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Second Sunday after Pentecest.

INGRATITUDE.

A certain man made a great supper, and invited many. . . . And they began all at once to make excuse. (Gospel of the Day.)

You know, my dear brethren, the parable given by our Divine Lord in the Gospel of to day. The principal point of it is in the words which you have just heard. The guests who were invited to the supper, instead of feeling honored by the invitation and accepting it gladly, began to make one excuse or another; one had his farm, one his oxen, and another had just married a wife. None of these reasons would have prevented them from coming to the supper had they really wished to; they were mere flimsy pretexts put forward to hide their indifference to their host and to all that he had to offer them.

You know this parable, and I think you also know well its meaning. As our Saviour uttered it the coldness and ingratitude of those whom He had come to save rose up before Him, giving Him a foretaste of the agony which was afterward to overwhelm and crush Him in the Garden of Gethsemani. His heart, burning with love for men, longed and thirsted for love in return; it was all He asked; could He but have had all the pains of His sorrowful life and terrible death would have been as nothing. But no; He foresaw that, after all, those to whom He stretched out His arms on the cross in loving invitation would, for the most part, turn a deaf ear to His appeal; would give Him at the best but a reluctant and half-hearted service; would keep as much as possible for themselves, and give as little as possible to Him.

And, in particular, He foresaw that

the crowing gift which He had in store for His rebellious and ungrateful children—His own Body and Blood, which He was to leave them in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, and in which He was to remain with them even after His work was done and the time come for Him to return to His Father
-would be rejected by the greater part even of Christians with the same indifference with which His other sacrifices were to be met. He saw Him-self in our churches, unwelcomed and almost unknown by the most of those whom He loved to call His friends. He saw that, though for a time in the first fervors of faith, when the sword of persecution drove those to His side who were not overcome by it, He would, as He desired, indeed be the daily bread of His people, yet there would come a day when that faith would be dimmed, and the love which sprang from it would grow cold. He knew that an age would come when—shame to say it!—His Church would have to force her children by strict laws and threats of excommunication to receive Him in the Sacrament of His love even once a year. And He knew that, in spite of all this urging, many still would excuse themselves from the Divine Banquet, offered so freely to, nay, almost forced upon, them; that millions every year would miss their Easter duty; would either turn from the bread of life to the food of swine by deliberate choice, or at least would, on some frivolous pretext, put off the time of their reconciliation till the last day appointed for it had gone by.

Alas! my dear brethren, children of

much for us, I fear that some even of you who hear My words have once wou who hear My words have once more thus grieved His heart and despised His love. In all this long time of Lent and Easter which has just gone by you have missed the duty to which the most sacred and solemn of the council board, yet never was he the council board, yet never was he the council board, yet never was he all the laws of the Church has called you. But still our Lord has not yet treated you as you have treated Him. He has not yet said to you, as the host said in the parable: "None of you said in the parable: No; once more, in this great festival of Corpus Christi, He makes you, and still tries to remind you of His goodness and mercy. Come to Him without delay, and make amends for your past neglect; all will be forgiven and forgotten. But remember, if tempted to reject Him once more, and to postpone your return, that even His infinite mercy will at last have to yield to His justice; that His loving Spirit cannot strive with you forever.

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Sirs.—I had such a severe cough that my throat felt as if scraped with a rasp. On taking Norway Pine Syrup I found the first dose gave relief, and the second bottle completely cured me.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

My Daily Cross. If souls could know the priceless worth Of every daily cross, The crosses sent by Providence To cleanse the gold from dross.

If they could feel with ev'ry pang, A Father's gentle Hand, That soothes the irritated wound, And holds the healing band.

If they could see, when terrors chill And stormy clouds o'erspread, A Father's eye directing all, A Father's smile o'erhead.

In every harsh, unkindly voice, If they could learn to hear A Father's accents whispering low, "My child, am I not near?"

In every hard, distasteful task, To recognize His will, And bravely kiss the proffered cross, And sing their "Fiat" still.

To all but sin their "Fiat" cry, To all their will resign, Who then, but God, could count their wealth Their treasury divine?

A little while and even here Would sanctity be theirs; God's grace, His presence and His love— To these they would be heirs. Courage, my soul! attempt the height, Can ought be counted ill That comes through God's dear Providence, Is sent by His sweet will?

The Knight of Hapsburg.

Twas morning, clear and cold, the sun shone brightly on the lofty peaks of the Alps, bathing their glistening heads in its light. On the side of the mountain a noble stag was resting. Suddenly the silence on the mountainside was broken by the baying of hounds. "The autlered monarch" the wind, sped away to the thickets in the plain. Ah! well for the deer that he fled with such haste, for on his track was the renowned hunter. Sir Rudolph of Hapsburg, at the head of a hunting train. Catching sight of the stag, the hunter gave a joyful shout, and with spur and rein urged on his gallant steed leaving the other hunters far in

On he pressed; the din of the chase became fainter and fainter; he was about to sound a bugle-call, when a soft sound struck on his ear, the silvery sound of a bell; he reined in his foaming charger, and gazed up the mountain pass. Ah!—Sir Rud-olph dismounted in haste, took off his plumed hat, and reverently bent upon his knees. What did he see? Who approached? The Knight of Hapsburg was lord of all that land, but a mightier Lord than he drew near, and before Him he bowed in submission An aged priest with bowed head and clasped hands carrying next his heart the King of kings, Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, toiled across the rocky way. A little boy ringing a bell, walked in advance. When the priest reached the spot where Sir Rudolph knelt the knight arose and requested the priest to mount his horse. "For the sake of Him you bear grant me this signal favor; ride this steed of mine," he whispered. "Nay, Sir Knight," the priest replied, "that must not be, your train await you in the plain below." "My train must ride without me to-day," the

knight made reply; "it would not be worthy of a knight to ride while his Lord passed by borne on foot-his Lord Who bore the cross for him. The priest demurred no longer, but Alas! my dear brethren, children of this God and Father who has done so with careful step and reverent mein, led the way down the rugged path. Noble Sir Rudolph, gay as a boy, in

a truer Knight than when as page to the servant of his Lord! They reached the house of the sick person. The dying sinner was prepared for his journey to eternity. The priest, that were invited shall taste of my with Sir Rudolph at his bridle rein, returned again to the place where they had met; here the priest was about yet another appeal to you, to put aside your excuses, and to come to Him with all your heart and soul. Do not, I beseech you, continue to insult and despise Him who thus humbles Himself hefore you and still tries to raminal the steed that bore my Lord. Be pleased to keep him, Father. In the holy Mass remember my poor soul." One moment the priest paused then raised his hand, blessed the knight, and said: "Brave knight when nine years have run their course thou shalt be well rewarded for thy service of to-

> The nine years sped quickly by, and the youthful Lord of Hapsburg had reached the full flush of manhood, nor did he belie the promise of his youth. He was still brave, chivalrous and Catholic to the heart's core. The throne of Germany became vacant, and

Another old story of a patriotic sailor of France has recently been recalled, which, if a little less striking, yet

allied English and Dutch fleet of more than a hundred sail, under the command of Admiral Russell, appeared be fore the town of Sables d'Olonne, on the

shore of the Bay of Biscay, with the intention of bombarding the place. Daniel Fricaud, a native fisherman, had previously been captured while at sea in his fishing-smack.

When the admiral's vessel had ap proached as close as the depth of water permitted to the town, the poor fisherman was brought on deck and ordered, under penalty of instant death, if he disobeyed or deceived his captors, to give to the gunners, who stood waiting at their guns, information regarding the shape and extent of the city, which would enable them to destroy it.

Sables d'Olonne, being built partly upon a sandy peninsula, and partly upon and behind rocks of a higher elevation, they were unable to judge for themselves, and were forced to depend on what they could learn from

their prisoner, the fisherman. But he was a poor, ignorant fellow, who appeared greatly terrified at their threats, and they did not believe he would dare attempt to mislead them. He pointed without the least hesitation at a cluster of buildings near wharves, telling them that behind these lay concealed the greater part of

At once the thunders of the fleet broke forth, and bombs were hurled by hundreds at the place thus indi-

In a short time smoke and flame arose, and increased so rapidly in volume that the triumphant enemy were assured they had caused a ter sprang up, tossed his head high, rible conflagration; but if they were listened for a moment, then, fleet as delighted Daniel Fricaud was astonished

He had not for a moment entertained the idea of giving over his native place to destruction, and had pointed out a quarter in which he knew there were but a few boat-houses, sail-lofts and fishermen's huts, not all of which burning at once would cause such a blaze as he beheld. But he held his peace, and when the bombardment was over, he was allowed to return to his fishing smack and come safely to strung seventeen centuries upon a conshore, while the fleet sailed away in the full belief that they left behind necklace of pearls upon her bosom.

them a city in ashes.

He found on his return that his quick-witted fellow-townsmen, perceiving that the bombs were falling where they did the least harm, and fearing that if the enemy saw no results they would seek and find a more destructive line of fire, had hastily heaped huge bonfires and lighted them within range of the guns.

This ruse had prevented his own This ruse had prevented his own trick from being discovered, and besides assisting to preserve the city had in all probability kept the neck of Daniel Fricaud from a rope run up to

the yard-arm of Admiral Russell's ship. A bomb, fired from the fleet in the attack, has recently been mounted upon a neat pedestal with a simple inscription, and serves as a monument to the Biscay fisherman of two centuries ago. - Youth's Companion.

One by one the sands are flowing, One by one the moments fall; Some are coming, some are going Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee, Let thy whole strength go to each; Let no future dreams elate thee — Learn thou first what these can teach. —ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.
Words of kindness we have spoken
May, when we have passed away,
Heal, perhaps: a spirit broken,
Guide a brother led astray.

—J. HAGEN.

MAY THOUGHTS.

Seated on my door step this balmy evening I gaze at the beautiful sky all aglow with colors caught from the setting sun; soft cloudlets tinged with crimson are floating high up in the ocean of blue.

The voice of spring has sent forth its breezy call, and out from their graves where the chill fingers of winter had laid them, Nature's children start again to life? They answer the awakening call of spring. "I come," say the crocus and the violet. "We come, we come!" echo the grasses, the leaves and the flowers all as they fling out their delicate fragrance to be borne away by the balmy southern breeze. May has come to us this year in all her old-time sweetness, trailing her robes of pale green broidered and starred with various tints and hues. The soft wind whispers down into the earth to tell the flowers that May is here, and the "beauteous sisterhood" are rising quickly from their lowly beds to deck with beauty the grassy meadows. The warbling of birds, singing their little hearts away, is heard from the leafy boughs of the budding trees, that lately stood bleak and naked, but now re-clothed in loveliness, "like the dry bones of the just when they wake in Paradise."

Paradise."
Surely with her budding flowers, her leafy trees, and sweet mild air, gentle spring is Nature's resurrection angel, calling, with genial voice, her beauties from earth's dark bosom.

So shall it be one day with us when the Angei shall call us from our lonely graves to a happy new life.

Catholic to the heart's core. The throne of Germany became vacant, and by general assent Sir Rudolph was chosen emperor. The gay hunter of the Alps, the royal head of the Germanland! On the day of his coronation as he knelt before the altar, the words of the aged priest came back to his mind, "Thy loving Master shall reward thy service of to day."

Ah, the loving Master shall reward thy service of to day."

Ah, the loving Master keeps loving account of the smallest service done for His love.

How the Town was Saved.

Browning is not usually a favorite with young people; nevertheless, there are many hundred ardent young admirers of his spirited ballad of Herve Riel, the pilot who saved the remnant of the French fleet in its hour of disaster, and asked no reward but a day's holiday.

Another old story of a patrioite sailor

The gay hunter of the Angel shall call us from our losely graves to shall call us from our back load us from our losely graves to the Angel shall call us from our back load us from our backen allowers, to wither and die again, but to dwell in bliss forever. But hark! the bell from our dar, little church breaks my evening dream. "Come, children, come, gather at Our Lady's speak to us of love for God's Holy Mother, our own fair Queen of May, and of confidence in her. I fancy as we kneel for the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament that our Guardian Angels kneel by our sides and afterwards ascend to Heaven to lay at Our Lady's feet the spiritual garlands we twine for her, and ske, fond mother! smiles lovingly down on her faithful children. Therefore let us try to gather many, many flowers of virtue for her, and ske, fond mother! smiles lovingly down on use yes close in death we shall all the remaining that will be a glorious awakening which all by a die again, but to dwell in bliss forever. But hark! the lader and die again, but to dwell in bliss forever. But hark! the lader and die again, but to with all the church breaks my evening our sat fur Lady's feet they have love the forever in the surfl

Hood's Cures when all other preparation fail. It possesses curative power peculiar t itself. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparill forms no unfitting mate to that related by the English poet.

In 1696, the last period of the war in 1696, the war in 1696, the last period of the war in 1696, the last perio No Derby Plug Smoking Tobacco Is Gentine Unless It Bears The Derby Cap Shared Tag.

by the English poet.

In 1696, the last period of the war against the League of Augsburg, the Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

ALPLAUDED IN CHURCH.

All Soul's church, Chicago, was not large enough to accommodate the threng that came to hear Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, last Sunday. Mr. Jones spoke on "Contributions of the Catho-lic Church to Our Civilization" and applied his arguments and deductions to the A. P. A. agitators. His listen-ers seemed in full sympathy with him and toward the and of his discourse he and toward the end of his discourse became so enthusiastic as to lead to the somewhat unusual incident of hearty applause being injected into a Sunday morning religious service. Mr. Jones said in part :

nacular reaches from the most barbaric

Dul: indeed is the mind that can contemplate such an ideal unmoved. And then think of the devotion and toil that for eighteen hundred years have struggled for the realization of this inclusive ideal. Shallow and hard is the mind that can dismiss with flip pant contempt or sarcasm the Catholic Church in the presence of its stupend ous history. How beautiful is its dream of spiritual life—a power that can silence worldly ambition, lull the storm of human passion, bid the inquisitive agitations of reason be still wrap the soul in a mantle of trust and fill the heart with communion with the

unseen and eternal verities of heaven It is not given to the human soul to realize its ideals, but the Catholic Church has succeeded in embodying more of its ideals than are given to most human dreams. Its antiquity is in question. Would that we might realize what this means. How rare are the things that survive a century and yet here is a Church that has tinuous thread and wears them like :

More than any other institution, the

It is easy to imagine that the bones of Cotton Mather, and the other worthies in old Copp's Hill buryingground, must be rattling in futile indignation at the strange going on in that stronghold of Protestantism Harvard University. For the firs time in its history a Catholic pries has preached in Appleton Chapel and, what is more, received mos earnest attention and reverent appre ciation from students and faculty without regard to creed or lack o

And this is not all. When the Legis ature of Massachusetts did away with that hollow mockery, and annual Fas Day, it took the opportunity to elevat the 19th of April to a holiday, in which persons may go fishing if they choose without incurring the displeasure of the authorities, their employers, of their own stern New England con sciences. So the day on which the his

". . . shot heard 'round the world."

was fired has an official distinction, celebrate which the Harvard boys this year duly enacted the "Phormio" of Terence. For the unlearned a lib-Terence. retto was necessary, the letter-press of which was readily enough prepared. To illustrate it suitably was more difficult. The Vatican manuscript, on which their hearts were set, was apparently inaccessible. But they were kind friends at court, and through them twenty-six of the illustrations of the "Phormio" made in the tenth century were placed at the disposal of the enthusiastic actors, who promptly photo graphed and returned the precious nauscripts.

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Times Have Changed.

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