'Tisn't that, Dan ; 'tisn't hurtin' the body I mind ; oh, no, lad, it's worse'n that, a sight worse'n that, Dan, dear," and she began to cry again. Dan waited in puzzled silence beside her, and presently she went on. "Mrs. Howe just sent this note to me, an' she says that when you left the wash there yesterday you were alone in the room a minute, an' after you'd gone she missed a dollar bill that was layin' on the bureau, an' she s'poses you were tempted, an'-an'-oh, Dan, Dan, my boy, you never, never did such a thing as to steal that dollar?

CATHOLIC RECORD.

Tell me you wouldn't, boy !" Dan's brown eyes glowed and he swallowed a big lump which suddenly sprang up into his throat. His mother went on without waiting

for reply : "But she says that she doesn't care

for the money, but she can't give her washin' to a woman who hasn't brought her son up to know the sin of stealin' ; ch, Dan, that's the very word, lad, an' me a-tryin' all your life to bring you up right an' true. Look at me, child, I say ! Why do you just stand there an' say no word to all I'm cryin' about ?" A few more big lumps to be swal

lowed, and then Dan found his voice. "Mammy, I'd rather you hit me harder'n a piece of iron than to ask me -your own boy — if I stole! Why, I wouldn't have b'lieved you'd do that, mammy! I never saw any old bill, an' if I had I wouldn't 've touched it so there, now! an' I never saw a cent 'cept what she gave me herself for the clothes. I'd-I'd like to just hit her, I would ; an' I'd like to call her names like she calls me, for makin' my mammy

cry, an' 'cusin' me of stealin'!" His Indian blood was getting hot now, and he stamped his bare foot on the ground with more anger than he had exhibited in a lorg time. His mother wiped the tears from her tired

eyes and smiled proudly on her son. 'You've got a spirit, laddie, an' I'm glad of it, but all the same it's a dread ful pity this thing's happened, for you see, Dan, we can't noway afford to lose the money Mr. Howe's washin' brings

"An' to think we've got to lose it all 'long of a feller what wasn't me, steal in' that bill," cried Dan, excitedly, "But, never mind, no one shall 'cuse me of stealin' an'-an' not jus' know what I think of 'em for doin' it, I tell

you ! Dan wanted to cry, too, poor little boy, but the real, hot, honest indignation in his soul burned up the tears as soon as they started, and he pondered

for a minute as to what he should do. He came quickly to a decision, however, and cramming his hat back upor his head so tightly that the already loosened and much-enduring crown gave more way, allowing a tuft of black hair, like a bunch of Indian warfeathers, to stick out through the large rent in the straw, he started from his mother's side like an arrow shot from its bow. His eyes were gleaming and

that dad had to noid me on, at of the bow. His eyes were greating and by I got so I could ride faster'n any of the boys. I rec'lect that Daddy he his lips shut tightly together. 'Dan, where are you goin'?" called his mother.

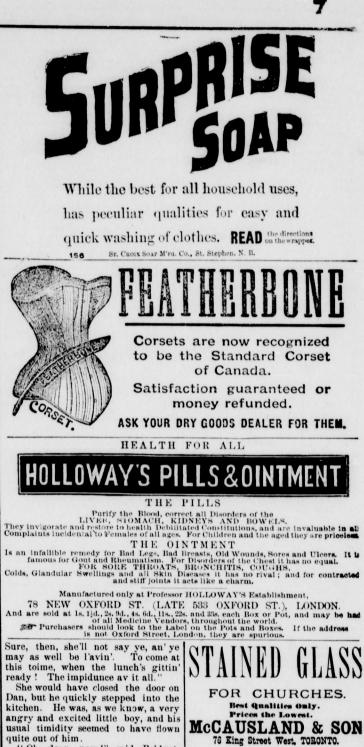
"Now, mammy, don't you stop me. I ain't goin' to be stopped nohow, an'

I'm in a big hurry." "You won't go to do anything rash, "Ain't going to be rasher'n other

folks is," he said, defiantly, and was presently out of sight, while his mother

the shirt she was washing.

house



quite out of him. "Oh, dear, now !" said Bridget, "look at that ! Are ye wantin' cold vittles ? kase there's niver a cold wan in the house to day, an the hot vittles im't for the librorf or or bringed. isn't for the likes of ye, ye Injun spalpeen !

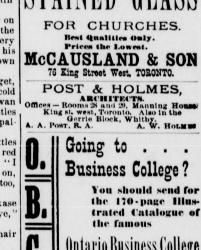
"I wouldn't touch one of your vittles if you wanted me to," cried Dan, red in the face and loud in voice. "I want to see the lady," he went on, "an' it's very 'portant bizziness, too, an' I must see her right away."

"Oh, no, indade, yer won't, kase I'm not goin' to thruble her about ye," replied Bridget, coolly. Dan sat down in the nearest chair and put his hands into his pockets.

"All right, then," he said, "I ain't goin' out of here till I does see her, an'

f you can wait, I reckon I can." Bridget wasted no more words, but gathering up her energies she grabbled Dan by his shoulders and with great puffing and panting propelled him in the direction of the door

But Dan, feeling that he had the right of the argument, and determined to make his efforts to clear the re-



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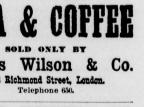
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be for her widowed mother or her shiftless, unhappy brothers and sisters s'spos my life! Oh, how good you are to me, you dear, kind Miss Vila!" "Well, be there at 10 o'clock; and the pot of meal that should not waste and the cruse of oil that should not diminish. Brethren, I know of no you will have to keep perfectly still, order of nuns more pleasing in God's

you know, Dan, no moving about while I am painting until I say 'Rest;' sight than the devout women who live a dependent, obscure, hard life in the world, than are old maids for the love do you quite understand?" "It'll be kind of hard work keepin of God. still, but I'll do anythin' for you an'-for my darlin' mammy !" was the re-Finally, you may say that such sons and daughters are hard to find. I answer that there are multitudes who

approach the standard we have been considering, and more, perhaps, than you fancy who actually attain to it.

As Dan hurried along the road, whistling merrily, and feeling so happy, it seemed as if his heart wasn't big enough to hold it all, a little gray Before going on a sea-voyage or into the country, be sure and put a box of Ayer's Pills in your valise. You may have occasion to thank us for this squirrel skipped across his path and ran to the top of a stone wall just ahead. True to a boy's instinct, Dan hint. To relieve constipation, bilious-ness, and nausea, Ayer's Pills are the best in the world. They are also easy picked up a stone and raised his sturdy little right arm. It wasn't from any desire to be cruel, nor indeed was there any plan or thought about the act to take.

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base of the sector of

Fair, no doubt but you'll get there by hook or by crook, Dan; and now we've finished work for to-day. You may come to morrow at the same hour. Do you like keeping so still?" "Yes'm, when I remember the fifty "Yes'm, when I remember the fifty cents for mammy. I like it, an' I'll come, sure, to morrow." He straightened up, stretched the "Oh, fifty cents for mammy's box ! How glad she'll be, an'-why, I never ed I'd earn so much at one job in

He straightened up, stretched the the next one, an' like as not he's wrong little brown hands so long kept quiet in his pockets, and looked wistfully at lots of times ; but he ain't a thief, an' he don't mean to be bad." All these thoughts were in Mrs. Car

the young lady, who was gathering her painting materials together. Presently she turned and put a shinply, as the boy bounded off in haste to tell his mother of his good fortune. ing silver piece in the boy's hand. "Did you think I was going to forget about that, Dan ?" she asked, smiling. "You looked just a minute ago as if

you were quite troubled about some-thing." "'No, no, indeed, Miss Vi'la," he re-plied. "'I' was only thinking how good you "-he paused, and then with a swift movement he lifted her hand, as he had done once before, and laid his lins softly with a king upon it jump and spill some of the tea. "Sure, it's that murdherin' grocer b'y! I'll fix him an' his noise!" She went to the door with a reproof his lips softly with a kiss upon it.

nothing but that inpulse which springs into the brain of boys generally --rest-less, healthy little fellows who never " I love you !" he cried so earnestly that the girl was surprised and touched almost to quick tears. She laid her hand on the child's curly head with a pressure, and then, as impulsively as he had acted, stooped and kissed the broad, pretty brow of the child, who or any thing -caused our Dan to take she was more and more convinced, was aim at that squirrel with that stone in his hand. So, another minute and it by far the best and truest-hearted boy the village contained, for all the repuwould have sped on its mission, the cruel little stone (and Dan's aim was

tation he had so unjustly earned. "Dan, I believe I love you too," she said, as the boy, speechless after her kiss, stood red faced and with bent usually a sure one), but for a sudden thought which caused the arm to drop at the boy's side and the stone to fall head before her. "Oh, Miss Vi'la, Miss Vi'la, no one back amongst its roadside compan-

but mammy ever said that to me be fore ! Oh, I am so glad !"

back amongst to the term ions. "Oh, now, Dan Carmen, thiak what you were going to do! And she said it was wicked to hurt dumb things, an' bugs and things, an' birds too, an' I know she would have said squirrels if she'd only thought of 'em. I'd be 'shamed to look her in the face if I'd theorem that stone, an' after I'd prom-When Dan finally reached home he was surprised to find his mother in

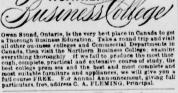
proach from his character, resisted with all his might and main, and pounded the cook on her face and back till she was forced to drop him and pause in the midst of the conflict for new strength. TO BE CONTINUED.



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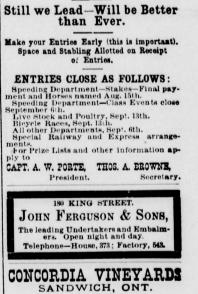
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