FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Reverence for the Name of God.

The Feast of the Holy Name of Jesus, brethren, affords an opportunity for meditating upon reverence for the honor of God, especially in the person of our Blessed Saviour Reverence for God is something different from the love of God and fear of God. Have you not noticed that when a bad boy neither fears his father nor (as far as we can see) loves him, that he yet often keeps up at least a show of respect for him? I don't care much for him, he says, but after all he is my father; I must respect him. So with sinners. Many a sinner will break every commandment of God and the Church except one or two, which he fancies he must observe in order to keep up appearances; that is to say, show at least some outward respect. The most atrocious scoundrel will not eat meat on Friday, because that would be a sign of losing all respect for religion. A wretch abandoned to every vice will say a Hail Mary or make the sign of the cross sometimes in order to persuade at least himself that he has not lost all respect for religion. He will not despise the piety of his friends, but rather respect it. Respect for holy things and holy practices is the last remnant of religion in the sinner's soul.

Well, brethren, let us ask if Almighty God has not set up any particular sign of reverence that we are to pay Him? What is that, among all religious practices, which He would have us do as a token of inner and outer reverence? Of course you know what I mean; you know that it is reverence for His holy Name.

The name of God, and especially the name of Jesus, are set up as the divine standard before which every man will prove his reverence for God. Cursers and swearers and blasphemers forget this. No sin is so common as profanity in its various forms. Yet it shows a heart not only void of the fear of God, and even the love of God, but also, and worst of all, void of even reverence for God. A man who habitually curses is penetrated with defiance of the Divine Majesty. Holy Scripture says that he has put on cursing like a garment; that it has entered in unto his bones. In the Old Law a blasphemer was stoned to death. And in our own times God often anticipates the wrath to come by sending sudden death upon profane men. I lately read in the papers that a man, standing at a saloon-counter, cursed his own soul, and instantly sank down upon the floor stone dead. Many of you have doubtless heard or even seen such visitations of divine justice.

And it is in view of the sacred obligation of reverence to God in His chosen symbol—which is His name and His Son's name—that, although He had but ten commandments to give us, one of them was set apart to secure respectful speech when dealing with God: Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.

Brethren, you and I in future will be particularly careful to honor the sacred Name of Jesus. Are you tempted? That name is a resistless charm against assaults of flesh, world, or devil. Are you tired out? The name of Jesus is a restful and soothing influence. Are you sick? That holy Name will strengthen you with supernatural vigor. I hope that when you come to die your last breath may utter that name of Jesus with deep confidence, and that our Lord will answer your dying sigh with an affectionate welcome into His heavenly court.

The Disorderly House of Commons.

I have never quite understood why the House of Commons should be considered a highly orderly assembly. I am not now writing with any special reference to certain recent scenes of tumult and disorder there. But I never, during my long acquaintance with the House of Commons could understand where its title to be considered an orderly and decorous legislative assembly came in. My opinion is that when it is not a dull assembly it is often disorderly. The House of Commons, in fact, is too large in numbers and too contracted in space to be orderly when any exciting question is under debate. I do not know how any assembly could in very exciting times be decorous and orderly when men are crammed up together within hearing of every interruption and indeed of every word. The recent riot—for it was nothing short of a riot during the time it lasted—in the House of Commons was mainly caused by the fact that men were pent up so closely together that the movement of one man from his place suggested to another man that he who first sought to push his way through must have had it in his mind to assault somebody But without considering the recent riot, the House of Commons is almost the rudest legislative assembly with which I have any manner of personal acquaintance.—From "Parliamentary Manners," by Justin D. McCarthy, M. P. in North American Review for December.

Provide yourself with a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and so have the means at hand for contending successfully with a sudden cold. As an emergency medicine, it has no equal, and leading physicians everywhere recommend it.

A Home Testimonial.

GENTLEMEN,—Two years ago my husband suffered from severe indigestion, but was completely cured by two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. I can truly recommend it to all sufferers from this disease.

MRS. JOHN HURD, 13 Cross St., Toronto.

BETTER THAN RICHES."

BY MARY CATHERINE CROWLEY.

I.

"Cash! Cash! here!" cried an attendant at the stationery counter of one of New York's great shopping emporiums. At the summons a delicate-looking little girl came wearily up, and held out a small wicker basket for the goods and the money. "Be quick now: the lady's in a hurry."

Notwithstanding the injunction, the child started off with no special attempt at haste. The same words were dinned into her ears a hundred times a day. She did not see why ladies should be in a hurry. The ladies of her world seemed to have nothing to do but to wear pretty clothes, and to shop, which meant principally the buying of more pretty clothes. It was all very well to make an extra effort to oblige one occasionally; but if she did it every time she was exhorted to, surely her tired feet would give out before the end of the day.

"Cash is so poky" complained the salesgirl to her companion behind the counter.

"Hie you, Cash! Hustle I say!" called the floor-walker peremptorily, as he passed.

Thus warned, the child skurried away, and reappeared after a very brief interval. As she rushed up with the parcel, an awkward accident occurred. The lady heedlessly stepped backward. Cash dodged; but, alas! before she could stop herself, she had dashed into a pyramid of note-paper that stood upon the end of the counter, and sent the boxes scattering over the floor in dire confusion.

"Oh!—oh, my!" exclaimed the salesgirl, distressed, as she contemplated the wreck of the architectural display.

The disturbance at once brought the floor-walker to the spot. "Stupid!" he muttered, taking poor Cash by the shoulder. "Why don't you look where you're going? If you can't mind what you're about, we have no use for you here; remember that!"

"Please do not blame the child," interposed the lady who had unwittingly caused the trouble. "It was my fault: I carelessly got in her way. I am very sorry."

"Don't mention it, Mrs. M——. It is not of the slightest consequence," said the floor-walker, with a bland smile and a bow. (Mrs. M—— was a desirable customer, and he would have said the same thing if she had happened to tip the show-case over.) "We have to keep our employees up to the mark, you know," he added in a low tone, by way of apology for his brusqueness. "The best of them become careless. But Cash has found a friend this time, so we'll let it pass."

Cash, who was busily picking up the boxes, made a little grimace to herself at his change of manner. The lady politely inclined her head by way of acknowledgment, and the floor-walker left abruptly, having suddenly discovered that something required his immediate attention in another part of the store.

When he had disappeared, the little girl looked up and faltered gratefully: "Thank you, ma'am!"

Mrs. M—— now for the first time took notice of the individual to whom she had just rendered a service. She glanced down upon a freckled face of the complexion described as pasty, a pair of greyish-blue eyes, and a tangle of reddish curls just long enough to admit of being tied back with the bit of crumpled ribbon which kept them tidy. Cash was not of prepossessing appearance; yet perhaps because the grateful glance touched a chord common to humanity in the heart of the stranger, or because one naturally warms to any creature whom one has befriended, or perhaps simply from the sweet womanliness which finds all childhood attractive—whatever the motive, upon the impulse of the moment the lady did a very graceful thing. Taking a rose from the bunch of jacqueminots she wore, she fastened it to the breast of the child's black apron, and was gone before the latter could recover from her astonishment.

It was only a little incident, but it changed the whole aspect of Cash's day. The beautiful flower glowed against the dark uniform, like a bit of joy vouchsafed to a sombre life.

"How lovely!" exclaimed the salesgirl. "Aren't you lucky, Cash! Don't you want to exchange with me? I'll give a delicious orange I brought with my lunch for that posie."

Cash shook her head. As soon as she could, she stole away to the room where the girls kept their cloaks and hats. Here, after a furtive look around to see that no one was by who might snatch it away, she unpinned the rose and slipped it into a small card-board box, having carefully wrapped the stem in a piece of well moistened paper. Then she tucked the box into the pocket of her jacket, and ran downstairs to the store again.

For the next two or three hours it happened that Cash was kept running to and fro almost without intermission; but she did not mind it now. The kindly word spoken in her behalf by the truly gracious lady, the simple gift of a flower, had given her a new spirit. Her heart, like a little bird, kept singing a cheery song to itself; while, as she journeyed hither and thither, her feet seemed to keep time to its gladness.

"Why, Cash, you're getting smart! What has waked you up?" said the salesgirl, when, well on in the afternoon, the child sat down by the counter for a few seconds. Then, without waiting for a reply, she continued: "Now, aren't you sorry you did not exchange with me? See, you've lost your rose!"

"Oh, 'taint losted," answered the girl.

"You did not give it to any one after I made the first bid? (The inquiry was in a sharper tone.)

"No: I'm keeping it for Ellie."

"Oh, sure enough! Poor Ellie! how is she? Cash, you're a good little thing to remember her so kindly. Here, I have the orange still; take it to her, too."

The child's eyes sparkled with pleasure as the salesgirl put the golden ball into her hand. "Ellie'll be awful pleased. I'll tell her you sent it, Julia," she said.

Cash had, of course, another name: it was Katy Connors. Katy lived way over on the east side of the city, in a house which was once a handsome dwelling, but had long since been divided into tenements and given up to the ruin. The Connors were known among their neighbors as a respectable, hard-working family. The father was a day-laborer; the mother went out washing; Joe, a boy of fourteen, was in the district messenger service; after him came Katy, who was employed in McNaughton's store; and then Ellie, the little invalid. Two younger children had died in infancy.

Poor Ellie was fast becoming helpless. How different it had been a few months before! What a sturdy, active child she was, when one morning she set out in gay spirits "to earn money for mother!" Like Katy, she had obtained a position as cashgirl in McNaughton's. And how quick and smart she was about her duties! The floor walker commended her twice during the week, and said he would speak for an increase in her wages. How proud she felt when Saturday came, and she knew she would have $2:50 to take home! Unfortunately, it was to be dearly gained.

Saturday afternoon it happened that the store was unusually crowded; everything was stir and confusion. Little Ellie and her companions dashed now here, now there, in response to the unceasing cry of "Cash! Cash!" In the midst of the hurry, the floor walker gave Ellie a message to deliver to one of the clerks in the basement. "Don't delay!" he called after her. Eager to please, the child made her way through the throng, and was on the point of darting down the stairs, when, alas! her foot caught, she tripped, gave a little scream, and was precipitated down the entire flight. In an instant several employees from the neighboring counters rushed to pick her up; but, to their alarm, though she strove to be brave, when they attempted to move her she could not repress a low moan of anguish. The superintendent sent at once for a doctor, who discovered that she had sustained a severe injury, having struck against the edge of one of the iron steps.

Where was now the proud home-coming? Ellie was taken to the hospital, whither frightened Mrs. Connors was summoned. Upon one of the cots in the accident ward lay the child, her small face wan with pain, and in her eyes the startled expression noticeable in those of a person who has had a serious fall. In one feverish hand she held something tightly clasped—something for which she had asked before being carried from the store. When the doctor turned aside she beckoned to her mother, and, with a pathetic little smile, folded into the palm of the weeping woman a small yellow envelope. The next moment she fainted away. Mrs. Connors' tears flowed faster as she beheld the precious offering—Ellie's first wages, and the last which she was likely ever to earn.

The firm of McNaughton & Co. investigated the accident, to see if they could by any means be liable to an action for damages brought by an employee. But there was no loose nail in the stairway, not the least obstruction. The proprietors were not to blame; it was simply the child's heedlessness, they said. In fact, the fault was with Ellie's shoes: the sole of one, being broken, caught on the top step and caused her fall.

And she was to have had a new pair that very evening. Mrs. Connors had quietly determined that her first earnings should be expended in this way. Poor Ellie! she would not need shoes now: the doctors feared she would never walk again. The firm sent a twenty dollar bill to the child's mother; another "Cash" was engaged to take Ellie's place, and the matter was speedily forgotten.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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MISS A. B. TANNER, Pictou, N. S.

MISSIONS TO NON-CATHOLICS.

They Are in Progress in England as Well as Here.

While the Paulist missions to non-Catholics in Michigan and Virginia are going on vigorously, a similar movement is on foot in London, Eng. A course of lectures has been organized with the approval of Cardinal Vaughan, with a view to enlightening non-Catholics in the matter of Catholic doctrine, and of replying to the calumnies of people who persistently misrepresent Catholic belief and practices. These are being given in one of the town halls, and are drawing large audiences of non-Catholics. One of the most successful thus far has been that of Mgr. Howlett, refuting the attacks of Archdeacon Farrar on Catholic faith and practice, and showing incidentally the contradictions in the Episcopal body, since Canon Knox Little who is a light of equal magnitude among the Anglicans, puts forth with equal positiveness very different teachings. Touching on the purpose and justification for these Catholic lectures to non-Catholics, Mgr. Howlett said:

"It might easily occur to some to say, 'Why do the Roman Catholics come here — why do they not confine themselves to their own churches and pulpits? We don't want them here. Why do they take this aggressive step; why do they come here to stir up religious bigotry?' This was not an aggressive step. If Catholics came there for the purpose of abusing those who do not agree with them in faith, then it would be aggressive; but they had come there to defend themselves and their own doctrines. It was well known that the country was flooded by the press with pamphlets and leaflets that represented Roman Catholic doctrines in anything but the light in which they should be represented; and it was their duty as Catholics to come forward and give proofs that these statements were calumnies—that they were false and without a word of truth in them. (Applause.) They, therefore, came forward to give these proofs to the public, and they claimed from the public what any British subject might claim from English law, what even a culprit might claim — a fair hearing and an impartial judgment. . . . The way in which Catholic lectures had been received, the extraordinary success with which these meetings have been attended, proved that they were not only a step in the right direction, but that they received the greatest approval of the public."

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