

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS FOR EARLY MASSES.

BY THE PAULIST FATHERS.

Preached in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth Avenue, New York City.

SIXTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

The Feast of the Most Precious Blood of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, my dear brethren, brings before us in the most forcible manner possible the infinite love of God. For what, my brethren, compelled (if we may use the word) God the Father to give up His only Son for us? Love. What induced God the Son to leave the bosom of His Father and the dignity and joys of Paradise to offer Himself as a sacrifice for our sins? Love.

God had no need of creatures. He is entirely sufficient for Himself. He made creatures, and especially angels and men, to share in some way His glory and happiness. Why? Out of love. And when they lost His favor and friendship by disobedience, He had no need to restore them to their former state. Yet He did it, and in a way in which we cannot fail to recognize His infinite love. Our Blessed Lord has taught us that a greater love hath no man than that he lay down his life for his friend. Almighty God, in the form of man, has laid down His life not only for friends, but enemies, in order to make them His friends.

Yes, my brethren, God Himself has set the example and given the lesson of love which we must learn, and that thoroughly, if we wish to be like Him. God is love, as the Apostle tells us, and those who love partake in the nature of God. It makes them Godlike, it enables them, it purges away all the dross and imperfections belonging to our fallen nature, it makes them equal to the angels and gives them a foretaste of Paradise.

Love is the most potent influence in Heaven and earth. It is irresistible. St. Paul, speaking of himself, says, "I can do all things." This he said not from anything in himself, but through the love of God he felt he had.

But, my brethren, how much of this love do we see in the world? Are we ready to sacrifice ourselves and all we hold dear for the benefit of our neighbor?

I am afraid these questions cannot receive satisfactory answers. The explanation is that we have not got the love of God in our hearts, at least, not in the measure we should have. Now this virtue belongs especially to the household of the faith. Catholics receive in baptism this precious gift. The Sacrament, as well as the other spiritual gifts that our holy religion offers us, are all for the purpose of keeping alive and increasing this baptismal gift. Hence it follows that from Catholics a larger display is expected than from the rest of mankind.

Alas! my brethren, the world would be vastly better in every way, if love would be truly worth living; the burdens we have to carry would not be so heavy; the joys we sometimes experience would be sweeter and more enduring, if love was oftener met with.

Therefore, my brethren, strive to possess this most excellent of virtues, and when once obtained, instead of letting it die from want of use, exercise it daily, for only by constant exercise can it grow and be made strong.

NEW STATIONS OF THE CROSS AT GRIMSBY.

Last Sunday, July 6th, was a memorable day for the Catholics of Grimsby on account of the blessing and canonical erection of the new Stations of the Cross. These Stations were procured by our pastor from the Olographic Society of Bologna, Italy. They are photographic copies of the Stations by the renowned Vincenzo Pacelli, and considered as works of art are really grand and far superior to those commonly in use in this country. They were artistically framed by Christian Schuller, Esq., of Hamilton. Our pastor, at the same time, procured from the same society of Bologna and set up in the church highly artistic photographs of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and Mary.

The blessing was performed after the usual 10.30 a. m. Mass by the Rev. Father McInerney, Superior of the Remedistors, of Toronto. Before the blessing the Rev. Father delivered a very eloquent and highly instructive discourse on the origin and object of the devotion of the Way of the Cross, pointing out, especially, the great love and sacrifice displayed by our Divine Saviour in His sorrowful journey and the return of love and sacrifice Catholics are called upon to make in the practice of their faith. His words were listened to throughout with wrapt attention by the large gathering of Catholics and Protestants who filled every pew of the church. All the available space about the altar was beautifully decorated with a profusion of flowers and bouquets of flowers were also placed in each window of the church by the two Misses Hand and Mrs. A. C. Cole, so that the Stations and other pictures were hung, the appearance of the church was really beautiful. The members of the choir, assisted by Miss T. Lilly, of Southville, sang well, as usual, appropriate pieces both at Mass and at the Stations, but the Communion hymn, "Lord! Art Thou Not Worth," deserves mention for its pathetic rendition. I must not forget to mention that our pastor was enabled to make the above improvement in our church through the munificence of Miss Mary Cahill, a former resident of this town, who donates \$50 for that purpose.

Ayer's Hair Vigor has long held the first place, as a hair-dressing, in the estimation of the public. Ladies find that the preparation gives a beautiful gloss to the hair, and gentlemen use it to prevent baldness and cure humors in the scalp.

R. C. Bruce, druggist, Tara, says: I have no medicine on my shelves that sells faster or gives better satisfaction than Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, and the sale is constantly increasing, the past year being the largest I have ever had. One of my customers was cured of catarrh by using three bottles. Another was raised out of bed, where he had been laid up for a long time with a lame back, by using two bottles. I have lots of customers, who would not be without it over night.

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A SURPRISING BOOK.

AT THE MERCY OF TIBERIUS. By AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON. 12mo, pp. 618. G. W. Dillingham.

There have been persons cynical enough to make fun of the literary style of the gifted author of "St. Elmo" and other epochal works. But surely that is not at all a proper frame of mind in which to contemplate the remarkable creations of this lady. It is true that the world in which she moves is one from which the rest of us are excluded; the atmosphere of which perhaps we could not breathe; being kin to our common humanity. But it is not cause for humble thankfulness that we have among us an author capable, even at twelve year intervals, of lifting us far above the carking cares of this sordid sphere, and bathing our spirits, so to speak, in the refined and refining medium through which her own floats so buoyantly? May we not say of her also, as was observed of Egypt's dusky Queen, that "age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety?" After a silence of twelve years she reappears with a novel, the very title of which must cause a flutter of joyous expectation. "At the Mercy of Tiberius" is its name, and it puts the reader at the mercy of Tiberius through more than six hundred thrilling and uplifting pages.

No sobering change has come upon the great style of the author of St. Elmo. She is as true to her encyclopaedia as the needle to the pole. The noble Johnsons of her vocabulary pervades description and dialogue as of yore. The talk that never was on land or sea still flows from the lips of such heroes and heroines as only this classical intellect could have conceived. In the new novel there is a heroine named Beryl: a rare and radiant maiden with a "carmine, pale, sibilant face" and figure and features "moulded upon a scale almost heroic." Moreover, this statuette creature is singled out from all the rest of her race by the remarkable fact that "nature had bestowed upon her firm white flesh a gleaming smoothness, suggestive of fine-grained marble highly polished." To fix the identity of Beryl it is added that she was of the kind whose archetype Beleda read in the runic runes to the Bructer in the twilight of history. After that of course everybody knows exactly who she was like. As to the hero, Lennox Dunbar, he is a facsimile of "the Chiaramonte Tiberius," in one way or another all through the story. And so a story as it is! Imagine a sub-structure of criminal and detective business, of circumstantial evidence, of bringing shame and punishment upon the innocent; but all this taken quite out of the order of everyday happenings by the genius of an author to whom nothing is commonplace.

It is with something of the delighted surprise a sudden peep into Fairyland might be supposed to bring that we enter this enchanted domain, in which mallard ducks become "feathered nomads," cow-bells sound "a nocturnal rest for the closing day," a murder plunges a community into "a fierce seething whirlpool of conflicting passions," and Southern reconstruction (mention of which always peculiarly excites the intellectual secretions of this author) appears under the most bewitching Protean figures, as "the fabled Baginok of the Sagas," as "Pandora," as "a financial and social chaos," as "a maelstrom," and also as "a ghastly sun." How can one fail to draw inspiration from a writer so fond of imagination that she cannot even say that a girl and a policeman held their tongues without remarking in the eyes of Karma? And how can there be any commonplace in the observations of a writer capable of saying "the rosy glamor of happy anticipation conquers even the discomfit of a freighted caboose?" It is this persistent and courageous gilding of our petty lives which in the distinguished character of Mrs. Wilson—more widely known, let us be permitted to add, as Augusta Evans. It is the luxuriant optimism, the lexicographic opulence of her expression, which takes so strong a hold upon the reader. Who but she would thus have described a young lady's state of mind: "Appear only the sun of prosperity burned in the zenith and gilded her path with happiness, but analysed by the prism of her consciousness the brightness faded, the color paled, and grim menace crossed all like the dark lines of Fraunhofer." There is a gem now—"the dark lines of Fraunhofer." How subtly and delicately it indicates her acquaintance with spectrum analysis, and with what art is the scientific allusion idealized.

But the story is chock-full of writing just as fine as the above. The author is never at a loss, never loses the high key, never descends to the vulgarity of realism. All her people, men and women alike, fill their conversation with learned metaphors. All of them, like one who frankly makes the admission, have "pored over Thucydides, Plutarch, Rollin and Croto. All of them can talk about the Dionysiac Mysteries and 'the stream of Aryan migration.' When a lawyer has to address a Southern country jury, he compliments their erudition by reminding them of the maxims which 'glow in immortal luster on the pages of 'Mechilta' of the Talmud.'" He would not think of condescending so low as to cite "Greenleaf on Evidence," or anything of that common sort. When he has done with the criminal practice of the ancient Hebrews he paralyzes the jury with a citation from the proceedings of the Council of Ten. Not to be outdone, the opposing lawyer tells the jury that the theory of the defence is "beautiful and sparkling as the frail glass of Murano, and equally as thin, as treacherously brittle." Indeed, the speeches of these two attorneys are so wonderful as to be alone worth the price of the book.

And then the love-making, not very warm, to be sure, because it is rather difficult to maintain animal heat at great elevations; but such beautiful language, such long words, such elaborate sentences, such lofty sentiments, have been seldom seen since

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