

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twenty-Second Sunday after Pentecost.

HYPOCRISY.

"Why do you tempt me ye hypocrites?" (St. Matt. 23: 17)

What was it in the conduct of these Pharisees that made our Lord send them away unannounced and unsatisfied? If we listen to their words, there is nothing in what they said but what was most true and appropriate. They told our Lord that they knew that He was a true speaker, that He taught the way of God in truth, that He cared for no man and did not regard the person of men. Could anything be better said than that? And yet He who came to be the light of men dismissed these fine talkers still wrapped in darkness and ignorance. What is the reason for this treatment—a treatment so different to that which our Lord generally gave to those who came to Him?

The reason is plain. These words of theirs were only on their lips, not in their hearts; they did not mean what they said nor wish to mean what they said. In fact it was all put on. They came to our Lord to ensnare Him, to get Him into difficulties. In one word, they came to Him as tempters. But He who not only hears the words of men but sees their hearts detected their dishonesty and insincerity, and measured out to it fitting punishment. The Saviour of mankind left these hypocrites, so far as we are told, unrepentant and unrepentant.

And now how does this apply to ourselves? Very closely and practically. Far and away the most important thing for all of us is that we should receive from God the forgiveness of the sins which we have committed. In order to obtain this forgiveness, we have, each one, to go in person to God, as really as these Pharisees went to our Lord, and we have to make to Him certain professions of sorrow and contrition. We have to say that we are heartily sorry for all our sins. We declare that the reason why we are sorry is that those sins have offended Him who is infinitely good and worthy of all love, or at least that the loss of heaven or the danger of everlasting punishment makes us dread those sins; above all, we have to declare that our mind is made up not to commit mortal sin again, nor willingly to expose ourselves to the dangerous occasions of sin.

These are the professions which we have all made to Almighty God over and over again. If they are sincere and genuine, they will, through the Most Precious Blood of our Lord, secure to us the remission of our sins, however many and great those sins may have been.

But the important point is that these professions should be sincere and genuine. How, then, are we to know that they are sincere and genuine? Well, of course, if we know that we don't intend to make any change in our life and conduct, those expressions are plainly hypocritical and will bring down upon us a curse instead of forgiveness. This is so plain that it only needs to be mentioned to see the result. But there are many people who intend to do right and yet make a mistake about the act of contrition. They think that its sincerity and goodness depend on their feeling. They think that they ought to be able, if they are truly sorry, to shed tears for their sins, or at least to have profound emotions.

Now, no one will deny that it would be a good thing to be able to shed sincere tears of sorrow for our sins. The saints have done so, and have instructed us that we should pray for the grace to be able to do so. But the act of contrition may be and generally is sincere and true—without mark the condition—we have made up our minds not to sin again, and also to avoid dangerous occasions of sin.

This is the test of a real good act of contrition, and it is a good test, for every one must know his own mind on the point. If we have that full and sincere determination, an act of contrition is good, however dry and cold may be our feelings; but if we have not got that determination, if we have not resolved to avoid bad company; if, on the contrary, we intend going on much as before, then, although we might deluge the confessional with floods of tears, our Lord's words to the Pharisees would be appropriate to us: "Why tempt you me, ye hypocrites?"

This, then, dear brethren, is a very important application of today's Gospel to ourselves: that we must take great care not to approach Almighty God with words which we do not mean, and especially, in coming to confession, that we must come with a real, true determination to avoid all grievous sin in the future.

Biggest Church Bell.

The biggest church bell in the world has just been hung in the belfry of St. Francis de Sales church, Walnut Hill, Cincinnati. It weighs 30,000 pounds, several tons more than the bell in the cathedral at Montreal, which has long held the palm for size on this side the ocean. Seventy-eight per cent. of copper and 22 of tin were the proportions of the alloy for this huge Cincinnati bell. This alloy was cast into ingots each weighing 120 pounds, which were in turn melted in three reverberatory furnaces.

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is contained in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other similar preparation. It costs the proprietor and manufacturer more. It costs the jobber more and it is worth more to the consumer. It has a record of cures unknown to any other preparation. It is the best to buy because it is the One True Blood Purifier.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

My Guardian Angel.

Sweet guardian of my waking hours And watcher through the night, Thy kindness doth encompass me, A vesture of delight.

I cast myself upon thy care; Where'er my footsteps go They love to shield from every harm That erring mortals know.

Beneath the shelter of thy wing In safety I can rest, Hiding all sorrow, pain and care Upon thy gentle breast.

Within thine arms, when sin assails, Close folded let me be,— Dear Angel, dost thou never tire Of watching over me?

—Sarah Frances Ashburton, in Ave Maria.

A Loving-Hearted Genius.

Look upon your map of Oceania. In the centre of all the little dots which travellers call islands you will see Samoa, or the Navigators' Isles. There are thirteen in the group; most of them are bare, sea-washed rocks, and but three of the isles are large enough to be important. One of the three principal Samoan islands is Upolu, which is nearly half the size of Rhode Island. Upolu is a delightful place. Although it is situated midway between the Equator and Tropic of Capricorn, the Pacific breezes fan the equatorial heat into balmy mildness, and upon the Upolu mountains the temperature is of autumnal coolness. The rich vegetation of the tropics abounds in this favoured land; many streams irrigate its soil and many forests coat the welcome showers. The chief town of Upolu is called Apia. Here, upon a mountain top, within view of the beautiful Pacific, reposes all that is mortal of an immortal genius. A half world away from his native land, thousands of miles from the nearest mainland, his Oceanic mountain grave tended faithfully by the half-savage natives who loved him, sleeps Robert Louis Stevenson. Only two years ago this gifted Scotchman wrote merrily to Dr. A. Conan Doyle: "When you come to America call on me. My house is the second door on the left hand after leaving San Francisco. And a few months later when Dr. Doyle arrived in America, he heard the sad news that at the beautiful Samoan house was a noise of mourning; that the door was closed forever on the island genius.

A great many young folks have read "Treasure Island." This was Stevenson's first work. His "Child's Garden of Verses" also made for him many friends among the "over young." The simplicity of these verses is their greatest charm. Only last month how many little folks were thinking in unrhymed fashion the very thoughts which Stevenson rhymed in "A Child's Farewell to the Farm?"

The coach is at the door at last; The eager children, mounting fast And kissing hands, in chorus sing; Good-bye, good-bye to everything! To house and garden, field and lawn, The meadow gates we swung upon; To pump and stable, tree and swing, Good-bye, good-bye to everything! And fare you well forever more, O ladder at the hayloft door, O hayloft, where the colts were cling; Good-bye, good-bye to everything! Crack goes the whip, and off we go; The trees and houses smaller grow; Last, round the woody turn we swing, Good-bye, good-bye to everything!

"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" is perhaps the best known, although by no means the best of Stevenson's writings for "grown-up" folks. "The Master of Ballantrae" is a powerful story, and his last work, "The Ebb-Tide," is a marvel of that fine literary workmanship denominated "style." In his old minutes he was fond of writing fables. Of his success in this line the following specimen speaks eloquently. This little fable is called "The Two Matches."

"One day there was a traveler in the woods in California, in the dry season when the trades were blowing strong. He had ridden a long way and was tired and hungry, and dismounted from his horse to smoke a pipe. But when he felt in his pocket the first, and it would not light. "Here is a pretty state of things," said the traveler. "Dying for a smoke; only one match left and that certain to miss fire! Was there ever a creature so unfortunate? And yet," thought the traveler, "suppose I light this match and smoke my pipe, and shake out the dottle here in the grass—the grass might catch on fire, for it is dry, like tinder, and while I snatch out the flames in front they might evade and run behind me, and seize upon you bush of poison oak before I could reach it, that would have blazed up; over the bush I see a pine tree hung with moss; that, too, would fly in fire upon the instant to its topmost bough, and the flame of that long torch—how would the trade wind take and brandish that through the inflammable forest! I hear this dell roar in a moment with the joint voices of wind and fire, I see myself gallop for my soul, and the flying conflagration chase and outflank me through the hills; I see this pleasant forest burn for days and the cattle roasted and the springs dried up, and the farmer ruined, and his children cast upon the world. What a world hangs upon this moment!"

"With that he struck the match and it missed fire. "Thank God," said the traveler, and put his pipe in his pocket. The moral of the little story is that our seeming misfortunes may be the greatest good fortune for us. Robert Louis Stevenson was an incurable invalid. In search of health he had wandered far and wide, and at last he found a haven in the paradise of the Pacific. Here, among the brown men, he made his home, and the dusky chieftains learned to love and to honor the great white stranger who had come among them to live and to die. Like a wise brother, he counseled the half-wild Samoans; he constituted himself their peacemaker in disputes, their physician in illness, their friend at all times. And these South Sea Islanders, with an appreciative gratitude rare even in civilized communities, adopted the stranger as their own, and gave him the Samoan name "Tusitala," which means "loving-kindness." His island home was a short distance from the sea, but the forest between was pathless. The grateful islanders set to work—the young and the old, the feeble and the strong—and labored for many weeks until they had constructed a road leading straight from Stevenson's house to the beach. When they had finished they cut an inscription upon a stone at the end of this road: "Remember the great love of his highness, Tusitala, and his loving care when we were sore distressed, we have prepared him an enduring present, the road which we have dug, forever." And they named the work of gratitude "The Road of the Loving Heart."

Alas! scarcely was the work completed when the loving heart had ceased to beat. One morning Robert Louis Stevenson was found dead with a smile upon his patient lips. The old cruel disease had followed him to Samoa, and the few short years of Pacific island life were but a respite from the heart affection which killed "Tusitala" at last. Although he had expected to live a few years longer, Stevenson knew that he was marked for an early death. He had written his own epitaph a few weeks before he died:

Under the wide and starry sky Dig the grave and let me lie: Glad did I live and gladly die; And I laid me down with a will; This be the verse ye grave for me; Here I lie where I hoped to be; Home is the sailor, home from sea, And the hunter home from the hill.

Death was a happy release from suffering for him, and yet with all his pain, this great-souled man never ceased to help and comfort his fellow-creatures. And how they loved him, these poor Samoans! When the news of his sudden death reached the chieftains they flocked to the house of their departed friend and remained with him until the last sad ceremonies were over. And the oldest chieftain threw himself upon his knees beside the forever silent "Tusitala" and sobbed aloud, "Behold, Tusitala is dead! The day was no longer than his kindness. Who is there now so great as Tusitala? Who is there more loving and compassionate?"

Far away in England, when the New Zealand telegraph sent the report of Robert Louis Stevenson's sudden death, and of his burial upon the mountain summit overlooking the distant Pacific, all lovers of good literature mourned sincerely. And a famous English writer thus expressed his feelings: "So Stevenson is dead! After I saw the news yesterday I breathed the wet wind and looked at the yellow stars shining through the blue twilight and I couldn't believe that his spirit was not somewhere here on this earth and still aware of its winds and sunshines and seas. Can you bring home to yourself the death of a man like that? To me the death of the great writer who went out with 'The Ebb-Tide' seemed the loss of more than a master of words. Who is there to take his place? No one."

Thus on both sides of the world was the Loving-Heart lamented. Stevenson died in the prime of life—at the age of forty-four. He was not a Catholic, but there is every reason to believe that he was leaning toward the Mother Church, and that eventually he would have embraced the true faith. The Protestant missions in the South Sea Islands excited his angry contempt. The self-orchestrating political meddlers who, in the guise of preachers of the Gospel, gained power and wealth for themselves in the oppression of the natives contrasted most odiously in this master mind with the sacrificing spirit of the heroic priests and nuns who gave their lives to the service of the South Sea lepers. "This is religion," cried Stevenson, "and that mockery."

After he had visited the leper island of Molekai and witnessed the labors of the Franciscan Sisters, headed by Mother Marianne, Stevenson wrote:

To see the infinite pity of this place, The mangled limb, the devastated face, The innocent sufferer, smiling at the rod— A fool were tempted to deny his God. He sees, he shrinks; but if he gaze again, Lo, beauty springs from the forest of pain! He marks the Sisters on the mournful shores, And even a fool is silent and adores.

Even before he had seen all the misery of a leper settlement, all the luxury of a Protestant Pacific "mission," the loving heart was strongly attracted to those other loving hearts which thrived and were broken in the service of mankind. When he was in the United States a reporter asked the famous author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "What is your favorite historical hero?" And Stevenson bowed his head reverently and answered, "Father Damien."

Augustus St. Gaudens, the great sculptor, has executed a marble bas-relief portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson. The author is represented reclining upon his invalid couch, propped up with pillows and holding his manuscript sheets upon a board before him. For years had his marvelous stories been written in bed between spasms of pain. Tusitala of the loving heart was an uncomplicated martyr, and no word of his suffering appears in any of his

works. The marble portrait brings out his noble profile, and even in the stony material the sculptor has cleverly imprisoned the softness of the "loving, compassionate" eyes.

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works. The marble portrait brings out his noble profile, and even in the stony material the sculptor has cleverly imprisoned the softness of the "loving, compassionate" eyes.

In 1892, two years before Stevenson's death, an Italian artist, Signer Norli, paid a visit to Apia for the purpose of painting the great writer's portrait. This picture shows a thin delicate face, whose only beauty lies in the wonderful eyes. Stevenson was gratified at the attention paid him by Signer Norli, who refused to accept money for the picture and whose most treasured possession to day is a merry little dialect poem written impromptu by "Tusitala."

It is proposed to erect a statue of Robert Louis Stevenson in Edinburgh—a monument to the talent of the most gifted Scotchman of the century. But his ashes remain in the Island Paradise, the lofty mountain is his sepulchre and the Road of the Loving Heart is his noblest monument. The dusky islanders could understand no word of English; the works of Stevenson's genius were closed to them, but he spoke to them in the language of kindness, "a language that the deaf can hear, that the blind can see." The Edinburgh monument will be a tribute to the intellect of Robert Louis Stevenson; the Samoan road is a memorial of "Tusitala's" loving heart. Fame and love! Which is better when both are good?—H. W., in Catholic Standard and Times.

My Rosary. In all the countless nooks and crooks, Of life's mysterious way, Thy chapel is my guiding star, My comfort and my stay. And be my lot—no weal or woe, Whatever may betide, Each secret of my inmost soul, To it I can confide. It hides a balm for every wound, A solace strong and sweet, I'm happy when I tell my beads Close at my Mother's feet. When life is drear and desolate, The path with thorns o'er run, My cheerful rosary's sweet notes, Through the Mother to her Son. And when my heart brims over, With joy too much for one, I share it through my chaplet With the Mother and her Son. Its mysteries sweet are woven Into my very heart, To the life by constant aim, Of all the arts—my art. St. Anthony's Messenger.

ALUMINUM APPROVED FOR SACRED VESSELS.

Equal if Not Superior to Silver and Very Economical.

The metal of the future, we are told, is aluminum. But aluminum is not a discovery of today or yesterday. It may not be known to all our clerical readers that as far back as 1866 the Sacred Congregation of Rites approved the use of aluminum for the cup of chalices and ciboriums and the patena. The question raised was whether amongst the materials used for the celebration of the sacred Eucharistic mysteries pure aluminum or its bronze, an alloy with copper in the proportion of nine to one, might have place. It was the express wish of Pius IX. that before deciding the question the Cardinals of the Congregation should have the opinion of the distinguished Rognoni, professor of natural science in the public institutes of Rome. The professor's opinion was favorable. He enumerated the various reasons for which certain classes of materials—stone, wood, glass, bone, copper, bronze and brass—were prohibited; others, for example, tin interlarded with silver, in case of poverty, permitted, and finally others, gold and silver interlarded with aluminum and its bronze he showed that the bronze was entirely free from the defects of the two first classes and that it shared the qualities of the third. It is even superior to silver, inasmuch as it does not oxidize in the same way, as it is four times lighter in weight and is unaffected by sulphuric emanations. Aluminum bronze has approximately the same qualities, and has the further advantage of being much more easily gilded than the pure aluminum.

With this professional opinion as basis the decree was issued approving of aluminum for the sacred vessels and putting it practically on the same footing as silver—the general rule, of course, being maintained which requires the part that is to touch the sacred species to be of gold. Even since then an easy means has not been found of gilding aluminum. The bronze, however, lends itself readily to plating, and it may be added that in artistic as well as an economic effect is obtained by first washing in silver before gilding the aluminum bronze. —Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

A Graduate of Toronto University says: "My children have been treated with Scott's Emulsion from their earliest years; our physician first recommended it and now whenever a child takes cold my wife immediately resorts to this remedy, which always effects a cure."

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MODEL WOMEN. A Protestant Observer in Mexico. Mr. Frederick R. Guernsey, a New England Protestant, who has been living for the last eleven years in the city of Mexico, writes very interesting letters to the Boston Herald regarding the people and affairs of our sister republic. From one of these we select the following instructive paragraphs: As I have said before, the Catholic Church tends to make women domestic, sweet, loving and frugal. There is no doubt about it, although some A. P. A. donkey may deny it. I am speaking from facts as observed by a non-Catholic. I look at the matter with entire impartiality of mind. It may be that the Church stunts the growth of the mind among women devotees, but I notice that if they are set up to the demands of the American parlor conversational competition they create the most delightful domestic atmosphere in the world. A Mexican home is a home; it is not a neighboring club, a Bible society, an intellectual symposium, a palm-reading society, or a Populist convention. It is merely a plain, simple, everyday home, where a tired man may smoke and take his ease surrounded with love and attention from his womankind. Sweet, generous and altogether lovable women of Mexico! They are models of womanly virtues. They have enough goodness to float their not always impeccable husbands into a safe heavenly port. They are the salt of this sad earth, and when they die they go straight to glory. Home, in all the meaning of that word, Mexicans have, and they owe it to women brought up in the ancient Church, models of piety and kindness, examples of wife and motherly qualities, uncomplaining, and having the unsainted reverence of their husbands and sons. They haven't a blessed idea on the 18 to 1 ratio; they have heard of the Roentgen ray, and may mildly discuss it with you; they read the latest books from the publishers of Madrid and Barcelona, and they can set you down to a table laden with comfortable things, and put you into a clean, white bed, and let your mind rest. If the critics of Mexico can do any better in the way of a high civilization, let them try.

And all over this fair and sunny land of Mexico are tens of thousands of such homes and such women. They adopt and bring up the orphan; they cherish and bring back to health and strength the sick; they pray to God daily in all sincerity; they are active in good works, and they make no noise or fuss about it all. They have no clubs, and aren't solicited about culture. But all the ripest fruits of the most perfect culture are theirs.

The Encyclical on Christian Unity. The Holy Father has given to the Church a treatise on Christian Unity, for it is that as well as an instruction on the main doctrines underlying the subject. As a statement of the Church's claims it is a masterpiece, and will take its place as the foremost authority on the subject.

The Apostolate of the Press could do nothing better than print it and spread it everywhere. Protestants, having grown used to giving up doctrines in the interests of unity, are disappointed in the Pope's exposition. For he shows that Christian Unity is only possible by maintaining doctrines which are essentially unitive. What makes union? Organization. Hence Christ organized. He was a founder of a society as well as a Master of truth. The Pope proves that and does it magnificently. Also he proves, and here his task is very easy, the identity of the present Christian society, called Catholicity, with the one that Christ established. He proves it by locating the centre of unity in all ages just where Christ first placed it, with Peter—the Missionary.

The impurities of the blood, which causes scrofulous eruptions are thoroughly eradicated by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.

There can be a difference of opinion on most subjects, but there is only one opinion as to the reliability of Hood's Worm Expeller. It is safe, sure and effectual. Try it.—It would be a gross injustice to confound that standard healing agent—DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—with the ordinary unguents, lotions and salves. They are oftentimes inflammatory and astringent. This oil is, on the contrary, eminently cooling and soothing when applied externally to relieve pain, and powerfully remedial when swallowed.

You won't feel the Wind. even tho' you're out all day, when you have your clothing interlined with Fibre Chamois. Because it is a complete non-conductor of heat and cold, and preserves the natural warmth of the body, keeping out every breath of raw air and frosty wind. What's more, the waterproof Rigby process makes it impervious to the driving sleet or an all day's rain. Prepare to enjoy thorough comfort outdoors in all weather by seeing that this popular interlining is put in all your ordered clothing, and only buy the ready-made garments which have the Fibre Chamois Label. It only costs 25 cents a yard, and will provide a healthful warmth of which nothing can rob you.