

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost.

THE SUCCESSFUL CHRISTIAN.

"A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among robbers."—(St. Luke x. 30).

This man described in to-day's Gospel, my brethren, is a type of mankind. Suppose any one who had determined to climb a mountain, and had made all his preparations, were to say, after he had gone for a few hundred feet, "Oh! this is too hard work; I will go back." Do you not think his neighbors would laugh at him? Yes. "Surely," they would say, "there is one who has no energy; he never will amount to much!" So it is with the world. The man who surely mounts to the pinnacle of fame or wealth or honor to which he aspires is called great, and has the respect and admiration of the world. Success is the measure of the world's estimate of man's efforts in this age, and he who does not succeed must, so far as this world is concerned, go to the wall. If this is so in the world, how much more in the Christian life! Who is the successful Christian? He who is sober, pious, and good, or he who is intemperate, profane and wicked? Who is the successful Christian? He who is constantly climbing the ladder of well-doing, or he who falls back as soon as he sets his foot on the first rung?

The very first thing we notice in the parable in to-day's Gospel about this man is that he had turned back on Jerusalem and was going down. It is evident that one must go either up or down on the road to heaven; one cannot stand still.

But notice my brethren, the consequences of this backward journey, as he went further away; at last he fell among robbers. So it will be in the Christian life, if men do not keep their minds constantly set on heaven and its attainment. They will begin committing little venial sins deliberately, going down, down, and before they know where they are mortal sin is taken them. They have fallen into the hands of the robber chief, Satan, and he has despoiled them of their treasure and has left them in the hope that they may die before help comes.

There is but one way to avoid this fate, and that is by keeping one's self free from sin; by preserving ever a high standard of right and sticking to it. Don't get started on the downward track, for it is too easy to go on it, and the end is disastrous if you are not stopped. By the aid of prayer, with the help of the Sacraments, and all the other assistances which the Church provides and suggests, climb to the top of the mountain of perfection and reach heaven as your everlasting reward. Never turn your back on heaven to go down hill, lest when accounts are squared up at the last day your lot may fall with the unsuccessful ones.

THAT TIME IS NOW.

Whenever a Catholic—a Christian of any denomination—gets stung by the red adder of Socialism it is notable how soon he becomes critical of the Christian religion and its attitude toward the Socialistic cult.

A common assertion of Catholics who think themselves Socialists is that the Popes, the Cardinals, and the Archbishops, Bishops, and priests who have condemned Socialism really do not understand it or they would never denounce it.

One hears this over and over; but really it is ridiculous. The Popes, Cardinals, Archbishops and Bishops referred to are admittedly scholarly men and deep thinkers. If they do not understand it it must be a most involved and amazing puzzle and unworthy the world's attention.

One cannot thoroughly understand Masonry without being initiated, or the philosophy of Nietzsche without being crazy as Nietzsche. Is this true of the Socialistic aberration?

It is a fact, however, that no student of Socialism may dare to deny that Karl Marx, Engels, La Salle, Liebknecht, Höpfer and other Socialists leaders declare that under Socialism free-love will obtain.

And it is also a fact that if St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Gregory the Great, St. Thomas Aquinas and other doctors of the Church openly taught that free love would obtain as a result of Catholic teaching millions of Catholics would march out of the Catholic Church. Why, don't those "Catholic and Socialists" march out of the Socialistic camp?

It is a fact, moreover, that Babel, Liebknecht, Labriola and other leaders declare that a real Socialist must be an atheist. If Catholic Popes and doctors of the Church taught this, Catholics would fling aside their religion as worthless. Why do not "Socialist Catholics" fling aside Socialism as something infamous and dangerous? Why are they not consistent?

How can any man look his wife in the face and dare to proclaim himself a Socialist when he knows that the leaders of Socialism state that it stands for free-love?

How can he look into the eyes of his little children when he knows that the leaders of the movement he espouses teach that under Socialism such children shall be taken from father and mother and turned over to the tender mercies of the Social State?

How may he kneel down by his bedside to pray when he knows that the leaders of the movement with which he has allied himself—Babel, Liebknecht, Labriola and similar—declare there is no God?

There are burdens—God knows there are burdens—and there are terrible wrongs and injustices; but no man can right them by advocating a cause that teaches that there is no God, no heaven, no hell, nor any moral law. It is a time for honest, God-fearing workingmen to think, and think the truth.—Syracuse Catholic Sun.

ANGLICAN CONTINUITY.

ITS REPLY IS REBUTED BY THE FACTS. Rev. Bernard Vaughan, the famous Jesuit orator, in a recent lecture discussed the theory of the Anglicans, who claim that their church is the direct continuation of the Church of the Apostles. He said that to him there was something almost humorous in people trying to make out that the Catholic Church in England was the Protestant Church by law established, and yet he had received letters by the score assuring him that, by following the Pope, he had put himself outside the pale of Christ's Church, and that the true successor of St. Augustine was his Grace of Canterbury. He wished he could invite St. Augustine to stand between the Archbishops of Canterbury and Westminster and say publicly which of the two he recognized as his Catholic brother. What entertained him not a little was the arrogance of people who undertook to teach

THE OLD CATHOLIC FAMILIES of England that they were not the representatives of the old religion of old England. Was there ever such a conspiracy against the logic of historical facts? So long as those families had in their possession archives dating from the Conquest downward, which showed that to day they were still practising the traditions which their Catholic forefathers had handed down to them as the most precious of heirlooms, it seemed to him to be waste of time, not to say a libel on history, for members of any other Church to proclaim that those families were merely followers of a modern "Italian mission." They all knew that a certain bird was credited with invading and appropriating the nest that another bird had built for itself and for its brood. Continuity of blood was not generally recognized between the robber bird and the bird that had been ostracized. There was the same relation between the Church robbers of the sixteenth century and of the Church builders before it, as between the birds referred to. He failed to see what good purpose was served in reading into history what only came to being with the invention of the modern theory. Anyhow, the old Catholic families of this country knew for a fact that their ancestors professed and practiced before the so-called Reformation the same religion as they did to-day.

AS NOW, SO OF OLD, there were pilgrimages of homage to the Pope, there was the Mass from their chaplain, there was the belief in the Real Presence, there was regular Communion, and regular confession, particular devotion to the Blessed Virgin, shrines for the dead, visits to the shrines of saints and veneration of their relics. He was beginning to believe that if Catholics had the monopoly of nothing else, they had at any rate the monopoly of humor. He was at a loss to know how the Catholics of England to-day differed from the Catholics of England in a day gone by. Would it not be better to take history as they found it? Did it not speak clearly and eloquently enough in its cathedrals, ministers, and abbeys, in its universities as well as in its guilds and its ecclesiastical ornaments, of what was once the definitely professed religion of this country?

The preacher said he could fully understand the position of those who said they were glad to have got rid of all Catholicism, and that England if anything was Protestant pure and simple, but he could not stand humbly before, and in nonsense being palmed upon them as authentic history. Catholicism was one thing and Protestantism another. Why this present conundrum about names? Father Vaughan then went on to deal with the Papal claims, and he contended that there was no breaking away from the fact that the Gospel story taught them that Jesus Christ had appointed his successors as the principal of stability and unity to His Church. Those who were interested in explaining away the texts referred to make a hideous mess of it. For not only St. Matthew but St. Luke no less had left it on record that Christ had promised an efficacious prayer for Peter who was always to be the confessor of his brethren, holding them in unity in the household of faith—the Church. Furthermore, in the first gospel as well as in the last they were reminded of Blessed Peter's position, and if they wanted more from Holy Writ they had it in abundance in the Acts. But he still maintained that whatever non Catholics choose to think of the Papal claims, they could not shut their eyes to the fact that up to the sixteenth century our countrymen recognized the Pope.

CHRIST'S VICEREGENT ON EARTH. Father Vaughan said that he had once had a long controversy with a railway guard upon the Petrine claims. One dark night shortly afterwards that same guard, covered with mud, with his clothes torn, called upon him. He had been in an accident on the line; the pointman's signal had failed them. "Well," said the preacher, "now I will show you the difference between our positions. Both of us have a time-table which we recognize to be infallibly true; but you pay no attention to the pointman, because you go simply by the book. The inevitable consequence of such a practice must be, sooner or later, an accident. I call that Protestantism. We, too, have an infallible guide book; but, in order to secure ourselves against accident on the line, and in order to make certain, when the journey is done, of slowing surely and safely into the everlasting terminus, we have a signalman on the line called Peter the Pointman. With the Book for purposes of general guidance, and the Pointman in the signal-box to interpret difficult passages and to meet unforeseen circumstances—to warn, to check, to pull up the many travellers on so many points of departure, all danger of accident along the lines is reduced to a minimum.

"CATHOLICS CAN BOOK THROUGH; Protestants would do well to change, at very latest, at the junction; better still, to follow the written Word interpreted by living authority, and you will

find yourself at the end of the journey of life slowing up alongside the right arrival platform." Life was a journey from earth to heaven, and who could hope without a divinely appointed guide to find his way thither? No doubt they all had the guide-book, and precious it was; but it admitted of too many different interpretations to be in the hands of the living authority with the right to explain it. In other words to him the inspiration of Scripture implied necessarily an infallible interpreter. Catholics dealt with the Bible; Protestants with the Pope; the legitimate successor to the Pope as the legitimate successor of St. Peter, the Divinely-appointed principle of unity and stability to the Church of Christ.

THE PASSING OF A SOUL.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

She looked very frail and pitiful as she lay there in bed, the faintest color tingling her cheeks, her hair straying over the pillows in tangled profusion; she was a something it pained one to see, like an injured bird or torn up flower. All winter and spring had she lain ill, with now and then a flicker of vitality, (which served to buoy up false hopes) but day by day growing steadily weaker. At last the end was near; she was passing swiftly, passing out into the great unknown, and she knew it not. It was late in July. The warm sun seeped through the drawn blinds, a yellow glow, making more ghastly the poor wan features. The sounds of the city, diminished by distance, were heard faintly in the room—bells tinkling musically, the rumble of a distant carriage, the merry shouts of children at play. Outside the window a bee hummed inquiringly to know where it well to enter; on second thoughts he buzzed noisily into the room and set to work industriously on a vase of flowers standing near the bedside. The world was full of life and joy on that hot July afternoon; "it was good to be here"—or at least it seemed so, and to her who was the prey of death life seemed good, and sweet, and very precious indeed.

She must have been asleep a long while, for she awoke refreshed; it seemed as though she had been awake before and she felt as though a load had been lifted from her. She lay there idly dreaming, a thousand fancies flitting through her brain, with a delicious feeling of peace and well-being. But it was hard for her to fix her thoughts, she could not remember very clearly where she was or how she came there. Ah yes! of course she recollected now, it came to her in a flash—she had been sick, very sick indeed! And so long! She thought for a while she was never going to get better. Those awful nights—oh, the torture of them! When she coughed and coughed, hour after hour, a ceaseless racking cough, until her lungs seemed torn asunder and every part of her body felt like one great raw sore. How she used long for the morning! Her head ached, her eyes were so sore, and she had been sick, very sick indeed! Then she would have given all she ever saw just for one hour's sleep or even respite, but it was denied her. Oh, it was cruel, cruel, what had she ever done to be treated thus? And then, embittered with agony, she would give way to paroxysms of anger against herself, against those worn out from attending on her. She was sorry, of course, now, for having been so angry in fact, she could scarcely understand it, she felt so gentle and self-satisfied to day. It was not really she who said these cruel, bitter things that stung like a lash, but a poor mite tortured with life-weary and death fear, who was not really responsible. But now all that was over, the suffering and pain were gone, the awful cough had disappeared, for having been so angry by summer suns and July breezes, and all she had to do now was regain her strength and make up to her dear ones for all the trouble given them. Yes, thank God, she had passed the crises safely, she was going to live and be herself again. God was good; He had been very good to her indeed.

But here was a strange thing. She puzzled over, for long while, and still could make nothing of it. The priest seemed very grave these last few days, when all danger was evidently over. He insisted on giving her the last sacraments, but then he was always nervous and frightened and fond of looking at the black side of things. And then he told her a lot about heaven; how there our real existence begins in a more direct way, in a less short-spaced and is gone; heaven lasts forever. In heaven there is no pain or sin; no misunderstandings or regrets; no tears, or partings, or sad good byes; all are united forever, and in heaven we know our own. Our faculties too, far from being impaired, are strengthened and made more perfect. Does not even this earth, with its myriad things of interest and mystery, form an inexhaustible object of knowledge, infinitely greater than men have hitherto been able to compass? Yet earth is not even a speck of dust compared to heaven, where God dwells in light inaccessible and communicates to each creature as much light and knowledge and happiness as it has the power of receiving. Such things, and many more she could not remember, he told her about heaven, and finished with: "Little girl, you will reach heaven before me, and mind, do not forget me when you have got your crown." She laughed then, she smiled incredulously now. It was really absurd to think an elderly man would outlive her. What a surprise he would get on seeing her one of those Sundays at Mass all radiant with renewed youth and vigor. Then she began to ask herself what she would wear her first Sunday out?

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Would it be advisable for her to go into the country for a few weeks? Would she be strong enough to put in an appearance at a long talk of party? Such children are we, so utterly are our fancies beyond control, that at the most solemn moments trifles beset us, and the holiest and most frivolous ideas course almost simultaneously through our busy brains.

As her thoughts wandered thus idly from one topic to another, a door opened softly somewhere, a whispered colloquy took place, followed by a stifled sob. "Sinking fast; and not far off now," she heard, as in a dream, and she wondered dimly what they were talking about. A placid curiosity excited her interest; she would like to know what was meant without the exertion of inquiring. She had not sufficient energy to ask questions now, there were so many to be asked, and she was so weary, so utterly, inexpressibly tired! Of course that was only to be expected after such a long illness; she was not equal to much yet, but every day would bring increased strength when all the questions could be asked and answered at leisure. Her mother came and kissed her with twitching lips, leaving hot tears on her face. Strange that mother should be crying, she thought, and wondered what was the matter, but was too tired to ask. Next Sunday, please God, she would be down stairs to dinner and could find out all about it then. Her sisters came in red-eyed and weeping. What could be the matter? Had they heard any bad news? Again she wondered and wanted to ask, but weariness overcame her. A delicious, powerful languor, sweet and clinging, was chaining all her senses. Her lips were moving, but she could make no sound; her hearing was getting dulled; the eyelids she strove so bravely to keep open drooped steadily in spite of her. She felt herself being lulled to sleep by sweet sounds and soothing motions, but it was a sleep such as she had never known before. She fancied herself gliding along a beautiful river, whose wavelets sparkled in the sun, and rocked her gently, and sang a lullaby to her as they hastened by. Her mother and sisters kept pace with her on the bank, making signs to her and encouraging her. But she felt no fear. Why should she? Were they not with her, and was she not day-dreaming in her own home? Amidst the rippling of the water she heard as from a great distance:

Lord have mercy on her.
Christ have mercy on her.
Holy Mary pray for her.
All ye holy angels and archangels pray for us.

And now the rushing of the water increased, it roared and foamed around her, the waves tossed her roughly and tossed her from side to side, no longer could she see her dear ones or hear the friendly voices. She was puzzled, very puzzled, but, above all, tired and anxious to be at rest. There now! already the noise was dying away, the waves had fallen, and she was gliding calmly into port. She saw through half open eyelids a shore of enchanting beauty, an island sea-studded with islands, overhead the posies blue and the glorious sunshine flooding all. She was perfectly satisfied and happy. She felt herself reaching home. By a great effort she raised herself, her eyes opened quite wide, she stretched out her poor wasted arms, "Oh Mother!" she said quite loudly, one long drawn sigh of relief escaped her. She lay back and was still.

WILLIAM P. H. KITCHIN.

A NEEDED CORRECTION.

The Catholic Sentinel of Portland Ore., says: "Centuries of Protestant bigotry and misrepresentation have fastened in the English language the word Jesuitism, with an opprobrious meaning of cunning or deceit. A deep injustice has been done a worthy man who, taken as a whole, have led angular, upright and blameless lives, and who have been conspicuous from the foundation of the society to the present day for their devotion to learning and to the cause of the education of the young. It is a gross calumny on the Jesuit order to accuse its members of holding to a system of questionable morality. Catholics have become pretty well hardened to this calumny, however, and are not ordinarily very much moved thereby, but yet Catholic readers of the Oregonian were pained to see in that paper's editorial columns on Tuesday such expressions as 'poisoned with Jesuitism,' 'victims of Jesuitism.' The spirit which dictated such expressions as these is unworthy a newspaper of the Oregonian's standing and pretensions."

Anecdote of the Holy Father.

We heard recently a pretty anecdote of His Holiness and a little boy. The Holy Father as is well known, has a great love for the little ones, especially little boys, and they with a child's unerring instinct, know at once that they are dear to him. Marchese Francesco Patria, whose wife is an American lady, has a dear little son of five years old whose many scrapes have earned him the nickname of "Buster Brown." The other day several children with their parents had a private audience with His Holiness. Little Bernard knelt down and kissed the foot of the Sovereign Pontiff, as he had been told he should do, and then with a sudden impulse he jumped on the Holy Father's knees, threw his arms around his neck and kissed him on both cheeks, and Pius X. folded him close in his embrace. "Why did you do that Bernard?" he was asked afterwards, and he looked up at us with big innocent eyes. "Because the Holy Father looked like mother does when we are good."

Archbishop O'Brien.

(Man and Statesman)

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CHATS WITH YOUNG

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The habitual anything to pass whom you see longing for the weather to go to work, break begin—get stuck. Ability and will the two great co- It is useless to machine in a vacuum, be full of electricity, draw no spark until the artist's brain, said in a certain marble block that but he must bring his hands and long work hard and long any practical resu- pends in a good me promptness and sk- ities and take adv- the tide. A great luck is nothing mo- It is the man who and his hands over- succeeds. "I mi- claims the disap- see another cat- in."

If he had been he might not have thing more than we must know the emergency. ment, which new- the fact of defec- and begins the w- likely to insure a- orator has made in his maiden chant loses one- up another and in- inventor falls in- at last wear a triumph. Some- novels were wrote beginning. The trade, and coul- first-class work- ship was over- success is not Western Watch

To be chee- going well with The thing is to- vantagous ch-