

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost.

THE GREAT CAUSE OF CRIME.

Every year, on the tenth day of October, Catholic temperance advocates have been accustomed to celebrate the birthday of Father Mathew, and to renew their zeal for the great work to which he was devoted.

That intemperance prevails to an alarming extent is unquestionably true; that it is a prolific source of crime and poverty cannot be denied, even by those who are enriched by the sale of intoxicating drinks.

Our own experience shows us that homes are made desolate, families are brought to destitution, children suffer hunger because the money that should be spent in providing the necessities of life is squandered for drink.

In the presence of an evil destructive of the Christian home, and dangerous to the moral welfare of the community, it is the duty of earnest Christians to speak out their convictions.

When silence seems to give consent to evil-doing it becomes necessary to proclaim aloud the truth, not only in the church but in the market-place.

Let us resolve, my brethren, to do something positive in the Christian warfare against the vice of intemperance. By word and example we can make it known to all men that the drunkard is a disgrace to human nature.

A Remarkable Convert.

Miss Diana Vaughan, the well-known ex-Luciferian, has given proof of her very earnest desire to be converted to the Catholic Church. While she was immersed in Luciferian errors, Pere Delaporte thought he detected in her the staff of which religious heroes are made.

Everywhere we go we find some one who has been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and people on all hands are praising this great medicine for what it has done for them and their friends.

Hood's PILLS become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. Do not delay in getting relief for the little folk. Mother Gray's Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Miss Marjorie's First Discipline.

"I want you to understand," said Col. Crissey, as he rose to go, "that my son is a very obstinate boy, and you will have to whip him soundly when he won't behave. It's the only way to manage him."

Miss Marjorie, the new teacher, glanced sympathetically at the little boy under discussion. He was sitting on one of the front seats of the school-room, with his big folding slate and well-worn school books piled up across his knees.

"I guess Frank will be good of his own accord," replied Miss Marjorie, with a pleasant smile toward the child.

"You can't tell by his looks," said Colonel Crissey, observing the innocent expression, growing each moment more serene, of the fair, round face.

Well, here is one," interrupted the Colonel, producing from some where beneath his long coat a formidable switch; "and I want you to use it. Now, my son," he continued, turning towards Frank, "I want you to understand this will hurt. There won't be any joke about it, either."

Every day Miss Marjorie spent the last half-hour of school-time reading aloud to the children. The first book she chose happened to be Jacob Abbott's "Life of Nero." The children became intensely interested in the story, and they were loud in their expressions of indignation against Nero for his cruelty, while their admiration for the martyrs who suffered under the wicked emperor's persecutions was unbounded.

"What would you do, Franky, would you give up or would you die?" "I would never give up," came the firm reply, in a clear, childish voice.

"I would never give up," he repeated. "I would never take it back. No one could make me!" "But when you saw the fire?" "I would be perfectly immovable. I would walk into the fire myself—calmly, like this."

Miss Marjorie looked out of the window, and saw an admiring group watch the little fellow, as, with dignified bearing, he walked toward the woodpile. He climbed upon it, and when he had found a firm footing, he turned toward the spectators with an expression of lofty and serene resolution upon his face.

The school had been in progress three and a half weeks, and all had gone well. No pupil had been more docile and lovable than little Frank Crissey.

Miss Marjorie had resolved, when she learned from his father, who surely ought to know, of the boy's obstinate disposition, that she would be very careful to avoid giving him any occasion to exhibit it, but that she would go him so much interested in his work that he would forget to be obstinate.

The trouble began out of a very little matter. An orange dropped out of Bessie Tubb's desk, and rolled out purely out into the middle of the floor.

even Miss Marjorie couldn't help seeing how funny it was, and he became quite uproarious and clapped his hands. Finally, when the orange had been restored to its owner, the mirth subsided. But Frank did not like to have the fun over so quickly.

"Frank," she said, "that will do; go on with your work now." Frank was quiet for a moment, and then aimed another ball at Harry Van Sleik.

"Frank," repeated Miss Marjorie, in a decided tone, "we have had enough fun now. You must go on with your work."

Miss Marjorie noticed that as she was speaking Frank slipped the last of his paper balls into his right hand, and held it in readiness for a throw under his desk.

Receiving no reply, she added: "Are you going to be good now?" Frank sobbed down immediately and replied, "No."

Miss Marjorie was taken by surprise. Here was open defiance before the whole school. Surely the time had come for the birch rod.

"Then I must punish you," she said. "Come here." Frank walked forward, while Miss Marjorie took down the rod from behind the picture of George Washington.

"Hold out your hand," said Miss Marjorie, in a firm tone, though her heart within almost melted at the thought of the approaching contest.

Frank held out his hand fearlessly, and Miss Marjorie brought down the cruel rod rather sharply upon the tender flesh.

Miss Marjorie raised the rod higher than before, determined to bring it down with increased force, but something made her falter, she noticed on Frank's face the same expression of serene resolve that she had seen there, as he stood upon the wood-pile fancying himself a martyr.

"If I should whip him hard enough to make him yield," thought Miss Marjorie, "what a shameful victory it would be of mere physical force over a brave little heart!" She did not give the intended stroke.

Frank obeyed, and the lessons went on as usual, until the children were dismissed for recess.

He came out, pale with determination. Miss Marjorie placed a chair for him, and they both sat down.

"Even if I should succeed in making you say you'd be good, that would not make you really good. In this world everybody must choose for himself whether he will be good or bad; and I am going to let you choose for yourself. Which did Nero choose to be?"

"Would you like to be like him when you are a man?" "No," replied Frank, with decision.

"Perhaps," said Miss Marjorie, "when Nero was a little boy like you he chose to be bad and had no idea how very bad he would get to be by the time he was a man. When bad people grow, their badness grows too. Bad little boys make bad men, and good little boys make good men. When you decide what kind of a boy you will be you are deciding at the same time what kind of a man you will be."

"Oh, Miss Marjorie!" he exclaimed, "I will be good." "Would you be willing," asked Miss Marjorie, "to say before the whole school, when they come in, that you have decided to be good?"

"Yes," replied Frank, "she was brave." "But the people in the amphitheatre thought you was wicked and silly."

BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY

"Yes," said Frank, "and that made it all the harder for her to hold out. I tell you, she was a brave one to let those lions get her."

"But did it make her any happier to be brave?" asked Miss Marjorie. "No," replied Frank; "for she had to be eaten up. Oh, I tell you, it must have hurt. But I'd rather be brave than happy. I like something very, very hard to bear, so I could show how brave I could be. You didn't whip me very hard," he went on, with an apologetic smile.

"I wanted you to hit harder, so I could show you how much I could stand." "I am sure, Frank," replied Miss Marjorie, "that you could stand a very hard whipping."

Frank flushed with pleasure at these words. "But," said Miss Marjorie, "doing wrong isn't brave, even if it is hard. It's doing right when it's hard that's brave. I know of something you ought to do that would be much harder for you to do than to bear a whipping. I don't know whether you would have the courage to do it or not."

"What is it?" asked Frank, eagerly. "Try me and see." "If," said Miss Marjorie, "when the scholars all come in, you say before them all that you had decided to be good, they might laugh at you afterward, and say you had to give up after all, and that you weren't so brave as you thought you were. You see, this would be a very hard thing for you to do; but it is brave to do right when it's hard."

"Oh, Miss Marjorie, I can't do that," said Frank, his eyes filling with tears. "I was afraid it would be too hard for you," said Miss Marjorie, sadly, as she took up the bell to ring it.

"Oh, Miss Marjorie, wait a minute. Isn't there something else? I will say I've been naughty, and I will let you whip me, oh, so hard—till my hand is swollen, if you want to."

"No," said Miss Marjorie, as she rang the bell, "that wouldn't do any good. You may just take your seat as usual with the others when they come in."

"Miss Marjorie," said Frank, seizing his teacher's hand as she laid down the bell, "I will do it. I can. Ask me when they all come in. Just try me."

When the scholars had taken their seats, Miss Marjorie began, "Frank, have you decided—?" but she got no further, for Frank was upon his feet, pale as a sheet.

"Yes," he choked out, "I will be good." He sank back into his seat, and buried his face in his hands.

That afternoon, instead of the usual reading, Miss Marjorie talked to the children about true and false bravery. They listened very soberly, and went away more quietly than usual when school was dismissed. As they passed the window, Miss Marjorie heard Harry Van Sleik's voice saying, "I say Franky, aren't you glad you said you'd be good?"

Two months later, Colonel Crissey said to Miss Marjorie: "I want to thank you, Miss Marjorie, for what you've done for my son. There is a change come over him since he's been in your school. He hasn't had one of his obstinate spells for two months, and he used to have them nearly every week."

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Advertisement for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the medicine's benefits for various ailments like skin diseases, indigestion, and general weakness.

Advertisement for 'The Catholic Home Annual' for 1896, listing various stories and illustrations included, such as 'Jerusalem', 'The Toys', and 'Mammy's Gift'. It also includes information about Benziger Brothers and Holloway's Pills & Ointment.