

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Sixth Sunday after Pentecost.

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

The Gospel to day, my dear brethren typifies well the man of the world and his Divine Master. The disciples of our Lord, together with the multitude, had been listening to His teaching. He had also healed many of them who were sick. He showed by these two examples that He was a Lord of mercy and a Lord of compassion. He showed by these two examples that He cared for the people and was willing to do all that He could for them. And one might think, surely the disciples of our Lord would have learned the same lesson of mercy and compassion from Him, and that they might have inferred from His miracles that He could have fed them had He willed to do so.

You see how they acted. They would have sent away the multitude into the towns and villages round about to seek food and rest. Christ said to the disciples, "Give ye them to eat." And then by His divine power He worked the miracle.

Such are we in this world, my dear people. Too many of us think, "What have we to do with the multitudes? Send them away! We must look out for ourselves." Am I my brother's keeper? This is an opinion to-day amongst many; that every man must look out for his own interest, and that there is no obligation on any one to do as much for his neighbor, and that if one does any favor or good to a neighbor in his difficulty, there is an obligation to make a proper return. We hear it said that all who suffer bear their trials because of their own misdeeds. If a man is poor, men will tell us it is because he is lazy or because he is not thrifty; and so they argue that it is not their business to help any one in trouble.

It is well for the community that these theorists are comparatively few in number, and without much positive influence. But they make their influence felt in a negative way, when those whose hearts should be soft, and whose purse-strings should be open wide, are made hard and close by their arguments.

Such people will readily see that the poor and the unfortunate ought to be helped, but do not see so readily that it is any of their business to help them. They will give some money once in a while, but as for time or care, their pleasures demand all of that. Do they ever give advice which would help their less fortunate neighbors on in life? They are well fitted to do it. Why do they not? How, then, should we deal with our neighbors? We have our Lord's example in the Gospel of to-day? First He taught them, then He showed His pity for them. And last He showed His love for them by healing the sick and feeding the hungry.

You who are learned, there are many who wait for you to teach them the sacred doctrines you know so well. You who have the good things of the world, there are multitudes who are ill, helpless, hungry, and naked whom you can relieve. My prayer for you and all, will be that these words may be said to you at the last: "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto Me."

The Church's Everlasting Memorial Day.

The tendency to commune with the dead, and to pray for them, is strong and universal. It survives whatever systems or whatever creeds men may invent for its suppression.

Samuel Johnson is professedly a staunch Protestant, bristling with prejudices, but a delicate moral sense enters the rugged manhood of his nature. Instinctively he seeks to commune with his departed wife, after the manner dear to the Catholic heart, but forbidden to the Protestant. He keeps the anniversary of her death. He composes a prayer for the repose of her soul, beseeching God "to grant her whatever is best in her present state and finally to receive her to eternal happiness." A century rolls round, and we find the doctrine that was generally regarded by the non-Catholic world as an absurdity and a superstition of by-gone ages, pronounced to be not only a personal consolation as it was to Samuel Johnson, but a beautiful realization of our sense of justice, and to a certain extent a harmonizing of the whole moral ideal.

Mr. W. H. Mallock, looking at the doctrine with an unbiased mind from the point of view of modern thought, says: "As to this doctrine of Purgatory itself—which has so long been a stumbling block to the whole Protestant world—time goes on and the view men take of it is changing. It is becoming fast recognized on all sides that it is the only doctrine that can bring a belief in future rewards and punishments into any notions of what is just or reasonable. So far as its being a superfluous superstition, it is seen to be just what is demanded at once by reason and morality, and a belief in it to be not an intellectual assent, but a partial harmonizing of the whole moral ideal."

Thus does modern thought, when it has shaken off cant and prejudice, veer back to the great truth discerned by Plato and formally taught by the Church.

A Pious and Precious Baby.

This is now quite unnecessary. Like many others, you may have your baby fat, laughing and happy, if you give it Scott's Emulsion. Babies take it like cream.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Jessie's Advice to Grandma.

"What would I do if I were to be blind?" cried grandmother, rubbing her eyes. "I'll tell you what to do, grandmother," said Jessie, jumping up from her playthings. "What?" asked grandma. "Go and tell Jesus," said Jessie; "that is what I would do." "Perhaps He would not cure me," said grandmother. "Then He would help you to say, 'Thy will be done,' and then you would not mind it, grandma," said the little girl.

A Noble Son.

There is a story in ancient history of a famous judge who was a great favorite with the Roman emperor. Among some prisoners brought before him, who had been fighting against the Romans, was an old man with long hair and unshaven beard, and garments torn and stained; but, in spite of all disguise, the judge instantly recognized his own father. He had taken up arms against his emperor, and now he was to be tried for his life before his own son. It was a terrible moment for both. Some sons would have pretended not to know the prisoner; some would have forgotten the precepts, held sacred, even by the heathen, about paying honor to parents. He, however, left the judgment seat, and approaching the emperor, said:

"I ask but one favor. I am the friend of the emperor, my father was his enemy; either forgive my father for my sake, or take my life with his."

He saved his father's life, for the emperor immediately pardoned the prisoner, and by this noble act gained himself another friend, for he who had been a rebel henceforth was a loyal servant of the State.

Pat, the Fireman.

There is a Chicago dog named Pat that should be given a Fire Department badge, or something of that kind. Pat has been taught a number of tricks, among them that of extinguishing fire. He was first taught to put out the flame of a burning match by clipping his paw on it. Then a bit of paper would be ignited and thrown at his feet, and the size of the paper was gradually increased, until he was able to stop a conflagration that had enveloped a whole newspaper. It didn't matter how dry the newspaper was, it couldn't burn fast enough to discourage Pat. One day the family went away from home leaving the house in Pat's charge, while a carpenter was making some repairs in an upper chamber. The carpenter must have dropped a burning match among some fine shavings as he was about to leave; at any rate, there was a blaze in the room just after his departure. But Pat "stood on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled," and, taking in the flames and a glance, pounced on the flames and soon had them stamped out, although not until he had become badly singed and burned. The people call him "the fireman" now.

Our Girls.

We are justly proud of the bright, ambitious girls who names are enrolled on college registers, and whose scholarship points to the noble pursuits and the various professions now open to women. We rejoice that girls and women all over the civilized world and throwing off the indifference of habit on the one hand and the shackles of society on the other, are making the most of their gifts by cultivation and exercise. We are glad to note, too, that not one jot of womanliness is lost in the struggle for attainment for recognition as an intellectual being, and for foothold in positions of emolument and honor. In fact, the present status of women, including the promise which it holds for the future, is satisfactory not only to those who are jealous for their sex, but to those also, of a larger outlook who perceive that individual progress means race progress. But there are other girls, equally bright and ambitious, whose names, by what at present seems an adverse fate, will never adorn either colleges or professional record. To them our heartiest sympathy and support should be extended. Often they suffer in silence, few suspecting the heroism that underlies their commonplace lives; and often those for whom their ambitions and hopes are abandoned are wholly insensible to the nature and extent of the sacrifice.

The Rosary of a Jesuit.

From the Portuguese. It was on the 10th of March, 1615, when a religious of the Society of Jesus ascended the scaffold in Glasgow. John Ogilby was his name, and his great crime consisted in saying that the spiritual power belonged to the Pope, and not to the king, who at the time was James I. When he was being led to the scaffold a Protestant minister came up to him, and protesting great affection and concern, spoke thus: "My dear Ogilby, I feel sorry for you and extremely regret your obstinate resolution to endure such a disgraceful death." Father Ogilby, feigning fear of the gallows, answered: "What can I do? I am powerless to prevent it. They declared me guilty of high treason, and therefore I must die."

"High treason! Nothing of the kind," replied the Protestant. "Swear off your Popism and you will at once be pardoned; furthermore, you will be overwhelmed with favors."

"You are joking!"

"No! I am in earnest, and have a right to speak thus, since the Protestant Archbishop sent me to offer you his daughter in marriage, and for dowry a rich prebend, if you decide to pass into our ranks."

With these words they arrived at the scaffold. The Protestant insisted that the Jesuit should consent to live. Father Ogilby replied that he was willing to do so, if his honor would not be contaminated.

"I told you already," answered the minister, "that you will be loaded with favors and honors."

"Well, then," answered Father Ogilby, "repeat your promise before the crowd."

"With the greatest pleasure."

"Hear me," shouted Father Ogilby, turning towards the people; "listen to the proposition make to me." And the Protestant minister spoke in a loud voice:

"I promise to Mr. Ogilby life and the daughter of the Archbishop in marriage, with a dowry of a rich prebend, provided he be willing to pass over into our ranks."

"Are you inclined," asked Father Ogilby of the crowd, "to bear witness, if it is necessary, to this proposition that you heard just now?"

"Yes," roared the crowd, and Father Ogilby made ready to descend from the scaffold.

The Catholics who were present and witnessed the scene endured indescribable agony at the thought of the great scandal which such an apostasy would create in the whole Church.

"In this case," then, continued Father Ogilby, "I will not be present for high treason."

"No," roared the crowd. "My crime is therefore solely and alone my religion."

"So it is—only your religion." Father Ogilby's eyes sparkled with delight, a bright smile played upon his lips. After a momentary silence he said: "Very well, that is more than I asked for. I am sentenced to death only on account of my religion. For my religion I would give a hundred lives if I had them. I have only one—take it; my religion you shall never tear away from me."

The Catholics on hearing these words rejoiced exultingly; whilst the Protestants were frantic with rage. They were caught in their own meshes. Order was given to the executioner to complete his task. The executioner, with tears in his eyes, begged pardon of the martyr, who in return embraced him.

Before his hands were tied Father Ogilby loosened his rosary and flung it into the crowd. It happened to fall upon the breast of a young Calvinist, who was at the time travelling through Scotland. Baron John Eckelsdorff, afterwards governor of Treves, and an intimate friend of Archduke Leopold, brother of Ferdinand III.

Years passed by. The governor of Treves, already a decrepit old man, remarked: "When the rosary of Father Ogilby struck my breast and the eager Catholics snatched it before I could take hold of it, I certainly had no mind to change my religion; but those beads struck my heart, and from that moment my interior peace was gone, my conscience was troubled, and frequently I asked myself: 'Why did those beads strike me and no other person?' That thought haunted me for many years, and left me no rest, and became a Catholic. I ascribe my conversion to this blessed rosary, which to-day I would buy at any price, and which, once in my possession, I would not part from for anything on earth."

THE DEPLORABLE INFLUENCE OF THE PASSION OF ENVY.

Envy is a hateful and degrading passion. It is defined as "Chagrin, mortification, discontent or uneasiness at the sight of another's excellence or good fortune accompanied with some degree of hatred and desire to possess equal advantages—malicious grudging." The strange thing about it is that the mean spirit of envy so often manifests itself where we should naturally least expect it—in religious persons and in the professed cause of religion.

We have several instances of the evil effects of envy in Holy Scripture. For instance, we are told, in the Acts of the Apostles, that so great signs and wonders were done by the Apostles Peter and John, on a certain occasion, that the high priest, and all that were with him (which is the heresy of the Sadducees) were filled with envy and they laid hands on the Apostles and put them in the common prison. They had nothing against them but their success.

On another occasion we are told that Paul and Barnabas preached with such great effect at Antioch that some converts were made and the next Sabbath day the whole city almost came together to hear the word of God. "But the Jews, seeing the multitude, were filled with envy, and contradicted those things that were said by Paul, blaspheming." Here they were so enraged at the success of Paul's preaching, though he preached nothing but right-ousness, that they actually blasphemed.

Again, at Thessalonica, Paul preached and reasoned with the people on three Sabbath days in the Synagogue and produced such a favorable impression that many Jews, a multitude of the gentiles and of the noble women, not a few were converted and joined themselves to Paul and Silas. "But the Jews, moved with envy and taking unto them some wicked and tumultuous sort and making a tumult, set the city in an uproar, and they seized some of the disciples and sought to bring them out to the people, crying they have set the city in an uproar, are come hither also." It was they that were causing the uproar, but with characteristic hypocrisy they charged it upon the victims of their envious rage.

But perhaps the influence of the ignoble passion of envy is furnished by the incident where our Lord was brought before Pilate to be tried on the vaguest and most trumped up charges. Pilate was soon convinced of his innocence and would gladly have set him at liberty. For this purpose he sought to release him under the old Jewish custom of releasing a culprit on a festival day. He appealed to the people, therefore, whether he should release unto them the King of the Jews. "For," it is added, "he knew that the chief priests had delivered him up for envy." They deliberately chose a robber in preference to Jesus, and when they demanded that Jesus be crucified, Pilate asked why, what evil hath He done? They did not care to explain or argue the case; they were blindly bent on His destruction. His merit was His chief offence. They knew He had done no evil. They knew He was a holy and exemplary Man. They knew He spent His time in going about and doing good in the most benevolent and self-denying manner, and that He actually had performed many miracles. But all these things in their envious eyes were so many faults, so many grounds of accusation, and they slew the innocent one imprecating the judgments of heaven upon themselves and their children.

Now this treatment of Jesus and His Apostles is a type of the treatment that has been accorded to His Holy Church from the beginning to the present time. He had foretold to His disciples that they should be persecuted. "If they have persecuted Me," He said, "they will also persecute you." "You shall be hated by all men." "They will put you out of the synagogue; yea, the hour cometh that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth a service to God."

Now, to whom does this language apply at the present time? In what organization is this prophecy being most emphatically fulfilled? Surely it is not in any one of the hundred and one Protestant denominations. No, it is Christ's true Body and representative on earth, the Catholic Church. It is she that is viewed with envious eyes by the multitude. It is her high standard of morality and sanctity, and majestic progress in spite of all opposition that alarms the tears, stimulates the prejudices and excites the anger and hostility of her enemies. It is true of the Church now as it was in the beginning, whosoever destroyeth, or seeketh to destroy her thinks that he is doing a service to God. They are doing all they can to cripple her efforts, to curtail her influence and if possible to exterminate her from the face of the earth.

True they bring all sorts of charges against her. They form organizations, they preach, they lecture, they agitate against her. Their charges have been met and refuted a thousand times, but that makes no difference, they persist in repeating the charges even. But the real motive at bottom is envy of the success and prestige of the Church. It makes no difference to them that many candid, independent Protestants themselves, considering it unjust of proceeding, had policy and bad Christianity, and give credit to the Catholic Church for her civilizing, enlightening and Christianizing influence in the past and her beneficent work in the present. So madly bent are they upon damaging the Church that they are willing to sacrifice their own interest especially in the matter of education rather than encourage Catholics to teach their children their own religious principles, and they are determined to deprive them of their civil rights and privileges. Like the Jews of Thessalonica they agitate and create a great disturbance and then cry out: "These men that have turned the world upside down have come hither also. They come from foreign lands, the subjects of spiritual despotism and they are plotting against our institutions, and if they get the upper hand there is no telling what will become of us. Like the chief priests and Pharisees of old they are ready to exclaim: 'If we let these men alone all will come and them and the Romans will come and they will take away our place and nation.' If the anti-Popery evangelists of A. P. A. bigots do not see themselves in this glass they must be blind indeed—Catholic Review.

Don't you know that Hood's Sarsaparilla will overcome that tired feeling and give you renewed vigor and vitality?

Dr. Foran has included in his volume several poems on Irish subjects, such as "An Irish Peasant's Home," "Ireland as She Is," "The Answer," "The Manchester Martyrs," "The Moore's Centenary Ode," and other lyrics on "Monger of the Sword," "Lament for Thomas Davis," "Pamela," etc. His domestic poems are most pathetic naturally, owing to the death of the two children of Dr. and Mrs. Foran. Dr. Foran's volume is bound in a handsome cloth covering.

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The fact is that the better the so-called Protestant the more apt he is to become a Catholic. To be a good Catholic, one must be religious minded and have the child like spirit so dear to our Lord—the spirit of faith, of reverence of docility and of love; one must have an intense love for truth; a craving for grace; a desire for intimate union with Christ. The certitude possessed by the infallible Church its grace-giving sacraments, the real presence of Jesus in the Eucharist—these are the attractions which are drawing the noblest minds and the most loving hearts out of the City of Confusion into the Ark of God.—Catholic Telegraph.

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Was dark as the clouds in the West, For he stood by the wave that doth silently lave The spot where his forefathers rest!

"He gazed for a time on the home of his youth; But he wept not a tear, for the stole of truth Could not stoop to the grief of a boy; But his heart did out-swell as his longing eyes dwell.

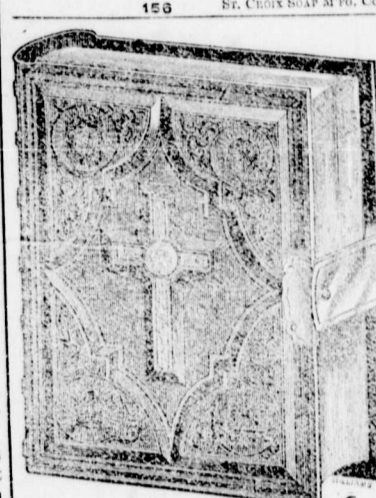
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"Not so our own Canadian scene— No sweet Italian zephyrs blend; A shroud of white on fields of green, The Ice King reigns o'er all the land. But 'tis not the Canadian sky And crystal splendors round us glow; The Boreal god in accents high Proclaims the Carnival of Snow."

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DR. FORAN'S POEMS.

Eugene Davis in Western Watchman.

Quite recently a volume entitled "Poems and Canadian Lyrics," by Dr. J. K. Foran, LL. B., was published by the well known firm of D. & J. Sadlier & Co., Montreal. A dedication to Mrs. Foran is as follows: "To his fond wife, the participator of his many joys and sorrows, and to the memory of their dear dead children, Alonzo and Irene, is this little volume affectionately dedicated by the author." Dr. Foran's poems and lyrics are much superior to the average poetry of the age. There is a tone of Rossetian obscurity in his effusions, which are transparently clear as crystal; neither has his muse been soiled by the pernicious so-called doctrines of the Decadent school. Some of his lyrics have the odor of the pine wood, and the melody of the summer breezes rippling through the forest trees. Others prove that the author is loyal to the land of his birth, and while devoted to Canada, he, too, can love the land of his parents, and is proud of his Celtic blood. Dr. Foran is at his best in his ballads. There is more of the spirit of inspiration in the thought and diction of "The Siege of Quebec," "The Old Battle of Stone River," and "The Battle of St. Catherine," which is of a high dramatic character, and scores of others, than in his poems; yet there is beauty of thought in his "Moonlight" and the "Song of the Brook." I shall now introduce Dr. Foran to your readers by quoting extracts from one or two of his excellent poems:

"THE CHIEF OF THE OTTAWA." "The chief of the Ottawa stood on the height of the sun of autumn was low; 'Twas the spot where he met his dread foe in the fight."

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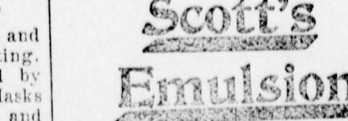
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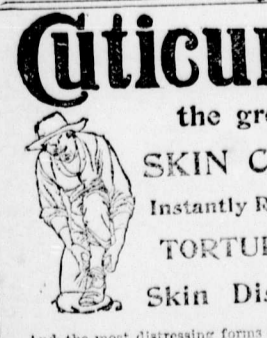
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