

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Third Sunday After Epiphany. PRIDE.

The advice given by St. Paul to the Christians who lived in Rome eighteen hundred years ago, "Be not wise in your own conceits," well deserves the attention of those who are living in our own days. Great progress has indeed been made in many things, but our greatest admirers will scarcely say that we are remarkable for having too low an opinion of ourselves—that we have grown in modesty and humility. In fact, I do not think I should be very far wrong if I said that, however much men differ in other respects, every one has a very good opinion of himself, places himself before every one else, is, in short, exceedingly wise in his own conceits, and that this is one of the most striking characteristics of our times.

Look at our young men. Consider the want of respect and even decent regard so many show to those older than themselves. "Old age is a crown of dignity," Holy Scripture tells us. It is true that this is made conditional upon its being found "in the ways of justice." But now whether it is found in the ways of justice or not, and too often because it is not found in the ways of justice, old age is far from being looked upon as a crown of dignity; it is rather made the target and mark for derision, ridicule, and even contempt, and advice and counsel are often rejected and despised simply because they are given by the more aged and experienced.

Consider, too, the manner in which parents are so often treated by their children. I do not refer to those sons and daughters specially who are utterly bad and depraved, those who, by their vicious lives and their cruel treatment, are bringing the gray hairs of their parents in sorrow to the grave, but I refer to those who may be looked upon as fairly good and virtuous. How little respect even these fairly good children show their parents! In their way of speaking to them how imperious and dictatorial they often are, and if not that, how rude and uncivil it would seem from their ways of acting, as if the Lord had commanded the parents to honor the children, and not the children the parents. And as to obeying them, they scarcely think of such a thing. Does not such conduct as this—conduct diametrically opposed to the teaching of Holy Scripture and of the Church—spring from that being wise in their own conceits which is condemned by the Apostle?

But why does the Apostle condemn this false wisdom, and why does he teach us, on the contrary, to aim at the attainment of humility and lowliness of mind? It would take too long fully to answer this question; but to give a sufficient answer is quite easy. If the faults of which I have been speaking were the only evil effects which spring from self-conceit it would be enough to justify its condemnation and to render it hateful and odious. But there is a more fatal consequence to which it may lead. "I confess to Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent (that is to say, from the wise and prudent in their own conceits) and hast revealed them to the little ones. Yea, Father, for so it hath seemed good in thine eyes." These are the words of our Lord Himself, and they show clearly the awful consequences of pride. They show us that it was pride which blinded the eyes of the Jews of old to that divine message of truth and love which our Lord came in order to bring them, and which, by blinding them, closed to them the way of salvation. And as it has closed it to them, so it will also to us if we should fall into this dangerous self-conceit. Strive, then, my brethren, after true humility of heart, that you may not be cut off from the grace of God, which is given only to the humble.

Alcohol Cures no Ills.

Dr. R. N. Bucke, medical superintendent of the Asylum for the Insane, London, Canada, in a report said: "As we have given up the use of alcohol we have needed and used less opium and chloral, and as we have discontinued the use of alcohol, opium and chloral we have needed and used less seclusion and restraint. I have during the year just closed carefully watched the effect of the alcohol given and the progress of cases where in former years it would have been given and am morally certain that the alcohol used during the last year did no good. "With humiliation I am forced to admit that until in the recent past my noble profession has been to an alarming extent, and is still too much so, guilty of producing many drunkards in the land directly and indirectly by the reckless and wholesale manner in which so many of its members have prescribed alcoholic stimulants in their daily practice for all the aches and pains, agues and dances, coughs and colds, inflammations and consumptions, fevers and chills, at the hour of birth, at the time of death and all intermediate points of life, to induce sleep and to promote wakefulness and for all the real and imaginary ills that comes under the eyes of the great Æsclapian descendants."

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

CHARLIE DAY'S VOCATION.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK. "I was in hopes, Charles," she said, "that you had given up that foolish idea."

There was a pause during which Charlie's wistful eyes did not turn from his mother's face. She could not withstand them. "O Charlie, my darling!" she exclaimed, drawing him nearer to her, her face now full of loving reproach. "You would not leave me? You do not love your mother, or you could not be so anxious to go away."

"Yes, yes, I do, Mamma," replied the boy, his eyes filled with tears, as he kissed her fondly. "You know I do." "Then why are you so anxious to leave your home?" "Because I feel that I must." The answer startled her, it was spoken so decidedly. She looked quickly at her boy's face, and at that moment Charlie's fate was decided—for that night at least.

"Nonsense," she said, rising and speaking in her former cold tone. "What right have you, a mere boy, to decide what you are to do and what you are not to do. I have some authority over you yet. I am thankful to say, and I think I know what is best for you. You will stay at home, which I hope you will soon find is the place for you." Mrs. Day left the room, and Charlie remained seated on the stool musing over the situation. It was hard, he thought, that he was not older, and could not do as he pleased. Perhaps his mother was right after all. He admitted with a sigh that it would be hard to leave his mother, brothers and sisters; but then they could go to see him at the convent. Well, as that was not to be, he knew Father Cesarius would tell him to make the best of it, so he would try to. He went to bed that night with a determination to be reconciled to what his duty was, and not to sigh any more for the convent.

His mother noticed with pleasure that he seemed contented and happy, and did not think any further of his wish until an event happened a month later that changed things considerably. One day, it was on a Saturday, five-year-old Paul complained of a sore throat. He was amiable and wanted to be amused, so Charlie made block noises for him, read to him and did various things to divert the little boy. Mrs. Day did not doubt but that he would be all right the next day, but was alarmed to learn that he became worse. She sent for a doctor who pronounced the case diphtheria. Mrs. Day, knowing well the serious nature of the disease, was quick to act. She had the little sufferer put in a room that was far removed from those of the other children, and, of course banished them entirely from it. She tenderly nursed the little fellow night and day, but he did not grow better.

Three or four days after he was taken ill, she saw with a faint heart that Charlie was seized with the same symptoms. She then had her hands full indeed. Paul became worse. He was very weak and breathed with difficulty and then came the end. Paul died. Mrs. Day gazed upon her fair curly-headed little Paul, whose face now wore in death such a happy, smiling expression, with a dull aching heart. Then she was obliged to check her rising tears and go to attend to the wants of the sick boy in the next room.

The days that passed seemed to her like a sad, sad dream. The funeral was over, and she found herself anxiously watching by Charlie's bedside. The doctor came and his serious face struck her with terror. She followed him out of the room and breathlessly asked him how the boy was. He replied that it was only a question if he had vitality enough to pull him through. When the doctor had gone Mrs. Day gave a despairing cry and sank upon her knees, and remained thus for some time. A thousand things came into her head. Uppermost was the thought that, although she had not been willing to give up one of her sons to work for the glory of God, He had chosen to take one to Himself, and perhaps was going to take another; and she was powerless. Was this a punishment to her? She shuddered. How very little and insignificant she was in comparison with the Great Power above! And what right had she to intercept that hand that seemed to have laid itself so decidedly upon Charles? She vowed then, that if God would spare her her boy she would not hinder him from entering the holy life he so craved.

Feeling somewhat consoled she arose and quietly went into the sick room. Charlie's eyes were closed. He seemed to be sleeping peacefully. Mrs. Day looked at him long and steadfastly. Never had he looked so beautiful to her as he looked then with his high, noble forehead, softened by the way brown hair, and his sweet, though firm, mouth. Tears of pride and love rose to her eyes, and a sigh of anxiety escaped her.

Charlie opened his eyes and his face lighted up as he saw his mother. He reached out his hand from under the coverlet and said in a half whisper, "I was wondering why you did not come back." Then noticing her tears he added "But why do you cry, mamma?" She took his hand and covered it with kisses for an answer. "O mamma!" he said to her in surprise. "Tell me how did the doctor say I am? I feel better." "I am thankful for that, my love," replied his mother, smiling through her tears.

"Mrs. Day's prayers were answered."

Charlie grew steadily better, and before very long was quite well again. Mrs. Day had gone through a severe trial which she never forgot. It softened her character and she learned to appreciate, more and more, the noble qualities of her eldest son; and, surprising as it may seem, she now took no little pride and pleasure in thinking of him as a priest, and she wondered how she ever could have been opposed to it. As for Charlie, he was made happy by the change in his mother, and believed implicitly that his recovery was due to her prayers.

One day he presented himself to Father Cesarius and said, "I have come." "What?" said the priest; "to stay?" "Yes, Father," replied Charles, with a glad smile. "Nothing further concerning Charlie Day need be said, except that he did become a priest and at an unusually early age. From the moment of his ordination he did not cease to do good to suffering humanity, which was the wish of his life. Besides being a philanthropist in the true sense of the word, he was a learned man, and it is scarcely necessary to say that his mother was justly proud of him.—Young People.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Columbian. We have them in our own community and they are to be found everywhere, young men who delude themselves with the thought that consistent and open profession of their faith is a bar to success. A little consideration will prove the fallacy of this notion and show that far from being a hindrance religion is the greatest aid, as it is the most efficacious safeguard, in the pursuit even of temporal advantages. Therefore, there is everything to gain and nothing to lose by

Being True to Convictions. Be sincere in your religious belief and practice. If you have any doubts in matters of faith go to your pastor and ask him for some work that will clear them up. Don't let them go on festering in your mind. Keep a clear idea of the essence of religion before you. It is simply the service of Adoration, Obedience and Communion which, as a man, and particularly as a Christian, you owe to the Supreme Being. Adoration is paid by the sacrifice of the Mass and by individual prayer; Obedience, by the observance of the Decalogue; and Communion by the reception of the Sacraments, especially the Eucharist. While yet a child at school, or perhaps even through your college course, you probably had religious exercises forced on you that you did not understand or love. As a consequence, you may now have a distaste for Mass, Confession, prayer, etc. If this be the case you must do all in your power to counteract the mischief of your early, imprudent teaching. You must study the motives that will inspire you with a sincere and ardent love of religion. Think, what is a young man without the help of religion? The toy of passion, the slave of selfish desires, the victim of disease brought on by foul self-indulgence. The generosity and noble instincts of youth are killed in him. He is shunned by respectable companions, who have an instinctive repugnance for vice and irreligion. He is ashamed to show his bloated, unhealthy face in decent society; and if he goes into it and aspires to gain a pure woman's love he is rejected with ill-concealed disgust. Faugh! let him keep in the kennel.

Picture to yourself, on the other hand, how beautiful and consistent is the life of a young man, guided by religious principles. His conscience has no sting of remorse for him; the future no horrors. He enjoys the pleasures of life, because his religion keeps him from abusing them. He is happy because he yields to no illicit desires; and because there is exquisite happiness in the flush of victory that ever comes from a conquered passion. And how does he stand with his fellows? They respect him for the firmness and integrity of his character. They rely on him, because they know his honesty is not a superficial sham or a well-laid trap, but staunch and ingrained, as though it were part of himself. He is promoted to positions of trust and emolument, because he is the fittest to hold them. He is welcome in any society or home he wishes to enter, because his religion teaches him to hold a woman's honor as sacred as the altar. There is no "Blue Monday," no police court exposure, no acquaintance with the penitentiary for such a man. Above all, what indescribable joy is experienced by him in the exercise of those sacred rites—but this thought is too solemn for news paper reading; I only suggest it as food for reflection.

The love of religion that will strew come from dwelling on the foregoing motives will be your best safeguard against temptation. Fill your mind and heart and imagination with them until your whole being thrills under their influence. Have a broad spirit of charity for those who differ from you in religious belief. We are all children of one Father; and if this brotherhood means anything it should mean helpfulness, forbearance, gentleness, sympathy. Nothing has ever been gained by heated religious controversy; therefore, avoid it and let your only argument in favor of your Church be the impression made on outsiders by the purity, unselfishness and nobility of your life. It is a sign of imprudence, if not insincerity, to parade one's religion without thought of the irritation it may

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cause to others. Remember the end of religion is charity; what words this cannot be sanctioned by that. Besides, all Christians are engaged in a common warfare against infidelity and vice. They should, then, join forces and stand shoulder to shoulder, instead of cutting one another's throats. Our separated brothers have a long Baptism of Penance to wade through before they return to the unity of the faith; but it is not for us to keep them off dry land longer than Divine Providence intends. Unworthy motives commit dreadful havoc in the practice of religion. A young man, for example, without any true conversion of heart, goes to confession and Communion because his guild or club or sodality are going. Or he assists at High Mass because he expects to see his sweetheart there. Or he attends at Vespers to hear a certain famous opera-singer in the "Magnificat." And he thinks this is religion! Surely an American Catholic, with an inborn hatred of shams, ought to know better. Be sincere in all things, but particularly in your relations with heaven.

A young man may sometimes be disgusted with himself and inclined to give up all religious practices because he has some habit of sin that he will not throw off. "I am bad enough," he says to himself, "but I will not be a hypocrite." Now there is no hypocrisy in that young man's religion as far as it goes: the only thing amiss is that it does not go far enough, it is not as deep and earnest as it ought to be. One who has only ten dollars to pay a hundred dollar debt, does not throw the smaller sum away because it does not meet the present exigency. So, too, a little religion—going to church on Sundays, for example, or saying a prayer at night now and again—ought not to be despised because it does not keep one out of sin. It is a lever that may in course of time raise him to a higher life—a mooring that will keep him from drifting helplessly out to sea.

While not parading your religion, you must not seem ashamed of it, much less conceal or deny it when you are required by charity or other motive to profess it. Who has ever heard of a prince being ashamed of his royal birth? Now, by Baptism, we are born sons of the King, princes of the Kingdom of heaven. Why should we conceal the fact? Is it because we are unworthy of the honor, or because we undervalue it? "O man," says an old writer, "know thy dignity," and I would add, stand on it.

If you hear of scandals in the Church, even in high places, be not alarmed or distressed. Even in our Redeemer's day, there were terrible scandals—the treachery of Judas, the denial of St. Peter, the rationalism of St. Thomas. In spite of all precautions, unworthy men will creep into the sanctuary and desecrate the Holy of Holies. We must be prepared for such possibilities. Priests and Bishops and Popes themselves are men, not angels, and therefore as liable as you or I to yield to temptation.

A last hint. Aim at making your outer life the expression of your religious convictions. You will not wholly succeed; and therefore need not be discouraged by failure. But you can strive honestly and earnestly; and the more you strive the nearer you will come to the mark. Perfection is striving to be perfect.

Some young men will, I know, take these hints in good part and find them helpful; others will be inclined to skip them as heavy reading. But, I think, if the latter overcome for this once their horror of "sermonizing" (which, however, I have tried to avoid) and read carefully what I have written, they will learn that religion is not the gloomy, chilling, mysterious thing they conceive it; but, on the contrary, a source of strength and inspiration, of light and gladness, of beauty and perfection—in a word, of all that rounds the character of a young man and gives it its crowning grace and glory.

Christian Marriages. In the fifteen years that I have been Bishop I have become convinced that some Catholic men and women do not know the sacred character of Christian marriage. Some Catholics decide in an hour to get married, some in six months, and they run off to a squire, a non-Catholic minister, a layman, a Jew, a heathen or a pagan and get married. They make no Christian preparation for the marriage, but instead they commit crimes and sins of such an awful character that I would not dare to mention them. There are many who get married in a state of mortal sin. This brings curses down on the marriage, and causes many unhappy lives. That is why so many husbands and wives are separated.—Bishop Wigger.

Handsome Features. Sometimes unsightly blotches, pimples or shallow, uneven skin, destroys the attractive use of handsome features. In all such cases Scott's Emulsion will build up the system and impart freshness and beauty.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

It is wonderfully significant of the change in the temper of Protestants towards things savoring distinctly of the Catholic Church, that a play with the above title should hold the boards for hundreds of nights in London, Eng., drawing immense audiences, and be received with marked favor by people of all forms of belief in the Museum, Boston.

Wilson Barrett has grasped the dramatic possibilities of the acts of the Martyrs of the Early Church, and has made a play of the most pathetic and absorbing human interest. He chooses the reign of Nero as the time of most effective contrast between the poverty, purity and devotion of the Christians and the luxury and appalling corruption of the Roman court and aristocracy.

He is absolutely faithful to history in the latter. As to his handling of the religious element in the play, a fair judgment might be gathered from the remarks of the audience. "I am prepared to appreciate the Sign of the Cross," said an intelligent man, evidently a non-Catholic, "for I am a close student of the history of the Roman Church." "How proud I am of being a Catholic!" exclaimed a young woman, after the curtain had fallen for the last time.

There seems a general willingness to concede these early martyrs to St. Peter. Of course, there was no intent of such effect in the writing of the play—a fact which but adds to the strength of the impression. There were sentiments on the part of the Christians' accusers, too, which must have sounded rather familiar alike in London and in Boston, as when Christianity was denounced as "a foreign superstition," and its professors as conspirators against the Government! This, too, resulted merely from the author's fidelity to history.

The most piteous scenes in the drama—bringing tears to the eyes even of the men—are those in which the Christian boy Stephanus figures. After boldly proclaiming his faith, even under the lash, the child is put to the rack, and crazed with pain and terror, partially blinded by his trust. His remorse is heartrending; yet again his courage fails, at the door of the amphitheatre.

The Cross conquers, however, and he goes to his death like Pancratius, in Cardinal Wiseman's famous tale. After Stephanus, the most interesting character is Marcus, the Roman Prefect, won to the Cross through his love for the Christian girl, Mercia, and going with her to death. Nero is faithful to historical tradition, and of the women characters, the beautiful, frivolous and vicious Dacia best epitomizes the Pagan spirit of her time.

These parts, too, are the most fortunate in their impersonations. The setting of the play is splendid. Altogether, "The Sign of the Cross" is a striking new departure in the elevation of the drama; and its success ought to lead such playwrights as have due reverence and sympathy, with artistic feeling, to a study, for example, of the acts of St. Perpetua, Felicitas, Maurice, Sebastian, Agnes, and Cecilia, which abound in incidents of the most tender and romantic human interest, inextricably mingled with their value as religious and historic chronicle.—Boston Pilot.

A NUN'S RETALIATION.

Risked Her Life at the Bedside of a Friend of Margaret Shepherd. Here is a pretty story from Elkhart, Indiana. It is vouched for by a priest, and is certainly true. As told here it consists of bare facts, but they are eloquent: Margaret Shepherd, whom our readers will remember as the notorious lecturer and vilifier of Catholic Sisterhoods, recently visited Elkhart. She became especially intimate with one lady of the town, who attended her lectures and advanced her interests in every manner possible. The lady believed all of Mrs. Shepherd's statements. Mrs. Shepherd had scarcely taken her departure when this friend was attacked by diphtheria. Before the notice had been placed upon the door by the Board of Health the husband of the stricken woman had telegraphed to the hospital in South Bend for a Sister of the Holy Cross to nurse his sick wife. There being no Sister there to spare, he was referred to Miss Hawaka, Ind. There a Sister was secured who started on the evening train and entered immediately upon her dangerous duties. The feelings of the patient as she was being nursed back to life and health by a gentle nun, the besmirching of whose character she had recently countenanced, are not described.

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THE "DAY" OF CREATION.

The Right Reverend Monsignor Molloy, D. D., is known as one of the most learned of the Irish clergy; a man whose attainments and work as a scientist give him a national reputation, and whose rank as a theologian is more than respectable. The Monsignor, in a paper recently read at a meeting of the Maynooth College Union, dealt with "The Historical Character of the First Chapter of Genesis," and in particular with the interpretation of the word "days" regarding the period of creation.

One of the most generally urged objections to the veracity of Scripture by common people whose critical powers are still in bud and not yet developed into the unbraguing amplitude of Higher Criticism is that the First Chapter of Genesis declares that creation took place in "six days" and that as but six thousand years have elapsed since the completion of creation, the earth, according to Scripture, can only be six thousand years old. Now, proceed the critics, science can show that the earth is much more than six thousand years old, and therefore Scripture in this regard is inaccurate. But these gentlemen go too quickly. They assume that "day" as used in Genesis means twenty-four hours, and in this they assume too much.

Doctor Molloy, in his paper referred to, returned to a subject treated of by him many years ago, when he contended that the interpretation of the word "day" could not be given as a day of twenty-four hours. His argument is brief, though thorough. The inspired writer who placed on human record the narrative given in Genesis could not have written from any human experience. He must have written from interior illumination, since no man witnessed creation—man being the latest of God's works. And since this is so, there is nothing to show that "day" meant "day" as we know it. The Monsignor cites the case of the Ninth Chapter of Daniel, where the word "week" occurs. Taking week to mean a week of years—the prophecy fits in exactly with the events which followed.

Concluding, Doctor Molloy shows how exactly the ascertained facts of science fit in with the Sacred Writings. The first great geological ages—the Primary or Palaeozoic Age—shows to the geologist the remains of trees and forests. The secondary or Mesozoic Age gives trace of enormous and gigantic birds. The Tertiary or Kainozoic Age gives earliest evidences of mammals, of the beasts of the field. Most lately are found traces of man and his works. See how accurately this fits in with the order of creation as narrated in Genesis. On the Third Day (corresponding with the Palaeozoic Age) we are told that God made the plants and trees. On the Fifth Day the waters brought forth creatures having life, and the fourth were created that fly over the earth. On the Sixth Day the cattle and the beasts of the field came into being at the Divine command. And lastly man was made. So that the detail of the geologist follows exactly and in strict sequence the order given by the inspired writer of Scripture's first book.

From which we have evidence of what all Christians already know and feel; that true science—actual, ascertained fact—can never controvert Divine Revelation; that truth can never overthrow truth, and that they who assert that there is between real science and religion a necessary antagonism fly in the face of the world's experience, and affirm that which the discoveries of every succeeding day and age deny and demolish.

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