

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fifth Sunday After Pentecost.

ANGER'S CURSE AND WOE.

Whoever is angry with his brother, shall be in danger of the judgment." (Matt. 5, 23.)

The caprice of the Pharisees in expounding Holy Scripture went so far that murder alone was considered sinful; anger, however, no longer found a place in the commandments of God. But our Saviour to day tells us plainly and definitely: "Whoever is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment," and then He proportioned various punishments for the different degrees of anger. And, in fact, dear Christians, to understand what anger is before God and all good persons, you need have neither faith nor religion, but only eyes to see. Have you never seen a wild beast in his madness? Such a sight the man presents who is raging with anger, the same contemptible behavior, the same fury of the eyes, his hair erect, his teeth gnashing, his fists clenched, his voice raging, his mouth foaming. Ah! can you view such a picture of brutal similarity, without sadly thinking of the words of the royal psalmist: "Man, when he was in honor, did not understand; he is become like to senseless beasts." (Ps. 48, 13.)

And again how horrible are not the devastations which this vice causes even to the body! Who can count the diseases, yes, even the sudden deaths, caused by anger alone; as the Holy Ghost already testifies by the mouth of the wise man: "Envy and anger shorten a man's days." (Eccles. 30, 26.) And how unhappy does not an angry man make himself even in this, that no one can or will associate with him! "Who can bear," as says the wise Solomon, "a spirit that is easily angered?" (Prov. 18, 14.) In truth there is no communication to be held with a passionate man; for though one may be ever so circumspect in words and actions he must always fear that, by some inadvertence he may excite the other and arouse the raging animal within him. Hence every one flees from his presence and avoids him, as he would a mad dog. And so the poor creature is a solitary in the world, a subject of derision to his fellow-creatures, a torment to himself. And should this not be a subject of grief and shame to him?

And still, what I have thus far said of anger is, as it were, only the earthly woe of this vice. But where shall I find words to describe the destruction that this vice brings to the soul! Truly St. Jerome declares everything in a few words, when he says: "Anger is the door to all sins." For anger fills the heart with haughty, revengeful, blasphemous thoughts, to which a peaceful heart would not give access. From the lips of a passionate man escape the most horrible blasphemies and calumnies, the most fearful maledictions against God and himself, against his own soul and that of others. Anger arms man with beastly cruelty, makes him forget all ties of blood or friendship and love, makes him similar to a rushing mountain torrent, which in wild impetuosity dashes to pieces everything that comes in its way.

In anger Esau wished to kill his brother Jacob; in anger Saul wished to nail to the wall with a spear the innocent David and his own Jonathan. In anger Absalom killed his own brother Amnon. In anger Nabuchodonosor commanded all the wise men of Babylon to be killed because they could not recall for him, and interpret his forgotten dream. But why do I consult the sacred Scriptures for so fearful occurrences, of what a passionate man is capable. Who can enumerate the murders, the bloody encounters, the assaults that occur in anger! Who can express the misery and woe of these families where a revengeful father or a passionate mother resides, where one sees naught but quarrels and dissensions, hears naught but cursing and swearing, where youth is daily scandalized by bad example and where the poisonous seed of ungodliness is daily sown in the hearts of the little ones. Verily, if you wish a picture of hell, enter into such a house, there you will have it before your eyes in all its horrors.

Oa, fearful vice of hell! How we should abominate anger! How we should do all in our power to eradicate such a passion from our soul! Oa, struggle in all earnestness, we must struggle and fight and overcome ourselves that anger may not overpower us and cause us to do that which later we will bitterly lament. May our meek Saviour, Who, with His heavenly patience and calmness, bears all, be always our model and teach us to walk the way of peace and reconciliation. In future may no word come to our lips, no action be done, when the heart is excited and bears resentment. Let reason return before we speak or act. Truly, if we struggle and combat in this manner, our look directed to Jesus, the heart raised to God in prayer, then the grace of Heaven will be with us and grant us the most glorious victory; then we shall participate in the promise of the Redeemer, "Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land." (Matt. 5, 4.) Amen.

When the hand ceases to scatter, the mouth ceases to praise.—Irish saying.

An Explanation.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A TEST.

ANGER'S CURSE AND WOE.

"Ah, me!" sighed Katreena, "a sad problem have I to solve; the problem of bread and butter for two hungry boys; shall I pick fagots from the hillside, and like the witch of fairy lore, believe and believe, until belief turns them to gold; shall I pick heather and go on the highway and cry, 'will you buy?—or shall I take my thimble and thread and go from door to door and cry, 'any garments to mend, to mend?' When one has lived to do good, to be good, why should such sorry fate as want befall them! but to find bread and raiment! ah, me! one must be good, and good for something, too—but here's the post boy."

"Letters from father!" announced Hugo, catching breathlessly at the mail, "and there's one for Sanders, and one for me, and one for you, mother dear."

Sanders broke the seal of his own precious epistle, and read as follows: "Be a good boy, Sandy; chop the wood, and herein find a dollar for the 1st July, from your father, Hantz Magruder."

Hugo opened his letter and read likewise: "Be a good boy, keep the garden clear of rubbish, and herein find a dollar for the glorious First."

"My Katreena," wrote Hantz to his spouse, "you will find \$5 in your letters; my Katreena, will you have a little talk; business is dull, but you know we have ever agreed it good policy to give the boys allowance; boys who do not get allowance are apt to covet, so I have given each of the boys a Dominion Day allowance; say neither yea nor nay to them as how they are to spend it."

I am your husband, Hantz." Hugo, the oldest of the flock, locked his dollar away, and hid the key up the chimney.

Sanders carried his dollar in his boot. Katreena knotted her precious "Five" in her handkerchief and put it under her pillow by night, and in her bosom by day.

Lo, one memorable morning, an alarming knock sounded on the door, and in the ominous silence following could be heard Katreena's heart beat.

Opening the door tremblingly, she found just what she expected, the butcher with his bill. "Honesty at any risk," decided she, as she counted out the debt, "but oh, what if the baker should come!"

Lo, already peering through the window screen, stood the squat little baker in his paper cap, with a "good morning, kindly, and will you please settle to day?"

"Oh, yes," said Katreena, resignedly, "I will settle to day, and she counted out to him the last of her store. Not a fraction has she left for extras, and oh! such a Dominion Day dinner she had intended for "them boys!"

So she went to her trunk, and still thinking of the boys, sought for treasures; there was her ring, and her bit of turquoise, that she had got far back in her girlhood; what value were they now to her when placed side by side with the disappointment of those boys, at getting no Dominion Day feast from mother. That Hantz had done his very best she accepted in right loyal faith, and if the work was slack how could he help that; she must manage things out and sell the trinkets.

So she stole off to town, a great Jewellers' on an unfamiliar street, and came back at dusk with three dollars in her pocket and great plans in her heart; but when she reached the door of her humble little home, oh! there stood something that made her heart quail within her—the landlord.

"The rent is overdue these three months, ma'am," said he, "and I'll have to put ye out."

"Oh," cried she, with clasped hands "wait a little, kind sir, don't be harsh. Don't visit homelessness upon the children, don't do that. I have \$3—take it," said she, eagerly, "and wait a little; times will mend; Hantz will yet be able to pay for our shelter; why not, does not the good God still live?"

Grumblingly he took the \$3 and went his way, and a sorry mite he valued it, though to Katreena it seemed at that moment part of her own heart's life.

And so it came about that when the Dominion Day arrived it found her sorrowful. The boys, on the principle that "walls have ears," knew their mother was moneyless; Hugo would die for her, but his "dollar," his allowance, meant all 1st July to him, and he could never give that up; besides, the other boys, his playmates, were to have each a whole dollar to spend; and he had boasted to them of his own allowance and made great celebration plans, and he guessed mother'd "make out and manage somehow." Katreena turned over in her mind the possibility of the boys giving up their allowance to her, in which case she could bridge matters—ask them for it themselves would, but would they of themselves surrender.

Sanders was nowhere to be found, but Hugo hovered around like a restless spirit for a while, his conscience vacillating, as it were, between his precious dollar, and his mother's pressing need.

A shout from his playmates without rose upon his ear; he hesitated a moment on the threshold. "Got anything for dinner, mother?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, dear," she said, with an assumed cheerfulness; "mother will always have something for dinner— for her boys."

"And will there be anything for you, mother?" he said, in a faltering whisper.

She turned away in silence, fearing to trust her voice. "Run out and enjoy yourself, Hugo, dear," she said, presently.

"Mother," said he, coming to her side, in a pleading whisper, "I'd give you my dollar if 'twasn't Dominion Day."

"Run out, dear, run out and play, and think no more about it. Come in at twelve and there will be a bowl of milk and bread for you and another for Sanders," and she turned aside, and pretended to be very much taken up with dusting about and fixing things. So he went away, and shortly, Katreena, who had these last days totally forgotten self, and given up all thoughts to "the boys," and had done a great deal of running back and forth, and had gone through untold anxieties, at last became conscious that nature was protesting. She looked faintly toward the empty cupboard; there were the two bowls, the two allowances of bread; she felt she could not take one crumb for herself; lest the boys should fall short. She was weak and depressed, and at last went into her little room, and, with a strange blindness settling upon her, sank down to rest. For a while she lay there, looking out through the open window, at the great mansions opposite built of stone.

"The world seems turned to stone," thought she.

At last a sound smote her ear: 'twas Hugo's voice.

She raised on her elbow and peered out to view his face. It was difficult for her to think that that erect head, with its thatch of golden curls, those heavenly blue eyes, that active, graceful form, belonged to a boy whose heart could steel itself against the needs of a loving mother.

A gold watch is seen peeping above his little watch pocket, a smile bright as the morning lights the countenance.

This monument has no written epitaph, it preaches in silent sermon of filial affection, day after day, to that little family circle, and now and then Hantz stands before it admiringly, and says in a whisper to his youngest son:

"The boy who conquered self, and stood by his mother, eh, Sandy?" and points to the picture.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Cheerfulness and Wisdom.

It is good to be merry and wise in an old proverb that Robert Burns has utilized in one of his songs, which, Anglicized, has these lines:

"It is good to be merry and wise, 'Tis good to be honest and true."

I was reminded of this bit of old time wisdom when I went into one of our large shops, the other day, to make some purchases. At first, I struck a very surly fellow, who, to my inquiries, replied in the curtest manner possible. He gave me little or no information, and I left him, disgusted with his impertinence and lack of common sense.

I said to myself, "the quicker your employers get rid of you, the better it will be for their trade." I had occasion to go to another part of the establishment, and when I returned to the vicinity of the counter where I had been so uncivilly treated, I saw that there was another young man in attendance, and as he looked bright and cheerful I surveyed the goods again, for they appeared to be just what I wanted. He answered all my questions promptly and in a winning manner, and the result was he made quite a large sale, for I was buying for a society of ladies who were preparing articles for our brave soldier boys. The other salesman came back before I had noticed making my selections, and I noticed that he was somewhat crestfallen when he realized that he had let a good opportunity to add largely to his sales for that day pass him by, through his surlyness and lack of politeness.

It pays to be good-natured and courteous, especially if you are occupying a comparatively humble position, and are trying to make your way in the world, for no one likes the surly young man. I do not mean by this that you should be as good-natured as a fool, and have no self-respect. You can preserve your dignity and, at the same time, have a pleasant word for everybody you meet, and you can be obliging without being servile, or imitating Uriah Heep in his hypocritical humbleness. And one thing above all, remember—do not inflame your disagreeable moods upon your neighbors, who are in no way responsible for them. If things bother you, as they must at times, keep your troubles to yourself and preserve an outward serenity of bearing. Let the storm rage within, if it will, but show a sunshiny front to the world. It is not sympathetic, as a general thing, its smiles are for those that it believes are successful. There is only one true resort in spiritual and earthly troubles, and that is the Church of God. You will get little comfort elsewhere in your trials; therefore, keep them to yourself. The man who is always abused, who has a grievance, according to his own statements, is a nuisance. He will air the miseries that he has brought upon himself in a bar-room, as if his family and his friends were prime-movers in his downfall, when in reality they have suffered and been disgraced through his beastly actions. I knew a fellow once who, after spending his own fortune and that of his wife in low dissipation, cursed the mother who bore him, because she did not set aside other heirs to leave all her little property to him, so that he might waste it in selfish, riotous living.

There are men in this world who want everything cushioned for them, and if they do not have a soft time they are ugly, ill-mannered and brutal. They never amount to anything. They are not respected, they are incompetent, they lack everything that men admire. Therefore, I say to the young man who wishes to be a success, lay in a stock of good nature and do not let it get exhausted in your energetic efforts to avoid failure.—Benedict Bell in The Sacred Heart Review.

Keeping House in the Country.

That interesting and witty author, Miss Kate Sanborn, wrote some years ago a book entitled "Adopting an Abandoned Farm." In this work she related her sad experience as a city-bred person, in farming. The purpose of this article is entirely different. I am not in sympathy with the idea of city-bred men (much less women) trying to be farmers. There may be a few men who are able to take up an occupation with which they are not familiar and, from book learning and experience—principally experience and a vast amount of it—arrive, toward the octogenarian stage, at a certain degree of success. But the farmers, born and bred to the soil, still remain the men who know about farming; and men who know about his himself to fresh fields and pastures new and ventures beyond raising a few heads of lettuce, or cultivating a bed of soup greens, will quickly find himself lost in a labyrinth of agricultural problems, and the fit subject for ridicule by his plain, old home-spun neighbor whose business really it is to know all about such things.

But, in almost every old farming region, there are farms, of a few acres, that can be bought very cheap, and rented still more inexpensively.

It occurs to me that there is a certain class of men who could occupy to

great advantage, these farms and houses I have referred to for their summer vacations. I refer particularly to men with large families. Boarding-house life in the country, if it is in the best locality, is expensive; and the life there is often no more wholesome than it is at home. Cheap boarding at the country farm house is unsatisfactory on account of the food and cooking, and sometimes the presence of undesirable fellow-boarders. The greatest comfort can only be secured by having your own home where you can eat when and (to a certain extent) what you please, where you can choose your own companions or enjoy that solitude which sometimes is the best society.

The advantage of buying a cheap farm is that you can enjoy making your own improvements, for they will be yours to keep and you can have them to suit yourself; you can live as you please; and you can have good food at little cost.

Of course, you will forget all "city style" if you make this experiment. You must make up your mind to live out doors as much as possible. Wear old clothes. Let the children forget the horrors of starched garments; let the boys banish their straight jackets and put on thick outing shirts; let the ladies wear some light woollen material which will permit them to go on tramps around the roads, to make up a black-berrying party for the young folk, to go fishing with the men or squirrel hunting with the boys. What will be the result? All will come back to the city in the fall with strengthened constitutions, bronzed faces, and will show, by all visible signs, that they have had a real, honest vacation, and that it has done them good.

If you wish to be good, first believe that you are bad.—Epictetus.

A Running Sore Pronounced Incurable by Eight Doctors.—Cured by Dr. Chase.

Mr. R. D. Rybins, 148 Cowan Ave., Toronto, says: "I had a bad leg which was simply unsightly. From below the knee to the ankle was one great sore. Eight doctors treated me without success. I was induced to try Dr. Chase's Ointment which cured me, and all that remains to be seen are the scars."

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