

JUNE 2, 1894

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Third Sunday after Pentecost.

HOW TO BEAR BURDENS.

Cast thy care upon the Lord and He shall sustain thee. (Gradual of the Mass.) Which of us, dear brethren, is without his burden or his care? Whatever our station in life, however high or lowly we may be, to each comes his portion of sorrow, to each come difficulties and temptations. If we escape one trial we are sure to find another, and probably a worse one, awaiting us. It is our lot here upon earth to suffer, and we ought to expect nothing else, for if we hope for perfect happiness in this world we are doomed to bitterest disappointment. The way in which to carry ourselves with regard to our difficulties is not to seek to avoid them, or when they come upon us to run away from them, but to accept them as the portion of our heritage and to make them a source of merit and sanctification. If we would but cast our care upon the Lord, if we would but willingly submit to what His all-wise providence designs for us, these apparent miseries would become for us real blessings and bring upon us the choicest of God's gifts—an increase of His holy grace in our souls. God will help us sustain our burden if we receive it with resignation; if we love it He will make it even sweet to bear.

But, you may say, this doctrine is very pretty in theory. How about the practice of it? It is not so easy to be indifferent to the things of this life, to the wants of the body, so as to be quite willing to be poor as to be rich, to have a good, substantial meal or a morsel of cold victuals. People cannot be expected to prefer misery to happiness.

We are not asking you to prefer misery to happiness, nor even to be indifferent as to what shall happen to you. Although this would be far more perfect and would soon make him who had such disposition very holy, still we do not ask so much. What we would wish you to do is what we think all are bound to do—namely, to have confidence in the providence of God; to recognize His hand guiding the course of events in our behalf. We know that He is good and merciful and ready to help us in our need; we know that even when He punishes it is not so much in anger as in love that He does so; yet we complain and are discontented, and some even go so far as to blaspheme the God who, at the very moment when we are treating Him with such indignity, is lovingly working all things together unto good, who is doing for them more than they would ever hope for.

Oh! what pride is theirs, who set up their judgment against God's and insist upon the Almighty doing things according to their fancy. They see no reason why they should suffer this or that. Why should they be treated so harshly? Other people have comfort; why should not they? Oh! what folly, what blindness is there in the hearts of men and in women who speak thus! What ingratitude is theirs! Perhaps the God they are abusing has forgiven them hundreds of mortal sins; perhaps He is withholding what they are demanding because He sees if He granted them the things they ask their salvation would be endangered; yet all that He is doing in loving kindness is being misunderstood, because men are unwilling to bow down to the holy and adorable will of God. We know that He is our Father, and never permit ourselves to be deceived by the rebellion of our lower nature. Let us, in a word, "cast all our care upon the Lord."

Advice to Young Men.

Some old genius gives the following advice to young men who "depend on father" for their support, and take no interest in business, but are regular drones in the hive, subsisting on that which is earned by others—"Come, off with your coat, climb the saw, the plough handles, the axe, the spade—anything that will enable you to stir your blood. Fly around and tear your jacket rather than be the recipient of the old gentleman's bounty. Sooner than play the dandy at dad's expense, hire yourself out to some potato patch, let yourself out to stop holes, or watch the bars, and when you think yourself entitled to a resting spell, do it on your own hook. Get up in the morning, turn round at least twice before breakfast, help the old gentleman, give him now and then a lift in business, learn how to take the lead, and not for ever being led, and you have no idea how the discipline will benefit you. Do this, and, our word for it, you will seem to breathe a new atmosphere, possess a new frame, tread a new destiny, and you may begin to aspire to manhood."

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

My Wish. By F. J. B.

"Lay up to yourselves treasures in heaven; where neither the rust nor moth doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal." (Matt. vi. 20.)

Each little act of virtue, performed from day to day, is like a precious jewel in heaven's layaway.

Our angel, in a casket, That rust may not consume them, Nor thieves break through nor steal.

And none shall know what treasures Are beneath the golden lid, Until God's final judgment Disclose the jewels hid.

God grant, my dearest brother, That when thy course is run, Thy casket may be brimming With jewels thou hast won.

For, in that crown of glory Which God shall make for thee, These precious gems shall sparkle For all eternity.

—Sacred Heart Review.

The Poor Boy.

Don't be ashamed, my good lad, if you have a patch on your elbow. It speaks well for your industrious mother. For your part we would rather see a dozen patches on your jacket than hear one profane or vulgar word escape from your lips, or smell the fumes of tobacco in your breath. No good boy will shun you because you cannot dress as well as your companions, and if a bad boy sometimes laughs at your appearance, say nothing, my good lad, but walk on. We know many a rich and good man who was once as poor as you. Fear God, my boy, and if you are poor, but honest, you will be respected—a great deal more than if you were the son of a rich man and were addicted to bad habits.

Consult Your Parents, Girls.

Girls should never forget for one moment that no being on earth takes so deep and so true an interest in their welfare as does their father and mother. Their advice springs ever from the very soul of affection, pure as the love of God Himself, and their command should be obeyed as the command of God. As sin brings its inevitable punishment on this earth, so disobedience of the parents is sure to be followed by sorrow and often shame. A girl may say, "I am in the pride of her budding womanhood, that she is not a budding woman, but a feeble child." The crowd is quickly dispersed. The soldier, Quadratus, who is an unsuspected Christian, lifts trembling the bleeding, dying martyr, shedding a flood of tears at the same time. The child opens his eyes and recognizing the soldier says: "Quadratus, I am carrying the Blessed Sacrament, do not mind me, but to take care of that." Then in a faint voice, he tells the soldier where the priest is waiting. When they reach the house, where the priest in much anxiety is waiting, the dying boy says: "They tried hard, Father, but they could not take the Blessed Sacrament from me." Then, at the touch of the priest's anointed fingers, the tiny hands unfold their rigid clasp, and the little white soul flies away to God. "mid the fast falling tears of the priest and the sob of the sturdy soldier."

Oh, thou thrice blest martyr, what joy to carry thy Lord, and take Him unto thy feeble care! and above this what joy to die for the precious sake of Him you bore!

Oh, good Tarcisius, pray for us from thy heavenly throne! ERHEL.

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions are not from the ground arise, But oftimes celestial benedictions Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and amid these earthly dangers, What seems to us but sad funeral tapers May be Heaven's distant lamps.

—LONGFELLOW.

In Two Denominations.

Jay Cooke of Philadelphia, in 1866, told the following story: "One day when I was putting Government bonds upon the market, I was greatly annoyed by the clerks telling me there was an old man with them, and would do no business with them, and must see me. To get rid of him I said: 'Mr. Cooke, I have got \$8,000 in this bag; I can do anything with it in the town where I live; they are circulating grocer's checks and everything else for money, and I am frightened because I think I will be cheated if I dispose of it. Will you tell me on your word of honor if these bonds are sound and right? If they are not right, nothing is right. I am putting all I have in the world into them.' After further conversation the man decided to take them. 'What denomination will you have them in?' I asked. This was too much for the old man. He had never heard that word used in connection with bonds. He scratched his head and said: 'You may give me \$500 in Old School Presbyterian to please the old woman, but I will take the rest of it in Baptist.'

Mrs. H. Hall, Navarro, N.Y., writes: "For years I have been troubled with Liver Complaint. The doctors said my liver was hardened and enlarged. I was troubled with dizziness, pain in my shoulder, constipation, and generally losing flesh all the time. I was under the care of three physicians, but did not get any relief. A friend sent me a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and the benefit I have received from it is far beyond my expectation. I feel better now than I have done for years."

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perfectly what would be required of me. I am too young to be suspected, and I would die ten thousand deaths rather than reveal my holy secret!

The priest turned to the altar and prepared the Blessed Sacrament, gives it to the child's care, directs him where to go, then says: "Remember Tarcisius, what Burden you bear. Avoid all public streets, and delay not on your way." "Father, I shall be torn to pieces sooner than give the Blessed Sacrament to any but you," replies the child as he sets out on his mission.

Going on his way, as we described him at the beginning, at a turn of one of the streets he comes upon a group of boys at play. They cry: "Oh here comes Tarcisius, just whom we need. Come, Tarcisius, we need one more to make up the game." But the little boy replies: "I cannot, I dare not stay to-day, boys, I have important business to perform." "Oh, how important your audience with the Emperor? If you have a letter there, or whatever it maybe, just lay it aside till the game is over." "I cannot stay, Petillus, I cannot," the child says pleadingly, as the largest boy in the group advances threateningly.

"Come, now, no sulking," this boy cries, "What is it you have, that you hold it so closely?" as he notices how tightly the little hands are clasped over the breast. Let's see it; but the little child refuses, and clasps more tightly his Hidden Treasure.

This makes them determined to find out his secret. They rush on him, kick him, beat him, trample upon him, and tug with might and main to tear apart the folded arms, all in vain. Now a crowd gathers, asking one of the other "What is it?" A well-dressed man comes up; a sneering, wicked look deforms his handsome face. He had once been under instruction in the Christian faith, but, another Judas, he forsook it for worldly profit. He understands the child's determined action, and cries out: "He is a Christian bearing his martyr's cross."

This is sufficient for the pagan crowd. They rush upon the helpless child, with merciless ferocity, but he does not relinquish his grasp. A brawny blacksmith deals a heavy blow with his hammer, and the little hands are a bleeding, shapless mass of flesh. Suddenly the crowd is hurled hither and thither, a giant soldier is dealing blows right and left. "Chivaraux, Romans, you are," he cries, "a credit to your proud nation, that you attack a feeble child!" The crowd is quickly dispersed. The soldier, Quadratus, who is an unsuspected Christian, lifts trembling the bleeding, dying martyr, shedding a flood of tears at the same time. The child opens his eyes and recognizing the soldier says: "Quadratus, I am carrying the Blessed Sacrament, do not mind me, but to take care of that." Then in a faint voice, he tells the soldier where the priest is waiting.

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"MOONDYNE'S" GOLDEN SECRET.

The Gold Mine of O'Reilly's Novel Discoveries.

Now that a surpassingly rich gold field has been discovered in Western Australia, one is forcibly reminded of John Boyle O'Reilly's remarkably clever story of "Moodyne," says the *Advertiser* of Melbourne, Australia. Needless to say, O'Reilly was one of those clever Irishmen who risked fortune, liberty and life for the emancipation of their country. For his connection with the Fenian movement he, with others less gifted, was sent to Western Australia in a penal bulk, and there for some years lived the life of a convict at Fremantle. After his escape from the English penal settlement he became editor of the *Boston Pilot* and raised that paper to the highest rank in journalism. He then wrote "Moodyne," and the work was very favorably noticed by the foremost literary journals of the United States and the United Kingdom. It embodies in very entertaining narrative his experience of convict life and the treatment of criminals, and, while exposing many blots in the English penal system of the time, favors the substitution of a milder method of reform, which would take account of character, and would appeal to any latent feeling of goodness in the breast of the criminal. Mr. O'Reilly seemed to believe that few men or women are utterly and hopelessly depraved, and that their redemption, if at all possible, might be more surely effected by proportioning reward to punishment in prison discipline, and by opening up ways for the fallen by which they might recover their lost positions in society.

But whilst his speculations on prison discipline are extremely interesting as conceptions in fiction, that to which we would direct attention just now is the "golden secret" on which the story turns. The scene is laid in the Vasse District, in which there is, 'midst all most inaccessible mountains, a cave fabulously rich in gold, which was only known to the natives until Moodyne had won their confidence, and been intrusted with their secret. Psychological puzzles have become numerous enough since "Moodyne" was written, but it may be that its author, in making a "golden secret" the basis of his plot, furnishes an earlier puzzle of the kind that is as mystic as any which has followed.

For one thing, the coincidences are almost startling. Bailey's claim at Colgardie is in that part of the colony in which the gold mine of fiction was situated, and the country around this mine was dry and arid as that from which the precious metal is now being raised in such large quantities. Was Boyle O'Reilly a geologist, or did he find the "color" when road-making in the convict gang? He was not a geologist, and if he had any reason to believe in a gold deposit he would not have kept the secret to himself. Was the speculation in which he indulged, and which has now been verified in so remarkable a manner, purely imaginative? That is the view most people will take of the case, but at the same time it suggests other questions.

Was it, for instance, a case of what is called "unconscious clairvoyance," in which secrets hidden from the ordinary senses are dimly disclosed, and leave upon the mind indelible impressions? To the mystic who delights in the study of psychological phenomena, it may seem that Boyle O'Reilly was influenced by an unconscious prevision of the truth; but whether the explanation is simple or uncommon, the remarkable features of it have suggested to us the publication of "Moodyne," and the first instalment of this powerfully-written and most interesting work will be given next week.—Boston Pilot.

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Summary of Annual Report for 1893. New Life Applications received during 1893, 9,379,155.88. Increase over 1892, 92,698.71.

Cash Income for year ending 31st December, 1893, 12,484,812. Increase over 1892, 103,643.41. Assets at 31st December, 1893, 4,001,776.39.

Reserve for Security of Policy-Holders, 5,531,254.77. Increase over 1892, 514,944.25.

Surplus over all Liabilities, except capital, 351,005.62. Surplus over all Liabilities and Capital stock, 288,393.68. Life Assurances in force Jan 1st, 1894, 27,709,754.51.

T. D. MACAULAY, Sec. & Actuary. ROBERTSON MACAULAY, President. A. S. MACGREGOR, Manager London District, 109, Dundas St. A. ROLFE, Special Agent.

MRS. SHEPHERD. We have printed in dyed sheet form, by Rev. J. A. MacDonald, Presbyterian minister of St. Thomas, Ontario, this masculine tract. Her plan of operation seems to be to go out on the way places, where her tract is not known, and by retailing admirable hand-sets against the Catholic Church and its institutions, play on the credulity of innocent people at the while reaping a rich harvest of \$100 cash. These dyed sheets will be useful for distribution in such places. Single copies will be supplied at 2 cents each by the doz., 1 cent each; 100 or over, half a cent each. Address: Thos. Coffey, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

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