

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fifth Sunday after Pentecost.

A PROFITABLE SUMMER.

Brethren: Summer is come, and that means for many a great relaxation of attention to their religious duties. How very much more wisely our enemy, the evil spirit acts than such careless Christians! Ever watchful, he avails himself of each opportunity. Our employments, our associates, our home surroundings, are all considered by him. The strength or weakness of our minds and bodies, our inclinations, our likes and dislikes, he makes good use of in his warfare against us; nay, he brings the very elements to his service as much as he can. A pleasant day helps him to get you to miss Mass, or a cold morning to rise too late to say your prayers. It is true that he sometimes over-reaches himself and that he often fails in his efforts, but that is not because he has not tried to succeed. He seeks no rest. He takes no vacation. With him there is increasing endeavor to attain his ends. Obstacles which present themselves serve but to incite him to greater exertion.

And this powerful, crafty spirit is our enemy. A cheerful prospect, you will say! I say, not a very alarming one, if we but "watch and pray." The great difference between our mode of warfare against Satan and his against us is, that we sleep at our posts while he entrenches himself, and we awaken only to find ourselves in a state of siege; indeed, we may be happy that we have not been surprised, stormed, and captured.

We are too fond of ourselves and of our comfort, especially in the summer months. We forget that we have all eternity wherein to rest, if we do now the work each day brings us. We forget, too, that in this life there is no standing still with us. Whoever we are, or whatever our place in the world, every period of our lives has its peculiar temptations demanding our attention, and we must be always moving either forward or backward, especially during the summer season.

Summer is at hand, and with the warm weather comes a whole troop of spiritual enemies to be met. Dangers threaten every one of us. For some, who have leisure and money, and who betake themselves to the sea shore or the fashionable country resort, the danger will arise from idleness and dissipation. For others, it will spring from the desire of drinking. Others will be betrayed by the chance acquaintance formed at a promiscuous gathering.

Against all these dangers we must take a bold stand. We should not act as if we believed that there was one set of commandments for the winter and quite another for the summer. We are called to the constant service of God—spring, summer, autumn and winter. You have heard of fair-weather Christians. But some are better Christians in foul weather than in fair.

What do you think of one who will climb big mountains week-days, and be unable to walk a mile or two of a pleasant country road on Sundays?

What must we think of those who on Sundays, in warm weather, make no effort to hear even early Mass, but rush off to the sea-side or the country, stained with the guilt of mortal sin? Will the sea wash the stain away? How can we hope to avoid the dangers of the season if we neglect the means of grace? Yet how many there are who never frequent the sacraments during the heated term! Living constantly in the midst of temptation, more or less proximated occasions of sin all about them—in far greater peril in fact, at this time than during the other parts of the year—many nevertheless go the whole summer long without confession and Communion, always to the great detriment of their souls and sometimes with the loss of God's grace.

Take your reasonable recreation during the hot spell, but don't fail to go to Mass every Sunday, and go to the High Mass, if not every Sunday, at least several times during the season. The sermon will help you. It will suggest good thoughts and arouse you to spiritual progress. Receive the sacraments: they are the chief means of obtaining and preserving God's grace in the soul. Say your prayers morning and evening: they are your spiritual daily bread.

Do this, and then you can say with the Hebrew children: "O ye fire and heat, bless ye the Lord: praise and exalt Him above all for ever. O ye winter and summer, bless ye the Lord."

A Result of Godless Education.

That venerable humanitarian Mr. George T. Angell of Boston, writes in *Our Dumb Animals*: "The foul murderer in Boston of little eight-year-old Alice Sterling forces upon us more than ever the infinite importance of infinitely greater efforts to promote humane education in all our public and private schools, and the incomprehensible folly of leading educators who devote their entire efforts to educating the heads and almost entirely neglect the heart of the rising generation. Let our colleges, high, normal and lower schools go on with their scientific teachings, doing little or nothing to inspire a belief in God and humanity, and we shall have by and bye plenty of murders like that of little Alice Sterling." Mr. Angell evidently agrees with the Catholic Church that "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," and that moral training is an indispensable part of a perfect education.—Catholic Review.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Young Catholic Messenger.

June is a month that has charms for pupils. It is the month, it is true, wherein are the examinations; but it is also the month that closes the school and ushers in vacation. Only a few short weeks more, the final examinations will begin. Verily, June sends thrills of delight not only to the scholars separated from their loved ones in some distant educational establishment, but likewise to pupils who attend school near their homes.

In referring to vacation we think of three classes of pupils. We leave it to each one to decide to which he or she belongs.

First, of such as look upon school as place of confinement; such as must ever be driven to study, and who see in vacation, as Washington Irving says, "an emancipation from the abhorred thralldom of book, birch, and pedagogue." These will hail vacation, not because they need it, nor because they deserve it, but because it gives them freedom from all restraint and permits them to strengthen their growing bad habits and indulge them with greater impunity. Then, they need not be in school; they need not study nor make tasks; the teacher has nothing to say to them; they can chew, smoke, use bad and profane language; visit dangerous places; keep any company, and all just as they desire with little or no restraint. Unfortunately they know how to lie and escape the vigilance of their parents, and so they can indulge in almost anything their vicious youthful hearts desire. These will like vacation; but how base the motives and ruinous the effects; and in what deplorable condition they will be on the day of the reopening of school.

A second class will enter on the vacation; such as were diligent in their studies during the year; who look upon school as a sacred place, their teachers as the representatives of God. These loved study because it was not only their solemn duty but because they were conscious that thereby they were furthering their own best interests. They were models in good behavior; punctual in attendance; attentive in all exercises, and most diligent in application. These will also welcome vacation, not because they are weary of school-life, but because they require a change. They need rest; their mind must be relaxed, led from too constant and severe a strain it become overtaxed and unbalanced. Vacation for them is what sleep is for the body, what winter is for the earth. These will change their occupation in vacation and give rest to their mind; they will find work that will be congenial to their taste and to their mind, and thus beneficial; attain the end of vacation, which is to enable one to take up studies again on the reopening of school, with greater ease and ability.

A third class enters on a vacation; yes, their perpetual vacation as far as school is concerned. For these the doors of the school are forever closed; the bell will never again summon them to class. The one will exchange their gentle books for hard and dangerous tools; the pleasant school, for the noisy workshop; for the kind and agreeable companions, for the severe, cold, heartless money-makers. They will pass from theory to practice; they are then thrown upon their own resources; they must fight for their lives, earn their bread, and make their own fortune. Where will they land? What will become of them? Will they be rich one day? Will they occupy some distinguished place in their country? Be an honor to their parents? A benefactor to mankind; ever faithful and obedient children to God and His Church? Or will they fill the pauper's grave? be the outcast of society, be the victims of drunkards, blasphemers, scoundrels of religion and the associates of crime, shame and misery?

Oh! the commencement day is one for serious reflection: it is not so pleasant as it appears. How differently does it look to the teacher! how solemn to the parents! These know, they saw, they experienced.

To those who now end their school-life we wish to say, that gentleness, sincerity and honesty combined with religion are the best, nay the only factors of one's happiness and success both here and hereafter.

INVOCATIONS FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE.

"O sweetest Heart of Jesus! I implore. That I may ever love Thee more and more!" 300 days Plus IX, November 26, 1876. "Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto thine." 300 days (once a day) Plus IX, June 25, 1878. "May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be loved everywhere." 100 days, (once a day) Plus IX, January 25, 1868.

Paul's Five Dollars.

Paul's chief worldly ambition was to own a certain bust of the great Beethoven, which was the central figure in a shop window on Broadway. Four times a day, on his way to and from school, he had to pass it, and he always turned his head as he went around the corner for a last glimpse of his beloved musician. After a month of this silent admiration had passed he ventured within the shop and asked the price of the bust.

"Five dollars," answered the clerk; and he might almost as well have said five hundred, as far as Paul's financial abilities were concerned.

The boy counted his available money and then estimated the value of his expectations. He had already just

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42 cents, and his allowance for pocket-money was 25 cents a week. And while he was waiting to scrape together 85.00 somebody might buy his Beethoven and make off with it. Horrible thought! But his birthday was near, when his Uncle Ned usually handed him a silver dollar and said: "For some candy to eat in my honor, my boy." That would be a great help, and so he wisely concluded to hope for the best and deny himself every accustomed little luxury for which his pocket money had usually been spent.

He came of a long line of musicians, and the divine spark of music glowed brightly in his soul. His father played the big organ in St. Xavier's Church and taught harmony all the week in a boys' school. But he was an improvident man—as men of genius often are,—and found it rather difficult to support himself and Paul in any sort of comfort and keep the bills honestly paid. Paul was his best pupil—a kind-hearted and pious lad, who, after religion and his father, valued music most of anything among the gifts of heaven. And of all the great masters of music Beethoven to him was king.

One morning—the hoard of pocket-money amounting now to more than \$5—Paul looked in the shop window to find that the bust was gone! Dismayed and alarmed, he went inside. It was not sold, the man said, only put up stairs to make room for fresh attractions; and he told Paul just where to look for it. The boy was delighted to know that his treasure was hidden from the passers-by, and once a day after that he would slip into the shop to gaze upon the earnest face, adorned with the frown, which was beautiful because it was Beethoven's.

The 85 was a long time in coming; for Uncle Ned, for once, paid no attention to his birthday. But at last—at last, with a little box of coin, Paul started in haste to bring home his *terra cotta* treasure. When within a block of the shop he saw a poor boy about his own age, who was weeping in the most frantic way.

"What's the matter?" asked Paul going up to him.

The boy's only answer was to sob the harder. He could not speak, but took Paul's hand and led him up a narrow staircase. In a tiny room, unwarmed and nearly unfurnished, lay a sick woman. She smiled faintly at sight of Paul's honest face, and whispered:

"My little boy could not bear to see me suffer. And, then, he has had nothing to eat since yesterday."

The poor lad's tears burst out afresh. Paul put his hand into his pocket where the box of coin was, thought of the beloved bust which might never be his, and emptied the money upon the bed.

"It is my own," he said to the woman, "to do just what I like with. And now what do you need most?"

It was hard to tell that when they needed everything, but you may be sure that it was not long before there was a fire in the stove and a meal upon the table. It was not very skillfully cooked, to be sure; but the boy was too hungry to be fastidious.

And when Paul at last went home and told his father, and saw that father's happy pride in his generous child, he quite forgot to long for the earnest face of the dear musician, which had for so many weeks seemed essential to his happiness.

"Your Uncle Ned has been here," said his father, "and says that as he was so stupid as to forget your birthday, he will ask you to spend \$5.00 in his honor this time."

"Hurrah!" Paul cried and was off like the wind, re-appearing in a few minutes with the precious bust, frown and all, clasped tightly in his arms.

The kind people of St. Xavier's parish cared for the sick woman and her child, but they always think of Paul as sent to them by heaven, as no doubt he was.

He is a tall young fellow now, and his talent has made him a general favorite and brought him many dollars; but he has never parted with the bust of Beethoven that he so rapturously carried home that winter's evening. And his heart, people say, is as pure and tender as a little child's.—Flora L. Stanfield in Ave Maria.

MUST BE PROMULGATED.

Letter of Cardinal Monaco Regarding Secret Society Decree.

It appears that at last the doubt, difficulty, and discussion regarding the secret society decree is to be set at rest. Ever since the decree was issued there has been discussion regarding it pro and con. It has been pointed out that many of the leading prelates of the country had not promulgated it, and it has been even asserted that some of them stated it was not the intention of the Holy See that it should be promulgated. All the doubt regarding the matter is set at rest by the following letter from Mgr. Satolli, which has been sent to all the prelates in the country, Archbishop Katzer included, and a copy of which has been furnished to the *Citizen* by Rev. A. F. Schinner, administrator of the archdiocese. The letter is now published for the first time. It explains itself.

DECREE MUST BE PROMULGATED.

Washington, D. C., June 11, 1895. Most Rev. F. X. Katzer, D. D., Archbishop of Milwaukee: Your Excellency—His Eminence, Cardinal Monaco, in a letter of May 27, announces to me that he has learned that several American papers have asserted, on the authority of prelates, that the promulgation of the decree of the Holy Office concerning the three societies—Odd Fellows, Knights of

Pythias and Sons of Temperance—is not obligatory, but left to the judgment of the Bishops as a disciplinary and variable matter. Moreover, the same journals affirm that this promulgation has by superior authority been discouraged and suspended, at least in some dioceses. His Eminence greatly deprecates that state of affairs, and again recommends that the decree be published and enforced in every diocese in such a way as the respective Bishops shall deem most expedient.

I had assured the Holy See as long ago as last February that the decree had been published in all the provinces of this country; but if by chance Your Excellency should know that in any diocese of your province this obligatory promulgation has not been made, in the name of the Holy Office and by the authority of the Holy See I beg Your Excellency to see that it be immediately and faithfully done.

By this letter of His Eminence, the obligation of the decree and of its publication is put beyond all doubt, and it is no longer lawful for any Catholic journal to question it.

With sentiments of highest esteem and fraternal charity, I remain,

Most faithfully yours in N.

FRANCIS ARCHBISHOP SATOLLI, Delegate Apostolic.

From this it will be seen that (1) The promulgation of the decree is obligatory. (2) That the manner of promulgation is left to the Bishops, "in such a way as they shall deem most expedient." (3) That the decree must be "immediately and faithfully promulgated."

ISSUANCE OF THE DECREE.

The decree was first published by Bishop Curtis of Wilmington. For some time before that there had been rumors regarding it. It is the result of a report made concerning the Knights of Pythias, Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance by a committee consisting of Archbishops Riordan, Ireland, Feehan, Katzer and Corrigan. It decrees "that all the ordinaries of that country must by all means endeavor to keep the faithful from the aforesaid three societies and from each one of them; and that the faithful themselves must be admonished to this effect, and if upon such admonition they will still remain in these societies, they are to be debarred from the reception of the sacraments."

DOUBTS REGARDING IT.

After the issuance of the decree it was stated that two months' time had been given to promulgate it. The two months time passed away and still many of the leading prelates had not issued it. Among them were Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Feehan, Riordan, Ireland and Caspelle. It was also stated that it was not the intention that the decree was to be promulgated in all dioceses and that this matter was left to the discretion of the Bishops. This has caused much doubt and discussion regarding it, and many of the members of the forbidden organizations have continued in membership believing that the decree would be modified.

ATTEMPTS AT MODIFICATION.

It is said that some of the prelates made representations to Rome regarding the decree, basing their appeal on the fact that the information on which it was based was not correct. Some time ago Bishop Chatard of Vincennes, on account of representations made to him by many who had joined the proscribed societies in good faith, of the temporal hardships it would work to them in the loss of insurance money and other advantages, wrote to Rome setting forth these facts and asking that certain modifications be made in the decree. The modifications asked regarded the annulment of the edict in so far as it prohibited members who had joined certain secret societies in good faith, from receiving the sacraments. Bishop Chatard received a negative answer in reply to his request. The above statement of Cardinal Monaco confirms this decision and clears away all doubt regarding its scope.

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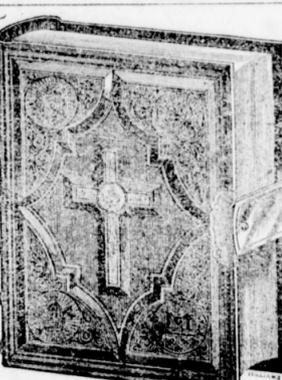
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Died Praising Ingersoll.

From the New York World.

Sigmund Schmiedler, who had forsworn his religion and become a zealous disciple of Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, killed himself at his home, 210 East 84th street, after having tried to murder his wife.

Schmiedler was 34 years of age, and came here from Prussia nine years ago. He lost money in a copper mine in the Lake Superior region, and afterward taught in schools and worked at several trades. Latterly he tried to make a living as canvasser and collector, but he and his faithful wife nearly starved.

Schmiedler arose at 4 a. m. yesterday and penned the following letter:

To the Coroner:

Being unable to bear life's miseries any longer, I have determined to end my life and take my dear, beloved companion with me. Col. Ingersoll is right in his views and lectures, and is in my opinion, the most sensible man of the century.

Our social system is wrong and unjust our laws, churches and priests are fakes. They all serve but one god, and his name is Mammon.

SIGMUND SCHMIEDLER.

Please give my parrot, pictures, clothes, rugs and bedding, and everything except furniture to Mortiz Traubman.

He sealed the letter and took his revolver from a shelf. Then, leaning over his sleeping wife, he fired at her temple. He saw blood spurt out, and then turned the pistol on himself.

Mrs. Schmiedler's wound was slight. She climbed over her husband's dead body and stood in the middle of the floor, wild with fright and pain. She was removed to the Presbyterian Hospital.

Mr. Traubman, whom Sigmund mentioned in his postscript, lives at 90th street and 2nd avenue. He talked feelingly about his dead friend. He was proud to borrow. His father and mother live in Silesia, and are wealthy. Sigmund rightfully owned a mine in Prussia worth \$100,000.

A Punny and Fretful 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.

The Church and Vaccination.

The New York Independent (Protestant), commenting on the introduction of vaccination and the difficulties attending it, says: "The Catholic clergy in France did much to diffuse the benefits of vaccination, while it was yet a comparatively untried experiment by instructing parents who brought their children for baptism, in the value of the new discovery, and directing them to men who would carefully perform the operation."

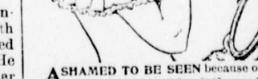
"Now everywhere are to be found men who can do the work just as it should be done, and the abundant supply of pure, healthy, bovine virus has taken away the twin danger of putting something unclean and undesirable into the system of the subjects."

"Archbishop Walsh, of Dublin, is credited with issuing a regulation in his diocese, directing that 'no one child, or adult, shall be admitted to confirmation or instructions in preparation for it who has not been vaccinated, or who, having reached the age of seven years, has not been vaccinated.'"

The gorge of the native American rises at the great power of the Catholic clergy, but he finds it always turned to beneficent uses.

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