

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Palm Sunday.

HARDNESS OF HEART.

To-day if you shall hear His voice, harden not your hearts.

These words, my dear brethren, are taken from the beginning of the office recited by the clergy on this and the following days, up to Holy Thursday. They treat us not to let this time, precious above all others, to go by without making the use of it which our Lord means that we should make; not to let Him show His love for us without giving Him love in return.

"Harden not your hearts." How is it that we harden our hearts? It is by putting off our repentance; by clinging to the world and its pleasures, to the gratification of our sinful passions, and waiting for some time to come when it will be more convenient to give them up, or when we shall feel more strongly moved to do so.

But, my brethren, this is a great and a terrible mistake. It may be, indeed, that God in His goodness and mercy has many graces yet in store for us equal in themselves to those which we have had; but if we have despised and neglected the past ones they will not be the same for us as those were which went before.

A word of warning, a single prayer, the sight of the crucifix or of our Blessed Mother, a pious picture, an Agnus Dei, is enough to move the innocent soul of a child to the love of God; the most powerful mission-sermon often fails to make any impression on one who has spent his life in sin. It is not the grace that is wanting in God's part. No, He is there in His power; His arm is not shortened; He is still mighty to save.

But His voice seems to the deaf ear of the sinner faint and indistinct; His message is the same old story. Yes, it is the same old story; it must be the same, for there is but one. There is but one name under heaven whereby we can be saved; only one Gospel which we can preach, and the sinner has heard it so often with indifference that its interest is gone.

Then—most dangerous delusion of all—he comforts himself with the hope that at least he will die in the grace of God; that somehow or other he will, as he passes from life to death, be brought from death to life. He forgets that the sacraments were not given to give repentance to the sinner; no, they have their object to give pardon and grace to those who have repented.

Do you think it is of the slightest use to anoint with oil the senses of a man who lies unconscious, and who has not, while he had the use of his mind, turned really and truly away in his heart from his sinful life? The priest does it, indeed, in hopes that he may have repented; but how faint is that hope for those who have suddenly been stricken down!

And even if there is more time, even if some sort of confession can be made, is it so sure that the hardened heart, which has all its life loved and clung to its sins, will now love God and hate sin? God's mercy is great, it is true; He may now give extraordinary graces, but He is not bound to do so; and if the ordinary ones have failed before they may also fail now.

Yes, my brethren, now is the time—a better time than your last hour. Now in this Passion season the Precious Blood of Christ is flowing more freely for you than you can expect ever to find it again. Listen to His voice now; do not wait till it becomes fainter. If you have not spent Lent well so far, come now and make the most of the help so abundantly given you in these holy days. Harden not your hearts any longer; it is a dangerous game to play.

A good story, which some of our readers may not have read, is told of a very prominent saint and one who has been always held up by the Church as a model for youth. This model was no other than the great St. Aloysius who died in the Jesuit Order and in the odor of sanctity before he reached manhood. One day, while his class mates were enjoying themselves at recreation in the college grounds, the question went around among them as to what they would wish to be caught doing if an angel from heaven were just then sent down to summon them to judgment. One said he would like to be caught saying his prayers. Another said he would like to be attending the holy sacrifice of the Mass. Still another said he would like to be in the act of receiving Holy Communion; and so it went around until it came to St. Aloysius' turn to speak. His remark was that if the angel of God came to call him then and there, he would not want to go to the church, nor to kneel down and pray, but he would simply wish to continue enjoying his recreation, for thereby he was performing an act of obedience to the rule, and consequently doing the will of God. There's the secret—doing the will of God. The will of God caps all.—Catholic Youth.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Companionship.

Who shall estimate the value of an inspiring and helpful companionship to a young man or a young woman? St. Augustine well said, "Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which after the first or second blow may be drawn out with little difficulty, but being once driven up to the head, the princers cannot take hold to draw it out, but which can only be done by the destruction of the wood."

Parents cannot watch too carefully the companionships of their children. Character is like the most delicate flower, easily injured, but beautiful and fragrant if richly cared for.—Sarah K. Bolton.

Famous Country Boys.

Nearly three-fourths of the men of the United States who have become famous were the sons of farmers and spent a portion of their lives on a farm. For example, Lincoln, Grant, Garfield, Hamlin, Greeley, Tilden, Cleveland, Harrison, Hayes, Blaine and many others almost equally conspicuous in current events or living memory. W. H. Vanderbilt was born in a small New Jersey town. Russell Sage was born in a New York village. Jay Gould spent his early years on his father's farm in New York State. Whittier and Howells spent their youth in villages, the former spending his time between farm employment and his studies.

Little Sins.

There are two ways of coming down from the top of the church steeple. One is to jump down, and the other is to come down by the steps; but both will lead you to the bottom. So, also, there are two ways of going to perdition. One is to walk into it with your eyes open—few people do that;—the other way is to go down by the steps of little sins—and that way, we fear, is only too common. Put up with a few little sins, and you will soon want a few more—even a heathen could say: "Who ever was content with one sin?"—and your course will be regularly worse every year. Well did Jeremy Taylor describe the progress of sin in a man: "First it starts him, then it becomes pleasing, then easy, then delightful, then frequent, then confirmed. Then the man is impatient, then obstinate, and then he is damned."

How Claus Kept Guard.

The Rhine had arisen and flooded a little village on its banks. It was a sad sight. Cheerful homes were suddenly broken up. The comfortable hearth was made wet and cold by the rushing waters. People might be seen in all directions, running, carrying children, clothes, furniture, and many poor families saw all they possessed destroyed by the waters.

To make matters worse, Father Jasper, the parish priest, on the night before the flood, had been obliged to go far across the country to visit a dying man, and was unable to get back to his flock, who was in great need of his advice and consolation. In the confusion, many children were separated from their parents, and among them little Claus. But he was not missed, as his father thought him safe with some of the neighbors. The village church, which stood on higher ground, was the only building not yet hurried out of sight by the flood. But the water was slowly though surely making its way up, and the people thought with sorrow of the beautiful Stations of the Cross, and of the new altar, which, in all probability, would be ruined.

But no one seemed to remember that Father Jasper alone had the key of the tabernacle. Little Claus thought of it, however. "Surely," he said to himself, "some one ought to watch in the church until Father Jasper can come to take our dear Lord away. It is not right that He who loves us so much should be left alone."

And so this thoughtful boy made his way to the church. The steps were already under water, but he splashed through, crept inside, and nestled close up to the railing of the sanctuary. It was growing dark, but Claus was not afraid. A glow of rich crimson fell on him from the cloak of St. Joseph in the stained glass window, and dear St. Nicholas seemed as if blessing him. The shouts and cries outside told him that the river was rising higher, and presently the water came silently trickling over the floor of the church, and Claus crept inside the sanctuary. Then the noise without grew louder, the high doors of the church were burst open by floating timber, and Claus could see before him the ever-moving water and the twinklings of far off lights.

But it never occurred to Claus that he might die there. In fact, he did not think of what might happen. He was there, and it was his duty to stay there. He could not leave the Blessed Sacrament alone. As it reached the fourth step of the pulpit stair, and Claus was driven to the highest altar step, the brave little fellow wondered why the brave little fellow wondered why he did not soon arrive the water would jump out the red light of the sanctuary lamp, but "no," Claus said to himself, "that would not happen—if such a thing were possible the angels themselves would relight it."

Claus took out his rosary and began his prayers. Why did every one leave Our Lord in darkness? Why was he alone? Why the flaxen head drooped lower and lower, until it sank against

the white and gold corner of the altar, and all was silent except the swash of the waters over the marble floor and against the walls.

In the meantime, Father Jasper had reached the hill where his parishioners were collected. There was much grief there, and Claus' parents were more sorrowful than the rest, for their little boy was missing. The flood had begun to subside some hours before, and the good priest, after saying a few words of comfort and hope, made his way in a boat to the church. The water was going down; he waded up the central aisle to the high altar, and thanked God in his heart that the red light still burned. He mounted the altar steps and opened the tabernacle. He turned with the Blessed Sacrament safe in his consecrated hands, and was about to do down to leave the church when he noticed a little figure leaning against the corner of the altar.

He uttered an exclamation of surprise and stooped down. As he did so, the boy opened his eyes: "O Father!" he exclaimed, "I have waited for you so long. I was afraid our dear Lord would be lonely."

"And so you formed yourself into a guard of honor for His protection," said the priest: "surely He will not forget it, my child, and as you have watched over Him, so may He watch over you."

GOOD THOUGHTS.

The weight of the fear of God is the anchor of our soul.—St. Gregory.

Hope the best, get ready for the worst, and take what God sends.

No man may bargain for his future. Reason will teach him this.

To-day for duty, the morrow is, as yet, a dream.

Our Lord is very kind, and very faithful. He never abandons those who trust in Him.—St. Teresa.

They who put off their conversion to their dying hour will find death a cheat.

If the love of God burns in your heart, you will understand that to suffer for God is a joy to which all earthly pleasures are not to be compared.—St. Ignatius.

The education of the heart cannot be effected by a few minutes' daily training. Christian doctrine and Christian morality must permeate the school room.—Catholic Herald.

God regards the motive and not the action. It is not the importance of the action that He considers, but the excellence of the intention which prompts it.—St. Gregory the Great.

Let us recur frequently to the love of our own abjection as an assured refuge against the continual movements of our unhappy inclination to pride.—St. Vincent de Paul.

It is impossible that we should enjoy the blessing which Jesus Christ has acquired for us as the price of His Blood, while we are following our appetites and satisfying our inclinations.—St. Teresa.

No one should trust himself too much, even though he has attained to great union with God, and he be far removed from all creatures, for there is no place so remote, no solitude so retired that the devil may not enter.—St. Teresa.

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together. Our virtues would be proud if our faults whipped them not, and our crimes would despair if they were not cherished by our virtues.—Shakespeare.

They who are not of the unity of the Church do not believe in the intercession of Mary, because they have never made trial of it. But the whole Church is pervaded by a consciousness of her love and power now, as it was in the beginning.—Cardinal Manning.

No man yet came to beggary by giving alms; no man was ever yet made poor by holy prodigality; for by the act in which he impoverished himself he laid God under the pledge, sealed seven times. He gave according to his promise.—Cardinal Manning.

To know others is the only way to know ourselves. To find other men and women better and nobler than we, will teach us humility; to find them poorer in worldly goods, harder-natured, more encompassed with difficulties and perplexities, will teach us pitifulness, toleration, forbearance.

Every man has his own vocation. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to silent exertion. He is like a ship in a river; he runs against obstructions on every side but one; on that side all is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over a deepening channel into an infinite sea.

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Physicians, travellers, pioneers, settlers, invalids and all classes of people of every degree, testify to the medicinal and tonic virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters, the most popular and effective medicine extant. It cures all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

IN A DAY.

LAWRENCE, KANS., U. S. A., Aug. 9, 1893.

George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using

ST. JACOBS OIL.

He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M. D.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

A Priest-Hater Cured.

L. D.—, an old bachelor of sixty-three, in moderate circumstances, gouty and of an irascible disposition, had from his earliest remembrance a singular dislike for priests. He had in every act of his life proved himself to be the chief of those who, hating God themselves, would make the death-chamber a scene of horrors, depriving it of every help from religion. It was characteristic, yet strange, that his fanaticism should lead in this direction.

It was about a week after Easter, L. D.— was taking his after-dinner nap—a most important duty, in his opinion—when he was interrupted by his servant, who asked if he would receive the parish priest.

Had she announced a visit from the Grand Vizier, he would not have been more astonished, or the General of the Jesuits could not have caused more consternation.

A priest in his house! What audacity! "Father—in the parlor," once more said the girl.

"Put him out of doors!" "Then he thought better of it, his curiosity overcoming his aversion.

"Go," he said, "and bring in the fellow; but remember, he is to be watched and ordered out soon, as assassination is easily committed, and that is his errand."

The "fellow" proved to be an old white-haired man, with a mild, kind face. In salutation, he said simply that he had been asked by an unknown person to restore to Mr. D.— the sum of \$500.00, as conscience money.

Such an unexpected gift is bound to produce pleasure, especially when one is not rich.

For a moment he was stupefied. His religious understanding had not been properly developed nor was his knowledge of Catholic belief much to boast of. What he saw was an act of superior delicacy in a totally disinterested person; to a Catholic it was a mere matter of confession, necessary restitution and some direction on the part of the confessor. The priest explained what seemed so marvellous to Mr. D.—, and his admiration and wonder increased as similar mysteries were made clear.

He said that he could never doubt again that the clergy in general taught sound morality, but he had, he confessed, taken the priest to be one of Jesuits.

The Father smiled, saying that it would take too long to explain to Mr. D.— that a Jesuit was as good as any other priest. In short, when they separated they were charmed with each other. In a few days the priest returned the visit he had received.

After some time spent in the priest's little house, he was taken to the garden and, as both were amateur florists, it seemed a little paradise. He immediately suggested sending some tulip bulbs, some rose-grafting and half a hundred poles to prop up a bed of sweet-peas. His liking and admiration for the Father could not be restrained. So commenced a strong and lasting friendship.

From time to time the old man has an attack of the gout and promises himself that at the next severe twinge he will ask his good friend to hear his confession; it will be a long one, we are sure, and a sincere one let us hope.—Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

The Sanctuary of the Mind.

At the top of his mind the devout scholar has a holy of holies, a little pathos set around with altars and the images of the greatest men. Every day, putting on a priestly robe, he retires into this temple and passes before its shrines and shapers. Here he feels a thrill of awe; there he lays a burning aspiration; farther on he swings a censor of reverence. To one he lifts a look of love; at the feet of another he drops grateful tears; and before another still, a flush of pride and joy suffuses him; sometimes they speak and wave their solemn hands. Always they look up to the highest. Purified and hallowed, he gathers his soul together, and comes away from the worshipful intercourse, serious, serene, glad and strong.

MEDICAL HINTS.

Cure for Dyspepsia. As is well known, this troublesome complaint arises from over-eating, the use of too much rich food, neglected constipation, lack of exercise, bad air, etc. The food should be thoroughly chewed and never heated or swallowed in haste, stimulants must be avoided and exercise taken if possible. A remedy which has rarely failed to give prompt relief and effect permanent cures, even in the most obstinate cases, is Burdock Blood Bitters. It acts by regulating and toning the digestive organs, removing costiveness and increasing the appetite and restoring health and vigor to the system. As a case in point we quote from a letter written by Miss L. A. Kuhn, of Hamilton, Ont.: "Two years ago I felt myself a burden. I could not eat the simplest food without being in dreadful misery in my stomach, under my shoulders and across the back of my neck. Medical advice failed to procure relief, and seeing E. B. B. advertised, I took two bottles of it, and have been entirely free from any symptoms of my complaint since."

This gives very conclusive proof of the efficacy of this wonderful remedy.

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