

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost.

WHY WE SHOULD LOVE GOD.

"Jesus said to him: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind." (St. Matt. xxii, 37.)

What do people of the world appear to love the most? It is money. And why money more than anything else? Because with money they can procure what they desire, houses, lands, clothing, good fare, to journey around where they will, to amuse themselves, etc. Money represents to them all sorts of temporal goods and advantages.

But money cannot buy happiness; that is, true, real happiness. It cannot buy health, it cannot buy long life, it cannot buy peace and contentment of mind. The rich man must part with all temporal goods in a short time, as the Apostle says: "We brought nothing in this world and certainly we can carry nothing out."

To love riches with his whole heart is a foolish thing. Blessed is the man who has not gone after gold, nor set his heart on money and treasures. "No! God is her only treasure. He is the infinite, boundless good. All that is good or beautiful or desirable flows from Him as from its source, and apart from Him there is nothing good, beautiful, or desirable. And He is the eternal good. This happiness which He offers us is not a puff of wind which passes away, but will last for ever. If death finds us in the state of grace and friendship with God we will possess, without fear or loss, superabundant riches, joy, and happiness for the countless ages of eternity."

This is what we are created for. If God had intended us for this world He would not have had an adequate motive for creating us at all.

From all this it follows that we must obey the commandment: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind." God is entitled to our love, for He is our Creator, "in whom we live and move and have our being, without whom and His upholding hand we should vanish away into nothingness." He is entitled to our love because He is our last end and supreme good. God is the only worthy object of the love of a reasonable and immortal soul made to His own image and likeness. This is the dictate of our own good sense. If every one stops to question his own right reason he cannot fail to receive this answer:

How shall we fulfil this great commandment? This is the question of questions, which should be now before us demanding an answer.

The love of God is not precisely the sensible affection such as we feel to our relations and friends here on earth. Our affections are not always under our control. We have never seen God, and only know what He is by what He has revealed. This affectionate love we can only have as far as He imparts it to us. It is not what He demands of us. What is this love? St. John answers this question: "This is the love of God, that we keep His commandments." The love of God consists in true heart felt obedience. We must be disposed to keep His commandments, and all of them. If we are fully, earnestly disposed to do this then we fulfil the great commandment to love God. No matter how great may be our temptations or how great a sacrifice it may involve, we must be disposed to obey the commandments. Let us not rest satisfied a moment until we find ourselves solidly grounded in these dispositions; and if we find ourselves weak or wavering, let us pray, and never cease praying. God will help us, and we shall be able to say with St. Paul, "I can do all things in Christ who strengtheneth me," and with St. Anthony who, sorely afflicted, exclaimed, "Let God arise, and all His enemies shall be scattered and they that hate Him shall flee before Him."

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Passion Flower.

The history of this singular and beautiful flower is thus given in *The Garden*:

The flower was originally named the Passiflora, or the flower of the passion, by the Catholic priests who followed closely in the track opened up by Columbus but to the west continent of America, in order to attempt the conversion of the aborigines to the Christian faith. Many of these Catholic missionaries were men highly cultivated in all learning of the time and were consequently more or less naturalists. As students of nature, we may imagine they were much struck with the beauty and singular structure of this remarkable flower, which they found growing in wild luxuriance and abundance over the rocks of Hispaniola, Cuba and Jamaica, and climbing also the great trees to their tops and hanging their beautiful foliage and blossoms in thick festoons from the branches. The structure of the flower, upon analysis, appeared to them a miracle, which seemed to foretell that these new countries were foredestined to Christianity; for the structure which they so admired at first glance was found to contain, they conceived, representations of the object most closely connected with the crucifixion and the events which immediately preceded it.

He Saved Their Lives.

Some years ago a vessel was driven on the beach of Lydd, in Kent, England. The sea was rolling furiously. Eight poor fellows were crying for help; but a boat could not be got off, through the storm, to their assistance, and they were in constant peril, for any moment the ship was in danger of sinking.

At length a gentleman came along the beach accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the animal's attention to the vessel, and put a short stick in his mouth. The intelligent and courageous dog at once understood his meaning, sprang into the sea, and fought his way through the angry waves towards the vessel. He could not, however, get close enough to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew understood what was meant, and they made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him.

The noble animal at once dropped his own piece of wood, and immediately seized that which had been thrown to him; and then, with a degree of strength and determination scarcely credible—for he was again and again lost under the waves—he dragged it through the surge, and delivered it to his master.

A line of communication was thus formed with the vessel, and every man on board was rescued.—Our Dumb Animals.

"No, I Thank You!"

Success depends as much on doing as upon doing; in other words: "Stop before you begin," has saved many a boy from ruin.

When quite a young lad I came very near losing my own life and that of my mother, by a horse I was steering, running violently down a steep hill and over a dilapidated bridge at its foot.

As the boards of the old bridge flew up behind us it seemed almost miraculous that we were not all precipitated into the stream beneath and drowned. Arriving home and relating our narrow escape to my father, he sternly said to me:

"Another time, hold in your horse before he starts."

How many young men would have been saved if early in life they had said, when invited to take the first step in wrong doing:

"No, I thank you."

If John, at this time a clerk in the store, had only said to one of the older clerks, when invited to spend an evening in the drinking saloon: "No, I thank you," he would not to day be the inmate of an inebriate asylum.

If James, a clerk in another store, when invited to spend the Sabbath on a steamboat excursion, had said: "No, I thank you," he would to day have been, perhaps, an honored officer in the church, instead of occupying a cell in the state prison.

Had William, when at school, said when his comrade suggested to him that he write his own excuse for absence from school and sign his father's name: "No, I thank you; I will not add lying to wrong doing," he would not to day be serving a term of years in prison for having committed forgery.

In my long and large experience as an educator of boys and young men, I have noticed this—resisting the devil, in whatever form he may suggest wrong-doing to us, is one sure means of success in life. Tampering with evil is always dangerous.

"Avoid the beginnings of evil," is an excellent motto for every boy starting out in life.

Oh, how many young men have endeavored, when half-way down the hill of wrong doing, to stop, but have not been able! Their own passions, appetites, lusts and bad habits have driven them rapidly down the hill to swift and irremediable ruin.

How small and insignificant our own petty troubles appear in the light of a great calamity such as visited the neighborhood of St. Louis recently. A disaster of that sort completely overshadows the every-day worries and brings home with telling force the realization that we can never know from hour to hour when desolation may compass us.

To the women of the family who remain at home each morning while the

men folk, great and small, go forth to do battle with the world and in various capacities earn the daily bread, being exposed to greater risks than we who are sheltered safely in the home nest, the every day fatalities should preach a great lesson. Many there are who leave home in the early morning never to return who perhaps parted from mother, wife or child with hasty, angry words.

No good-bye kiss was given, perhaps, owing to the shadow of an over-night's misunderstanding or a carelessness that did not mark a period not so very long ago. How do you suppose those who are left to mourn feel over such memories? Take it home to yourself and let the lesson sink deeply into your heart. Watch the hasty, unkind words; smother them at their birth; remember that it takes two to make a quarrel, and let that be one partnership into which you will not enter.

Do not keep one set of kindly, winning manners for company and a collection quite the reverse for those whom you are more intimately acquainted with. In all things and all ways try to act so that if a great calamity befall your loved ones there need not be added to the overpowering and natural grief you will feel the more poignant and stinging pangs of remorse. Into your life no shock such as this may ever come. Heaven grant that it may not! But the constant effort to make home brighter, to be always loving and delightful to the ones who are dearest to you on earth, will never do you any harm and will reward you when natural causes have taken those dear ones away, by a memory that you at least did all you could to make them happy while they lived.—Catholic Columbian.

Money and Music.

Handel, had it not been for his oratorios and his operatic speculations, would have lived and died as poor as the proverbial church mouse. Walsh, his publisher, paid him pitiful prices for his operas. For at least eleven of these works he received no more than 25 guineas each; and the largest sum he was ever paid was only £105, which he got for "Alexander's Feast." It must not be thought from these small prices that the composer's works did not sell; on the contrary, they always found a ready market, and proved a great source of profit to the publisher.

From the proceeds of his first opera, "Rinaldo," Walsh netted a profit of over £1500, whereupon Handel joyfully remarked to the music seller: "Well, you shall compose the next opera and I will publish it." Handel, as everybody knows, lost a fortune in trying to establish Italian operas in London; and although he subsequently more than recouped himself by his oratorios, it was not the publisher, but the public, who put it in his power to do this.

Even when we come down to the time of Mozart, we do not find that the claim of the brainworker to a fair wage had been recognized. It almost staggers one to recall the fact that "Don Giovanni" brought to its composer no more than £20. For "The Magic Flute" he was paid just 100 ducats, and yet the manager of the theatre at which the opera was first produced made a fortune out of it. No wonder Mozart had to be laid in a pauper's grave, the very site of which is unknown to this day! Schubert fared even worse. Some of his magnificent songs sold for less than a shilling, and at his decease it was difficult to raise enough money to bury him. Haydn's income would to day be deemed small by a player in the theatre orchestra, and his "estate" was almost a minus quantity. Weber, who died seventy-one years ago, received less than £500 in all for his "Freischutz," one of the most popular operas ever written; while from his five other operas he made only £1,600 altogether. By "The Bohemian Girl" Balfe gained less than £1,500, although the "Marble Hall" had, in that very popular work put some £3,000 into the pockets of the publishers.

"The Catholic Church is Not English."

Patriotism, according to Tolstol, is a form of selfishness. Patriotism, so called in England, but which might be better described as that aggressive individuality which makes Englishmen so thoroughly unpopular in other countries, has sufficed to prevent many hundreds from joining the Catholic Church or even from listening to the truth of her claims, simply for that trumpety assertion, "The Catholic Church is not English." The average Englishman does not do his intellect so much justice as to allow it to tell him that Jesus Christ was not English, never trod English ground, and that the God of the whole world cannot be of one nation only. No, the Englishman prefers an English fault or lie to a foreign virtue or truth; he must be safe because he is English, but he must be saved on his own terms and in his own way or he will have none of it. But how can he pretend to forget that the Catholic Church is the Church of his forefathers—Britons, Celts, Saxons, Danes and Normans, from the moment they renounced paganism; that it is the only one with a claim to the name of "the National Church," for it is the Church which welded into one all these different nationalities and thus formed the English race of to-day.—The Tablet.

If your children are troubled with worms, give them Mother Graves' Worm Expeller; safe, sure, and effective. Try it, and mark the improvement in your child.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

Best for Wash Day. For quick and easy work. For cleanest, sweetest and whitest clothes. Surprise is best. USE SURPRISE SOAP. Best for Every Day. For every use about the house Surprise works best and cheapest. See for yourself.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Columbian.

One of the signs of the times, and a sign of still better times to come, is the increasing demand of people of moderate means for a "local habitation."

Own Your Own Home.

Notwithstanding Matthew Arnold's learned protests against the supremacy of the individual, there is something in the very air we breathe that makes us rebel at being swallowed up as a mere cipher in the general unit.

Every one wishes to impress his identity upon some little spot of this great, round world before he leaves it, and in none ought this to be a stronger sentiment than in the newly married.

If beginners in life would start out with the determination of owning their roof-tree as soon as possible, and if both are of one accord, they can easily regulate their style of living with this end in view. No spasmodic effort will achieve it; only a careful laying aside of small sums regularly.

They will find that after the home is once secured they will wish to "improve it," and the habit of judicious saving being already acquired, it will be no hardship to deny themselves extravagant clothes and aimless jaunts in order to add new beauties and comforts to their abiding-place.

A bay window must be thrown out in the little dining room; capacious closets, to meet the demands of the growing family, must fill in the waste spaces of recesses; rose-bushes are planted by the dozen and watered with tears of joy; shelves are put up for the saving of steps, and the proud mistress of it all learns to wield the paint brush to the annihilation of unsightly surfaces.

The man takes a quiet, intense satisfaction in his feeling of ownership, but the supreme moment in the life of the woman is when she can take her inquisitive friends from garret to cellar and say, with exultant pride, "It is our own."

She knows that in spite of the pessimist's sentiment the home is a powerful influence for good; and for the sake of bringing up her children where they may fix their affections, she is more than willing to make motherly sacrifices innumerable.

ADVANTAGES OF OWNERSHIP.

It is worth the effort made to escape the horrors of moving day alone, and the children may at last have a play-room where they may tack pictures and tear the walls without a threatened suit from an irate landlord.

The average business man, sick from the din and traffic of commercial quarters, longs for a suburban home and promises himself the luxury of plenty of elbow-room and ozone "when his ship comes in." So widespread is this predilection becoming that it must be accorded the virtue of an inherent impulse toward "sweetness and light."

London, Paris and New York are girdled by a chain of towns situated within a radius of twenty miles from the great centres of trade. The increasing number who seek these homes leads to the inference that health and comfort are the compensations for the daily scramble to reach train and boat.

But some men deny that it is cheaper or more advantageous to own your own house than to rent one, claiming that taxes and insurance more than offset a good rental. Let no home-loving young couple pin their faith to this tattered fallacy.

You can spend all your youth renting and hopping from house to house and be none the better off by the time your children are grown, when by making a first payment and afterward a quarterly sum, only equal in many cases to a very low rent, you become an owner before you have half realized the fact.

A CAPITAL INVESTMENT.

It gives you a different stand in your community and a larger proprietor say about the improvements in your neighborhood; you can lift your voice for sanitary drainage and demand of the mayor to sweep your cobblestones. Look at it as an investment for that rainy day which clouds the horizon of nearly every life. By making an effort to secure a roof over his head a man places a bulwark between himself and utter ruin should business or physical misfortune befall him.

A house bought by frugality in the heyday of youthful enthusiasm has many a time been the means of averting disaster or of realizing for its fortunate owner the capital wherewith to make a renewed effort in middle life.

There is, too, another consideration in favor of a real home, which if less utilitarian is also binding upon the prospective heads of families. There may be talented ones and even geniuses among the flock, and a noted writer says that the literary aspirant and others of artistic temperament must write out of the fulness of their early recollections. Where is that fulness to come from unless there is a permanent vine and fig-tree?

Will the fact that there was or was not a basement kitchen, that one cellar was damp and another dry, suffice for

literary material to the mind that would muse upon its past and paint pen pictures?

This romantic existence led by our children, this "moving on," like Poor Jo, and moving ever from street to street deprives them of their birthright—the right to fix upon their impressive minds and hearts that abiding love of home which appeals to them through every drop of their Anglo-Saxon blood.

Henry James' *Passionate Pilgrim* is a true if distressingly sad portrayal of an American's longing for the permanent hearthstone and its clustering memories. The greatest marvels of art collected in hoary cathedrals and royal museums do not appeal to our most cultured travellers when abroad like the ancestral homes of nobles, commoners and peasants. There the cottage and the ivy covered villa are as often the possessions of successive generations of kinfolk as the battlemented towers of earl or duke, and it is by this continuance of family pride and love about the spot where, marriage, birth and death have woven such binding ties that the imagination of our virtually homeless people is taken captive. And yet, so inconsistently, we continue to drag our lares and penates from pillar to post.

Stray Chips of Thought.

A man that is young in years may be old in hours, if he has lost no time; but that happeneth rarely.

There is this difference between a wise man and a fool: A fool's mistakes never teach him anything. The man who is always satisfied with himself is rarely satisfactory to others.

A man never realizes how human he is until he has made a big fool of himself.

It is generally the man who has the least to complain of that does the most kicking.

The true test of religion is to be always prepared for death. This is but a sombre way of putting a truth. Better say, God's will is done in living your life honestly and well. Then you need not bother yourself about what is to become of you in the future. The man whose to-day is all right can't have any bad dreams about to-morrow.

The Right Stock.

She was small and frail, but, sitting a few seats behind her, I could not see her face. Soon a handsome, manly, young fellow opened the forward door of the car and looked from one to another as though expecting to meet somebody.

At once, on seeing the lady I have mentioned, he quickened his steps and a happy look came into his face. On reaching her he bent down and kissed her tenderly, and when she moved nearer to the window he deposited his coat and handbag, and seated himself beside her.