

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Twenty-Second Sunday After Pentecost.

ON LYING.

"Master, we know that Thou art a true speaker." (Matt. 22, 16.)

It is indeed a beautiful and well-deserved praise, which the Pharisees, in the gospel of to-day, though with hypocritical lips, gave to our Saviour, in saying: "Master, we know that Thou art a true speaker"—and oh! how happy the world as well as each one of us would be, if this could be truly said of men! O truthfulness, most beautiful of all Christian virtues! O Truthfulness, sublime daughter of Heaven, you make man most conformable to the Infinite sanctity! Oh, that all men were your disciples, your lovers! But alas! how rarely is this the case! What can be found more frequently on earth, than lying and criminal sport of the truth! Man lies in jest in necessity, he lies even to inflict on others most serious injuries. Children commit this sin, the old do not scruple about it. The whole world seems to be composed of lying and deception, thus you have, perhaps, frequently exclaimed in anger. And, yet what is most terrible, is, that lying is considered either as no sin at all, or at most so insignificant as not to be worth mentioning.

And yet, beloved Christians, do you wish to know what the smallest lie is before God the All-holy, what it signifies in the light of faith, then ask the infernal serpent, which in Paradise uttered the first lie and by it brought all mankind into woe and misery. "The devil," says our Lord in the gospel, "is the father of lies," hence, lying is nothing else than doing the devil's work, thus separating oneself from God, the Eternal Truth, and rendering one's self conformable to the prince of darkness. Is not this a shameful insult, yea, a real despising of God? Therefore be not astonished at the terrible excommunications, in which the Holy Ghost in Sacred Scripture pronounces the sentence upon lying: "Thou hast set all the workers of iniquity, Thou wilt destroy all that speak a lie?" (Ps. 5, 7.) And "The mouth that believeth, killeth the soul," says Solomon, the wise, in the Book of Wisdom, 1, 11. Terrible words, beloved Christians! which have not been invented by me, but which have been spoken by God. The liar kills his soul, and the Lord will destroy him. Can you, considering this, ever again desecrate your lips with lying?

And listen, furthermore, to what God says of lying: "A lie is a foul blot in a man," thus we read in Ecclesi. 20, 26. Ah, indeed, lying is so detestable a vice, that no greater insult can be offered to an honest man, than to call him a liar. Again, we read in the book of Proverbs: "Lying lips are an abomination before the Lord." (12, 22.) Ah, must not that be detestable in God's eyes, which He Himself calls an abomination? And will we look upon it as a trifle? Hearken, finally, to the terrible utterances of St. John in the Apocalypse: "All liars shall have their portion in the pool, burning with fire and brimstone." (Apoc. 21, 8.) It is true, the apostle does not wish to condemn every liar to the eternal flames, but only those who have violated truth in a serious matter; however, even the smallest lie will not escape its punishment in purgatory. Oh! how many a lie of jest or need, which is now so heedlessly spoken, must there be atoned for, by pains which differ from those of hell in duration it is true, but not in intensity! What bitter tears of regret will there be shed for a sin which is now committed laughingly, day after day, and which in number is as great perhaps, as the grains of sand on the seashore! But vain weeping! The time of visitation is past, the last farthing of the debt must now be paid.

Dear Christians, if we do not fear and love God, as our Father in Heaven let us at least, fear Him as our Eternal Judge and despise the sin of lying, which is an abomination before God and man. With fear and trembling, let us recall to mind the warning example of Ananias and Sapphira, in the Acts of the Apostles, who for one lie were punished with instant death. Let us behold so many holy martyrs, who sacrificed their lives, enduring the most intense pain, rather than by one lie to purchase for themselves riches, honor and temporal happiness. Oh, should not their noble and glorious example touch our hearts and cause us to observe the great word of the Apostle St. Paul: "Wherefore putting away lying, speak ye the truth, every man with his neighbor; for we are members one of another." (Eph. 4, 25.) Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Eternal Truth, has so often rested on our tongues in Holy Communion, and do we wish to abuse this holy member, to render ourselves conformable to the devil, the father of lies?

On one occasion, the Angelic Doctor of the Church, St. Thomas Aquinas, while studying at Cologne, took a walk outside the city with one of his fellow-servants. His companion, by way of joke, wished to make the serious St. Thomas laugh: "Thomas!" said he, "there is an ox flying!" The saint really looked up, his companion laughing boisterously. Thomas answered: "I would sooner have believed that an ox could fly, than a Christian could lie." Dear Christians, let us consider these beautiful words as being addressed to us. If we have violated truth and thus offended God, let us be heartily sorry and in future remember the words of the Royal Prophet: "Lord, who shall dwell in thy tabernacle, or who shall rest in Thy holy hill? He that walketh with-

out blemish, and worketh justice; he that speaketh truth in his heart, who hath not used deceit in his tongue." (Ps. 14, 1, 3.) Amen.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Little Every Day.

We recommend the following three rules to our young readers as being golden ones which they might easily practice.

1. Everyday a little knowledge. One fact a day. Only one! But wait until ten years have passed, and you have three thousand six hundred and fifty facts.

2. Everyday a little self-denial. This may be difficult at first, but it will be easy to do three hundred and sixty-five days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated.

3. Everyday a little helpfulness and kindness. At home, at school, in the street, in the neighbor's house, in the playground you will find opportunities for this.

Polly Rang the Bell.

We had moved into a newly-built house which had all the modern improvements, the electric bell being one of them, says a writer in the Chicago News.

At the time I am about to relate it was a cold winter's night. Mr. and Mrs. J.—were travelling in Europe, and the servants were all gathered about the kitchen fire. Polly was also near the fire, but in the dining room, which was upstairs.

She used to see her mistress ring the bell for the servants to enter, and, like a clever bird, studied on this for a long while.

On this night Polly was alone, when suddenly the door opened and two men entered. The room being dark they could not see the bird, and began searching for valuables, for they were burglars.

Polly now proved her worth. She put out her claw and pressed the button of the electric bell.

It brought the servants to the dining-room, where, after a short struggle, they secured the burglars, who were about to make way with much of the silver in the dining-room.

The Expression "Hand and Seal."

The expression "hand and seal," which occurs so frequently in legal documents, is a reminder of the time when few men were able to write even their own names. Scores of old English and French deeds are extant, some of them executed by kings and noble men, in which the signature is a hand dipped in ink, the seal being afterwards appended, together with the sign of the cross, the name of the man executing the deed being written by another hand. Dipping the entire hand in ink was, however, inconvenient and dirty, and later the thumb was substituted. The seal continued to be used, and though now it has become only a formality, legal practice has in many cases pronounced its employment indispensable.

Carrie Martin.

"Ella, won't you stop in from play with me and read this story?" The speaker, Carrie Martin, was a pale, delicate child, about seven years old. Ella Griffin, a bright-eyed girl, ten years old, turned at the sound of her voice, and said: "Oh, I can't stay in, Carrie. The girls want me to play with them. Why don't you come out?" "Mother says I must not. I should take cold. It is too late in the season." "I don't believe it would hurt you. It is real warm, and the sun is shining."

"I can't disobey mother, but you might read this story for me." "I will some other time, but not now." "Oh, yes, now Ella, now, please Ella, I should like you so much to read!" "I tell you I will not, you hateful little tease. Now, I will never read it to you," exclaimed Ella, roughly shaking the child from her.

Ella went out to play and was perfectly happy, without casting a thought upon little Carrie, who was bitterly crying in the deserted school-room. It was the harsh tone, the hasty words which Ella had uttered, that bore so heavily on her sensitive nature. Ella went home from school, gay and bright, while Carrie took her troubles home, to weep them away upon her mother's bosom.

Three days passed, when one morning the school children met Ella with the words: "Oh, Carrie Martin died last night!" "Carrie died! Oh, you don't mean it!" cried Ella.

"Yes, we do," said the children, "she died last night."

After school she bent her steps in the direction of Carrie's dwelling. She entered the parlor, where lay all that remained of her little school-mate. She laid her hand on Carrie's and started at its icy coldness. Then, forcing back her scalding tears, she said: "Carrie was never unkind to her." With this bitter thought she sought her home. "Oh, mother, Carrie Martin is dead!"

Mrs. Griffin strove to comfort her, by talking of the happy home to which the little girl had gone.

"Oh, mother, it is not that, but the last time we were together I was cross and unkind to her."

Her mother said: "Now, Ella, you realize what I have so often told you to do, though your lesson is severe. Learn to speak gently, kindly, to all. From the fountain of love gentle words ever flow."

"Mother, I will never do so again."

I said it when I looked at Carrie to-day."

"Then, let the remembrance of her be to you a check. If you would speak harshly, think of Carrie, and learn that pleasant words are as honeycomb, sweet to the soul."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Backbone of our Nation.

"It is from the farm and the country districts that the great brain power of the country has come, is coming to-day, and must come in the future," writes Edward Bok in the October Ladies' Home Journal "Instead of deprecating country life, and saying that 'to live in the country means to live out of the world,' intelligent people know that the free, untrammelled life of the country unquestionably gives broader views. The human mind always grows to suit its outward surroundings. Originality and a development for great things has naught to check its growth where one can look with earnest eyes from Nature up to Nature's God. To speak of the ignorance of the rural regions 'is to stamp one's self as an ignoramus: not the country people. There is a soundness of core and an intelligence in the back country of this nation of ours that people who live in cities and think themselves wise never suspect. We can talk all we like of 'social revolutions' and kindred evils that are supposed to threaten this nation. When they do threaten our institutions the danger signal will not come from the back country. Such thoughts are born and fed amid the foul atmosphere of the cities. In the clear country air of the farm nothing threatens this country, and when anything in the shape of a socialistic, anarchistic revolution does menace this land the true voice which will stamp it out will come from the country. The backbone of this land rests in the country and on the farm."

Mr. Threw Up-The-Job.

A young correspondent, whom I shall call E. K. B., since he does not want to have his real name published, asks me for advice on various subjects, including among other things the choice of a business. Before giving him specific instruction, I venture to give him, as well as the other young fellows who read this column, a little general admonition regarding the utility and necessity of sticking to a thing until it is conquered. Youth is full of dreams and undefined ambitions. It sees great triumphs before it, which are never, alas! to be realized in many instances, because of the flighty, irresponsible character of those who entertain them. In the words of the poet Do noble deeds, not dream them all day long.

Too many young men fail to concentrate their attention on the work in hand. They are forever looking forward to something that will be more agreeable, not realizing, apparently, that nothing that is worth doing is easy. When the primal curse fell on man that he should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow it was not meant that he should dodge obstacles that came in his way. He was to remove them in order to obtain that discipline which would enable him to serve God and man and thus live a decent, industrious life in this world, in order to prepare for the next.

I once knew a young fellow who was known among his acquaintances as "Threw up-the-job." And why? Simply because he was nearly always out of a situation, and was almost constantly saying "I threw up the job." It could not endure the slightest rebuff from an employer, and left his place the moment he was taken to task for what I may call some sins of omission or commission. He was out at elbows as well as out of work, and was a generally shiftless character, because he would not make up his mind to endure the not pleasant portions of the labor in which he was engaged. And yet he thought himself a very much abused sort of a fellow. Luck was against him, he said, when he was his own worst enemy. No wonder he drifted into the drinking habit, as he gradually did, for he had nothing to occupy his mind, and was ready to accept a treat from anybody who would "shout." Even then he thought he was rather a model young man, because he kept out of the clutches of the law, and did nothing that would place him directly among the criminal class. But he lived the life of a beast. He usually laid around all day and did

nothing, and when he was not sleeping could not be thinking good thoughts, for the perpetually indolent are never pure-minded. No less a man than Shakespeare speaks of the cursed thoughts that come to us in repose.

When I last saw Threw-up the Job he was a hollow eyed, pitiable object, whom nobody would employ. He had reached the stage where he could no longer throw up the job and was fast traveling the road to the childlessness and mere oblivion that comes with premature old age.

One thing I would recommend strongly to all my boys, and that is not to throw up one job until another is found, if possible. A young man out of a situation finds it more difficult to get a new place than the one who is already pursuing some occupation. The world distrusts the unemployed. Therefore put up with a great deal that is distasteful before you assert an independence that you have no means of maintaining respectably. Better endure the ills you have than fly to others that you know not of. There may be a quarrel between you and the azure hued, distant mountain.—Benedict Bell in Sacred Heart Review.

VESTMENTS AND THE MASS.

Mass is said in one or another of the five ceremonial colors—red, white, purple, green or black. Now Masses of Requiem, in which black vestments are used, are of frequent occurrence. The Church has a tender regard for the welfare of her departed children, and supplements her liturgical laws on the subject of Masses for the dead by the grant of certain privileges. But despite all this, there are certain days of great solemnity on which no Masses of Requiem, whether High or Low, may be celebrated. There are certain other days of lesser dignity which, though they may admit a High Mass, do not allow of a Low Mass of Requiem. It often happens that priests accept an intention for a Low Mass to be said on such a day for some one deceased. It may happen that the day designated is one on which, according to the calendar, black vestments are forbidden. The Mass in question is therefore said in the color proper to the day. This will never occur when there is question of a month's mind or anniversary High Mass, for in such cases the calendar is always consulted before the date of the Mass is settled. Well, the priest has said the Low Mass in the color of the day, and there is tribulation in Israel. He is suspected of overlooking his engagement, and perhaps is taken to task for his alleged failure to keep it. Now, explanations of this sort are annoying to those who have to make them, and, moreover, being of a technical character, are not particularly satisfactory to those who demand them.

The devout laity ought to understand that the color of the vestments has nothing to do with the efficacy of the Sacrifice. The essence of the Sacrifice, whose fruits you desire to apply to this or that purpose, consists either in the consecration alone, as some scholars think, or according to others in the consecration and priests' Communion taken together. So that, apart from a special understanding about the matter, a priest may fulfil his obligation of saying a Mass for the living in black vestments—if it suits his convenience to do so—or one for the dead in festal white. The Sacrificial rite is performed, no matter what the color of the vestments is—and the Sacrifice is the thing desired. If persons who believe—and they do so very wisely—in the efficacy of the solem prayers for the dead appointed to be said in Requiem Masses want a Low Mass of Requiem, they ought to say so distinctly, and if the appointed day allows it, the priest should and will do as they ask. Bear in mind always, kind reader, that the priest who accepts an offering from you and engages to say Mass for your intention, has a conscientious sense of the weighty nature of his obligation to fulfil it without question or reminder.—New World.

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Next morning they'll be sorry for it, even as thousands of "other fellows" have been sorry for similar mistakes, thousands of times before.

Their heads will ache, their eyes will be bloodshot, and "glarey," their nerves unstrung, their hands shaky;

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