

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Twenty second Sunday after Pentecost

OUR DUTIES TO GOD AND THE WORLD.
—Render therefore unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's.—
(St. Matt. xxiii. 21.)

If the Pharisees were a bad set and tried to ensnare our Lord by the question they propounded to Him in to-day's gospel we may at least thank them for the answer it brought forth. For it unmistakably shows us that we owe a duty not only to God but to the State as well.

No Christian worthy of the name would hesitate to admit the claim that God has upon us. He is our Creator, our Redeemer, our Sanctifier. All that sense of gratitude prompts every man to see the justice of the claim that He has upon us. But it is one thing to acknowledge the justice of a claim, it is quite another to make it good.

It is easy enough to admit that we should honor God's claims, by serving Him with our whole heart and our whole mind; but the difficulty arises when God in this or that particular circumstance demands of us that which belongs to Him by every right. The natural inclination is to put off the fulfillment of the claim as long as we can. Men in most cases strive to invert the logical order which God has established of seeking first the kingdom of heaven and other things afterward, by striving for everything else first, and then God's claims at the end.

Never forget, brethren, that we always are the subjects of God, that we owe Him a service, and that the payment is not to be made the last few days or years of our life.

Neither must we ever forget that we have to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's. That is, to say, we must always remember that we owe respect and obedience to the government under which we live.

This, indeed, should not be a hard task for us who have the great privilege of living under one of the best governments in the world. Here we enjoy peace, freedom and happiness. Here we can build up our churches, our schools, and our public institutions without any unnecessary interference from the state. Here we can practise our religious observances to our hearts' content, and no one will interfere. Here we can render unto God the things that are His.

Therefore should we all the more willingly render unto the state all that belongs to it. And how? By being worthy citizens of the state, as we wish to be worthy children of God; by conscientiously fulfilling our duties as become those who have the interest of their country at heart.

Some men think it is no offence against either God or the government to neglect to fulfill their obligations. Some are too lazy or indifferent to cast an honest vote; others are so mean and avaricious as to sell their votes to the highest bidder; such men are not worthy the protection they receive from a free country. They ought to be among the serfs of Russia.

No, brethren, for just as we must never forget our duty to God we must never neglect our duty to the state. We must have a conscience on this matter, and learn to love, cherish, and respect the country that does so much for us, obey its laws, and fulfill with a good conscience all the obligations it imposes upon us.

THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

On November 1st and 2nd the Church will celebrate the great feast of All Saints and the commemoration of All Souls.

The communion of saints has a divine and human tenderness that brings to the Catholic heart special solace and encouraging aid. It is linked together by the golden chain of faith and love, embracing the glorified souls with God, the militant souls on earth still battling with the devil, the world and the flesh; and the suffering souls in the cleansing crucible of purgatory, paying the last debt of their indebtedness to God's justice.

On next Monday the Church raises her heart to the God of the saints in thankfulness and praise for the countless multitude from every tribe and tongue, and under every sky whom He hath sanctified and raised to imperishable thrones of glory. And she exhorts her children the while to gaze aloft with the luminous eyes of faith and imitate the example bequeathed to them by their glorified brethren.

Who were those saints now enjoying the coronet of delights that flow from the throne of the Lamb? They were men and women, little boys and girls, some every rank and condition of life who loved Jesus Christ with supreme love, and when not called on to undergo the excruciating tortures of martyrdom, died the thorny way of the cross and suffered persecution in manifold ways—even the Judas-like treachery and malice of false brethren. Next Monday, especially those sanctified myriads whom no mortal can number, will wave their triumphant palm branches from the battlements of heaven and cry out to their still battling brethren on earth: "O dear and precious ones still fighting in earth's valley, behold our unspeakable reward for the few years of trial. Courage! We shall pray for your victory. Follow our example. Be faithful unto death. Then the crown will supplant the cross."

No sooner, however, have the evening shades fallen upon the glad day of All Saints, than the heart of their Mother, the Church, goes out with tearful supplication to the God of mercy in behalf of her suffering children in purgatory. She knows that nothing defiled can enter heaven, and she recalls the impassioned declaration that even the just shall sin seven times a day. She recalls, too, how dear to the Sacred Heart of Christ are those suffering souls, for their salvation is assured; such she exhorts her militant children to offer suffrages and prayers—especially the infinitely valuable sacrifice of the Mass—for their early liberation, assuring them that the infinite mercy of God will beautifully reward their charity in this regard.

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OXO

12

And what season of the year so consonant with the remembrance of the blessed dead as this autumnal season when nature is dying, when the song of the birds is hushed, when the green foliage of the woods is withered and gone, when the wind moans through the leaf-rifted trees like ghosts of the dead summer? Yea, verily, it is a season that should speak of death to every heart—no matter how young or strong we be, for in the words of the German poet, Hebel:

Ah, gone and gone!
We wither one by one.
As autumn leaves decay:
Oh, young and all,
Yet, wistful we fall,
Life seemeth but a day!

STORY OF THE CROSSES.

The Catholics of Fermanagh were overjoyed on August 11, says the Irish Catholic, when it became known that the two Crosses belonging to White Hill R. C. Church were found.

The Crosses (two in number) have a romantic history. White Hill Chapel was built eighty years ago, and there were no crosses put on the gables—a most unusual thing—and this of course left the chapel very bare looking.

In 1862, about thirty-three years afterward, the parish priest, Father Traynor, who is long dead, purchased a pair of fine metal crosses, each standing about four feet high and about four feet in weight. He had the stone bases set on the tops of the gables ready for the crosses to go on. They were left in the priest's yard, ready for erection, but to the good pastor's surprise, the crosses disappeared. He was overcome with grief and cried out that "God would have satisfaction out of the vagabonds, and that the crosses would come back again, but not in his day." His prophecy has come true.

It is forty-seven years ago now since the crosses were stolen, and this in the most bigoted times of Orange ascendancy. There were a good many Orange lodges around White Hill, and their members were much displeased at the idea of crosses being erected. In the night time fifteen or perhaps more, of the brethren made their way into the priest's yard, took the crosses bodily, carried them a mile or more to a large morass called Dring bog. In the very centre of this bog there is a large round hole, full of water, with no bottom to it, called the Bullock Hole, consequent on bullocks being often drowned in it. Into this hole the crosses were pitched by the advocates of civil and religious liberty—as they thought, never to be heard of again.

Though the authors of the outrage were known, the good priest would not prosecute. He always said that a greater vengeance would come down upon them than his, and his prophecy was fulfilled. There were three ring-leaders of the gang who suffered most, a father and two sons, who owned town lands, which passed out of their hands a few years afterwards.

The father was killed coming out of Lington on his own horse. Of the two brothers, one shot the other and was

imprisoned. Eventually he was smothered in his own bed. Another who carried one of the crosses became a cripple, with a stoop in the back which was incurable, while his toes rotted off. Still another lost his foot by putrefaction. A fourth went out of his mind. A fifth was crossing to America to get out of the hands of the law. He fell off the upper deck of the vessel on which he was a passenger and broke his neck. A woman who supplied whiskey to the miscreants got cancer in her hands, and lost both.

It seems miraculous that the heavy crosses sank only a few feet beneath the surface. On August 11 a laborer named McQuaid was working at a drain beside the Bullock Hole. He put his shovel in for curiosity, when lo! he struck one of the crosses. He went to Father O'Doherty, P. P., and with the help of nine or ten men brought the first one out with ropes. It was only three feet below the surface; the other one was eight feet. He had ropes tied around him, and he came on the other one and brought it to the surface, amid the loud cheers of the other workmen. The crosses were then carried back to the chapel. Father Traynor's prophecies were now fulfilled. The crosses were laid safely in the chapel, and visitors are coming from all parts to have a look at them. They are not now wanted for the chapel, for, as soon as they were stolen, a new pair was got and put up, but they will be erected on the pillars in the chapel yard, there to stand for the future to remind strangers of the provocation that the Catholics of fifty years ago received.

BISHOP'S TRIBUTE TO HEROIC FISHERMEN.

The Most Rev. Dr. Fogarty, Bishop of Killaloe, who laid the foundation stone of the Quilty Memorial Church, which is to be erected on the shore of the Atlantic facing the scene of the wreck of the "Leon XIII," delivered an impressive address on the occasion. His Lordship said the magnificent Atlantic at times could be mild and at other times uneasy; could be placid and full of smiles, as the blue heavens when filled with sunlight on a summer day; and could also be angry; and when it raged it was terrible indeed. Few living men had seen the ocean so angry as it was

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on that October morning two years ago when it wrecked the French ship on their coast and tore its ribs to pieces like a tiger. On that occasion it was not the part of the Quilty fishermen to think of themselves. Without any hope of reward or any other motive in their hearts, on that fatal day they were encouraged by their wives and sisters, and signing themselves with the Sign of the Cross they ploughed their way to the doomed ship, carrying her wrecked crew successfully to land. Since then it was felt that the deed and the men should be properly commemorated, and when there was a question of what form this public act should take, these unselfish heroes came forward and said: "Well, no doubt, we are poor and want money badly for ourselves and our children, but we will be glad if some of the money coming in is utilized in building a chapel here, where we can say our prayers and call upon the good God to guard us while at sea—upon Him whose infinite mercy made us the medium of saving the French sailors of the wrecked 'Leon XIII.' Generations yet unborn would offer prayers for these brave Quilty fishermen when they assembled round the altar, and so long as the Atlantic surf continued to chafe, so long would that little chapel and its beautiful round tower stand as evidence of how God rewarded them."

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without this approach and there is no sufficient excuse for the failure, the membership lapses; the delinquent of his own volition drops out.—Catholic Advance.



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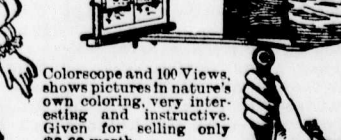
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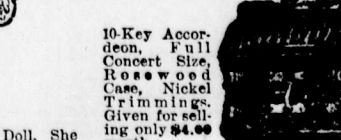
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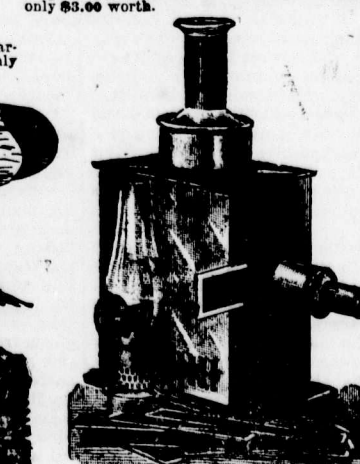
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