FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Sixth Sunday after Epiphany.

DOMINUS VOBISCUM.

"The kingdom of heaven is like to leaven, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." (Matt. xiii. 33)

The progress of spiritual life is slow with most of us, my dear brethren. We go along day by day, and it seems as if we had advanced but little since the day we began. It seems to us as if we were still standing at the starting-place, and the goal as far off as ever. The good resolutions which we made when we began to serve God are not forgotten, neither are they broken. But the same evil influences are all about us, tempting us and luring us on to commit sin again, as in the days of our wickedness—those sins which we renounced years ago, and which we have renounced many a time since. And the older we grow the fewer, perhaps, become those temptations. We think it may be that now we ought to be free from them; that as we have stopped sinning, the desire, even involuntary, of sinning again ought to leave us. And because temptations continue we imagine that sin is within us and that we must purge it out. So we try to make a general confession. The result is not satisfactory, and we fret and worry and delude ourselves with the belief that we are wholly evil and that we have made no progress since we started. We have fallen into the error so common, especially among pious people, that concupiscence is sin.

The truth of the whole matter is this, summed up in a few words of Holy Scripture: "My son, when thou comest to serve the Lord, prepare thy soul for temptation."

God wishes us to purge our souls as well as to strengthen them, and He allows us to be tempted that we may have not only the merit of resistance, but also the strength which comes from repeatedly engaging in battle with the enemy. For the more you fight, the greater will be your experience in the battles to come; and the more victories you gain, the more easily will you gain those which God puts in your hand.

The whole man is to be purged and cleansed. Nothing unclean can enter heaven. So if you have put yourself into the hands of God, you must let Him do with you what He pleases. He has His ways and means, and His ways are not your ways. So He allows satan to tempt you as He allowed him to tempt St. Paul and Job, and indeed all His chosen ones. He has chosen you, and He asks you to be patient while He works out His purpose in your soul. Love, therefore, on the temptations with which you are beset as so many chances by which you may resist, and so advance. Indeed I would not bid you to ask anything else from God but grace to overcome. With each temptation that comes there comes a grace tenfold stronger, which is for your use. Use it then boldly for the honor of God and the good of your soul. And do not be discouraged if these temptations last as long as your life in this world. Do not get discouraged in the Christian life and be tempted to say: "I make no advance, because I am not free from temptation." But rather in the midst of your trials say with St. Paul: "I have fought the good fight; there is laid up for me a crown of justice in heaven."

THE MINISTRY.

WHAT INDUCEMENT IN PROTESTANTISM FOR YOUNG MEN?

The Missionary, published at the Apostolic Mission House and the organ of the mission movement for the conversion of non-Catholics, has a most trenchant defense of the infallibility of the Holy Father as against the attacks of the Outlook. The Outlook represents the most extreme wing of liberalism among non-Catholics and it speaks of the recent utterances of the Holy Father as only another evidence that the Roman Catholic Church places itself in "a position of hostility to the spirit of scientific research and to the liberal movement within and without the Church." Yes, there is an undoubted hostility to the spirit of scientific research that would take nothing for the settled truth except what is proven by empirical evidence, that would even deny the existence of a soul because its elusiveness defies the scalpel, or the existence of God because His presence is not made evident by any lines in the spectrum.

There is not, and never has been, any hostility to that large-minded scientific method that admits revelation as a source of truth, as well as the evidence of our senses. Revelation has settled the existence of a region of truth beyond the ken of scientific research, just as the telescope has told us of the stars beyond our vision.

It is that scientific temper that is essentially sceptical, that admits none of those things that are not proven in the laboratory, that is now eviscerating much of the religious life of the day. If The Outlook could but see it, it is this that has made nervelessness the vitality of Protestantism and is a scourge of many of the evils that they deplore in the decadence of religion.

Dr. Burrell, who is staunch and strong in his old faith, touches off the blighting influence of what he calls the "New Theology," and what the Holy Father calls "Modernism," in discussing recently the scarcity of recruits to the Protestant ministry. He says, speaking of the young man who is thinking of entering the ministry:

"Put yourself in his place. With life before you, presenting its various avenues of usefulness, you would be likely to reason thus: I am urged to go into the ministry. What for? To seek and to save the lost? But they say there are no 'lost.' To preach the truth? What truth? A personal God? They say there is no God but law, energy, a something, not ourselves, that maketh for righteousness? The supernatural? They say that the miraculous is played out, and all things are to be accounted for by natural laws. A divine Christ? His virgin birth is denied, and he is affirmed to have been a more excellent man. The atonement? The idea that sin requires expiation is pronounced unphilosophical and therefore unsound. Justification by faith? Justification from what and by faith in what? In the new theology faith has no objection and justification no ground. Well, then, since all the doctrines once regarded as fundamental are explained away suppose I devote myself to the preaching of ethics. But where shall I find my ethics? In the Bible? Pooh, pooh! The Bible is merely one of the many volumes of the world's literature and by no means the truest of them. Is the decalogue? The decalogue is declared to have no more authority back of it than any other portion of this disintegrated book. Is there, then, no ultimate authority for truth and morals? Only in the inner consciousness of the individual. The question of entering the ministry, then, resolves itself into this: Shall I invest the assets of my life in a profession which has no end but to persuade a man to believe what pleases him, be what he would like to be, and do what, in his opinion, without any reference to 'authority,' he ought to do? And, that being so, is the game worth the candle?

"If he is really a 'smart' young man he will be sure to answer no. He knows that he has only one life to live in this world, and it behooves him to make the most of it. He would be a fool to put all his eggs in such a basket as the ministry of the New Theology. It isn't worth while. The man who chops wood to help people keep warm and bake their bread is a contributor to the general good, but the man who preaches when he has nothing to say is a non-producer. His profession ought to fail for want of candidates, because there is nothing in it. It is a mistake, however, to assume that 'bright young men' are not consecrating themselves, here and there and everywhere, to the work of preaching the straight gospel. The drones drop out; why not? But the youth who believes in Christ and the Bible covets the privilege of treading in the beaten path of service; and he knows that the higher form of service is proclaiming a positive gospel, on the authority of a 'Thus saith the Lord,' with the supreme purpose of saving men. Of such candidates there is no dearth nor will there ever be."

THE REFINING INFLUENCE OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The Catholic Church is a marvelous fosterer and preserver of the arts that ennoble and elevate the soul of man. People sometimes carp at her grand edifices, planted among and built largely by the poor; yet these edifices are the true homes of the poor, their solace, their comfort, the strong and glorious uplifters of their eyes and thoughts from sordid cares and darking trials.

Architecture, music, painting, poetry, history, dignified ceremonial, the high perfection, and to quote St. Augustine, the tranquillity of order, all these things are the handmaids and the ministers of the Catholic Church. A poor man enters the stained walls of her cathedrals. Within and without what nobility of structure in vaulted roof, in massive pillars, in aspiring arches, meets his gaze! What pictures hang upon the walls and glow from the stained glass windows! Depicted there is the story of Christ's Passion in the way of the Cross, the fourteen stations, seven on each side; while the windows tell of the Christmas scenes in Bethlehem's stable, or show the saints and angels in their glory; and over the grand, high altar is the solemn crucifix, with the wide-spread arms of the Redeemer proclaiming ceaselessly His love for our sin-toned, weary souls. "Come unto Me," that crucifix, or that statue of the Sacred Heart, or that Child in the manger, is evermore repeating to us, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."

The scent of the incense lingers on the air with the fragrance, too, of the flowers that adorn the altars. The play of varied colors falls on floor and ceiment. Music floods the place, music that is the ecstatic overflow of the genius of devout and inspired musicians, music that seems to be one of the most special joys we are to have in heaven. Beyond all else in our churches is the Presence of the Blessed Sacrament, Emmanuel, God, with us, with us all days until the end of the world; and the genius of man is employed to adorn His dwelling place, but also to make glad His children who come to His dear home, His home, to find their joy and rest.

We shall never sufficiently realize the refining, ennobling, soul-satisfying influence that the Church has exerted on the world, in all these ways of music, art, poetry, history, architecture, through all the Christian ages. Yes, and God's Church of olden times, the Jewish Church, began this work, in its limited way, centuries before; and the psalmist sang and we now echo his words, the praises of the beauty of holiness and the loveliness of the tabernacles of the Lord, those tabernacles wherein a man was accounted blest to dwell, and for which his soul fainted and longed in a place of exile.

We read of the illustrious artist, Murillo, that he used to sit for hours in a certain church in Spain, before a picture of the Descent from the Cross, by another artist's hand. The day died, the shadows fell, the time came to close the church; someone asked Murillo why he lingered there still, and he made this answer, dreamily:

"I am waiting till they have taken our Blessed Lord down from the Cross."

Wonderful reply! How it fills our own dreaming souls with the wonder as to what that picture could possibly have possessed, of power, of reality, of pathos, of holiness, and of stupefying strength, thus to compel so renowned an artist's admiration and to subdue his whole being to itself. Yet is not this incident a true type of what is going on, the world over, in the churches of the Catholic faith? Here is some one absorbed in prayer before a crucifix, another before a statue, another in the dear devotion of the Way of the Cross, another at the crib. What is it all but devotion to the beauty of holiness, and the love of the Redeemer? What is it but our reply to the yearning heart of Jesus? What is it but our lavishing the ointment, like Magdalen, on our Saviour's head once crowned with thorns for us, on His feet once way-worn and weary for us, and nailed once to the cruel tree? We do not worship graven images, though ignorant men may assume as of it; but we do love and venerate those things that recall to our minds and hearts our true Friend and Lover, and we know that these things help to elevate the soul, and to refine it, and to win it closer to Jesus Christ.—Sacred Heart Review.

OLD-FASHIONED HEART AND NEW-FASHIONED MIND.

A GLIMPSE OF MRS. THOS. F. RYAN AND HER ACTIVITIES.

The New York Herald recently published a sketch of Mrs. Thomas F. Ryan, wife of the millionaire, which is pleasant to read because of its refreshing contrast to the usual type not only of wealth and fashion, but also of the modern "professional" philanthropist.

According to the writer in the Herald Mrs. Ryan is unique among the women of her kind in New York, in that philanthropy has not become a fad in the latter years of her wealth. The only difference lies in the wider scope of work made possible by the increase of her husband's fortune. Her generous heart has not changed since the days when "Tom" Ryan was a clerk at $20 a week. Down in the Jesuit Fathers' parish, in 16th street, there are men and women to-day who recount the munificence of "Tom" Ryan's wife thirty years ago, when her modest home was in a five-room apartment, then called "half a house."

Up in the big old-fashioned sitting-room of her Fifth avenue home, where the greater part of her life is spent, Mrs. Ryan's friends find her a woman of old-fashioned heart and new-fashioned mind. The pictures, the chintz-covered chairs, the music box, the knitting needles and the darning ball speak of the simplicity of her nature, while the up-to-date flat-top desk, over in the south corner, with its neat rolls of files and its telephone, tell of another side to her nature. These two extremes of the modest home-loving housewife, and the twentieth century woman of affairs, are constantly meeting in the life of Mrs. Ryan. Many times a day the click of the ivory knitting needles give way to the call of an important business message by telephone. Between the stitches round a baby sock or a tiny hood, churches are built, hospitals planned and aid given to industrial distress.

HER DOMICILE OF PUBLICITY.

No public subscription has ever carried the name of Mrs. Thomas Fortune Ryan. She does not often give to public collections, and it is said that when she has done so, with the gift went the stipulation that her name be not used. This reticence is not affectation. Publicity is Mrs. Ryan's *bête noire*.

When Mrs. Ryan witnessed a disastrous railroad wreck near her country residence at Suffern and saw the inadequate provision for the ill and wounded she built and endowed a fine hospital there. When a reporter went to cover the story, Mrs. Ryan said:

"Why should anything be written about this? They needed a hospital and I was able to provide it. It is nothing more than I should have done, so why talk about it? Say that they have a hospital, but don't mention my name. Go out and find some woman who does hard work six days every week and on the seventh gives her time and strength to some less fortunate woman, and this for no compensation. There are hundreds of such women in New York—thousands of them. Now that story would do more good and be more interesting than to just print a yarn about my doing this little thing."

"It is always "a little thing" that Mrs. Ryan does, be it to build a cathedral, a church, a hospital or mission. It is "a little thing" to find employment for men and women who have others depending upon their efforts; it is "a little thing" "to make work" for women who are unfitted by the progress of the day to meet the demands of present conditions. It is "a little thing" to send an ill woman or a delicate boy out into God's country, where the air is undefiled, the food nourishing and the strain of work is not.

SOME OF THE "LITTLE THINGS"

Many a shop girl in New York has been driven to No. 60 Fifth avenue in Mrs. Ryan's fine carriage and gone back to her more humble home rather for the interest of Mrs. Ryan. On her shopping tours Mrs. Ryan's kindly eyes wander keenly behind the long counters in search of those women with the tired, stooping shoulders and a feverish color; such a one is never passed in silence, and either to the girl herself or through the manager of the store Mrs. Ryan offers a chance to fight the disease, and there is never but one stipulation—"that nothing be said about it."

Out in the dry and desert of Arizona, where science has proved that she is the greatest doctor for tuberculosis, there are whole colonies of "hangers" supported by the munificence of Mrs. Ryan. During her many visits into that arid section, where both of the boys she has lost went seeking health, Mrs. Ryan saw the direneed for such work. Many afflicted men and women find themselves stranded in that country, where living is costly and work in the beneficial section very scarce. In such places Mrs. Ryan has established camps or aided those already organized. No movement that makes for a better fight against the spread of tuberculosis or toward a possible cure goes unaided by Mrs. Ryan.

One afternoon as she sat knitting a baby coat in her big home-like sitting room, this subject was opened. The click of the ivory needles stopped, and her eyes filled with tears as Mrs. Ryan said:

"It seems to me there is no other physical affliction so terrible in this world. It just makes my heart bleed to see the young men and women of our country cut down in their very youth by this dread disease. I have seen babies at their sides, and with so much work yet to do. And I have seen old mothers watch the life go out of their boys or their only girls—the children in whom lay the joy of their living—and yet nothing could be done. We have had to stand by and watch a life that was so dear to us slip away by inches as the days passed. I just can't talk about it."

And after another pause, the ivory needles slipped on again, weaving out a soft fine garment for some poor woman's child.

Mrs. Ryan is never idle, and her fine white hands work ceaselessly. Many a humble hard working woman in New York has proudly dressed her baby in clothes that were made by the rich Mrs. Ryan.

HER METHODS.

Mrs. Ryan is interested in wage-earners of every class, and there are few fields of labor in this country she has not aided in some way. Several years ago she was in a great hurry to get telephone connection with a business office. It was at the rush hour, and the Gramercy office was very busy. Mrs. Ryan heard the weary voice of a tired operator come over the wire: "I can't get them now; I'll try again and ring you."

That afternoon Mrs. Ryan called the manager's office. "What happens to ill operators?" she asked.

"Why, they go home," was the surprised answer.

"But you don't take care of them when they get ill? Most of those girls or their families need what they make. Don't you take care of them at all when they get ill?"

No. The telephone company doesn't take care of its employees—it couldn't afford to do that. But before that day's sun went down Mrs. Ryan had permanently endowed four rooms at St. Vincent's Hospital for ill or worn out telephone operators, and the managers of all the offices were notified that this had been done. As usual, Mrs. Ryan's name was not mentioned. In the same manner three rooms were endowed for ill nurses, who spending their lives in the care of the ill, are not cared for gratis at any of the New York hospitals when their own health breaks.

But these are only a few of the small and unknown charities of this woman, who gives away $1,000,000 every year. As a philanthropist her work has been far-reaching. She has built more churches and missions for the worship of God, more schools, orphan asylums and hospitals than any other living person.

AS A CATHOLIC.

For nearly a quarter of a century Mrs. Ryan has had one or another of her sons at Georgetown University. Her youngest son is now completing a scientific course there, and to commemorate this she has given an $18,000 gymnasium, one of the finest dining halls in the country, thoroughly equipped, and several additions to the university library. She has also endowed scholarships there, and in many other universities, where ambitious boys without means can be given the best advantages the colleges offer.

Mrs. Ryan has the privilege of a chapel in her private car, the Pere Marquette, which honor has been extended to only one other person, the Queen of Spain. In her many tours Mrs. Ryan has always had service in her car and any railroad employees or others desiring to attend Mass were welcomed. She has a private chapel in her Fifth avenue home, and one of the finest private chapels in the United States attached to her residence at Suffern. When other women of wealth are having their beauty sleeps or recuperating from a night's pleasure in the early hours of the morning, Mrs. Ryan is up and about, and the first hour of the sunrise finds her beginning her day with the service of God in her chapel.

SOME CONTROVERSIES.

The controversy now progressing in the North American Review, between Archbishop Ireland and Professor Briggs is specially notable for the absence of all "odium theologicum" and personalities. It is forcible argument actively but "sweetness and light" in expression. The prelate nobly admits that he finds it a little difficult for him to rival the courtesy of the Professor, but he does it in an admirable manner. The North American Review of Ingersoll's day was differently conducted. George Harvey, the present editor, is a model of fairness and propriety. In a recent issue of the Freeman's Journal, Rev. Father Lambert, eminent as priest and publicist, reveals how Judge Black was charmed from continuing his controversy with the foul-mouthed blasphemous Ingersoll and how that scurrilous infidel shrank from a public discussion with the noted Catholic editor. This reminds me of a conversation I once had with Gordon Clark of Washington, D. C., one of the most pungent of writers. I told Clarke that the one charitable explanation of Ingersoll's turpitude was demonic possession. Mr. Clarke replied: "I never thought of that. It is probably true. I knew the Colonel well. On all other subjects but the Christian religion, he was sane and often luminous. When the name of Christ or His religion was mentioned, his face twitched convulsively, his frame became disorbited and his language betrayed the apparent passion or obsession of an evil spirit." But what must be thought of a North American Review editor who connived at Ingersoll's wickedness? George Harvey is a different kind of a man, and all honor to him!—James E. Randall in Catholic Columbian.

Life is a voyage, in the progress of which we are continually changing our scenes. We first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the better and most pleasant part of old age.

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