

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Sixth Sunday after Pentecost.

IDEALISM.

And they had nothing to eat. (Gospel of the day.)

The people who crowded about our Lord had nothing to eat, because out of love of the word of God they had for a time quit their work and their homes. This docility, this constancy argues well for their earnestness in the fulfillment of all their other duties. They were out of food, not through laziness, but because of set purpose they preferred spiritual to temporal nourishment. Hence they merited this extraordinary and unlooked-for manifestation of our Lord's goodness and providence in supplying them with food.

We may confidently expect, my brethren, the assistance of God even in temporal want and necessity if our honest endeavors fail. We are not to be ever-solicitous; we are not to desire nor strive after an over-abundance of such things. This promise, however, we have: that our Heavenly Father knows our needs, and He will come to our aid. But we have a duty, an obligation to discharge, and that is to work, to earn our bread. Now this is the point of my sermon: that there are many people—the number seems to be increasing—who have nothing to eat, or who say they have not, and it is their own fault.

They do not merit any special interposition of Heaven to save them from the consequences of their own laziness; they do not seem to deserve, they do not deserve, the assistance of the charitable, who are the stewards and the representatives of the Lord. Now, brethren, do not imagine that this is a harsh and an un-Christian way of regarding the necessities of the very poor; do not suppose that I make no allowance for the sickness, the lack of work, the hard times, the calamities which from time to time afflict the deserving and the laborious. If you are in a position to know, you cannot but be persuaded that the tendency to ask for help, the inclination to throw burdens on institutions public and private, the frequency, the boldness, the unreasonableness of such demands is on the increase; the number of those who are unwilling to exert themselves, to undergo the routine, the strain of work, grows day by day. Yet the Apostle says, "If any man will not work, neither let him eat." He bids every one labor faithfully in the calling where he has been placed. There is no such thing as true religion save in the faithful discharge, first of all, of our natural duties, and in compliance with the first great law of labor.

Now, I have frequently noticed one peculiarity about many of those who say they have nothing to eat, and that is, they cannot be said to have nothing to drink; and the presence of this kind of nourishment explains very often the lack of all other. No, my brethren, let us be industrious, saving and sober, mindful that the law of God has imposed labor on us; let us try to help ourselves; then, if we fail, Heaven will surely help us, even in our Saviour's for the multitude in the desert.

A Word to Careless Girls.

Many of us know the girl who, hastening to class or lecture, leaves at home an untidied room, open-lidded boxes, bureau drawers suggestive of compressed earthquake, bookcase doors swinging in imminent risk of demolition,—who litters hallstand and vestibule with discarded gloves and crumpled memoranda, whose belongings are distributed indiscriminately through every room, regardless of ownership. She, evidently, "wants to help," but is she preparing herself meanwhile for the prospective service?

Many of us know the patient mother who moves along in the track of this household hurricane to remove the debris, rearrange the surroundings, close a box, smooth a glove, clear stand and table of encumbrances, and make fast the door that endangers the precious volumes it is supposed to guard as well as the physical safety of some junior member of the family.

I like to tell young people of a simple rule my mother enforced, the helpfulness of which it took me years to realize: "Never leave a room without noticing whether there is not something there which belongs, or is likely to be needed in another part of the house, and will eventually have to be carried there."

It is astonishing how rarely you find yourself going from room to room empty handed if you observe this rule, and how many steps you save somebody who needs to have steps saved.—Margaret M. Halvey in June Donahoe's.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Saint of the Poor.

In every age of the Christian era God has shown Himself wonderful in His saints. Childhood, manhood, womanhood, youth and old age; monarchs, peasants, clergy, laity, prisoners and freemen, all have contributed to that celestial host. God's love as a subtle charm enters the soul of every saint, drawing it to the Divine Enchanter, and making it heedless of "the world, the devil, and the flesh." Amidst that glorious company, remembered especially for her charity to the poor of Christ, is the "dear St. Elizabeth," as the German people call her, the sweet, holy Landgravine of Thuringia. Her gracious charity, her unselfish purity of soul, won for her the admiration of her people, and a glorious reward in Heaven. Her charity consisted not only in alms, such as food and clothing, but in waiting personally on the poor and sick, especially on those afflicted with disgusting diseases.

The Landgrave, her husband, though he loved and honored her, did not fully appreciate her sanctity, till God by miracles proved it to him. We are told in the history of her life that on a certain winter day bitterly cold, as she passed through the court yard of her castle, she saw a thin, shivering beggar shivering and crouching by the wall; at once she drew off her costly ermine mantle and threw it around the trembling creature, who that instant showed himself to be the God of all glory.

On another occasion, at the foot of the rocky path leading up to the castle, she found a child covered with leprosy, most disgusting to look upon. The gentle lady bent down, and tenderly lifting the poor little being, carried him to the castle and placed him upon her own bed. Her maids fled in terror and horror from the apartment. Some of the courtiers, hearing of the affair complained to the Landgrave, that his wife exposed to disease not herself alone, but all the inmates of the palace. The angry husband sought his wife's apartment, that he might with his own eyes, have proof of the charge, and reprimand the Landgravine, who, he considered, was carrying charity too far. He strode towards the bed, when lo! instead of the leprous child, appeared in all His loveliness the Child Jesus! The man fell prostrate before the Divine Vision, the Child smiled and vanished.

Yet once again. One bleak, autumn day, as she was carrying a large basket laden with food for some poor family, she met her husband returning from the chase. The blood mounted to his forehead, and angrily he demanded why thus she demeaned herself. He drew aside her mantle, and to his astonished gaze appeared a basket full of beautiful red and white roses exhaling a most delightful fragrance, while over the head of Elizabeth appeared a glittering cross.

Many other charming incidents from that sweet life might be cited; let these suffice to tell of God's love for charity towards His poor. "Dear St. Elizabeth" pray that we too may have the sweet spirit of charity! ETHEL.

A Legend of the Infant Jesus.

Many of the legends which have come down to us through the ages have faded from our memory, but this sweet legend we could not forget. It tells us of the innocence and perfect simplicity of two children, and how God rewarded it. Here is the substance of the story for "Our Boys and Girls."

Long, long ago, Father Bernard, a good and holy priest was instructing two little orphan boys for their first Communion. The children were entirely innocent, and Father Bernard endeavored to keep them so. They came every morning to serve at the Holy Mass, after which the priest gave them their breakfast. They brought their simple breakfast to the church, and seated on the steps of the sanctuary they ate it. Above the altar was a beautiful painting of the Blessed Virgin with the Child Jesus in her arms. The face of the Child seemed aglow with heavenly light, and His beautiful eyes to smile down on the little acolytes. One day when they had eaten their breakfast, and, as usual stood looking up to the Child who seemed so real to them, one said to the other: "Let us ask the sweet Child Jesus to come down and play with us to-morrow."

Next day when Mass had been offered, they hurried to Our Lady's altar and begged the Child to come down. And, won by their innocence, He refused them not. They offered Him a share of their poor little breakfast, thinking—oh, how innocent they were!—that He had nothing to eat, and the dear Child Jesus accepted their offering and then returned to His Mother's arms. Then the children ran to tell their good master what had happened. Father Bernard listened in amazement to their story. "Are you quite, quite sure, children?" he asked. "Yes, yes, Father, we are quite sure," they answered breathlessly. The priest remained silent for some time, then said, "Come earlier to-morrow morning and invite the Infant Jesus to come again, and if He come ask Him to take you and me to His house, to dine with Him." "O yes, Father, we shall be so glad to go there!" cried the children, in their simple faith never doubting the result. Before the pictured Child Jesus they knelt again next morning and eagerly stammered out their request. And again the dear Lord, won by their innocence and trust, came down and granted their heart's

wish. The children hurried, their little hearts overflowing with joy, to tell their kind pastor the good news. "To-night, Father, to-night after Vespers, the dear Lord Jesus will send for us," was their joyous greeting. "My children, we must make as much preparation as we can," said the priest, in faith as simple as the children's. The day was spent in fervent prayer. The priest administered the holy Communion to himself and the children, by way of viaticum. The little church grew dark. Hush! A flutter of wings—the Angel of Death entered the sanctuary. "He folded their hands together. He touched their eyelids with balm. And their last breath floated upward. Like the close of a solemn psalm."

A PROTESTANT TRIBUTE TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

From time to time we have published brief paragraphs from our Continental correspondents as to the development of Catholic working-men's clubs or guilds, which do not exclude, but actually invite and receive the hearty cooperation of the employing classes. Though we had ample evidence of the progress of the new socialism in Catholic circles, we are astonished at the extent to which it is making itself felt in Germany. A book has just been issued by Messrs. Chapman & Hall of London, from the pen of Mr. W. Harbutt Dawson, a non-Catholic, dealing with religious, social and industrial life in that country. He has evidently closely studied the German at home. He says the Social Democrats find willing pupils among ill-paid workers who have to labor inordinately long hours, and one-fourth of whose earnings is swallowed in rent. The religion of the masses is received, he declares, not from the Lutheran Church, not from the schools, but from the Social Democracy, which is another way of saying that it is not religion at all, but its negation. In his view the two great causes of the progress of Social Democracy have been the entire want of sympathy between the landowning class and the laborers, and the extraordinary failure of the Protestant Church to keep its hold on the wage-earning classes. He cites as a curious fact regarding earnest study that "in those parts of Germany in which Catholicism has the upper hand Socialism has so far been comparatively impotent." What a remarkable contrast is presented between the attitude of the Catholic Church to the German people and the relations between the Anglican Church and the English masses. Only a few days ago a body of Liberal clergymen, feeling that their Church was dangerously allied to landowners and capitalists, addressed a manifesto of remonstrance to the Archbishop of Canterbury, in which occurred the following remarkable passage: "It is difficult enough for the clergy to convince the working-classes that the name of Christ has any meaning or message to them in their need and in their hopes." The success of the Catholic Church with the German people is no secret. It is due to a personal, thoroughly sympathetic, and Christian interposition between employers and employed, though no doubt the extreme Evangelicals and exhibitors of "escaped nuns" would find a ready explanation sufficient for all their purposes in the talismanic word "Jesuitism."—Liverpool Catholic Times.

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Parents Must have Rest. A President of one of our Colleges says: "We spent many sleepless nights in consequence of our children suffering from colds, but this never occurs now. We use Scott's Emulsion and it quickly relieves pulmonary troubles."

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THE CHURCH IN WALES.

Anglican Ecclesiastics Protest Against the Disestablishment Bill.

London, May 17.—A manifesto signed by the English Archbishops and by thirty-one Bishops has been addressed to the members of the Church of England in Wales. The manifesto declares that the bill for the disestablishment of the Church in Wales, if it should become a law, would weaken the unity of the Church and alienate the ancient gifts by which the service of God and the pastoral care of the people were maintained for centuries; that it would deprive the poor of their legal rights to seats in the churches and of the ministrations of the clergy to their sick and dying, and would reduce the Church of Wales to penury, thereby impeding the worship of God.

Now just transport yourself back to the time of the Reformation, not so long ago. The identical argument will disqualify every Bishop and minister of the Anglican Church in Wales, the very men who are making the protest.

The property now used for Anglican worship belonged to the Catholic Church. It was created by Catholic people for the purpose of sustaining their own clergy and for the proper conduct of worship according to the rite of the Church of Rome. A great deal of this property was the accumulation of centuries of Masses; that is, that certain sums of money or real estate were given to the Catholic Bishops in trust, the conditions of which were that regular and public Masses should be offered up in certain fixed places for the repose of the souls of the donors according to their intentions, stipulating in many cases that in the event that these Masses would not be said, the compact would be considered broken and the property should revert to other specified objects. Not only this, but there are cases where the solemn anathema of the donor is pronounced upon any future violator of the terms of the agreement.

Now, as in the well-known case of Winchester, the terms of the contract by which the Anglican clergy hold these foundations have been openly departed from, while a mockery disgusting to many of themselves is gone through in place of these Masses for the dead. "Why don't you say Mass for the repose of the soul of Wykeham?" asked a certain individual of a student of Winchester whom he happened to converse with on board of one of the out going European steamers. "You enjoy that property on these conditions, and you have earned a scholarship from his money and are now travelling on it assuredly on the same conditions." "Well," the young gentleman replied, "we are marched into the chapel once a month for a memorial service. I fancy that will have to do instead." "Is this right?" continued the questioner. "I never could understand how it can be reconciled with the sacred claims of the testament of Wykeham," the student replied. This student's opinion may be taken as representing a certain class of observant men among the Anglicans. He was an accomplished scholar and a person of charming manners and appearance.

The Church property of England is mainly entailed for Catholic purposes, and we use for our argument against the Anglican clergy the very words which they in an indignant or ignorant fit of virtuous indignation are just now uttering against the present Government: "The taking away of this property, which you did at the time of the Reformation, would alienate the ancient gifts by which the service of God and the pastoral care of the people were maintained for centuries; also, it would deprive the poor of their legal rights to seats in the churches and of the ministrations of the clergy to their sick and dying." If any body or Church ever condemned themselves and stultified their position, it is certainly the Anglican clergy by their present manifesto against the bill for the disestablishment of their Church in Wales.—Philadelphia Catholic Times.

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