

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fourth Sunday after Easter.

KINDNESS.

"For the anger of man worketh not the justice of God." (St. James 1:20)

Brethren, these words are an echo of the Wise Man of old. "A soft answer turneth away wrath. A turning away wrath, and indeed every other sin, is God's work of justice or righteousness, and man's anger is not fitted to do it. Wrath does not destroy wrath, nor is it calculated to destroy any other evil, unless it be divine. The fear of the wrath of God is good, but the fear of the wrath of man is the mean vice we call human respect. I say this because there are many persons, fathers and mothers of families in particular, who would make souls better by inspiring them with fear—by showing anger.

We know that a kindly manner is a better means of correction than a harsh one, because it is God's way. God employs fear in converting sinners to be sure, but not so much as love; nor does His fear hold out so well as His love when there is question of perseverance, and, finally, as love on our part is necessary to forgiveness, so God's love is the supreme and essential instrument in saving sinners' souls.

You may object that God punishes sinners in hell, and that, certainly is the prison of the divine wrath. True. But more men are saved from hell by the loving patience of God than by the terrors of His justice. Take an example from our Lord: throughout the whole course of His life He showed anger only towards those who themselves lacked kindness. The Pharisees hypocrites as they were, were lashed by our Lord, because they were hard, pitiless, and censorious. The rich glutton, Dives, is buried in hell because he shut his heart against the dying beggar at his door. But the harlot Magdalen is converted and saved by our Saviour's kind looks and encouraging words. Even Judas himself would have had full pardon if he had not neglected the patient, gentle reproach of the most loving of Masters. Our Lord's way with sinners is the best. He may have said severe things to sinners, but before He dismissed them He gave them honey to eat, to take off the bitter taste of His reproaches.

But it is not enough to say that "the anger of man worketh not the justice of God"; it worketh the malice of Satan and of hell. "Provoke not your children to wrath," says the Apostle. Angry words make men angry, and instead of producing virtue breed vice. I know of hardly anything more miserable than the fate of a boy or girl doomed to grow up in the home of a scolding mother or a bad-tempered father. Take an example from the body. Children fed on unwholesome food have defective digestion; that is to say, bad food in early life hinders the good effect of good food in later life. So with the human soul; as bad food makes a weak stomach, in like manner scolding and threatening and quarrelling make a weak character—timid and sly and hypocritical, or just as bad—violent, abusive, profane.

We sometimes hear a scolding parent say of wayward children, "They make me curse." Take care; if they make you curse now it is your own fault, and the chances are that they will make you burn hereafter.

In conclusion, brethren, let us all, whether we exercise authority or live in intercourse with our equals, be kindly in our manner, mild and considerate in our language, patient with others' faults, trusting more to persuasion and to affection than to authority, bearing in mind that "the anger of man worketh not the justice of God."

Growth of Ritualism in London.

The great development of Ritualism in the Anglican Church found a remarkable recent illustration in the ceremonies of Palm Sunday, as carried out in several of the London churches. The Church of All Saints, Kensington Park, was crowded, and after matins and a very brief sermon, a London journal reports, the palms, having been blessed, were distributed, first to the choir and then to the general congregation, all of whom went up to the chancel step to receive them. The children received the palms in the side chapel. The Vicar (the Rev. Philip H. Leary) asked the people to hold the palms in their hands during the procession and at the reading of the Gospel, and to keep them at home in their bedrooms. A choral celebration followed the procession, and at the words in the Gospel, "He gave up the Ghost," the whole congregation fell on their knees. At the adjacent Church of St. Michael's North Kensington, of which Preliminary Denison is pastor, the service was even more elaborate, and the same was the case at St. Mary Magdalene, Paddington. At St. Alban's, Holborn, there were two distributions of palms, at 9 o'clock and at 11, and among other churches where this growing "use" was noted may be mentioned Berkeley Chapel, St. Agnes and St. John the Divine, Kensington; St. Alphege, Southwark; St. Mark's Marylebone; St. John the Baptist, Great Marlborough street, and St. Mary, Edmonton.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

RODOLPH AND HIS KING.

Eugene Field.

"Tell me, Father," said the child at Rodolph's knee—"tell me of the king."

"There is no king, my child," said Rodolph. "What you have heard are old women's tales. Do not believe them, for there is no king."

"But why, then," queried the child, "do all the people praise and call on him; why do the birds sing of the king; and why do the brooks prattle his name, as they dance from the hills to the sea?"

"Nay," answered Rodolph, "you imagine these things; there is no king. Believe me, child, there is no king."

So spake Rodolph; but scarcely had he uttered the words when the cricket in the chimney corner chirped loudly, and his shrill notes seemed to say: "The king—the king." Rodolph could hardly believe his ears. How had the cricket learned to chirp these words? It was beyond all understanding. But still the cricket chirped, and still his musical monotone seemed to say, "The king—the king," until, with an angry frown, Rodolph strode from his house, leaving the child to hear the cricket's song alone.

But there were other voices to remind Rodolph of the king. The sparrows were fluttering under the eaves, and they twittered noisily as Rodolph strode along, "The king, king, king!" "The king, king, king," twittered the sparrows, and their little tones were full of gladness and praise.

A thrush sat in the hedge, and she was singing her morning song. It was a hymn of praise—how beautiful it was! "The king—the king—the king," sang the thrush, and she sang too of his goodness—it was a wondrous song, and it was all about the king.

The doves cooed in the elm-trees. "Sing to us," cried their little ones, stretching out their pretty heads from their nests. Then the doves nestled hard by and murmured lullabies, and the lullabies were of the king who watched over and protected even the little birds in their nests.

Rodolph heard these things, and they filled him with anger. "It is a lie!" muttered Rodolph; and in great petulance he came to the brook.

How noisy and romping the brook was; how capricious, how playful, how furious! And how he called to the willows and prattled to the listening grass as he scampered on his way. But Rodolph turned aside and his face grew darker. He did not like the voice of the brook; for, lo! just as the cricket had chirped and the birds had sung, so did this brook murmur and prattle and sing ever of the king, the king.

So, always after that, wherever Rodolph went, he heard voices that told him of the king; yes, even in their quiet, humble way, the flowers seemed to whisper the king's name, and every breeze that fanned his brow had a tale to tell of the king and his goodness.

"But there is no king!" cried Rodolph. "They all conspire to plague me! There is no king—there is no king!"

Once he stood by the sea and saw a mighty ship go sailing by. The waves plashed on the shore and told stories to the pebbles and the sands. Rodolph heard their thousand voices, and he heard them telling of the king.

Then a great storm came upon the sea, a tempest such as never before had been seen. The waves dashed mountain high and overwhelmed the ship, and the giant voices of the winds and waves cried of the king, the king! The sailors strove in agony till all seemed lost. Then, when they could do no more, they stretched out their hands and called, upon the king to save them,—the king, the king, the king!

Rodolph saw the tempest subside. The angry winds were lulled, and the mountain waves sank into sleep, and the ship came safely into port. Then the sailors sang a hymn of praise, and the hymn was of the king and to the king.

"But there is no king!" cried Rodolph. "It is a lie; there is no king!"

Yet everywhere he went he heard always of the king; the king's name and the king's praises were on every tongue; aye, and the things that had no voices seemed to wear the king's name written upon them, until Rodolph neither saw nor heard anything that did not mind him of the king.

Then, in great anger, Rodolph said: "I will go to the mountain-top; there I shall find no birds, nor trees, nor brooks, nor flowers to prate of a monarch no one has ever seen. There shall there be no sea to vex me with its murmurings, nor any human voice to displease me with its superstitions."

So Rodolph went to the mountain, and he scaled the loftiest pinnacle, hoping that there at last he might hear no more of that king whom none had ever seen. And as he stood upon the pinnacle, what a mighty panorama was spread before him, and what a mighty anthem swelled upon his ears! The people plained, with their songs and murmuring, lay far below; on every side the mountain peaks loomed up in snowy grandeur; and overhead he saw the sky, blue, cold, and cloudless, from horizon to horizon.

What voice was that which spoke in Rodolph's bosom then as Rodolph's eyes beheld this revelation?

"There is a king!" said the voice. "The king lives, and this is his abiding place!"

And how did Rodolph's heart stand

still when he felt Silence proclaim the king,—not in tones of thunder, as the tempest had proclaimed him, nor in the singing voices of the birds and brooks, but so swiftly, so surely, so grandly, that Rodolph's soul was filled with awe ineffable.

Then Rodolph cried: "There is a king, and I acknowledge him! Henceforth my voice shall swell the songs of all in earth and air and sea that know and praise his name!"

So Rodolph went to his home. He heard the cricket singing of the king; yes, and the sparrows under the eaves, the thrush in the hedge, the doves in the elms, and the brook, too, all singing of the king; and Rodolph's heart was gladdened by their music. And all the earth and the things of the earth seemed more beautiful to Rodolph now that he believed in the King; and to the song all Nature sang Rodolph's voice and Rodolph's heart made harmonious response.

"There is a King, my child," said Rodolph to his little one. "Together let us sing to Him, for He is our King, and His goodness abideth forever and forever."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Success is not always to be measured by money, position, or reputation, although these visible marks of achievement are the usual spurs to ambition. In what the world calls failure God often stores the richest success. We judge by the finished building, the completed work, the rounded career. But it is to some of us given to be but torsos, fragments, suggestions only, that under other conditions might have attained successful development, but are now failures to men, although not to Him.

Enthusiasm in Work.

Be enthusiastic in what you do. Believe in its usefulness for you. Love the work for its own sake, as part of the duty you owe your manhood. There is at present no dearth of enthusiasm at any of the colleges, but no quality is more vital or more to be insisted upon. It is the lubricator of mind and soul, arousing our best efforts and giving a warmth and glow that drive us on to the best results. So long as a spark of enthusiasm remains we are eternally young; when it dies away our youth vanishes as well. It is, indeed, a divine gift—that of enthusiasm. It makes us forget all difficulties and disappointments. Under its influence we fly where we formerly plodded along. We soar above the plains, we gain the heights, we breathe a lovelier atmosphere. Everything becomes transformed as by a magic spell, which in those famous lines of "Faust,"

For a moment with a sense of wings, Uplifts us, bears us onward and away.

Half the battle in acquiring knowledge in any field is to love the work we do. The secret of achievement is enthusiasm, and the more lasting is one's success when that spirit of enthusiasm is re-enforced by the quality of persistence. Enthusiasm lights up the history of learning, the entire record of human accomplishment. Given its possession, the humblest mechanic may become an inventor, the burdens of the forge and farm are changed to benedictions, the petty toil of each day is transfigured and we spring with alacrity to every task, for the song of triumph is resounding.

Work That Nourishes.

One of the secrets of a life of growing power is to be nourished rather than depleted by one's work. Activity is healthful; strain is harmful. Men do not die of overwork, but of maladjustment to the conditions of their work; for under right conditions work develops just as truly as exercise; but under wrong conditions it depletes and destroys. The great workers of the world have accumulated force rather than perished from it, and have gathered richness of material and power of action by the putting forth of their energies; so that their lives have moved toward culmination rather than come to an early fruition followed by a long decline.

It is easy to detect the difference between the man who is fed by his work and the who is drained by it.

There is an ease, a force, and a zest about the work that nourishes which is never long characteristic of the work that depletes; for the essential of the work which nourishes is its free and unimpeded expression of the personality of the worker. It is the overflow of his own personal energy and not the strenuous putting forth of toilsome effort. It is significant that the great artists, as a rule, are immensely productive. Michael Angelo, Raphael, Rubens, Shakespeare, Balzac, and men of their class, attest their genius not only by the quality of their work, but by its quantity also. This means that they have secured the right adjustment to their conditions, and that work, instead of being a drain, nourishes and develops the worker.

The man who works with delight and ease grows by means of his activity, and the first secret to be learned in order to rid work of worry and wear is to take it in a reposeful spirit, to refuse to be hurried, to exchange the sense of being mastered by one's occupation for the consciousness of mastery. To take work easily and quietly, not because one is indifferent to it, but because one is fully equal to it, is to take the first step towards turning work into play.

Young Men in Society.

A woman writer says: The success of entertaining is generally supposed to depend upon the hostess; nevertheless, a certain share in the responsibility

rests also upon the guest, for there are some people who, for one cause or another, it seems impossible to entertain in the fullest, truest sense of the word. You may invite them to your house, ask pleasant people to meet them, and even provide those friends you think and hope will prove congenial partners to them at dinner, or for the dance, and still they do not appear "entertained," but look dull as a November day, and as depressing as a dense fog. Shyness is sometimes the cause of this behavior, and sometimes it is stupidity, but more often it is pure conceit and affectation, for there are many people who consider it clever, and the "correct thing" to look bored and bored, who cultivate a listless air, and act as if they were conferring a favor upon their hostess by accepting her hospitality, when, as a matter of fact, the reverse is the truth. It is the host and hostess who give, and the guest who accepts.

Whoever does not take the trouble to make himself pleasant and agreeable, or to hide a look of boredom—even if he feels the sensation—is a heavy weight on the hands of a hostess. Although both men and women err in this manner, the greatest sinners are the men. They know that they are in the minority, that the demand for them in society is greater than the supply, and that no hostess can entertain successfully without their presence, therefore, they consider themselves at liberty to do what they please.

It is the men—the young ones, generally—who neglect to answer invitations promptly. Even when they are invited to dinner they often omit sending a reply until after the lapse of some days; not so much forgetting, as ignoring the fact that by so doing they must—not may—be putting their entertainer to great inconvenience. Many young men do not take the trouble to answer invitations to dances at all. They prefer to leave the matter open, and at the last minute go, or not, as they feel inclined.

The genuine desire to be happy with one's friends, and to see them happy, for one short hour of life's pilgrimage—this is the philosopher's stone.

Madame Recamier, world renowned for her beauty, yet had another spell by which she ruled in French society. It was that of kindness. Kindness, too, was the distinguishing characteristic of Du Maurier's dear Duchess of Towers. It is the sine qua non of good entertaining. Without it no hostess can be deserving of the name.

The Distinction Between Character and Reputation.

Young men know by observation and experience the value of good reputation as an agent for their advancement in business life; they may not appreciate so highly the value of good character. The distinction between character and reputation is well defined, though they are usually related one to the other. It is seldom that a man of bad character has a good reputation, or vice versa, and yet it is possible for men to establish a good reputation in business circles when their characters in social life are bad. The business world knows nothing of their private or home life, and thence arises the possibility of a man having a good reputation and a bad character.

The young man engaged in laying the foundation for what he hopes may be a prosperous career should be careful to establish and maintain a good character upon which to build a good reputation. Neither success nor happiness can be surely maintained without the possession of good character. The man of reputation who knows that it is insecure because of his bad character, though this may be unknown to the people with whom he comes in contact, is paralyzed by fear of exposure. He cannot act boldly before men for fear that, attention being directed to him, he may be detected and have his true character revealed.

Some years ago information came to certain gentlemen that a bank had been looted and was on the verge of failure. They knew that a mutual friend, treasurer of a great corporation, kept his accounts at the bank, and they went out of their way to give him a friendly warning. He did not heed it, the bank failed and the treasurer was irretrievably ruined. His friends could not understand his behavior until a trial in the criminal courts revealed the fact that the treasurer himself had been engaged in robbing the bank, that he knew all about its condition, and that he did not attempt to withdraw his account because he knew that there were not enough funds to meet his claim, and knew also that to attempt to withdraw would precipitate the failure he hoped to put off. His reputation was good, but his character was bad. His friends knew only his reputation, but he himself knew his character. He could not act as duty required because of his own secret faults. To be brave, outspoken, fearless, a man must have a clear conscience. A guilty conscience "does make cowards of us all." It is, therefore, important for young men to guard well both character and reputation, striving to create a good impression with other people, but striving also to live in such a way as to justify the favorable impression. Good character and good reputation are not only factors in producing success in business; they are most important factors in producing the happiness of the individual who is so fortunate as to possess them.—Catholic Standard and Times.

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OUR CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES.

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A German Protestant in an article in the Kolnische Zeitung pays a grand tribute to the German Catholic missionaries, whose "quiet, earnest work in our African colonies," he says, "arouses our sympathies and proves to be a blessing to our possessions." He tells why he praises these good men, who are not of his faith. Here are his generous words:

"The manner in which the blacks are educated to work as well as to pray, the simplicity and faith of the missionaries, are indeed admirable. Their maxim, *Ora et labora*, is followed at all their stations; hence their success. It is of evident advantage to the natives that they are taught to handle the chisel, the hammer and other tools. We often hear it said that the Catholics can show better results because they have more money. We rather doubt the truth of this assertion. Near a trading station on the coast is a Protestant mission established ten years ago. It has a nice home and a handsome chapel. A Catholic mission was established in the neighborhood two years ago, and the work of the Fathers is so remarkable that it strikes not only the natives but every stranger who visits the place. The priests not only lead in prayer, but they show the negroes how to work. Handsome buildings have been raised and furnished by the natives under their direction, all with material found in the neighborhood. The deeds described here speak for themselves. But still, as the Kolnische Zeitung writer remarks, "our Protestant brothers try to belittle these efforts." And what is the answer of the Catholic missionaries? This Protestant puts it this way: "Yet how simple, how modest, is the life of these Catholic missionaries! They never give offense by joining in gossip. And if a colonist is ill, be he Protestant or Catholic, he will always find the priests ready to attend and comfort him."

Edward W. Bok writes of the importance of the betrothal with characteristic force and earnestness in the April Ladies' Home Journal. An engagement to marry he recognizes as one of the most serious compacts in life, as sacred as marriage, and only the most extraordinary circumstances would warrant its being broken. Only one other agency—alcohol—is responsible for more broken hearts and wrecked lives than broken betrothals. Mr. Bok frankly says that a man looks upon an engaged girl as he does upon a peach with much of the bloom rubbed off.

How Men Regard the Often Engaged Girl.

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