

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Second Sunday After Epiphany.

THE HOLY NAME.

When we say the Lord's Prayer, my dear brethren, we pray that God's name may be hallowed on earth as it is in heaven. So great is God and so worthy of our reverence that everything that belongs to Him or that has been devoted to His service partakes of this reverence. A church dedicated to His service is a holy place; the sacred vessels used in the sacrifice of the Mass are holy things, are set apart, and none but those who are ordained can touch them. Anything that came in contact with our Blessed Lord had a certain participation in His sanctity. At one time was the mere touch of the hem of His garment that cured a woman of a lingering disease; at another it was His spittle that gave hearing to the deaf. As it is with these things, so it is with His holy Name—indeed, much more so.

For His Name to us is representative of all that He has done for us. It is significant of His divinity and of His office as the Redeemer. It was given to Him by the Eternal Father. By the ministry of an angel it was declared that He should be called Jesus, "for He shall save His people from their sins." "For there is no other name under heaven given to men," says St. Peter in today's epistle, "whereby we must be saved." In the same measure as His sacred humanity is elevated above all creatures, so is His sacred name above all other names. It is in the name of Jesus every knee should bow. "From the rising of the sun," says the Psalmist, "until the going down of the same, the name of the Lord is worthy of praise."

Worthy of praise, my brethren; and yet what is our every day experience? In all ranks of society, on the street, in the shop, in the home, in the presence of Christ's little ones, men swear, women swear, and little children ere they can use their tongues properly learn to hiss curses and blasphemies. Parents, who are God's representatives, and who should love on Lord Jesus Christ and reverence His name, instead of having a little patience, of acquiring some little control of their temper when anything goes wrong, give loose rein to their tongues and insult our Blessed Lord by their profane use of that name, which is the symbol of His love and mercy. How many there are who bow their head in reverence to that sacred Name in the house of God, and who go to their home or their occupation and use it only to add sin to their soul and give scandal to their neighbors! How often, alas! is that Holy Name dragged through the mire and filth of low, vulgar, and often obscene language.

What a detestable vice this is? How worthy of the demon in its rebellion to God's express command, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh His name in vain." Let this feast of the Holy Name serve as an occasion for a renewal of our love and reverence for the Name of Jesus. Let us to-day make some special acts of reparation to Him for the insults He receives in the profanation of that Holy Name. If we are unfortunate enough to be the slave of this dreadful habit, whether through bad example or carelessness, let the gracious promise of our Lord, "If you ask the Father anything in my Name, amen, I say, He will give it to you," be an incentive to hope, be a stimulus to pray for the grace of freedom from that slavery. Habit is strong, but God's grace is stronger; His promise of help is never void. Blessed be the Name of Jesus!

Pray for the Helpless Who Have Died in the Lord.

The piety of the faithful represents Mary as the Queen of the holy souls, and the great Archangel St. Michael as her agent, when, according to the words of the offertory of the Mass for the dead, he "introduces them into the holy light promised to Abraham and his seed."

Our Lady, therefore, according to this pious sentiment, is in a special manner concerned for the faithful departed, and interposes her powerful intercession for them. It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead; but it is doubly so when we pray for them through their Queen and Mother.

With confidence then we should pray to her, particularly through this month of November, which is consecrated by Catholic devotion to the Church Suffering, that she may send forth her messengers of peace and consolation to her suffering children, who, whatever faults they may have committed in life, expired in the friendship of her Divine Son.

The folly of prejudice is frequently shown by people who prefer to suffer for years rather than try an advertised remedy. The millions who have no such notions, take Ayer's Sarsaparilla for blood-diseases, and are cured. So much for common sense.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always a danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once for all corns. Real merit is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures even after other preparations fail. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Lonely Chapel.

Many years ago, when traveling in Italy, I stayed for a few days in a picturesque little village on the coast of the Mediterranean. One lonely summer evening I strolled out toward the beach. The sea and the sky seemed but a reflection of each other, both being a wide expanse of blue. The air was still; scarcely a sound broke the silence save the ripple of the waves as they splashed against the pebbles lying on the long shore of yellow sand, and the voice of a fisherman singing in his boat, which was rocked to and fro by the summer waves. Here and there, in little clusters, the beach was dotted by fishermen's cabins, before many of the doors of which the woman sat knitting and watching the children as they played near them. High above towered the great cliffs, as if to protect their retreat from the fierce winds which often swept over it. On the top of the cliffs nothing was to be seen except a lonely little chapel, the golden cross on the top of which was burnished by the rays of the setting sun.

I mounted the steep path which led up to it. Benediction was just over, and although it was only a week day, there was a good sprinkling of people, for the most part peasants, many of whom, after leaving the chapel, lingered in the cemetery which surrounded it. Others near the porch stayed to have a chat together.

Near me I noticed a young girl, whose pretty brown hair was covered by a gayly-colored handkerchief, knotted so gracefully as to set off her charms to better advantage than the most beautiful complicated piece of millinery would have done; her long platts were attached by a bright ribbon. She wore a short skirt and white apron; as ornaments, long ear rings, and a cross which was suspended round her neck by an antique silver chain. By her side stood a young fellow of a tall, athletic build, he was tanned and sun-burnt, evidently a sailor, and I could well imagine him giving his orders with force and precision. Suddenly there was a lull in the animated conversation, as the padre, an old man, slowly left the chapel. He greeted them all with a benign smile, spoke to one and the other, patted the cheeks of a little girl, or lay his hand caressingly on the rough, seagull locks of a sturdy urchin. On seeing me he advanced and asked in the soft, musical tones of his country whether I would care to see the chapel. I replied I should be only too delighted, so he retraced his steps and I followed.

To each of the different objects which beautified the chapel—the flowers, the pictures, the images, and even a splendid model of a boat, to each was attached a short story, which the padre told me.

After having shown me everything he conducted me to the cemetery, where the epitaphs told that most of the population had perished at sea.

"Why are there so many wreaths on this tomb?" I questioned, pointing before one which, although old, was a mass of garlands and crosses of fresh flowers.

"To-day is the seventeenth anniversary of her death," replied the padre, adding, "but you are a stranger in these parts, and, doubtless, do not know the tale that every child here could tell you. Would you like to hear it?"

I begged him to proceed, assuring him it would interest me greatly; so the old man, compelled by relating the following touching story:

"In yonder village there once lived two people who were all in all to each other—a father and his daughter. The mother died when the child was scarcely two years old—you see her grave from here," and he indicated one to us under a dark cypress. "Lucia was a *mignonne* little creature, although she was as daring as a boy. She accompanied her father on many of his voyages, and was rarely separated from him. Her father spent the long winter's evening with her listening to her childish prattle, and when she grew older, beguiled by her reading and singing.

"Her days passed on like a long, happy dream: Sometimes she played with the other children, climbing the rocks, or digging in the sands, always the first with a kind thought and good action.

"It must have been a pretty sight on Sunday to see the two together, the little girl carefully dressed, carrying in her hand a book of prayers which had belonged to her mother. After church they always went to see her grave, and there with her small hands folded and her dark eyes shut, she prayed in her simple manner for the repose of her parent's soul.

"Thus the years passed rapidly by, until she had grown into a lovely girl of seventeen, of whom her father had good reason to be proud.

"But he was not the only one who cared for her, for every one loved Lucia: she was the comforter of the sorrowful, the protector of the feeble. Many an hour she spent with the sick and the aged who, as they lay on their death beds blessed the young life which had brightened their own. To each child she was like an elder sister; and the boys came to her to help in their games or settle a quarrel which might have arisen.

"Every evening she used to come here for Benediction, and always stayed to talk with the padre, who loved her like a daughter. Often she would bring him rare shells she had picked up, and never left without craving for his blessing. One winter's evening she was sitting with her father in their

cabin, he smoking as he mended his large nets, Lucia busy threading beads to make a necklace to wear at the next *fiesta* day.

"Outside, the wind howled in wild gusts, and they could hear the roar of the angry waves as they beat on the shore.

"All at once some one knocked. 'They have come for you, father,' cried the girl, starting up.

"It was true: her father's assistance was needed, for close by the life-boat was to be sent to the aid of a vessel in peril.

"They were soon on the beach, the girl following her father.

"Ah what a fearful scene!"

"You who only see the calm of the summer tide, you cannot picture to yourself the horror of that frightful night. The waves, high as mountains and lashed into fury, dashed against the rocks. Many of the inhabitants were there—a frightened, terrified crowd.

"The life-boat was about to be launched! There were plenty of courageous men ready for the work of rescue, and foremost among them was Lucia's father.

"I will go with you," she cried. Don't leave me, father; I, too, will help.

"Seeing she was resolved to accompany him, he replied, 'Come, and may our Lady protect us.'

"A few moments later, and the boat was pitching and tossing on the wild sea: all eyes were strained to catch a glimpse of the young girl, who, determined and calm, sat by her father.

"She was entreated to remain ashore. But she absolutely refused, saying that she felt perfectly safe in her father's care. Even her father implored her in vain not to go, but she was firm. With much difficulty the boat was pushed through the seething breakers which dashed madly on the shore, seemingly striving to overturn the boat: they actually did so once, but it was quickly righted, and drenched to the skin the crew took their places, but their oars in position and with the old man and his daughter at the steering oar, rowed rapidly in the direction of the doomed vessel.

"The end is quickly told. The life-boat did its work well, for many a one was saved from the ship, which was sinking even as they approached it. They were once more nearing shore, together with the poor creatures they had rescued, when suddenly one wave more cruel than the rest swept over those gallant souls, and many of them were by its force dragged into the water. With all her strength Lucia, who had been washed over-board, clung tightly to a plank, holding in one arm a helpless child.

"A sailor managed to be near enough to make an attempt to save her, but she cried, 'Take the child, leave me!' He paid no heed to her, and, seizing them both, tried to battle the waves and swim to shore.

"Vain attempt! Separated from the young girl, himself half dead, he arrived with the child alone. The next morning among the other corpses which the sea had given up, lay that of Lucia, with a peaceful smile on the dead young face. Shortly afterward her father died of grief. Always on the anniversary of the storm we have a Mass for the repose of her soul. As I told you before, it is just seventy years ago. I am only a few months older, for I am the child she saved, the child for whom she gave her life. May she rest in peace!"

He was silent. The night had begun to close in: the moon reflected herself in a long bright line on the sea; one silver beam rested lovingly on the tomb. I was saddened by his pathetic narrative: there were tears in my eyes as I rose to go.

"Good-bye," said the old priest, "good-bye. We may never meet again, but I will pray for you."

Then plucking a few flowers from one of the wreaths, he handed them to me, saying:

"Keep them in remembrance of her, and of our lonely little chapel. 'Farewell,' I replied, taking them reverently. 'Be certain I shall keep them, and shall never forget you.'

I have these flowers still: they are brown and withered; but I do not need them to remind me of an episode which has always remained fresh in my memory.

Since then I have forgotten many things—scenes which impressed me perhaps ever more at the time: sorrows, joys, many are like a dream and shrouded in that mist which covers the past, but I shall never forget that old padre's story, nor the lonely little chapel on those Italian cliffs.

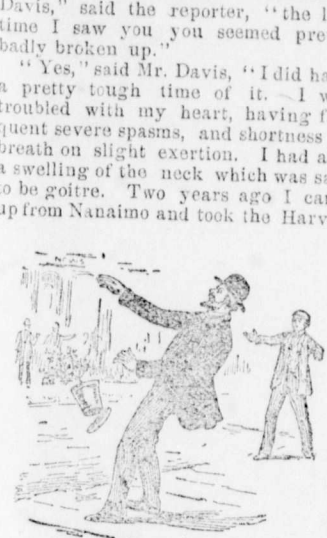
DROPPED ON THE STREET.

That Was What Happened to a Well-known Resident of Union, B. C., Who Had Been in Declining Health.

From the News Union, B. C.

A little over a year ago the reporter of the News while standing in front of the office, before its removal to Union, noticed four men carrying Mr. J. P. Davis, the well-known florist and gardener into the Courtenay House. The reporter, ever on the alert for a news item, at once went over to investigate the matter, and learned that Mr. Davis had had a slight stroke of paralysis. A note of the circumstance appeared in the News at the time, and nothing further was heard of it. Last spring Mr. Davis was observed to be frequently in Union bringing in flowers, and later vegetables for sale, and the reporter meeting him one day, the following conversation took place:—"Glad to see you looking so well, Mr.

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I FELL DOWN ON THE STREET.

ranch hoping a change would do me good, but in this I was disappointed, and seemed to be steadily growing weaker. I had three doctors at different times, but they appeared not to understand my case. At last I got so low that one day I fell down on the street, and those who picked me up thought I was dying. After that I was urged to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and almost from the outset they helped me and after the use of about half a dozen boxes I was as well as ever."

"Do you still take the Pink Pills," asked the reporter. "Well," was the reply, "I still keep them about me, and once in a while when I think I require a tonic I take a few, but as you can see I don't look like a man who requires to take medicine now." On this point the reporter quite agrees with Mr. Davis, as he looks as vigorous and robust a man as you could wish to see. After parting with Mr. Davis the reporter called at Pimbury & Co.'s drug store, where he saw the manager, Mr. Van Houten, who corroborated what Mr. Davis had said regarding the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and further stated that he believed Pink Pills to be the finest tonic in the world, and gave the names of several who had found remarkable benefit from their use.

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