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Accord

FIVE . MINUTES' SERMON.

Twelfth Sunday After Pentecest. THE ROBBERS LYING IN AMBUSH ON THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

A certain man went down from Jerusalen to Jericho and fell among robbers." (Luke 10

Jerusalem is, according to the explanation of St. John in the Apocalypse, a figure of the heavenly Sion, of our eternal country in Heaven. of our eternal country in Heaven.
Jericho, however, in the language of
Holy Scripture, signifies the abode of
sin, of destruction. The traveler, in
the gospel of to day, is in a spiritual
sense, no other than the sinner who sense, no other than the sinner who strays from the narrow way of Heaven to the broad road to hell. And what else could happen to him in so unforelse could nappen to him in so unfor-tunate a peregrination, than that he should fall among robbers, who strip him of that beautiful garment of grace, rob him of his whole treasure of merit-orious works for Heaven and strike his poor soul fatal wounds.

And do you know the robbers who threaten you with so great a perdition? Ah! yes, they have so often been pointed out to you in sermons and Christian doctrine. They are the devil, the world and concupiscence. First of all, it is the devil "that mur derer of men from the beginning" as our Saviour calls him, "that adver our Saviour cans him, that adversary," who, according to the prince of the apostles, "like a roaring lion rest tune; the dog violet barked gleefully; and the anemone wiped a devour." It is moreover the world, or rather the wicked on earth, who in the service of Satan, as his helpers and assistants, spread everywhere the net of seduction, who sometimes by ridi-cule, sometimes by menaces, now by bad example, again by false promises, wish to estrange us from God and virtue, seek to entice us into the way of destruction. It is, finally, con cupiscence, this doleful inheritance of our first parent, Adam, this dangerous furnace of all imaginable temptations and incentives to evil, which we conceal, deep in our interior, which we carry with us always and everywhere. Painful situation for us poor, frait children of Adam, to be daily sur-rounded by temptations and dangers; perils from within and perils from which we cannot withdraw, even were we to live in the desert among wild beasts: for though we might there escape the wicked world, we would not be secure against Satan and concu-Oh! how circumspectly and carefully should we not therefore walk remembering our weakness and frailty, "watch and pray," according to the admonition of Jesus Christ, "that we enter not into temptation."

And still, dearly beloved, great as are our reasons to tremble at all times at the malice and cunning of these three fees and robbers on our way to Heaven, still the danger becomes doubly and tenfold great, if we carelessly associate with them and pre sumptuously seek the danger of sin. This may be easily seen, since God has not promised grace, assistance to him who madly and presumptuously rushes into the danger. Without the aid of Heaven, however, our fall, our perdition, is certain. See, O Caristian, you have, for instance, a frivolous acquaintance, become enamored, you visit dangerous places. Beware, it is the proximate occasion for the soul's destruction. The infernal robber lies in ambush for you, he will certainly capture you if you do not flee. Or, there is a house, a company, where as often as you enter, impious com-panions crowd around you, virtue and religion are spoken against, Christ this is the clearing up shower. The and the priesthood are mocked, and the priesthood are mocked, and the priesthood are mocked, and the mater " the most scandalous things form the subject of conversation. My dear Christian, in this house, this company. Christian, in this house, this company, the robbers dwell. Unless you remain away, they will rob your soul, and murder it as sure as there is a God in Or there is a saloon, or drinking bout, as often as you entered this den, cursing and the most scandalous language occurred, or you obliterated the image of God from your soul by horrible drunkeness. See, this company again is nothing else than a band of robbers, which lurks for your soul, to cast it into perdition. If you do not wish to perish, then beware and listen not to the suggestions of Satan, to the flatteries of the world and sensu-ality, but heed the voice of God, which calls to you in Sacred Scripture "He that loveth danger shall perish in it." (Eccli. 3, 27.) "If thy eye scandalize thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee; it is better for thee having one eye to enter into life, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire." (Matt. 18, 9.) This is to say:
If that person, that society, that ac-

ands. And under these d at length with successionmense. As quaintance, or whatever else in life were as dear to you or seemed as indis been given nmunicate to nile of pleas pensable as the eye of your body, but were to prove dangerous to your soul separate from it, say not another word figured and to that person, go not into that society, for it is better that you go to heaven countenance I come to ful-Don Bosco without the person or company, than with, and through it, you be lost eternally. Are you amazed at the severe demand of your Saviour? d me to ter bust, I would nunion in his rried out his hanks to Don Then, simply consult reason. It tells you: if you do not wish to be bitten by a victous dog, keep away from him. If you do not wish to fall into an abyss to me: 'Love ove Don Bosco do not carelessly approach it. And thus I say to you: if you do not wish to be robbed and assassinated by the me to repro marble, and eyesight and e succeeded. robbers on the road of heaven, then tell me is not avoid them, at any price shun their avoid them, at any price shun their unhappy proximity, have no communication with them. For, "The Kingdom of heaven suffereth violence," says the gospel, "and only the violent bear it away." And again, Jesus says: "Watch ye, and pray that ye enter not into temptation." (Matt. 26, 41.) Yes. vigilance must protect us. neuralgia in my lowed numerous it and was per-perilla. When I realized it was inued taking it CARRIE PRICE, 41.) Yes, vigilance must protect us, prayer make us strong. God's grace. The Missionary.

must grant us the victory. heaven's protection will certainly never fail us, provided we shun the dangers of sin and co-operate faithfully with the graces given us for our salvation. Amen.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. A DISPUTE IN CLOUDLAND.

There was strife and discord in the sky. Perhaps the little cloudlets had awakened in a bad humor that morn-ing. When Father Sun made his appearance the naughty children were huddled together, and refused to listen to reason when he told them to run off to study. They huddled so c'ose to gether that he could catch no glimpse whatsoever of the hemisphere of which he had charge. With one of his most powerful rays he tried to catch one or two cloudlets to chastise them, but they scurried out of his reach and chased each other rapidly over the sky.

Then Father Sun could see the earth, and he smiled and beamed on the people; many mortal children awoke to cry out: "There the sun is shining beautifully! We can have a fine time out of doors to day; and their faces reflected the beams and smiles of the sun. The flowers nodded their heads joyfully in recognition of Father dew tear from her eye, and slowly straightened her stem. The brook sang sweetly, winding its way over the stones and pebbles; the grass looked greener than ever, and the puddles called joyfully to be taken back to the sky from whence they The sun rose higher and higher came. in the heavens, doing all the good he could to those on earth; but the mortals knew not why they were so happy. But the naughty cloud children, they

chased one another across the sky un-til they were tired out, instead of pursuing their duties in life, and were cross and peevish in consequence. Frowns appeared on their little white brows, and they disputed until they were very angry. One said he was larger than another; this so angered the other that in a moment he had struck his brother. Then all took part in the quarrel and crying, and fought until the children on earth looked dejectedly out of their windows exclaiming: "Oh, dear! It's commencing to rain; we can have no more fun, but must stay in the house all day. Oh, dear! Why can't the sun

come out and the rain stay away?"
Father Sun could not smile for the little mortals, although he tried his best, for the naughty cloudlets refused to let him pass, or stop their quarrelling. One of the largest teased the little ones until many were sobbing pitifully and refused to be pacified by

the peacemaking sun.
Suddenly they stopped their crying,
drew apart to another portion of the sky, and were in deep consultation.

Then the people of the earth held out

their hands and exclaimed: 'Why, it's not raining. I wonder if it has stopped for good; it is doubtful, though, for there are some very black clouds

that look untrustworthy."

At this the little cloudlets who had been teased by their large brother hurried after him, and what a drubbing they gave him, until he cried much harder than his little brothers snd sisters had done. The people on the earth ran in doors again, but called to one another: "Wait a few minutes; up the wet."

sufficiently punished, they stopped their persecution, and all went quietly off to their studies; some to learn to dance gracefully across the sky; others to learn fancywork and how to fringe the edges of their gowns; others to learn to catch and reflect their father's smiles, and still others to learn how to cry softly and steadily when rain should be needed on earth.

Then Father Sun came forth again, and caught the lingering tear drops of the cloudlets with his beaming smiles and transformed them into a rainbow and, stooping low, he slowly gathered up his darlings' tears from the earth and stored them in the sky for future

Then all human beings were happy with their rainbow of promise, and went on their ways rejoicing with bright and gladsome hearts, saying:
"Surely every cloud has a silver lin--Katharine Newhold Birdsall in The Working Boy.

It is the duty of every true believer to pray that the time may be hastened when every redeemed Christian will be brought out of the land of Egyptian orought out of the land of Egyptian darkness into the clear sunshine of God's revealed truth. To effect this superhuman purpose the Catholic Church is doing noble work in England, in the United States and Canada, and the world over for that motion has been declared. and the world over for that matter, be cause the scope of her divine commission to preach the Gospel is not confined to any land, but extends to the

farthest limits of the word.
St. Augustine, speaking of the non-Catholic movement in Africa in his day suggests to the faithful the following way: "By prayer," says he, "you will speak to God of those brethren whom you seek to win back to the whole truth; by charity you will be to them the presuesive interpretage and them the persuasive interpreters and representatives of that Good Shepherd who seems to have loved the wandering and wounded sheep with a love of predilection." (Ezech. xxxiv. 16; St. Matt. x. 6: xv. 24 St. John x. 16)—

The Dissatisfied Young Man. The young man who is always find-ing fault with his work, and looking for some easier job than the one upon which he is engaged, rarely amounts to anything. There is a great deal of truth in the old adage which says that a poor workman always finds fault with his tools. There is nothing worth do-ing in this world that is not difficult of accomplishment. This is one of the results of the primal curse. Man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, in whatever worthy calling he may follow. There is a tendency in man to imagine that some pursuit, other than

that which has fallen to his lot, is free

great mistake. Every form of human endeavor has its disagreeable side, which those outside do not see. A Noble Example. Joseph Banigan, who died at his home in Providence, R. L., last Friday, was a credit to his race and religion whose career furnishes another con spicuous example of what a poor, friendless Irish boy with character and ability, may achieve in this land of teeming opportunity. He began life a penniless boy, with but little education; but he had instead, brains, courage, industry and that culture of the heart which religion gave him and which no mere secular schooling can ever impart. Mr. Banigan may be said to have created the rubber business in this country. He accumulated a fortune estimated at six millions, while he distributed another million. while he distributed another million during life in founding and contributing to various charities. He was a generous donor to the Catholic Univers

Needed-A Warning.

Times.

because of his princely benefactions.

Mr. Banigan's career furnishes a noble

example to every poor young boy in the nation. — Catholic Union and

Recreative physical exercise is the safest and the best stimulant with which to arouse a sluggish current blood into freer circulation. Do not confuse recreative with competitive work. In recreative exercise a person will stop exercising when the muscles cry out "enough." In competition the ones competing are stimulated, by the hope of making a better showing than some others, to repeatedly do their best, thereby wasting their vitality and destroying rather than build ing up their tissues. Parents should strive to keep their children out of it at least until they become of age. after that they choose to waste vital forces which could be used to a much greater advantage in some other way, well and good—they have been warned. The hint is needed as many cases of nervous headaches, nervous break-downs, dyspepsia and insomnia can be traced to over doing an athletic and gymnastic competition.

Flocking to the Cities. Over and over again has attention been called to the fact that the young men are flocking to the cities and de serting the country. The tide is not likely soon to be stopped, even though social economists lament the direction of its flow. The condition confronts us and it must be met. The young men are coming to the cities and they are being lost in the whirlpools of sin that on every side are swirling and

drawing down.

The trouble with young men coming to the city is that as soon as they arrive they lose their connections with home and other elevating influences.
If in the change of abode there could be some means of easy transfer from the restraining power of home to some other conserving influence, the city's sin would not attract.

Every city needs at least one Catholic young men's society, and every such society should open its doors to the young men from the country, bringing a note of introduction from the pastor of the parish they have left.

Developing the Better Self.

There are some people in whose presence we are never ourselves. Without any intention of being rude or offensive, by their manner, perhaps, more than by their speech, they dam up our sympathies, and freeze on our tongues the words we fain would utter. They may be perfectly polite, considerate and obliging, and among their own set, or in fact anywhere, for that matter, the soul of honor and good fellowship. But somehow their best qualities of affability and good nature set us the more on our guard against them. We feel that they live in a different world from ourselves, and we care but little about many of the things that interest them. If we cannot get a hearing for our own ideas, we shrink back like the snail into his shell, and keep ourselves to ourselves. In other words, we do not carry our dearest sentiments on our sleeves for every passing vulture to peck at.

How different it is when two friends meet whose hearts beat to the same Differences of opinion there may be, and occasionally flashes of good natured argument, but these are only illuminations from the electric current that binds soul to soul. It is in such company and such companionship that we rise to the level of our better selves. We are no longer critical and on our guard, lest we break the rules We are like the of Lindley Murray. We are like the cataract, tumbling and foaming over the precipice, or like the silver stream gliding lazily through the woodland after its waters have met and mingled from two converging streams. Then the stammering tongue is unloosed, from two converging streams. Then
the stammering tongue is unloosed,
the imagination is set on fire, the heart
throbs and the blood pulsates quicker

S. J.

Wanning.
Devotions for the First Friday.
Translated from French of P. Huguet.
Pearls from Faber. By Marion J. Bru-

But CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN, through the veins. We have found a delights and fears and cares, while we listen to the echo of our own. We have, in short, touched the magnet anat never fails to draw out our better selves.

To make the most of ourselves we have to make careful selection of our surroundings. From the point of view of the scientist, heredity and environ ment are the two great facts that impinge upon the life of every man and help to shape his destiny. No man has the privilege of choosing his own parents, but every man has the privilege -and he will be held responsible for it of selecting his own surroundings. There are forces that lift up and forces that pull down. Every man may, if from care and anxiety. This is a he will, take hold of the upward forces. He may choose the companionship that will develop his better self or go with those who will degrade him to their

CONFIDENCE IN MARY.

A Scotch Bishop was making a visitation of his mountain diocese on foot. In a thick forest he lost his way. At last he came to a cabin in which a poor family was living. As he wore a large cloak, they did not see his cierical dress. They received him hospitably, and invited him to partake of the evapore meal. They gave no the evening meal. They gave no signs of their faith. A shade of sadness brooded over them. He remarked this, and was told that the father lay in the next room dying, but refusing to believe it. The Bishop asked to see him, and finding him in a dying condition, tried to make the sick man reality, and was worthily honored by Rome

dition, tried to make the sick man realize it. "No, I won't die; it's impossible." The Bishop asked the reason. The sick man looked at him sharply, and said: "Are you a Catholic?" "I am," replied the Bishop. "I, too, am a Catholic," said the dying man. "From the day of my first Comman.

Honor is like the eye, which cannot suffer the least impurity without damage; it is a precious stone, the price of which is lessened by the least flaw. -Bossuet.

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Llurch and Scienco. By Cardinal Wisetoo, am a Catholic," said the dving man. "From the day of my first Communion until now, I have never failed to ask the Blessed Virgin daily for the grace of not dying without a priest. Do you believe that good mother would not grant it? No, it is impossible! I wont die." "My child," answered the Bishop, "your prayer is granted. I am not only a priest, but your Bishop."

The sick man cried out in a transport.

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wont die." "My child," answered the
Bishop, "your prayer is granted. I
am not only a priest, but your Bishop."
The sick man cried out in a transport
of joy: 'O, Mary, my dearest mother,
how I thank you." He then turned to
the Bishop and said: "Hear my confession, for now I am going to die." A
short time after he died, resigned to
the will of God.

"Thee! standing loveliest in the open
heaven!"

Ave Maria, only heaven and thee."

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UNABLE TO SEE

I suffered with Eczema of the worst kind, my face and neck down to my shoulders were one inflammation, was not able to see out of my eyes for quite a while, and was unable to sleep for weeks, on account of the severe pain, which nearly drove me insunc. My face and neck were swollen and made me look hideous. Had three doctors at different times, and not one of them could relieve me of my pain, swelling, and blotches. I used three bottles of Cuticura Resolvers, four boxes. Cuticura Soar, and my friends and one of the doctors are surprised, and asked, "Who cured you?" and I tell them quickly, "Cuticura Remedies."

J. V. KAFKA,
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