FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Passion Sunday.

BEHAVIOR AT MASS. 6 But Jesus hid Himself and went out of the temple." (St. John vill. 59.)

We gather from the Gospels that our Divine Saviour frequented the Jewish Temple. Whenever He came to Jerusalem, His first visit was to the Temple, and while He remained in the City of Sion most of His time was passed in the Temple. This, the great sanctuary of the Old Dispensation, was, without doubt, the true Temple of God, aud our Blessed Lord loved its courts; for here alone was His Heavenly Father truly known and glorified among men. And, although the Old Law was so soon to be superseded by the New, and the Temple and its sacrifices were to pass away for ever, yet the Divine Redeemer jealously guarded its honor to the last. He could not tolerate the least irrever ence or profanation within its sacred

precincts. If you recollect, the only time that our meek and gentle Lord gave way to angry indignation, and acted with downright severity, was when He found the buyers and sellers in the Temple. Inflamed with holy zeal at the sight of such profanation, He at once turned upon the sacr legious traffickers and drove them and their wares out of the Temple, using a scourge and saying: "Take these things hence, and make not the house of My Father a house of traffic." Nor did they stand on the order of their going, for they recognized in the indigenant counter. recognized in the indignant countenance and commanding presence of Jesus Christ the manifestation of Divine

Now, the attitude of our Lord Jesus displeasure. Christ towards the old Jewish Temple teaches us two very important lessonsfirst, to love the House of God and to frequent it; and second, to behave with the greatest reverence within its walls. Surely the Lord of the Temple did not need to honor it. Yet behold, His attachment for it, how often He visited it, and how incensed He was against all who profaned it And if the sanctuary of the Old Law was so sacred in the eyes of our Lord Jesus Christ, how much more so the sanctuaries of the New Law? Was it not said of Him that zeal for God's house hath consumed Him?" And do we not find that those amongst us who have most of the Spirit of Christ imitate Him in this also? Good Christians love the House of God; they visit it often, and they are full of reverence for it. While, on the other hand, there is no more infallible sign of a coarse and tepid Christian spirit than irreverence in the Temple of God. People whom you see enter the church laughing and talking, have little or no sense of worship; they come rather for appearence sake, like the Sadducees of

People whom you see come habitually late to church, though they live in the very next block, have no true devotion to God's House or its services, for real devotion overcomes all obstacles and

brooks no delay. People whom you find neglecting church Sunday after Sunday, have nothing of the Spirit of Christ; they are merely baptized heathens. There is no truer test of our religious spirit

than this.
What is our attitude towards the House of God? Do we love to frequent it? Do we act with due reverence in it? If we are indifferent or irreverent our religion is a mere sentiment, and our worship worse than a pretence. Let those who talk in church, the sloth ful Christians who straggle in late to church, the negligent Christians who seldom enter the church at all, ask themselves how our Lord Jeeus Christ must regard their conduct. Surely He would use the lash upon them, or He would withdraw from them as He did from the sacrilegious Jews in the I greatly fear our Blessed Saviour would find much to displease Him in our churches. He might, perhaps, even find a den of thieves, and of the organ galleries He would find dens of impious flirts and

gossipers. my dear brethren, let us imi tate the Blessed Saviour in His love and and reverence for the Temple of God let us frequent its sacred precincts, and never, by word or act, be guilty of the slightest irreverence within its walls. Let us teach our children to behave with the utmost decorum before the them understand that no word should there be spoken that is not addressed to the throne of God. And then we shall not grieve Sacred Heart of Jesus, so soon to bleed for us on Calvary.

Will Be a Monk.

Mr. K. Geza Dome, the celebrated violinist, who came to America ten years ago as concert master of the Hungarian Orchestra, and with Rem enyi achieving distinction all over the country, has decided, at the age of thirty two, to take the cowl of the Dominican Order, and spend the rest of his life in seclusion at St. Rose Monastery, near Springfield, Washington county, Ohio. He is a graduate Buda Pesth University, and has a from Yale. He was a degree of B A. from Yale. pupil of Joachim and Helmesberger.

It will be a great surprise to his many friends all over the country to learn that he is already by examination a Dominican monk, and the 1st of May will see him fully installed in the order.

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THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST.

BY FRANCIS J. FINN, S. J.

CONTINUED FROM LAST WEEK.

Now, no sooner had Augustine disappeared than Victor began to take a new view of the situation. The clank of swords and the grounding of arms again rang in his ears. Ah! how gorgeous they must look, those soldiers.
And, besides, how were they going to treat those young Jesuits?
Pulling off his cassock, he hastened from the grander.

from the garden. In the courtyard all was confusion. Soldiers were standing about talking excitedly, while the rabble of followers from the city looked on open-mouthed. In the crowd no one took notice of the unfrocked novice. Hastening into the house, he ascended the stairs to the ascetery. A squal of soldiers guarded the door, which, how-

ever, was open.

The scene within was striking. Standing each one at his desk were the novices, with eyes modestly cast down. Strange to say, but few faces were pale. Many a lip was moving in prayer. Forty novices! That means forty hearts animated with the highest and holiest of purposes; forty hearts burning to give themselves entirely to Christ; forty souls all beautiful with glory, for they are a chaste genera-

In the middle of the ascetery stood an officer with his back turned toward the doorway through which Victor was gazing. Standing directly in front of the novices were a young Father and three scholastics. In the exile of the professed Fathers these brave young men had discharged the offices of the

absent superiors.
"We who have taken our vows in
the Company of Jesus," the novice master was saying in answer to some interrogation of the officer, "took them forever. We have no desire to look back. As for the novices, each one may answer for himself."

Then ensued a scene at once solemn and touching. Victor listened eagerly. The soldiers were so stationed at the door that he could just succeed in seeing the faces of his brother novices The officer and the young scholastics were screened from his view. But how he listened! These were the words:

"Young gentlemen, I crave your attention for a few moments."

Not an eye was raised; save for the

lips that moved in prayer, the line of novices might have been a line of

statues. "Why don't you look at me? One of the novices—none other than Augustine—walked quietly over to the novice-master, and whispered in his

The Father nodded assent. "There is permission for all to look up," said Augustine.
Forty modest pairs of eyes were raised and fixed with intrepid gaze on

the man of arms. "His majesty the king," continued the officer, "wants all Jesuits to leave his dominions; but he is very anxious that you who are novices should re You can become priests, or go home, or do anything except remain main. Jesuits. Now, which do you choose If you want to be Jesuits you must leave Portugal, your native land, for

No one spoke ; no one moved.

"Come," continued the soldier, how many of you wish to remain?" No one spoke; no one moved.

The silence was intense; the versoldiers at the door held their breath. the very

The officer wiped his brow. Pity and grief were on his features as he looked upon these young men, many of them, as he knew, the very flower

Do you all intend, then, to go into f Portugal's youth exile?

He looked at Augustine ; Augustine bowed his head. The officer paused for a moment, then directed the same look of inquiry toward the next. The same sign was repeated. From one to the other he transferred his gaze, till forty heads had bowed.

Suddenly there arose a yell of triumph, shrill and clear. Victor had orgotten himself in his enthusiasm. But into that yell he had put all his courage, and before the officer could turn our novice had clattered down the stairs for dear life, and found himself

in the garden alone and trembling. Yet frightened as he was, he still had sufficient presence of mind to find his way to the summer house; where he hid himself beneath a rustic seat, and lay trembling like an aspen. Poor Victor! it must be confessed he was an egregious coward. The poor little fellow had all his life been aware of this failing; but, strange to say, he had gloried in it, Now, however, as he lay there in an agony of terror, he saw this trait in a new light, and he began to despise himself. His past life took on a new aspect; a thousand incidents that had caused him to flush with pride now bore down upon him in an over-

whelming cataract of shame. And indeed, for a boy, his life had een a strange one. The youngest been a strange one. The youngest child of the family, he had been treated more like a girl than a boy; and his ambition had been to be looked upon as a girl. Constantly with ladies, he times, and often also, by a certain perversion of disposition, unconsciously. His brothers, with one exception, had encouraged him in his feminine man-The one exception was Angelo, his eldest brother, who really and ten-derly loved him. But once Augelo had left home, Victor met with little or no real opposition, and devoted himself to his dolls and his dresses and his skip-

no use educating that boy to be a nun." But beyond this remark, and an expression of dissatisfaction now and then, he had refrained from active interference. Of course, if our little friend had

THE

CATHOLIC

been a girl, he might have fallen into such ways without serious loss to his His training was a monstrosity. Think of a boy flushing with pleasure

when told that he was a perfect little Victor recognized no higher ment. And ye; the lad had compliment. been essentially pious and devout. He had his little shrines, his little prayers, his little practices; and none of them were neglected. But even in his piety were neglected. But even in his piety there was too much that savored of the hot-house. He knew something of prayer; but he did not know that every prayer to God that is gnot strengthened by self denial rises on a broken wing. However, Victor was not a voluptuary; his life had been pure and uncontaminated, and his mind, save for the feibles of which mind, save for the feibles of which enough has been said, a storehouse of beautiful aspirations. But his stain lessness was not of sternest stuff; the boy had never known a really strong

temptation until-Ah! it had come at last — the one Ah! It had come at last — the one great temptation of his life, and he had yielded. Coward? That was too mild a word. He had followed Christ only to desert Him. He had been a traitor. The little novice, at this point of his reflections, began to shed the most genuine tears that had even the most genuine tears that had ever flowed from his eyes. He was humbled to the very dust. Had all his love for our Lord come to this? Had all his aspirations ended in be

trayal?
"I must pray," he muttered to him self. He issued forth from his hiding place and gazed about. A thousand stars looked down upon him as they had looked for centuries upon many bruised heart. The night was well advanced, for his reflections had con sumed several hours. He looked toward the house; it was buried in darkness and silence. Even the breeze, so blithe at sun-set, had become

He was alone with God. Slowly he walked down the gardenpath and ascended the steps. Looking neither to right nor left, for he would have trembled at every shadow, he proceeded to the chapel; and as he entered the sacred precincts his heart gave a great bound of joy. Yes, though all had left, the Master was still there, for the light was still burn ing before the tabernacle. His majesty the king, be it known to the reader, had graciously consented to allow his Master to remain, and had placed the chapel in care of a devout priest who

lived hard by.
Victor knelt near the door, and, bowing his head, told his tale of sorrow and weakness and misery to Him who is the best of all consolers. If ever novice made a perfect act of humility it was this poor weakling. Long was the prayer that he poured forth; a prayer that was none the less ferven or the sobs and sighs that broke from his heavy heart.

But for all his praying Victor could not feel that he was any the braver and he repeated, again and again, the self same words: "O dear Lord, I am coward, and I can't, I can't be brave.

Gradually his sighs died away, and, exhausted by the conflict of emotions, the poor boy fell asleep.

Was this a vision? Was it a dream, or a reality? Victor was standing half way up a steep, rough hill. He was gazing down upon one who was climbing it, slowly, laboriously. No need to inquire who it was. was a crown of thorns upon His head, drops of blood stood upon the calm while intense suffering had marked without contorting the sublimely gentle countenance. were bear, and as He dragged His heavy cross up the steep ascent, each footprint left a bloody trace.

Victor fell upon his knees. Then that mild face, ineffably sweet for all the pain and agony and sadness that marked it, was turned upon Victor, and those sweet eyes that shone with a love which cannot be imagined rested in gracious pity upon the kneeling Victor sprang to his feet, and rushing to the burdened Master, took the cross and placed it upon his own shoulders. Ah! such a weight. He staggered, and an intense pain penetrated his whole being. His feet gave way; he fell upon his knees, while that cross bore him down, down, down, as though the weight of all the uni verse were crushing him. Then Victor reached forth a hand of agony and the Master caught it in a gentle clasp; and forthwith the cross felt less Victor tightened his grasp upon the sacred hand, and while the cross grew lighter each moment, his own forces grew stronger. Presently he was upon his feet and staggering feebly but with determination up the steep ascent. What though his feet bled; what though a crown of thorns formed about his head, and pressed it till the blood came dripping down his had studied their ways, consciously at face; what though pain possessed his very being — was he not holding the hand of Jesus?

His eyes were growing dim; his heart was beating furiously; his ears were losing their keenness in a whirl of ringing noises; but he held the hand of Jesus. One step more, and the summit would be gained! One step — he took it, and the dear hand was gone Darkness had set in, and Victor lost

ping rope. His father, it is true, did consciousness. not approve of his oddities. "Madam." When he car he had once said to the mother, "it's the tabernacle. It was dawn, and the

birds without were carolling in the ecstatic joy of early morn. Reverently Victor released his hold, moved to a retired corner of the chapel, and prayed with all the fervor of a changed heart.

Ah! happy boy! he had made a long novitiate, for he had seen Jesus. The Spiritual Exercises which novices such ways without serious loss to his character. But being a boy, these things made an exotic of him. He had lain in the lilies and fed on the roses of life. His training was a monstrosity. Victor by the shortest of ways to the sight of that most blessed of visions.

The sun had not yet risen when the little novice set forth down the street of the town, robed in his cassock and with his crucifix in his hand. It was not yet too late. He would join his brave brethren in exile, in pain, in

poverty, in privation, in death. He had seen Jesus.

A kind lady called to him as he passed her house; she begged him to stay; she told him that many of the soldiers had been drinking all that night, and that were he to come upon some of them he would be murdered. He said a few gentle words of thanks and moved on. He had seen Jesus.

Profane songs and profaner words broke upon his ear as he passed an inn; he took no heed. But a few mo ments afterward a crowd of soldiers flushed with drink came staggering forth, some singing, some swearing, some shouting out "Down with the Je-uits!"

One of them chanced to see the "Look! look!" he cried.

There was a yell, a roar, a chorus of execrations, and the tramping of hurried feet. "Hold on, you brat!" shouted the

foremost as he came within earshot of Victor. Victor turned and gazed upon them

with unquaiting eye.
"Say 'Down with the Jesuits!" continued the same man, catching Victor by the neck.

"God bless the Jes-" Before he could finish his prayer, he was down, and twelve or thirteen men were beating him madly and trampling with squrred boots upon his pros-

trate form.

It was a horrible sight, those flushed, brutalized faces, so devilish in their

savage anger.
"Look out!" cried a soldier standing on the outskirts. "Look out!
here comes the Captain!"

But no attention was paid him, till man clad in uniform, hatless and out of breath, came dashing in among them, and sent two of them to the earth with either arm. It was the officer who had interrogated the novice master the night before.

You cowards!" he fumed. "Go to your quarters. Why! it's a mere boy. Oh!" — he ground his teeth — "some one shall pay for this!"

Kneeling upon one knee beside the oy, who lay upon his back, he turned the bleeding body face upward. Then such a groan as broke from his bosom! "My God! O my God! My little brother! Victor

Victor opened his eyes. "I'm so glad you came back; kiss

me, my Angelo. He closed his eyes again, while An gelo bent down and covered the calm, swest face with kisses. "Augelo, this is your crucifix."

Victor, amid all the blows, had held it tight to his heart. "Take it, dear Angelo; I have no further need of it. The officer could not speak.

"Angelo, give my dearest love to mamma.

Manma."

Angelo bowed assent.

"And Angelo, listen: tell what I now say to the novice-master:—O my God, I vow poverty, chastity, and obedience in the Society of Jesus."

Then the area closed: and they

Then the eyes closed; and they never opened again. He had seen

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