

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS

FOR EARLY MASS.

BY THE PAULIST FATHERS.
Preached in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth Street and Ninth Avenue, New York City.

New York Catholic Review.
FOR TWENTY FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST—FIFTH AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

In the Gospel just read the kingdom of heaven is likened to a mustard seed. The mustard seed is compared with the size of the tree which springs from it, the least of seeds. Our Lord does not mean to say, of course, that there are not larger trees even in these places where it attains its greatest size. Neither does he say that the mustard seed is the very smallest of all seeds. What He does say is that between the seed and the tree which springs from it there is the greatest difference; that the effect is very great and very startling when compared with its cause. This is the point of the parable, and a little reflection will make it clear how true it is whether our Lord is speaking of the kingdom of God without us—that is, the Church—or of the kingdom of God within us—that is the life of grace in our own souls.

In our times we see the Church of God spreading throughout the whole world, numbering her children by hundreds of millions. History tells us of the hundreds of years she has lived, of the nations she has converted, of the kings and queens who have been her nursing fathers and mothers. Empires have come and gone, but the Church remains; she has grown and become mightier and mightier, but she has not grown out of the world, and the mightiest of them have formed but a part of her kingdom. And from what did she spring? Whence did she take her origin? From, to the eyes of men, the smallest and most insignificant of causes. Go to the manger at Bethlehem, to the holy house at Nazareth to the cross and Calvary, to the upper room in which twelve poor men are gathered together. Here we shall see the source and spring; here we shall see from which the mighty tree has grown.

In this way our Lord's words have been verified of the Church. But what shall we say of the power of grace within us? In holy baptism the grace of God was planted in our soul as seed to grow and fructify. The habits of faith, hope and charity were then given to us. But as time went on and as we grew up the power of the passions increased, the assaults of our enemies, the world, the flesh, and the devil grew fiercer. Had the good seed planted in our soul survived the storms and held its own in the conflict and strife? The answer to this question depends upon our own selves, upon our own conduct. God, who began the good work in us, will most certainly carry it to perfection, if we are willing to do the part which He has given us to do. He has planted the seed. He is ready to water it with His grace, to foster it with the fire of His love. But we must cooperate; and first we must pray. It is not enough to say a few prayers in a cold, mechanical way; we must in times of temptation, lift up our hearts to God and send forth earnest petitions for strength and help. And next we must make use of the means which He Himself has instituted, His holy sacraments; especially must we receive the most precious Body and Blood of our Lord, for there we shall always find grace and help more than sufficient. And, lastly, we must not tempt God by rashly running into danger, but, knowing our own weakness, we must avoid with the greatest care the occasions of sin.

If we are in this way faithful to work with God, the seed which He has planted will live and grow into a mighty tree, and the kingdom of God within us will in its degree be like the kingdom of God without us, the reign of grace in our own souls will be like God's kingdom in the world—the Church.

DEATH OF MR. W. J. LOCKE.

Hamilton Times, Nov. 15.

Mr. William John Locke, one of Hamilton's well-known and highly respected citizens, died very suddenly at his residence, No. 165 Rebecca street, last evening, of heart disease. On Monday last Mr. Locke did not appear at Mr. David McLehlan's office, where he was chief clerk, at the usual hour. Later he was seen by Mr. McLehlan, who reported that he had been to bed for a while. The doctor informed them that it was the heart that was troubling him, and told him to go home and rest quietly in bed for a while. Then, leaving Mr. McLehlan's office, Mr. Locke went home and carried out the doctor's orders. Last evening he was talking with one of his sons, and appeared to be about as usual. He asked for his daughter, whom he had not seen that day, and then he was heard to sob. In an instant he had passed away. Deceased had been chief clerk for Mr. McLehlan for eight years, prior to which time he had been with Alenox, the auctioneer. For eighteen years he was in business in Lincolnshire, England, where he was born. Few men were better known or more highly respected than he, having lived in this city the past eighteen years. He leaves a widow and five grown up children, three sons, Anthony and Frederick Charles, who reside here, and an unmarried son at home, and two daughters, one married, and a resident of the United States, and the other unmarried. The deceased was a great lover of music and sang well in his younger days.

The funeral took place at 9 o'clock on the morning of the 16th from the residence, 162 Rebecca street. Among those present were Mr. McLehlan, ex Mayor Charlton, Ald. Moore, Rev. Munro Fraser, B. D., and a good many prominent citizens. The cortege went to St. Patrick's Church, and thence to Holy Sepulchre Cemetery. At the church R. quiem Mass was sung by Rev. Canon Craven and Mass celebrated by Rev. Father Haley.

The right way to cure catarrh is to eradicate the poisonous taint which causes the disease, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A RACY LETTER FROM TIPPERARY.

Aberdeen Free Press, Oct. 22.

Dubyn's Hotel, Tipperary, 13th October, 1890.
Being in Dublin on Saturday on business, I decided, in place of re-joining the Channel, to take a run through here and spend the Sunday.

I left King's Bridge Station at 6 p. m. for Limerick Junction, one hundred and five miles from. At every stopping place, a couple of policemen walked along the platform, and peeped into every carriage, while at some of the more important stations large bodies of police, fully armed, entered and left the train. On my arrival at the Junction, a car was waiting to take me to Tipperary, about three miles distant. The road was good, and the horse went along at a rattling pace. The streets were not lit up with gas, and, as most of the shops were closed, the town presented a dark and melancholy appearance. The police seemed to have the whole place to themselves; there are nearly four hundred of them—looking after Mr. Smith-Barry's interests! There were about twenty gentlemen living in the hotel, principally connected with the press; and at the time I arrived they seemed to be making arrangements for the following day's operations, but, of course, I was not taken into their confidence.

On Sunday I got up early to have a quiet look over the town and make observations. Main Street, on which this hotel is situated, is nearly a mile long, with many substantial stone buildings, and three well appointed bank offices. The town does—or, rather, did—contain about 7000 inhabitants, of whom about two-thirds were employed on the property of Mr. Smith-Barry. As I walked along I passed groups of policemen at every corner, outnumbering the ordinary people on the street by ten to one. More than half of the houses on the principal street are empty, while some of the side streets are almost entirely so. John and James Street, with large three-story houses, did not seem to have a single occupant. The policemen occupy several of the houses, barracks, but seem to take no care of the unoccupied property, which is fast going to wreck. There are one Protestant Episcopal and two Catholic churches, St. Michael's being the principal one of the latter. I went in time for the third Mass, and was surprised to find great numbers of people kneeling on the floor of the church and in the large open space in front. On approaching the gate (which was closed), a young woman, with just the least twinkle in her bright eye, said—

"Allow me to open the gate of Heaven for you, sir." I thanked her, and pushed my way through the crowd of worshippers into the corridor, and had to considerably increase the value of my intended offering when I beheld a large plate almost filled with silver and bank notes. The church can easily hold 3000 people, and it was crammed in every corner, and I had the greatest difficulty in getting half a seat. The Very Rev. Monsignor Sopan has done much to beautify and adorn St. Michael's Cathedral, and it would make a poor second to St. Michael's Church in Tipperary. It would be difficult to get a full congregation anywhere. Many of the ladies were handsomely dressed, and all with great taste, wearing glancing colours and Brummagem jewellery being conspicuous by their absence. The men are—almost entirely—all and handsome—many of them being from 6 to 6½ feet high, and well clad, with no creaking shoes or troubles apparently bothering them. Father Power preached an eloquent sermon, taking for his subject the absolute necessity of conforming our daily lives in preparation for "the life that is to come." The collection was a special one on behalf of the Curate's Fund, and amounted to over £200. The police were well represented, and there was nothing in their demeanour or in that of the other members of the congregation to indicate that they were not on the most friendly terms—a striking contrast to what I observed on the streets.

Having learned that the now famous Father Humphreys was to preach at the 12 o'clock service, I remained in the church and secured a front seat so as to see and hear him. He is about thirty-five years of age, of medium height, active in his movements, while his manner is earnest and impressive. In his sermon he touched a little on the topics of the day. After having a fling at Lord Salisbury, he charged the English Catholic with a failure of duty to their co-religionists in Ireland, and he claimed for the Irish the credit of having been the means of securing for the Catholics of England whatever religious liberty they had obtained, and of spreading Catholicity wherever the English language was spoken. Before finishing he implored every father and mother who had the moral welfare of their children at heart, to send them to school, for it was by ignorance that so many of Ireland's sons and daughters were lost to the faith in former times. He is a brilliant speaker, and his fine, clear voice, I am sure, could be heard distinctly in the most remote corner of the large church. I had the opportunity in the afternoon, while taking a walk, of seeing a regular Irish funeral. Several conveyances with two priests and others preceded the hearse, and it was followed by upwards of two hundred vehicles of every conceivable description, from waggons to donkey carts, filled with men and women, while a considerable body of men on horseback brought up the rear.

In the course of my peregrinations I came across about a score of policemen basking in the sun on a grassy mound. They entered into conversation with me quite readily, and had no objections to discuss the current events of the day. They seemed to feel their present elevated position, and would be glad to see any way out of it. They admitted that there was no other but agrarian crime, and if the land question were settled, the ordinary law would be quite sufficient to preserve order in Ireland. They did not appear at all angry when I suggested that they might be promoted to the Resident Magistrate under a Home Rule Government. They had a high opinion of Mr. Gladstone, and would be quite ready to do their duty under Parnell. In discussing Father Humphreys' sermon, some of them were inclined to criticise it adversely. "At all events," I said, "you will agree with him and follow his advice by sending your children to school."

AN UNPUBLISHED ANECDOTE OF CARDINAL NEWMAN.

The many touching anecdotes about the late Cardinal Newman that are now circulating illustrate his greatness of soul, and prove how deeply rooted was the veneration in which he was held by people of all classes. No man of our century has been more highly honored, and to few has honor been more justly due. The following incident, which occurred during the last months of his life, comes to us from a friend in England, and has never been published.

There is a large and highly respectable firm of Quakers—C. & Brothers—in Birmingham, who employ a large number of workmen. Among whom are more than a hundred Catholics. The priest in charge of the parish to which these men belong discovered that they were accustomed to attend prayers at the establishment every morning before business began. He remonstrated with his people, assuring them that such a proceeding was against the law of the Church; and they, in turn, assured him that they must attend the prayers or lose their employment. This was a *sine qua non* with all the employer. Father H. then thereupon to the head of the establishment himself, to request that the Catholic workmen might be allowed to attend Mass. He was politely but firmly refused. Mr. C. said that he could not conceive that any large-minded employer, such as Cardinal Newman, for instance, would object to a workman saying a prayer to God before he began his day. He was sure Father H. took an exaggerated view of the matter—anyhow, it was the internal law of the establishment; it was he could not relax it.

Father H. then went to the Bishop of the diocese and laid the case before him, but only to get the answer he expected—"This must not be done. See Mr. C. again." With a heavy heart the good priest determined to go to Cardinal Newman, and he had been referred to him by Mr. C.; that it was a serious matter to get a hundred men thrown out of employment when work was scarce. Perhaps His Eminence might suggest some thing. The Cardinal had no suggestion to make—the case was clear. The men could not continue doing what was unlawful against the law of the Church. If Mr. C. would not relax, they must seek employment elsewhere. The great-hearted Cardinal was moved, but said nothing.

Nothing remained to be done now but to make another attempt to move the establishment. Father H. felt certain it would be a failure. Not a word of relief when he paid his visit, he was received with the greatest affability, and, on repeating his request, it was immediately granted. "In be frank with you," said Mr. C., "His Eminence Cardinal Newman was here last evening on this very business. He was so good as to write me a persuasive I couldn't resist him, and I put the argument in quite a different light. He said: 'Will you, Mr. C., force the men to do what they think wrong, because it is against the law of the Church, or give up their employment, which is the bread of their wives and families?' And I answered: 'No. Your Eminence! I will not. The Catholics shall be excused from attendance.'"

TO RENOUNCE HER WEALTH FOR GOD.

Baltimore, November 8.

Miss Mary S. Abell, daughter of the late Archibald S. Abell, of the Baltimore Sun, will take the white veil at the convent of Visitation in Georgetown on January 1. She entered as a postulant some time ago, and for nearly a year has been preparing for the novitiate. Miss Abell, who is one of the wealthiest women in this State, has, like the rest of the family, always been a fervent member of the Catholic Church, but not until after her father's death did she make up her mind to renounce the world. It is understood that by her father's will she came into possession of some \$2,000,000 worth of property, all of which is safely invested in real estate. Only the three sons—George, Elwell and Walter—are interested in the newspapers. As the property was given direct, and is not held in trust, Miss Abell can dispose of it as she deems proper, and rumor has it that she has determined to emulate the example of Miss Catherine Drexel and give all her possessions to the Church. There are three other sisters, two of whom are married. One is the wife of a merchant named Brady, who is now in business in the West, and the other married Col. Victor L. Baughman, the present Comptroller of the Maryland State Treasury.

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