

FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON.

Twenty-First Sunday After Pentecost.

FORGIVENESS.—NO FORGIVENESS OF GOD WITHOUT FORGIVENESS ON OUR PART.

"But I say to you, love your enemies." (Matt. 5, 44.)

Our Lord pronounces, indeed, a terrible denunciation in the conclusion of the gospel of to-day: "So shall My Heavenly Father do to you, if you forgive not every one his brother from your hearts." (Matt. 18, 35) The generous Lord had so magnanimously remitted to his servant the enormous sum of ten thousand talents, 1. e. according to our money, about \$19,000,000 because the latter had been entreated. The servant, however, would not give respite to his fellow-servant for the trivial sum of a hundred pence, despite his entreaties and promises of remittance. Therefore the Lord became enraged, gave him over to the torturers, until he would pay the last farthing. He will not be able to pay in all eternity and will therefore remain forever in the power of the torturers.

In this occurrence, my dear Christians, is also pronounced our sentence, if we tread under the sacred command of our Lord Jesus Christ, refraining from our enemies and offenders that forgiveness which is demanded by our Lord. We are that servant, to whom the Lord remitted the enormous sum, and will we not forgive our fellow-brother his trivial offenses against us? Do you wish to take revenge, when God has acted so generously towards us? Judge for yourself, will our lot, then, be an undeserving one if for our impiability our Lord will one day hand us over to the torturers for all eternity?

The Judge of the living and the dead announces hell, eternal damnation to vengeance, not only in the gospel of to-day, but on many other occasions. Thus, for example, we read in the gospel of St. Mark: "If you will not forgive, neither will your Father, that is in Heaven, forgive you your sins." (Mark 12, 26) St. John, the apostle of love, says: "He that loveth not, abideth in death. Whosoever hateth his brother is a murderer, and, you know, that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in himself." (1 John 3, 14 and 15) The Holy Ghost has already said in the Old Testament: "He that seeketh to revenge himself shall find vengeance from the Lord, and He will surely keep His sins in remembrance." (Eccl. 28, 1.) What are these and so many similar expressions from the mouth of God other than so many voices which solemnly call to us: Either forgive, or renounce; either pardon, or suffer forever in hell.

But more than this! So important and exalted in the eyes of our Saviour is the command to love our enemy that He not only most forcibly inculcated it in His admonitions, but He wished daily to remind us of it, even in prayer. In the Our Father we are taught: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us." O revengeful and unforgiving Christian, have you ever seriously meditated on the significance of these words? Have you ever reflected that in this petition you pronounce your own condemnation? You say to God: "Forgive me, O God, as I forgive others, that is to say: Hate me, O God, as I hate others; be as averse to me as I am to my enemies—forget my sins as little as I forget my injuries—curse me, O Lord, as I curse my offenders!—injure me with the same malice with which I injure him! Beloved Christians, is not this a terrible prayer? And yet this is the consequence of every Our Father ascending to Heaven from a revengeful heart and from hostile lips. Can you blaspheme God more—and call upon yourself a greater woe, and, even in prayer?

How sad, therefore, is the condition of a Christian who will not forgive, forget! Every sinner is indeed miserable, but no sinner can be more so than he who can hope for no forgiveness—and this is certainly the case with the revengeful Christian. Whatever he may do for the salvation of his soul will profit him nothing. Let him pray ever so much, fast ever so strictly, give alms ever so profusely, all is useless. Let him practice the greatest austerities, yea, even like St. Lawrence on a glowing grid-iron, die the death of a martyr, there is no mercy, no forgiveness for him, but he must experience what the apostle St. James said: "For judgment without mercy to him that hath no mercy." (James 2, 13) Let him approach the tribunal of penance, for him the priest has no power of absolution, for him the hands of the representative of God are bound, and in the hour of death the eternal Judge will say: "Out of your mouth I will judge you," you unmerciful servant! You did not wish to forgive, therefore, you, too, will find no forgiveness. "Depart from Me, you cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels!" (Matt. 25, 4) Yes, depart from Me, into that ocean of fire, where there will be hating, cursing and lacerating for all eternity!

Revengeful Christian, apply this to yourself! If you remain in your implacable enmity, I have warned you, and you know the end. If you wish, however, to experience God's mercy, reconcile yourself to your brother, and Jesus will reconcile Himself to you. Love your enemy, and God will love you. Let the angel of peace live again in your heart, and you will one day live among the angels in that beautiful land of eternal love, where no hatred, no envy, no malice ever enters, and where all are brothers, eternally united in love. Amen.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Legends of Birds.

In the folk-lore of all peoples legends concerning the birds have a prominent place. In Russia the peasants say that the swallow ministered to Our Lord when He hung upon the Cross. Therefore they consider it a sacred object, and among pious persons a swallow is never killed. But concerning the sparrow they have a different opinion. Have you ever noticed the little hop which is a sparrow's only method of locomotion? He tore the flesh of our Blessed Lord and pecked at His eyes, say the Russians; so, for a punishment, his feet have been bound with invisible cords; and though, like the Wandering Jew, he must move on forever, he can do it only in the awkward and jerky way we see. Evidently the sparrows have a hard time of it in Russia.—Ave Maria.

Francis Joseph's Kindness.

The Emperor of Austria is deservedly known as the "Best Beloved" monarch. A writer in Donahoe's recounts an anecdote of his childhood which is significant of his natural kindness and consideration for others. The little episode which has been rendered famous by the great picture of Fendi will serve to illustrate these qualities.

One summer's day, when praying before the castle of Laxenburg, the young Archduke perceived that the sentry on duty was suffering intensely from the excessive heat. He ran to his grandfather, the Emperor Francis, and asked him to relieve the soldier from his duty. This was refused, but a second request for money for the sentry was granted, and the Emperor handed his grandson a dozen gold pieces, which the latter hastened to deliver to the soldier, who, however, refused the gift, as a soldier was prohibited from accepting presents when acting as sentry. The child was in despair until his grandfather, raising him in his arms, enabled him to slip the money into the cartridge pouch of the conscientious soldier. "Now, he is poor no longer!" cried little Francis Joseph, jumping to the ground, delighted at having made one man happy.

Cano's Masterpiece.

Cano's most beautiful picture is that of "Our Lady of Belem" or Bethlehem, painted at Malaga for the cathedral of Seville. In serene, celestial beauty this Madonna is excelled by no image of the Blessed Virgin to be found in Spain. Her glorious countenance would seem to be a revelation in answer to prayer. The drapery is a crimson robe, with a dark blue mantle drawn over the head. The head of the Divine Child is childlike, and yet not childlike; but there is much infantine simplicity and grace in the attitude, as He sits with His tiny hand resting on that of His Mother. These hands are admirably painted; and the whole picture is finished with exceeding care, as if the painter had determined to crown his labors and honor Seville with a masterpiece.

Cano was the artist who was once engaged to model a statue of St. Anthony for an accountant; and after the work was finished and the price spoken of was deemed large, the accountant asked how many days' labor it had cost. The answer being that it took twenty-five days, the patron at once rather indignantly observed that at the rate charged it would be four doubloons a day—a most extravagant sum. To this Cano rejoined: "Yes; but I have been fifty years learning to make such a statue as that in twenty-five days."

Effective Manners.

Growing girls and boys who have arrived at particularly conscious age often complain that companions of theirs are better liked than themselves, although they know, in their hearts, that these other boys and girls are not as really deserving—that is, not possessed of as many virtues as they themselves constantly practice. Now is the time for such young people to learn that to be sought after one must have good manners as well as a good heart; taste and tact as well as virtues. You may think this is rather hard, but stop a moment to consider. Why don't you choose that girl for a friend? She tells the truth and is very unselfish. But you remember that she is also fond of reminding you if your hat is crooked or your gown is unbecoming. You don't care for her society, although she is a "good girl." Then there is that boy—he is generous and obliging, but he loves to talk about himself and his own affairs, and never takes any interest in what you are doing. You wouldn't care for him, in spite of his fine qualities, for an intimate friend. It is well to learn these lessons young—for you must learn it at some time or other—that the people we shall be thrown among through life will ask yet more of us than that we keep the Ten Commandments. If they are the sort of people whom we ought to know, they will expect us to do right; but they want more than that of us, or, rather, they want that carried out to its inner meaning. Tact and taste are needed in social life, as well as the enforcement of the golden rule. But then tact and taste are the further carrying out of the golden rule. It is because these young folks sometimes overlook these acts that they need to be reminded that good hearts are not visible to the world, as are uncouth manners, careless speech and unpleasing habits. Therefore, these all count in the impression one makes, and one must be on guard that that impression shall be agreeable. "Manners make the man" is not wholly true, but it has some truth in it.

Healy's First Masterpiece.

There are in the life of the great portrait painter, Healy, says the Ave Maria, many pleasing and interesting incidents, which can not fail to delight the rising generation. His grandfather was a patriotic Irishman, financially ruined by his efforts in behalf of freedom; his father a sea-captain, who, after an adventurous but upright life, settled in Boston, and became a genuine Yankee by adoption. It was probably from his maternal grand-mother, Mrs. Hicks, that little George inherited his artistic skill. She painted very prettily in water colors, after the fashion of the day; and the lad liked nothing better than to pore over her modest sketches,—having, it is needless to say, not the slightest idea that he himself would ever be able to create such wonderful works of art.

Meanwhile things did not go well at home. George was the eldest of five children, and was obliged to be, as so many other right-hand men, "mother's right-hand man." He makes no complaint of his father, but tells us that all his business ventures proved disastrous, and he can readily fill in the picture. He was evidently a good man, disheartened by want of success, and an easy-going sailor at heart even after he left the ocean forever.

George was what the Scotch would call a "wee bit laddie" when the chance came for him to be of help as a wage-earner. He held the horse of a gentleman while he made a call, and was rewarded with a shilling. Probably never again did the sight of a shilling, bravely earned, give him the same triumphant pleasure as that which he felt when he threw the money into the lap of his proud and tearful mother.

One friend, Miss Stuart, daughter of Gilbert Stuart, already renowned as a portrait painter, was the first believer in his artistic vocation. One of her kind acts was to lend him a print of Guido Reni's famous "Ecce Homo," which he had at once proceeded to copy. After he had reproduced the picture as well as he could, he begged a friendly bookseller to hang it in his window, and to sell it if possible. Mr. Healy confesses in his autobiography that he made as many excuses as possible for passing the good-natured bookseller's shop. At last the "Ecce Homo" actually found a customer,—none other than a Catholic priest who had charge of rural parish not far away. He inquired if the picture was for sale; and the bookseller, thinking this a chance to do the young artist a good turn, replied that he thought the painter might be induced to part with it, if the price offered were liberal.

"I am poor," answered the priest; "but I wish this picture very much, and will give \$10 for it."

The bookseller promised to ask young Healy about the matter, and report the next day. The transaction was perfected and the good priest carried off the precious painting in triumph. This would seem to indicate that even the genius of Mr. Healy was manifest, and possibly the kind purchaser was aware that he had a good bargain. Now for the sequel.

Some thirty years after, when the artist, enjoying world-wide fame, was chatting with some friends at the Capitol at Washington, an aged priest stepped up to him and asked if he were Mr. Healy, the portrait-painter. The painter admitted his identity, and the old priest remarked, with a smile: "I believe that I am the happy possessor of one of your earliest works, if not the earliest. Do you remember an 'Ecce Homo' which you had placed in the window of a Boston bookseller? A country priest offered ten dollars for it. I am that priest, and your picture still hangs in my little church. Who knows? It, perhaps, brought down blessings on your head. I have always felt that I had something to do with your success in life."

Mr. Healy shook hands heartily with his first customer, and told him how much that ten dollars was to him at the time; but in the excitement he forgot to inquire the name of the old priest—something he never ceased to regret. He would have liked, he said, to pay him a visit, and see his early "Ecce Homo" again.

Mr. Healy died recently at a ripe old age, honored and admired all over the civilized world. He was all his life a most earnest and consistent Catholic, and after his death it was pretty said of him: "Successful in reproducing the features of others on canvas, he was still more faithful in forming his own heart to the image and likeness of his Creator."

Doctors Testify. There's strong testimony by eminent physicians of wonderful cures made by Dr. Chase's Family Remedies—particularly Dr. Chase's Ointment.

Totally Deaf.—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. I warmed the Oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine."

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Catholic Columbian asks: Do Catholic young men appreciate the Church and its teachings? Are they ready and willing to defend it when assailed by ignorance and bigotry? Do they live up to their faith? And in answer says that it is not so much the fighting Catholic that the Church needs as the one who preaches by example, quoting in proof thereof the following article of Father Yorke, the editor of the San Francisco Monitor:

Standing Up for One's Religion. A man who has deep convictions on any subject is always ready to stand up for these convictions. If a Catholic is a Catholic at all his belief must be real and deep. Naturally, therefore, he must be always ready to give a reason for the faith that is in him.

This does not mean that a true Catholic is one given to theological garrulity. That the tongue runs fast on religious subjects is no guarantee that the heart is permeated with piety. Indeed, crystallized common sense in the shape of the rules of politeness warns us that much speaking about holiness does not become ordinary men. The saints themselves have been strict observers of this convention. Only vulgarians interject their religious ideas and their religious prejudice into the conversations of ordinary life.

There is one way, however, by which the Catholic can in season and out of season stand up for his religion, and that is by living up to it. Catholicity does not consist merely of a number of articles which must be believed; it consists also in many laws which must be observed. Moreover, it is not satisfied with proposing to us the mere moral law with its precepts and its sanctions, but it brings that law into our daily actions and by salutary regulations forces us to face our own consciences and examine how we have done our duty to our God and our neighbor.

The Catholic who stands up for his religion by living up to his religion, cannot fail to be a good man. Whether he is in business for himself or employed by others, he is not only contented with the command of God "Thou shalt not steal," but frequently if he is a good Catholic he has to acknowledge his sins to a priest, and he knows that not only must he then steal no more but he cannot obtain forgiveness if he restore not what he has taken unjustly.

If he is in a public position he knows that God has commanded "Thou shalt not swear thyself," and he knows, too, that he is a perjurer if he breaks his oath of office. But more than this: it is always before his mind that when he kneels at the confessional to tell his sins he has no hope for forgiveness unless he repairs all the wrong he may have done. If he has taken public money unjustly for his own use no priest can forgive him until that public money is restored. If he has wronged those who have come before him to seek for justice or to seek for relief no hand can be lifted up in absolution over him until he has righted those wrongs. To every Catholic who goes to the confessional God's terms are not only sorrow of the heart and confession of the lips but full reparation for every injustice and for every wrong.

With a self-discipline so strict and exacting as this it is no wonder that the good Catholic should make an honest business man and an upright official. When we find business men and officials who claim to be Catholics and who neglect the confessional—even the little boys on the streets can tell us what it means. Great is the multitude of men who would be Catholics were there no confessional.

What we want in this age and in this country is Catholics who live up to their religion. We have too many who are willing to stand up for it in much speaking. Seldom do these do it honor. Indeed there are many who are half drunk; never so willing to make open profession of their faith as when they are disgracing it. But men who are silent in words but eloquent in deeds, these are the men who practice their

MAN'S THOUGHTLESS INHUMANITY

To His Stomach Causes Untold Suffering and Misery.

But Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets Restore the Health and Strength the Creator Gave—They Cure all Stomach Diseases Except Cancer.

A tired, weak, worn out stomach makes a man a crank, a woman a scold, and life a misery. You should not know that you have a stomach. If it is healthy and strong you won't know it, for it will never trouble you.

There is no wonder that the stomach soon often wears out. From our earliest childhood we persistently abuse it, and overlook it.

We sicken it with "candies"; freeze it with ice cream; parboil it with scalding hot tea or coffee; choke it up with too, h. half masticated meat; and abuse it in a hundred other ways. No wonder it breaks down.

Why shouldn't it have a rest occasionally, as well as we do ourselves? If it had, we would never be tortured by indigestion, Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Sick Headache, nor any other of the many complaints that result from abuse of the stomach.

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By ensuring perfect digestion, Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets cure all stomach troubles except cancer. By digesting the food they rest the stomach, allowing it to regain health, strength and vigor.

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duties faithfully and sound no trumpets at the corners of the streets. These are the men who show forth the truth and beauty of Catholicity. These are the men who without opening their mouths fulfil the injunction of the Apostle: Preach the word: be instant in season and out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long suffering and teaching." These are the men who in truth "stand up for their religion."

Enthusiasm in One's Business. A man can no more be successful in a business that he does not like than he can be happy with a wife whom he does not love, says the Furniture Journal. Enthusiasm is the power which impels men onward in any and every vocation. Without it, men are lethargic. They drift.

Drifting, however, does not win the race, either in business or aquatic events. There must be the long pull, the strong pull, and the pull with vigor. Men in business to day have no easy task. There is a great deal to discourage and very little to encourage. There are foes within and foes without to contend against. Under such conditions it is no wonder many either fail altogether or eke out a mere existence.

The antidote for despair is enthusiasm; and the germ of enthusiasm is love for, or pleasure in, that business or vocation in which you are embarked.

Therefore, if you would succeed, get thoroughly in love with your business.

Why Catholics Cannot Be Masons. A correspondent wishes to know why a Catholic is not allowed to join a Masonic lodge. The reasons for the condemnation of the Masons were given by Pope Benedict XIV. in 1751. The first reason is the fact that in the Masonic reunions men of every sect and religion are associated intimately—a thing which must involve prejudice to the purity of Catholic doctrine.

The second reason is found in the absolute secrecy which covers all that is done in Masonic conventicles. The third reason is furnished by the oath to preserve inviolable silence as to what is said and done; as though it were permitted to absolve one's self, merely by an oath, from the obligation of replying to the interrogatories of legitimate authority concerning whatever is done in these reunions to the detriment of religion and the State.

The fourth reason is deduced from the prohibition, made by civil and ecclesiastical law to form any society or corporation without the sanction of public authority. The fifth reason is given in the prohibition of the Masonic lodges, already promulgated by many sovereigns. And a final reason is found in the condemnation of Masonry by wise and prudent men. A very plain reason nowadays is in the fact that Masonry is a form of religion, and a Catholic cannot profess any other but that of the one true Church to which he belongs. The plainest reason of all is the antagonism of Masonry to Catholicity, of which there is abundant historical proof, and ample contemporary evidence.—Catholic Examiner.

Build Up.

When the system is run down a person becomes an easy prey to Consumption or Scrophulous. Many valuable lives are saved by using Scott's Emulsion as soon as a decline in health is observed.

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AWFUL SKIN HUMOR

My little daughter's head and face broke out in bleeding sores. One of her ears was so affected we thought it would slough off. Her suffering was intense, getting no rest unless under opiates. The physician tried every known remedy, but instead of getting better, she got worse. Distracted with her condition, I was advised to try CUTICURA REMEDIES. Before the first week I noticed that the little sufferer was beginning to get relief, and in less than two months was entirely cured. Mrs. JAS. MELTON, 5 Hayden St., Atlanta, Ga.

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