

what have we done today.

By Nixon Waterman. We shall do so much in the years to come. But what have we done today? We shall bring to each lonely life a smile. But what have we brought today? We shall give to truth a grander birth. And to steadfast faith a deeper worth. We shall feed the hungry souls of earth. But whom have we fed today? We shall grasp each crumb in the by and by. But what we sown today? We shall build us mansions in the sky. But what have we built today? 'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask. But here and now do we do our task? Yes, this is the thing our soul must ask; "What have we done today?"

Sermon

Preached by Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis, on the occasion of the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Brooklyn St. Vincent de Paul Society, on the 8th inst. "Nearly two thousand years ago two men faced each other—each a representative of a system—and short as was the conference, it outlined for all time henceforth the two forces antagonistic. One of these men occupied the seat of judgment, and he was clad with the majesty of imperial Rome; and the other stood a victim before the Roman governor, clad with the seamless robe of poverty and crowned with thorns. To this man Pilate, the governor said: 'Who art thou?' And Jesus answered: 'I came to give testimony to the truth.' Pilate, not even deigning to wait for an answer, returned scornfully, 'What is truth?' Pilate no doubt reported the interview to his imperial master, and Jesus went forth to die. "The two systems stand today facing one another. Truth and untruth; charity and selfishness. For Christ represented not alone the teaching of truth, but also the operation of charity, whereas Pilate knew not truth, and cared only for self. Through the ages these two systems have fought—over ever changing, ceaseless changes, and 'self' uses oftentimes a cloak to conceal its intrinsic meanness—the other changes because truth is changeless—and charity fears not to live where the light is. And though condemned by the world, it still will be fostered by the spirit of Christ. "But the system of selfishness—in pagan Rome a religion, and in all the ages reproduced as the outcome of depraved nature and hatred towards the Supreme being who is the God of Love—has changed so that it now is more than a religion. It has now become a philosophy as well. In all philosophy's vagaries, it remained for our own day to translate the doctrine of self into a system of philosophy, and boldly teach it as the product of a civilization most advanced and intellect most profound. "Some sixty years ago the study of nature, of human life and its origin, led a Mr. Darwin to formulate certain theories, which soon became popular and gradually found acceptance with many so-called learned men. Tyndall lectured on them, Huxley harangued the multitude in frenzied periods. Spencer put them together and applied them to the entire field of thought and human activity. Soon the universities, eager for novelty, accepted the new theory; then the colleges, then the high school, and then the scientists and sociologists and the newspaper men; and lastly the great numbers of the common people, until now they say it is the only possible theory, the only permissible explanation; the only possible one that can commend itself to thinking minds. "This is not a very agreeable teaching, but his teachers claim they cannot help that. In this system all training should make for the fitting of the individual so that in the struggle of life he will succeed. Physical strength is necessary. Hence the Stadium must be built. Intellect, too, is necessary. It must

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also. Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather. "I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism, but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grateful." Mrs. FRANCIS BARR, Prescott, Ont. "I had an attack of the grip which left me weak and helpless and suffering from rheumatism. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine has entirely cured me. I have no hesitation in saying it saved my life." M. J. McLEOD, Preston, Ont.

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be trained so to make laws that they will be helpful to the maker, or so to break them that the breaking may still be regarded as intellectual. Intellectuals must be fitted for the wars of finance and the tricks of trade, so equipped that every speculation shall be profitable to them. "So runs the system of the world to-day. You can hear the rumble of the distant battle. One of its saddest exhibitions is just across the river, where men heartlessly struggle with one another, and each day's lottery brings either a golden crown or a broken heart. It invades the political, the commercial, the social world, and is now even found working hard to gain admittance to that last citadel of Christian life, the home. For it is the sanctity of the home is a superstition, and the divorce court will teach these deluded people that in the battle of life a heart is only a plaything of an idle hour, and a woman's name if her future furnishes only a small asset when the strong man finds it an impediment to the achievement of his own destiny. Ask what place charity has in this system, and its votaries would answer that charity is little less than a crime.

MOTHER SYSTEM.

"But there is another system set over against this, which will bow to its commands nor accept its conclusions nor follow its methods. I see again the teacher. He is thorn-crowned, and on his back is the burden of the world's sins. He will face Pilate and go forth from the Caesar's halls a man of sorrows, condemned to die. I see Him treading the wine press alone, and behold rising there not the wine grapes' treasure, but the blood-red must of pain. I see Him march along the 'via dolorosa' weak from the blood He has shed, sick at heart from the insults He has borne, but strong in the divine purpose He has of making the great oblation. I see His arms extended on the cross, His side pierced, His head bowed in agony. He is defeated, the enemy say, and even His friends know that He is dying. At the foot of the cross I ask the lesson of His life, the meaning of His sacrifice. And I am answered that when all was darkness and strife, when philosophers paraded their knowledge and proud priests pretended piety, when the human heart was well-nigh hopeless and human life meaningless, this One came to them and to us to proclaim peace and reconciliation, to teach brotherhood and hope, to teach the divine origin and the divine goal of man, to bring us back, to lift us up, to unite us. And He accomplished this purpose not only by the words He spoke, but by His actions. The words He spoke were indeed a gospel of hope, but the deeds He did were a gospel of activity altogether miraculous. "Some sixty years ago the study of nature, of human life and its origin, led a Mr. Darwin to formulate certain theories, which soon became popular and gradually found acceptance with many so-called learned men. Tyndall lectured on them, Huxley harangued the multitude in frenzied periods. Spencer put them together and applied them to the entire field of thought and human activity. Soon the universities, eager for novelty, accepted the new theory; then the colleges, then the high school, and then the scientists and sociologists and the newspaper men; and lastly the great numbers of the common people, until now they say it is the only possible theory, the only permissible explanation; the only possible one that can commend itself to thinking minds.



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Two Incidents.

A Western paper recently invited prominent surviving officers of the Union and Confederate armies to give in its columns an account of the bravest act which fell under their notice during the civil war.

Colonel T. W. Higginson in reply tells the story of a supper party which was given at Beaufort, South Carolina, and to which Dr. Thomas Miner, an assistant surgeon in his regiment, with other young subalterns were invited. Wine and other liquors circulated freely. The supper lasted until after midnight, and the fun grew boisterous. Stories were told, songs sung, to which the men in their sober moments would have blushed to listen.

Dr. Miner, a slight, boyish young fellow, did not drink. When he and others rose to go they were stopped and told that they must first either sing a song, tell a story, or give a toast. Miner glanced around the circle of flushed, excited faces, and said quietly:

"Gentlemen, I cannot sing a song or tell a story, but I will give you a toast. I will drink it in water. You shall drink as you please. It is—'Our mothers.'"

There was not, the narrator states, an atom of priggishness or self-consciousness in his manner. The shot told. The party soon after broke up, and three of the other men, all of higher rank than himself, came the next day to thank the young man for the simplicity and courage of his rebuke.

This act Colonel Higginson justly says required more courage than to ride up to the cannon's mouth.

A general who had served through the war, and was distinguished for his bravery, was asked by his daughter at what time in his life his courage was most severely tested. After a moment's thought he said smiling: "Not at the storming of any fort, or in any battle-field. As a boy I secured a job of work with a grocer. I was very poor. The place was obtained with great difficulty.

"The day I began to work, the shopkeeper showed me a row of boxes and barrels which contained damaged and stale sugar, flour and fruit. These he ordered me to 'get off' upon children or customers who were too ignorant to know that the goods were inferior."

"At a reduced price?" I asked. "Certainly not," he replied, turning away. During the next quarter of an hour my courage was put to what I think was the hardest test of my life. I did the right thing, I am glad to say. I went to him and told him I could not make dishonest sales. I also added what I thought a fine argument, that the boy who cheated his customers would probably cheat him. It did not convince him.

Fashion's Slave and Freedom of Spirit.

We find, in the October English Messenger of the Sacred Heart, a very interesting anecdote of the famous wit and conversationalist, Sydney Smith. It teaches a most useful lesson to our money-loving, money-displaying, lavish American people. For Smith, it seems, was not afraid of people's ridicule and slighting remarks. Through mud and rain he would trudge manfully on foot to some elegant entertainment at Holland House, for instance, where fashion and genius were wont to gather, and where he was in request because of his notable intellectual gifts; and there he would change his muddy shoes at the noble entrance, disregarding the flunkies' insolent, ill-concealed sneers, and he would say, with unabashed integrity, that he "could not honestly afford a coach." Moreover, "even in circles where such conduct ran the greatest risk of being misunderstood, both he and his wife had the courage to confess their poverty at once." Now we ought to pay strict attention to the gain that Sydney Smith declared resulted to them from such fearless, straightforward action. He said that his wife and he not only enjoyed a delightful feeling of independence, but that "this admission of poverty had the glorious advantage of rendering half their wants needless." In all the arrangements of his own house the strictest economy was observed, and yet a certain "loving taste and fine care" was very noticeable in it. What a helpful lesson for us all! Let us never be afraid to say: "I can not afford this or that." Instead, let a noble horror of being in debt pervade our acts; let a contented, thankful knowledge that we owe no man anything be more to us than the bought and baseless favor of the wealthy, or the gilded favor of fashion's smile. Freedom lies in "plain living and high thinking." True liberty of spirit is the reward of those who fear God and have no other fear.—Sacred Heart Review.

"Why don't you do something to benefit your fellow man?" asked his spiritual adviser. "I do," replied the multi-millionaire, righteously resentful. "I have just paid a comparatively poor man \$500 for a bull pup."

Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia.

Religious Maxims.

(Scored Heart Review.)

SUNDAY.

The second Sunday after the feast of the Epiphany has been set apart by the Church to honor the Holy Name of Jesus. Today the Church proclaims, with joy and love, His Name, His precious Name, Jesus! Jesus! His name shall be called Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins.

O Jesus! Thou the beauty art Of angels words above; Thy Name is music to the heart, Enchanting it with love.

MONDAY.

We may accustom ourselves to turn all our acts of charity in exercises of faith and love to our Blessed Lord, Who has so tenderly committed misery in all its visible forms to our care, and Who tell us that whatever we do to the least of those who belong to Him is done to Himself.

O loving Jesus, hear the sighs Which unto Thee I send: To Thee my inmost spirit cries, My being's hope and end.

TUESDAY.

Many persons have learnt the true emptiness and nothingness of this world, of its pleasures and gains and honors, by being forced either to suffer themselves, or to devote themselves to the care of the sick and afflicted who have claims upon them. It is less easy for such men to be deceived by the emptiness and hollowness which imposed upon the frivolous and thoughtless worldlings round them.

When once Thou visitest the heart, Then truth begins to shine, Then earthly vanities depart, Then wakens love divine.

WEDNESDAY.

There is something analogous to this fact in the case of those who live very much in the habitual thought of the sufferers in Purgatory. It is impossible but that such Christians should gain daily in delicacy of conscience, in courage under suffering, in love of the cross, and in charity for souls. —Father Coleridge, S. J. Stay with us, Lord, and with Thy light illumine the soul's abyss; Dispel the darkness of our night, And fill the world with bliss.

THURSDAY.

They must grow in knowledge of God, and of His ways, in contempt for the things of sense, in keenness of discernment as to the pettiness of many things which are hindrances to perfection, and of the immense power of sacramental grace, and in the spirit and habit of prayer.

Jesus! Thy mercies are untold Through each returning day; Thy love exceeds a thousand fold Whatever we can say.

FRIDAY.

A silent change comes over Christians who thus devote themselves to the suffering souls; and, in reward for their charity, they insensibly acquire spiritual instincts almost as keen as those of the holy sufferers themselves. A like change may be said to come to those souls who practise true devotion to the Blessed Virgin, with its singular power to draw us nearer to God. How close to God, how full of God, Dear Mother I must know be; For still the more we know of God The more we think of Thee. That is thy gift—oh, give it us! To make God better known. Ah, Mother! make Him in our hearts More grand and more alone. —Father Faber.

SATURDAY.

By her numberless acts of intercession our Blessed Lady is but fulfilling a part of her great work in the kingdom of her divine Son. If God promises to hear our poor prayers when offered in Jesus' Name, what will He not grant to her prayers, who is the Mother of Jesus?

All Through Plain Chant.

Our overseas contemporary, the London Tablet, tells how one American was converted to the beauties of Plain Chant: "An American Episcopal clergyman came over here a few months ago, and attended the Summer School lectures upon Plain Chant at Appuldurcombe, in the Isle of Wight. He went back to Colorado, with the Chant ringing in his ears. Nothing would silence its clamor. The fable Orpheus was enacted over again; for, in obedience to that music, he has recrossed the Atlantic with his wife and his mother and his children and all that is his, and has taken a house in the Isle of Wight, so that he may be near the Benedictine monks and musicians for some two or three years to come, and learn from them all that they know about music—and, let us hope incidentally, about one or two other things!" And still more American Catholics are skeptical as to the adaptability of Gregorian Chant to ears attuned to the heavenly harmonies of modern music. Judge!—Catholic Transcript.

Speaking of San Francisco, the Monitor says: "If we can believe the local exponents of official 'graff', some of the men who occupy the seats of the mighty in the municipal administration this year, are likely to be safely tucked behind penal bars next. The change wouldn't be a bad one—for the city."

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MISCELLANEOUS.

"I think I'm trying filling the tires of my automobile with illuminating gas," said the amateur chauffeur. "Good joke," gurgled his fool friend. "Expect to make it light. Ha, ha!" "Nothing of the kind," replied the amateur chauffeur; "I thought it might increase the speed of the machine. Just think how the stuff makes the wheel of a gas-meteor spin round."

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The Woman.—No; I can't give you a meal. The Tramp.—I didn't think you could, mum; you look too young and inexperienced to know how to cook.

Crying with Headache.

Mr. A. J. Osmont, the well known store keeper, Indian Head, N. W. T., writes: "I have given Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders to some of my customers who came into my store almost crying with severe headache and in less than five minutes they went away cured and smiling." Price 10c and 25c.

Mrs. Jones (reading from her morning paper)—"Johnson held for hearing." Well that's a pretty how-do-you-do! How can anybody hold hearing, I should like to know? We shall have to go about with our ears stopped up next.

Keep Minards Liniment in the House.

"My husband died last spring," remarked Mrs. Smith, plaintively. "All the doctors' medicines couldn't save him. They tried a post mortem examination, but they didn't do it soon enough to do him any good."

Distress After Eating.

Mrs. P. Waters, Dingleton, Ont., writes: "I suffered for five years with pain in the stomach and distress after eating. Doctors failed to cure me, so I tried Luxa Liver Pills and three bottles of them made a complete cure."

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