

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Low Sunday.

FAITH.

"Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God." (1 St. John, v. 5.)

The first lesson which we learned, my dear brethren, from the life of our Blessed Lord on Easter Day was a lesson of peace. To-day we are concerned with another lesson. It is the lesson of Faith, and to them that learn well this lesson our Lord promises His special blessing.

What, then, is faith? "Now, faith is the substance of things to be hoped for; the evidence of things that appear not." It is an evidence; a certitude higher than any evidence or certitude of the senses. St. Louis of France as of the precocious child, when some well-to-do man constrained him to see a miraculous appearance of our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist to confirm his faith, he said that his faith was stronger without the miracle than with it, and he refused to see the miracle.

Faith, then, gives to the man that has it a certitude of all things higher than any other certitude we can have in this life. Human reason assures us of certain facts, of certain existences, but divine faith leads us on above human reason to the author of the facts, to the Creator and Preserver and Law-giver of those existences. So that the man who has the gift of divine faith knows more certainly facts and existences than he who has it not, because by this gift he refers them all to the Absolute, they being all only relative.

The gift of faith, as every Catholic knows, is given in baptism. Now, what is there in the gift of baptism which constitutes the baptized man a new creature in the sight of God, considering that the natural man is one who is wounded by original sin in his intellect, will, and affections? Considering this, I say, we ask how can this soul, born into the world under this sad condition, be recreated? Christ, speaking to Nicodemus, gives us the answer: "Except man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." To-day it will concern us to consider only one of these gifts, the gift of the intellect.

By baptism man is given, as we said, the gift of faith. Now, faith is the act of the recreated intellect, and only of the recreated intellect. It is a divinely inspired gift by which the baptized man is enabled to apprehend the acts of God and believe them as true. It is a divinely inspired gift by which not only can he penetrate the unseen, by which the visible things of this world become clearer and more visible, because we begin to see them in the light in which God sees them. Therefore, wisely does the Church sing every Sunday in the Mass, "I believe in all things, visible and invisible."

So, then, the gift of faith puts into the soul of every baptized man a capacity for receiving the truth and nothing but the truth. Such is the advantage the Christian has over the unbaptized man. He has a quality which enables him to reach the grand end for which God in the beginning created him. By means of the gift of faith, then, man passes to union with God. By use of the divine gift man becomes, as it were, filled with God and sharer of the divine beatitude. It is a gift which, used rightly, makes him apprehend truth in matters of faith and morals, so that it needs but the special action of the Holy Spirit in the case of the Pope to make him the infallible exponent of the Church in these matters.

Every baptized person has the capacity, but not all do, will, or can use it. The most that many a man can do is to recognize the truth when he hears it as truth, but not to find it out. This, then, is a gift, for, if you will, a divine inspiration, left to the sons and daughters of the Church for their own special heritage. It divides them from those without by a chasm as wide as that between Dives and Lazarus, and which nothing but the very gift itself can cause to cross the gulf.

Such is the reason why men who wander in error so often come at last to the end, and become good Catholics. Because they have perceived that to the mind of the baptized, good and divine Catholic, there is a certainty in all things, both visible and invisible, which science, false philosophy, and the world never admit of. Guard, then, and keep alive and burning the gift of faith, and the earnest and constant use of the Sacraments, that it may be said of you at the last: "Blessed is he, because, though he saw not, yet he believed."

Heresy is Charged.

According to the London Daily News, the attitude of the Pope towards the Anglican orders will possibly be marked by a change in a few weeks. Cardinal Vaughan and Canon Noyes have produced a document dealing historically with the whole problem, and it contends these orders, under twenty heads, of heresy by negation or omission. The consequent invalidity of the Anglican orders follows.

The latest results of pharmaceutical science and the best modern appliances are availed of in compounding Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Hence, though half-a-century in existence as a medicine, it is fully abreast of the age in all that goes to make it the standard blood-purifier.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Monday Morning Surprise.

"And help mamma all you can," Gracie was reading her Sunday school paper; and these words in a story that a far-off auntie had written to her little niece.

It was Monday morning, and out in the hot, close kitchen Gracie could hear the rub, rub of the clothes on the wash-board, and the splash and ding of the waterpails, as the hired man in his heedless way, filled boiler and tubs for Gracie's tired mother.

"And help mamma all you can," Gracie had turned the leaf and the words were not on the page she was now reading, but they seemed to be on every page.

"That was what Aunt Clara wrote little Elsie, and it does not mean me at all," she thought with a guilty flush creeping over her face, for Gracie knew that her own dear mamma needed helping that very moment.

One, two, three columns of the paper were half read in a hurry to drive away uncomfortable thoughts, but she could not, and the story she had been so eagerly following had lost all its interest.

"Help mamma all I can! Well, I will."

And the paper was flung aside with such a rustle that grandpa looked up over his glasses to see what the noise meant.

Gracie looked about the room in which she and grandpa were sitting.

"Oh, dear, it's all upset and I do hate to sweep and dust! Mamma won't expect me to do it!"

No, Gracie's mother did not; for she had found it so much harder work trying to teach her little ten-year-old girl to do such tasks neatly and thoroughly and willingly than to do them herself, that she had let all the work fall on to herself.

The chairs were in a huddle, the table littered with crumpled papers, the hearth and carpet dingy with dust and every rug askew, with kicked up corners.

How tired and discouraged such disorderly rooms do make a jaded mother feel, when she comes in from her hard, hot work in the kitchen to put another corner of her home to rights!

Watch your mother's face sometime, little girl, and see if it does not grow rested and happy when she finds her thoughtful little daughter has neatly done the work that the mother thought was waiting.

Gracie knew just what the sitting room needed. She tumbled the dusty rugs out on the green grass in the yard, carried the chairs into the front entry to save them from an extra coat of dust, carefully folded and placed in a pile every paper except the one grandpa was reading, and put everything in perfect order.

Then she stole out in the kitchen for broom and dust pan, and Gracie's mother, bent low over her wash, was so blind with steam and suds, and so deaf with the steady rub rub, slish slish of her clothes, she did not see or hear the little girl who scudded past her.

Did you know that any ten-year-old girl can sweep quickly and well when her arms are strong and willing and careful? And I think the careful, willing part counts more than strength.

Before grandpa had thought of moving out of the windward breeze of that Monday morning clearing up, there was the whisk of a busy broom round his chair, and Gracie's brown braids came between his eyes and the newspaper.

"Come, grandpa; please move. I want to sweep where you are sitting," sent him and his big chair trundling across the floor upon a patch of sunshine by the window, where the light was better and the carpet brushed free of every dust speck.

Scratch, whisk! In every corner and turkey wing in every corner and in the chairs, the table cover straightened; the brittle cedar boughs in the open grate replaced with fragrant fresh ones, and the mantel vase filled with sweet scented flowers from the garden, bedded with dew and bright with color, the room looked and felt restful.

Grandpa must have thought so, for he went soundly to sleep in his arm-chair by the window, with his newspaper across his face and the sunshine flooding him with a warm bath.

Gracie softly clicked the latch after her when she went out to hang broom and dust pan in their place. Satisfied with herself that if she had read a half-dozen interesting stories that Monday forenoon and imagined she was the good girl in each.

"Help mamma all you can." "The words of Aunt Clara's letter popped right to the top again, just as soon as Gracie stepped into the kitchen, for there was the wringer she could turn for her heated, weary mother, and stretch to stir, and one, two, three baskets of clothes to help carry out and spread on the green grass in the back garden and a hundred steps to take for her mother in helping clear up the steamy, sloppy kitchen.

But the best of all came afterward, and that was when tubs and washer had been put away until another Monday,

day, and the last floor board had been rubbed bright. Gracie's mother gave her rolled up sleeves a little hitch and twist to tighten them, coiled the loosened, grey-streaked hair a little closer and with such tired arms and face, reached for the broom and duster. Then she opened the sitting-room door, and, oh, I wish you helpful and unhelpful little girls could have seen her face then!

It paid Gracie twenty times over for all her work. Why, the very coolness and sweet restfulness of the fragrant, orderly room seemed to come right into her face.

I do think if I were a ten-year-old girl, I would plan just such surprises for my mother every week I lived with her. Try it, little girls, and see if a sweet share of the rest and happiness you give your tired mother does not fill your own heart.

A METHODIST VIEW.

Rev. C. J. Jackson, of Columbus, O., Eulogizes the Church.

The following sermon, which was delivered by Rev. J. C. Jackson, sr., in Wesley Chapel, Columbus, O., and which we take from the Ohio State Journal is creditable to the Christian spirit which animated it, and, with the exception of one or two points, and taking into account the point of view, was highly commendable. His remarks were prefaced by the reading of several points of Catholic doctrine as enunciated by the Very Rev. Dean McCarty of the Newark diocese.

His text was from Ephesians ii, 19: "Fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God; built up upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Christ Jesus Himself being the chief corner-stone." In substance, Dr. Jackson said:

The Roman Catholic is the oldest Christian Church represented to any considerable extent in America. It is a co-ordinate branch of the Church. Anybody who is not by his unfortunate mental or moral constitution a bigot must recognize this. We need not endorse all points in the character of either a Church or individual in order to see good in them. There are many things in the Roman Catholic faith with which we take issue, but this should not prevent us from recognizing what truths are held alike by all. The Roman Catholic, in common with Christian Churches generally, is built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ Himself being the chief corner-stone. When we Protestants go below what we consider their human addition to the doctrine of Christ and the apostles, we find we are at one with them upon such fundamental truths as that of sin, atonement, regeneration, judgment, heaven and hell. As Methodists, we far more nearly agree with Roman Catholic teaching upon some points than we do with the Calvinists. We, therefore, recognize them as fellow-citizens with the saints and of the household of God.

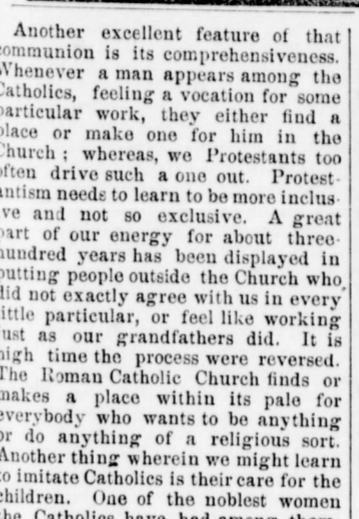
There is no manual of devout meditation—next after the bible—more in use among Protestants than Thomas A. Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," of which Wesley prepared an edition for the Methodists. The hymns of Jesus and of heaven sung by Bernard of Clairvaux and Bernard of Cluny and Thomas of Celano are repeated Sabbath after Sabbath by the choirs and congregations of Christendom, and will go on singing until they sing themselves into the New Jerusalem. Newman's "Lead Kindly Light," embodies the aspirations of many a Protestant heart, and Faber's "There's a Wilderness in God's Mercy," one of the very sweetest tones in the Church universal, voices the jubilation and working over in the Father's love throughout the whole round world. In his sermons on "A Catholic Spirit" John Wesley says the only question he will ask: "Is thy heart as my heart? If it give me thy hand." Oh, the great-hearted liberality and breadth of John Wesley! Let us who call ourselves by his name learn to imitate it.

One of the things in which Protestants might well follow the Catholics is their habit of fixing eyes on the distant future, and planning and working for it. From the days of Pope Gregory until now there has been a distinguished characteristic of that communion. Their plans are not subject to the fluctuating opinions of one Pope, or one generation, or one century; they reach above and beyond these and embrace all time to come.

There is something extremely impressive, and even magnificent, in this long look ahead. Catholics evidently feel that though men may come and men may go, their Church is to go on forever. Catholics taunt us sometimes with putting weather vanes on our churches as if to indicate that we change our policy with every wind; while they place their cross, emblematic of the Christ who hung on it, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.

There is an uncomfortable amount of truth in the charge. Protestantism is prone to shortsighted measures which sacrifice everything to present effect. If we cannot do a thing in a few years we will not attempt it at all. In the Methodist Church particularly, our system of itinerancy is against all permanence of plans. In Protestantism generally we breed litterers of little theologians who swar off a century and cry, "Lo, this is the way," and "Lo, that!" and another century has vanished into the oblivion from which they came. We build temporary buildings that scarcely rival the tents of the wandering Arabs in stability, as if, like the Arabs, we expected to fold them over night and silently steal away.

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Another excellent feature of that communion is its comprehensiveness. Whenever a man appears among the Catholics, feeling a vocation for some particular work, they either find a place or make one for him in the Church; whereas, we Protestants too often drive such a one out. Protestantism needs to learn to be more inclusive and not so exclusive. A great part of our energy for about three hundred years has been displayed in putting people outside the Church who did not exactly agree with us in every little particular, or feel like working just as our grandfathers did. It is high time the process were reversed. The Roman Catholic Church finds or makes a place within its pale for everybody who wants to be anything or do anything of a religious sort. Another thing wherein we might learn to imitate Catholics is their care for the children. One of the noblest women the Catholics have had among them, told us lately that the neglect of our children was the greatest weakness of Protestantism. She said the Roman Catholic Church laid hold upon the children so strongly that the rule was "Once a Catholic, always a Catholic." And it is true.

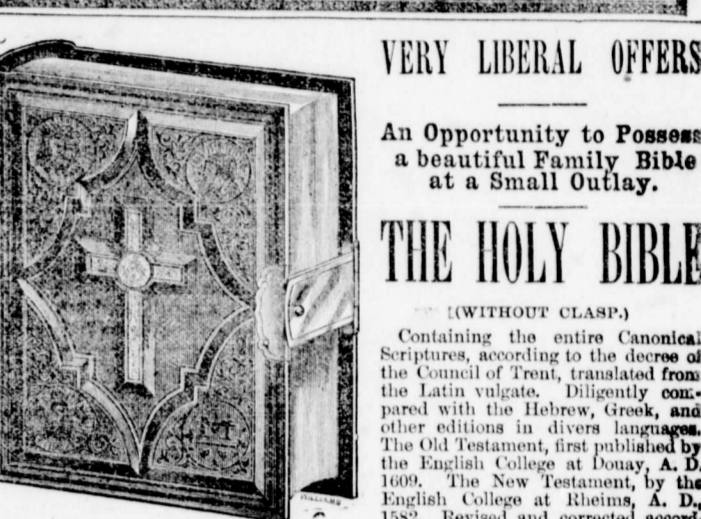
Again, Roman Catholics are not ashamed of their religion. They carry it into every place and everything. They will attend to their devotions in the church on a week day, before a throng of sight-seers, in a hotel parlor, in a public conveyance, when a Protestant, under like circumstances, would omit them. In politics they are not first of all Republicans, or Democrats, or Populists; but first of all, Roman Catholics, and then the other thing. If they have a club or a military company they call it "The Young Men's Catholic Club" or "Cadets of St. Patrick," or some name that labels it as Catholic; while Protestants never think of giving such organizations names that indicate our religious proclivities. Catholics carry their religion into church architecture.

You can always tell a Catholic religious building by some ecclesiastical sign; while in many parts of the country, particularly in the East, we seem to delight in making our churches as secular in appearance as possible. They bear it in their very clothes. You can tell a priest or nun always by their dress; while many of us Protestant ministers think it desirable to look as little ministers as possible. These things produce upon the outside world the impression that Catholics are not ashamed of their religion, which is a most advantageous impression to make.

There are other points for which they are to be commended, upon which I cannot speak at length. There, for example, is the work of their Sisters of Charity. I never look upon their uniform without an involuntary thrill of tender gratitude. For I remember— and ever shall— that once during the civil war, when I lay with thousands of others, a more broken, quivering fragment of human flesh, cast aside from the onward march of the great army, it was the kind hand of a Sister of Charity, washing my face and putting cool water on my head, that first aroused me, and her words of praise and cheer that put heart again into the homesick boy. And what old soldier is there who ever saw "Angels of the Battlefield," with their white head-dress mingling with the mad rush of galloping batteries and hurrying regiments, but feels almost like kneeling down and worshipping them? We do not want to hear the Sisters spoken of unkindly. There were good Protestant women there, thousands of them—more than of the Catholic women—but the garb of the Catholics somehow made the greatest impression upon me. I am glad that in our Methodist Deaconess movement, as well as in the sisterhoods of the Episcopal Church, Protestants are beginning to employ women in new ways of usefulness.

Then there is the noble stand the Pope has taken in the encyclical upon the labor question. There is much, also, that might be said in praise of the Catholic attitude on the social purity question, and in the divorce reform. She is one of the main anchors of the family in our American life. In the temperance reform the trumpet of the Baltimore council gave a clear sound; and in Ohio and other states her Bishops are rendering hearty and valuable service. On the Sabbath question, what a noble utterance was that of Mgr. Sison of Jersey City, when we were having our struggle in the "Greater New York."

I wish now, as a Protestant minister, to say to my fellow-churchmen that in the struggle for morality and reform which are ahead of us in this country, we will need all the help from Catholics we can get. If they are treated as they ought to be, treated as fellow-Christians and members of the same household of faith, we will find their ten million of people coming into line with us; and in all probability furnishing the decisive force that shall win the battle for righteousness. We are now facing foreignism, atheism, and lawlessness of all sorts. None but fools will slight those signs and



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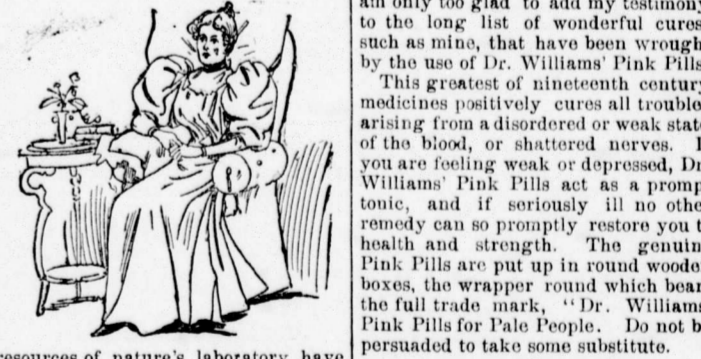
godly Catholics who are naturally our best allies.

THE MYSTERY OF PAIN.

What are its Causes and why is it Permitted?—The Great Work That is Being Done by Bright Minds in Alleviating Human Suffering—A Case Affording a Striking Illustration.

From the Erin Advocate.

From the time when man first peopled the earth down to the present day, the mystery of pain has filled all hearts with wonder and terror. What are its causes, why is it permitted, and what its uses are in the great economy of nature? All these questions men have asked of themselves and of one another, but the question has found no solution. All that can be done is to devise ways of relieving physical suffering, and bright minds have assisted tender hearts in bringing aid to the afflicted. All the vast



resources of nature's laboratory have been pressed into service to the end that tortured bodies might have succor from anguish, and know the peace that only health can bring. And what more natural than that these poor victims of disease thus released from suffering should desire to aid in the extension of the knowledge of the means whereby they have been benefited?

Such a one is Miss Drusilla Shingler, of Erin, Ont., who tells a tale of pain endured through weary years, and of final relief and cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, the greatest medicine of the age. Miss Shingler says: "Twelve years ago I became afflicted with rheumatism, from which I have suffered greatly. Two years later this trouble was aggravated by a growth which started in the throat, and which each year became larger and larger, until it finally became so bad that I could hardly obtain any sleep, as when I would lie down it would fill my throat, causing a feeling of suffocation. What I suffered is almost beyond description, and all the medical aid I had did me no good, and I was told that I could only hope for relief through the medium of an operation. I dreaded such a course, and declined undergoing the operation. All this time the rheumatism was taking a firmer hold

upon my system, and I felt like giving up in despair. I lost the power of my limbs and my hands got so bad that I could scarcely hold anything. At this stage a friend, who from personal experience had strong faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, bought me a supply and urged me to try them. I thought I felt an improvement after I had used a little more than a box, and after using them for a few weeks there was no longer room to doubt that they were helping me. I was taking the Pink Pills in the hope of finding relief from the rheumatism, but to my great joy I found that the medicine was not only driving this painful malady from my system but was also driving away the growth in my throat. The result was that after I had used about a dozen boxes of Pink Pills I was completely cured, and although a considerable time has now elapsed, I have not had a recurrence of either trouble, and am enjoying the best of health. For the sake of my statement may be to others, I am only too glad to add my testimony to the long list of wonderful cures such as mine, that have been wrought by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This greatest of nineteenth century medicines positively cures all troubles arising from a disordered or weak state of the blood, or shattered nerves. If you are feeling weak or depressed, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act as a prompt tonic, and if seriously ill no other remedy can so promptly restore you to health and strength. The genuine Pink Pills are put up in round wooden boxes, the wrapper round which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

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