#### FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Seventh Sunday after Pentecost.

THE FOLLY OF SIN. What fruit, therefore, had you in thosings of which you are now ashamed? omans vi. 22.)

What is the good of being a sinner? No good, but much evil. Experience shows that we have gained nothing by sin but shame, sorrow and death.
And what has been your experience in the tribunal of confession? you never groan and shed tears there alone with God and His minister? Why was it? Your own conscience, your better self was tormenting you, your own tongue was lashing you, your heart was grief stricken, you fairly loathed yourself. You remembered how Jesus was smitten in the face, and the blood mounted to your cheeks, and well it might, for you ungrateful wretch, had dealt those blows. A moment of sensual pleasure, a lie of injustice, a foul hatred, a meanness of human respect, or a slothful neglect has to be undone by a long penance; and is this nothing? Besides, death is ever pursuing you and will overtake

you too soon.
What is the good of sinning? Ask that man whose blood is burning with fiery alcohol, some day when a hot summer's sun suddenly prostrates him in death. Ask the libertine when he drops into an untimely grave. Ask the avaricious man when his stocks, deeds, and bank-notes are fading from

his eyes, dimmed by the last agony.
What is the good of sinning? Ask
that soul that is speeding before the
tribunal of judgment with scores of sins unrepented of. Ask the wretched girl who, despairing on account of her shame, suddenly goes before God, sent by her own act. Ask the seducer when an unforeseen blow sends him to the great tribunal of eternity. Ask the impure one who falls asleep and awakes before the throne of the holy Judge of all hearts. What is the good of sin-ning? Ask one who after a career of dissipation unexpectedly finds himself in hell. Ask the hardened sinner who refuses to repent to the very last, and now weeps and gnashes his teeth in everlasting torment. Ask him who gives up his faith and meets the traitor's doom of predition. Ask wicked parents who seal their own condemnation by their ungedly effective. tion by their ungodly offspring. Ask the proud and disobedient who spurn holy discipline and are cast out with the devils. In a word, let death, judg-ment, and hell answer what is the

good of being a sinner.
Our Lord compares him to an evil tree which cannot bring forth good fruit, and is cut down and cast into the The soil is good, the rain invigorating, the sunshine fructifying, but the fibre of the tree is bad, its sap watery, its root languishing, and in the end it yields no fruit. Just so is the life of the sinner. The graces of God are given but not used. The summer passes, the harvest ends, and he is

not saved.

Brethren, the animal in us enjoys sensuality and the demon in us enjoy pride. But the man enjoys the love of God. The love of God is the opposite of sin. That holy love of the supreme good purifies us of the defilment of cur animal nature, sets us free from the bondage of satan, and makes us menin the truest sense of the term menand in the supernatural order Christ-ians and children of God. Keep the commandments of God, preserve a pure conscience, hate sin and the devil-This is the only true happiness, the only life worthy the man and the

### Go to Mess in Season.

A writer in an exchange gives the following good advice regarding getting to church in season for the services: In most instances there is absolutely no excuse for coming late to church People are not hurried or pressed by other affairs on Sunday. If they reach church five or ten minu'es after the services have begun, it is wholly be cause of an unreasonable fear of spend ing too much time in the house of God. Else, why the studious care which people take of leaving the house only with sufficient margin of time to reach the church? Why do they display so much precaution lest they be too early?

They are not gingerly about coming some minutes "before the play begins" at places of amusement. They waste ten times the time thus "lost" otherwise during the day. But is the time that a Christian spends in church just before the service begins really lost The answer is, By no means. A sterling Catholic has expressed the opinion that five minutes, reflection and self communion before the priest comes to the altar is productive of the best spiritual results. The practice of reaching the church five minutes before the services have begun and spending the time in strictly religious reflection -powerfully assisted by the associations of the place - has always prepared an excellent disposition for assisting at the sacred ceremony that ensues. Catholic feels that it is a difficult thing to come off the crowded street, some times hurried, and often occupied with worldly though's, and then to kneel down with the proper disposition before Sacrifice of the Mass. The five minutes of preparation before "church begins," has, he thinks, doubled the spiritual advantages to him of the half hour or hour that ensues.

If you yould have an abundance of dark, glossy hair, if you would have a clean scalp, free from dandruff and irritating humors, or if your hair is faded and gray, and you would have its natural color restored, use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It is unquestionably the best dressing.

### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A True Heart.
There is something pathetic in the life of every man confined within prison walls, and this pathos grows more intense when all the free outside world is glad with the joy that comes with the Christmas time. Remorse must weigh heavily on convicts at this time. Forgetfulness of all the past would be a blessed boon to many of them, but memory is keenest then, and we do not know with what heartaches they recall the time, when they, too,

were free and happy.

The warden of the State prison tells the following pathetic incident of a

I was passing out of the prison yard one bitterly cold Christmas morning. Just outside the gate, and crouching close to the high stone wall, I saw a thinly-clad little girl of about twelve years, her face and hands blue with cold. She put out one of her thin cold. She put out one of her thin hands to detain me as I passed.

"If you please, sir," she said, and stopped, fingering nervously at the fringe of her old shawl, and timidly

glancing down.
"What is it?" I asked.
"Well, if you please, sir, I'd like to well, if you please, sir, I d like to know if I can go inside and see my— my father. He's in there, and I've brung him in something for Christmas. It ain't much, and I didn't s'pose you'd mind any if he had it. His name is Mister John H—y."

I recognized the name as that of a

life convict-a man notoriously bad. I went back into the prison grounds, the child following me eagerly. Going to my office I sent for the convict. He came, sullen and dejected; in his face was the look of utter hopelessness the faces of prisoners for life often wear. The child sprang forward to meet him, the hot tears streaming over her white face. He stepped back, sullen and seemingly angry. No word of wel come came from his lips for the ragged

trembling, little creature who stood crying before him with something clasped in her hand.

"I — I — came to — say 'Merry
Christmas,' father " she faltered. " I
— I thought maybe you'd be glad to

see me. Ain't you any glad, father?" Christmas! Christ! Oh, what would this man not have given for freedom of

body and soul! The convict's head dropped. The hard look was going out of his face, his eyes were moistening. His little girl went on tremblingly and tearfully.

"And-I - brung you something ther. It was all I could think of father. and all I could get. I live in the poor-house now." Her trembling fingers began unwrapping the bit of soft white paper in her hand, and she held out a short, shining curl of yellow hair care fully tied with a bit of old ribbon. wouldn't give this to anybody on earth but you, father. You used to really and truly love little Johnnie-mother

said you did—and so—"
The man fell on his knees with both

hands clasped over his face.
"I did love him," he said hoarsely.
"I love him still; bad as I am, I love

him still." "I knew it," said the child, going closer, "and I knowed you'd like this. now that Johnnie's dead."

"Dead!" cried the man, rocking to and fro, still on his knees, with his hands over his face. "My little

"Yes," said the child; he "died in the poorhouse, only last week, and there's no one left but me now. But I ain't going to forget you, father. I'm going to stick right by you, spite of what telks say, and some day maybe I can get you out of here. I'm going to the left of the altar, as also the Cardinal and the Bishop. In about ten minutes he returned, try, I don't never forget that you are my father, and so-"

He put out one arm, drew the child oward him and kissed her again and again. I silently left the room, and they were alone together for half an Then the child came out, smiling through her tears. "Mind," she said, before closing the door, "I'll never forget you, father—never."

It was the voice of a true heart. May Christ give it the benediction of His peace

## AT THE POPE'S MASS.

The Service That it is a Great Privilege to Attend.

Although thousands have had the happiness of assisting at the Holy Fath er's Mass, there may yet be thousands of your readers who would wish to do so, and might like to read about one of the grandest private ceremonials in

Christendom. Having received a card of admit tance to the Sistine Chapel for the 6th June, I found myself, at 7:30 that morning, before the bronze gate of the Vatican. Leaving the body of Italian gendarmes and police on duty outside the square of St. Peter's, I entered, showing my card to the Swiss picket who keep sentry in their pictur esque parti-colored costumes within the gate, mounted the broad ascent which does duty for stairs, leaving hat and overcoat half-way up with attendants who take charge of them. I then found myself in a noble gallery, where there were about a dozen Papal gendarmes; the Sistine Chapel was on the left.

This is a large, well-proportioned hall, enriched with splendid frescoes on walls and ceilings. At the end there is a plain altar with a fine tapestry, representing the Pentceost, as altar piece, with a large velvet canopy over it. Six large wax tapers canopy over it. Six large wax tapers burnt on the altar, which had no tabernacle. The benches, covered with well-worn green carpeting, were plain, without kneeling-place or backs, and a simple rail across the middle

separated those who were privileged to have an audience with our Holy Father from less fortunate mortals, whose cards only allowed them to assist at Mass. I found about three hundred people already in their places and five or six Camerieri Secreti in evening clothes and white ties, with their chains of office crossing over their breasts, pointing out the seats to every new arrival. Eight Swiss Guards, with helmets and halberds, were placed some before the altar, some half-way down the chapel. I had a good place on the second bench, and saw some pilgrims from Holland arrive, priests men and women, also the Provincials of the Franciscans, who just now are all collected in Rome from the rest of the world for business relating to their Order. They looked a fine body of men. Many priests and laymen and some nuns, amongst whom I noticed, our Blue Nursing Sisters, made up an assembly of over eight hundred people. About 8 o'clock a Bishop in his purple cloak arrived and went and knelt at a bench to the left of the altar, also a Cardinal in his red cloak, who placed himself next to the Bishop. At 8:15 the noble Guards, in their rich uni-

the noble Guards, in their rich uniforms and helmets, marched in from the door to the right of the altar.

A moment after our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII., attended by two of his chaplains, entered by the same door, and glided swiftly to the prie dieu before the altar. He seemed small and frail, bent with are and stooping slightly on the with age, and stooping slightly on the left side. Dressed all in white, with left side. his white scull-cap and white hair, pale features and quick movement, which gave one the idea of gliding instead of walking, he looked ethereal and weird,

very aged and weak.

After praying in silence for about five minutes he vested and began the "Introit," with a loud, strong, pleas-ant voice pronouncing each word dis-tinctly and clearly. Many present must have felt a strange sensation of awe when they heard Christ's Vicar upon Earth repeat in the "Confiteor" with such earnestness and feelingmae culpa, mae culpa, mae maxima culpa." A solemn moment was also the Elevation, the military salute, "genoux terre," of the Noble and Swiss Guards, the ring of the silver bell, the silence so intense one heard plainly the words of Consecration.

It was a solemn moment which hope never to forget. At the end of Mass the Pope knelt and said the three "Ave Marias," and we all joined in the "Santa Maria." But truly I never till this never till this morning realized this most beautiful prayer. To hear each word said so slowly, in a voice so loud and full, with a tone of such convic-tion, filled me with joy, not that one believed, but that one felt one's belief at that moment as a certainty, as a thing so positive; it was impossible not to believe, hearing the outpouring of that voice.

Unrobing, the Holy Father went and knelt at a prie dieu to the left of the altar, while one of his chaplains said a Mass of thanksgiving. And he knelt through the whole of that Mass, never once moving, he seemed wrapped in devotion, and his whole face was suffused with an expression of joy and happi ness. I should have mentioned that while visiting, and during Mass the choir sang various selections with mos perfect execution.

After the second Mass, His Holiness, putting a stole on his shoulders, from the altar steps gave us the Papal Ben ediction with such firmness of tone and

about ten minutes he returned, till in his white cassock, but with a recloak over his shoulders. Sitting in an arm chair in front of the altar, al the Camerieri Secreti and officers of the guard pressed around him, kissing his ring or his foot and evidently asking how he was. He knew them all per sonally, and both he and they se so pleased, it was like loving children lustering round a fond parent. The pilgrims and other fortunat ones, to the number of about four hun dred, who had the privilege e audience went up one by one; and there was a word to each, and very often quite a long conversation; th radiant faces of those select mortals showed how joyful the meeting had The red sedan chair was now been. brought in and the Holy Father enter ing was carried down and out of the Sistine Chapel, surrounded by the Noble and Swiss Guards, and followed

by the Cardinal and the two chaplains.
It was now the turn of the unprivileged who had had no audience. giving his blessing as he passed, he rested his hand on the window of the sedan chair. A priest seized it and kissed it and his ring. Not to be outdone, all pressed forward, and the bearers had to wait till all had got this stolen kiss. Our Holy Father was laughing and very pleased, the Noble Guards were trying to keep them back, but the loving Father and his fervent children had the best of it, and we seemed only to return to this mundane sphere when we saw the door leading to the private apartments close on tha red sedan chair and its occupant. It was now 11:30.

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#### THE PROTESTANT FEELING.

Improvement in its Tone Towards Catholics and the Church.

Our fair minded Protestant contemporary, the New York Independent, says: We are gratified to observe constant evidences of a change in the tone of many Protestants toward the Roman Catholic church. There was a time when no Protestant seemed to be able to look upon it with the least degree of toleration or allowance. He waged war against it as if it were an waged war against it as it it were an evil thing and only evil. The great amount of prejudice has obscured clear vision both on the Protestant and Catholic side. We hope the time is at hand when this prejudice shall be dissipated so that Catholics may come to under-stand their Protestant fellow-citizens and appreciate them for what they are and that a similar view may be taken of Roman Catholic Christians by Protestants. Zion's Herald publishes a interesting series of short articles by Methodist ministers on the ques-"What should be the Attitude of Methodism toward the Roman Cath-olic Church?" We observe but one in the half dozen contributions that breathes the spirit of uncompromising hostility. We find such expressions as these in the other five articles:

"To assume that everything in the Roman Catholic church is bad is scarcely less absurd than to take for granted that every Methodist is a saint. A sensible view of Methodism and a charitable view of the Roman Catholic Church suggests that our attitude should at least be Christian; retaliation and vituperations are not Chris tian weapons, and cannot consistently be used by a Church which claims to exemplify Christianity in earnest.

Thus Rev. George Skene. Dr. W. H. Thomas writes that "nothing can be produced that excuses Methodists from obeying the law" stated by Chris and Paul in sentences enjoining the putting away of all bitterness and wrath and anger and clamor and evil speaking, and being kind to one another and loving one's neighbor as one's self.

" Nothing can be shown that puts the Roman Catholic Church outside the bounds of that all embracing law of love. It is true the visible head of that Church resides at Rome, but there is no more reason why that fact should make American Catholics disloyal to their country than there is that Methodist converts in India or China or Africa should be traitors to their government because they are subject to American Bishops appointed by the Methodist Episcopal church in the United States.

Dr. C. F. Rice says: "Wholesale condemnation, exaggeration of evils, misrepresentation of facts, imputations of base motives and vituperations are s unchristian when used in relation to the Roman Catholic Church as in any other connection.

Rev. W. I. Haven, son of Bishop Gilbert Haven, says the attitude of Methodism toward Romanism should be an attitude of Christian brotherliness or discriminating criticism, and hat it should "spiritually undermine last it should spiritually distributed false Romanism in this and every land." Dr. C. E. Harris thinks that contact of the Roman Catholic Church with our fresh civilization and our rms of Protestantism is leavening it struggle. Our attitude toward it ecclesiastically should be that of recognition and dectrinal fidelity." Dr. N. T. Whitaker repeats the exploded slander about Catholic deserters from the army, and says that they became nost numerous after "the Pope vir tually recognized the so called Southren But he would have that burch treated "in the spirit of the ord Jesus, recognizing and strength ening all that is good in it, denouncing its sin, etc." There is certainly not less reason for Catholics to enleavor to put aside their prejudice eaking respecting Protest antism. There would be vastly les misrepresentation in the Catholic pres if they could look upon Protestants no as infidels or unbelievers, but as true followers of Christ.

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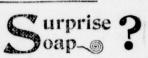
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"Did you ever see a scrap of brown

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"Why not?"

"Because it is not worth counterfeiting."
Old you ever see a counterfeit

Christian ? "Why was he counterfeited?"

"Because he was worth counterfeit

ing."
"Was he to blame for the counterfeit?

"Of course not." "Did you ever see a counterfeit infidel?

"Why not?"

" Ahem ! We pass the above catechism along.

Leo XIII. Grows Younger. In an interview given to a reporter

of the Paris Figaro, the venerable superior of the Sulpician Institute, just returned from Rome, tells how he found the Pope. "Although I have known him for many years," he says, "I am glad to be able to say that I never found him in better health; never brighter, livelier or bearing more bravely the burden of the pontificate. He continues to be an inde-fatigable worker, and work seems to agree with him. Not only does he not agree with him. grow older, but he actually gives the opposite impression. As he advances in years he becomes more directly concerned with the whole movement of the age, bolder in his plans and more hopeful of the ultimate success of his

endeavors. Just now his leading thought is the reunion of Christendom, "Did you ever see a counterfeit and the personal share he takes in the measures destined to bring it aflout is simply amazing. He is painfully alive to the anti religious character of recent enactments in France, but his policy of conciliation and his belief in the stability of the Republic remain unchanged.

> Next after God in our love is Mary; infinitely below God, because He alone is the uncreated; immensely above all other creatures, because she is the Mother of God, being the Mother of Jesus our Brother, she is our Mother Jesus loved His Mother above all creatures, and we can not be like Him f we do not love her too .- Cardinal Manning.

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