

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Seventh Sunday after Pentecost.

FRUIT THE TEST OF THE TREE.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." (St. Matt. vii. 16.)

From the general tenor of our Lord's words given in the Gospel to-day, His intention was, as we see, to give us a standard, a rule to judge others, and also a rule to judge ourselves. He fore-saw that the state of things which existed in His day would with some modifications occur over and over again; namely, that certain men clothed with some share of authority, men gifted with learning—as were the Scribes and Pharisees—men able in some way to attract attention and give themselves prominence, would step forward as moral guides, as dogmatic teachers, as expounders of law and principles; but he warns us that they are not to be heeded, much less to be followed. Their robe is pride or disobedience, it is denial or profane novelty; and their fruits, that is, their words and works, are evil. How often, alas! in the past history of the Church, with what marked clearness even in our times, have these words been fulfilled. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

But as our most necessary, most frequent, and safest judgment ought to be upon ourselves, let us so apply it. The very nature and activity of our minds, the work of our lives, the range of our duties, the dealings of God with us make the comparison to nature, to the earth, a happy and suitable one. The farmer or husbandman who goes forth day by day on his land to plant, to cultivate, to prepare for etc., expects results. Now he has the spade and plough, again the axe and the pruning-knife. Having chosen the fitting place and prepared the ground and planted, he turns and grafts, he cuts away and uproots. So in our lives, day by day, year by year, fruit of some kind, good or evil, is growing; and the Master expects, nay, demands, good fruit, and plenty of it.

Are our lives, our words and deeds such a solid in root, true and orderly in the branches, goodly and wholesome, fair and abundant in the fruit?

Are our lives rooted in faith and love? Does the sunlight of God's approval shine on them? Do we ask by frequent prayer for the needful showers to descend?

Do we ever use the axe of God's divine commandments, the pruning-knife of denial and restraint in the garden, amid the products of our souls? Remember, brethren, our Lord does not want merely ornamental trees, nor those which simply bear leaves, nor yet trees with poor fruit—sour, scanty, worm-eaten—for every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit shall be cut down and cast into the fire. What is, then, our present crop—malice, weakness, unfaithfulness or is it pure and upright actions, kindly thoughts and words, lasting and pleasant fruit worthy to be gathered in?

"For blessed is the man whose will is in the law of the Lord. He shall be like a tree that is planted near running waters, which shall bring forth its fruit in due season. And his leaf shall not fall off, and everything he shall do shall prosper."

An Irishman.

A correspondent writes to the London Chronicle as follows: "You say that Mr. McKintley, Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States, is of Scottish origin. I think you might come a little nearer if you said Irish origin. As my mother was a McKintley, and had uncles on both sides who emigrated to Pennsylvania and Ohio for reasons not unconnected with the Irish rebellion of 1798, who kept up communication with her family until after the death of my grandmother, at the age of 108 years, you might not be far wrong if you sought the immediate origin of Mr. McKintley about ninety years ago on the borders of the Counties of Antrim and Derry."

Look Upon the Host.

In an article on the liturgical aspect of the Westminster Cathedral, Father Gasquet makes one remark which will make immediate appeal to the observation of every Catholic: "Nowadays the whole meaning of the elevation of the Blessed Sacrament is lost by the general custom of burying heads in hands during the whole time. The priest is directed to raise the Blessed Sacrament that it may be seen by the people, and this elevation was introduced into the sacred liturgy that people might look upon the Sacred Host and then bow down with the priest in adoration, as a testimony to their belief in the real presence of our Lord in the Most Holy Sacrament. Every pictured representation and every written account of the ceremony would testify to the practice of our Catholic forefathers, even if there were not a whole literature to speak to the point with certainty."—London Tablet.

To prevent pale and delicate children from lapsing into chronic invalids later in life, they should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, together with plenty of wholesome food and out door exercise. What they need to build up the system is good red blood.

A Sharp Root to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast, and the kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL.

A Pasty and Fretful Baby. This is now quite unnecessary. Like many others, you may have your baby fat, laughing and happy, if you give it Scott's Emulsion. Babies take it like cream.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

How easy it is to spoil a day!

The thoughtless words of cherished friends, The selfish act of a child at play, The strength of will that will not bend, The slight of a comrade, the scorn of a foe, The smile that is full of bitter things, They all can tarnish its golden glow, And take the grace from its airy wings.

How easy it is to spoil a day! By the force of a thought we did not check! Little by little we mould the clay, And little laws may the vessel wreck. The careless waste of a white-winned hour, That held the blessings we long had sought, The sudden loss of wealth or power— And lo! the day is with ill in wrought.

How easy it is to spoil a life— And many are spoiled ere well begun— In some life darkened by sin and strife, Or downward course of a cherished one; By toil that robs the form of its grace, And undermines till health gives way; By the peevish temper, the frowning face, The hopes that go and the cares that stay.

A day is too long to be spent in vain: Some good should come as the hours go by— Some tangled maze may be made more plain, Some lowered glance may be raised on high, And life is too short to spoil like this. If only a prelude it may be sweet: Let us bind together its threads of bliss, And nourish the flowers around our feet.

Our Brother's Keeper.

We need not draw on the distant centuries to find examples of our responsibility for other's sin in our failing to interfere to prevent sin. To-day wickedness riots in consequence of our silence or our inaction. To-day are lives sad, because we fail to speak. To-day wrong and evil are powerful, because we fold the hand and close the lip. The tempted are yielding, because we stand by the tempter. The pure are tried, because we offer no sympathy. Lives tender are broken, because we stay not the destroyer. Lives are lonely because we show no friendship. "It's none of my business," we say, "he is his own man!" It is your business to keep others strong and noble.

Flowers for Home.

We do not grow flowers in our yards because it is the fashion, or to out rival some neighbor's display. No, we grow them because of their intrinsic beauty that makes them the fairest and most radiant of God's creations. Then, too, the subtle charm of their beauty and diffusive fragrance exercise an influence over the lives of the young that nothing can wholly destroy. We have been told of men who were turned aside from some dreadful crime by the sight or smell of a simple blossom that brought back to them the happy days of youth. "The smell of a hyacinth," said a world-weary woman, whose endless struggle against the most relentless circumstances left no time for spiritual growth, "always carries me back to the convent chapel, and no matter how busy my mind may be, makes me kneel there again in its holy calm and prayer."

When planting the flowers give the children a good sized bed for their very own and let them have all the bigseeded, quick-growing flowers they want. By mid-summer they will have a perfect tangle of morning glories, sweet peas, four-o'clocks, zinnias, marigolds and balsams; but it will suit them and every artist will fall in love with this picturesque riot of leaf, bud and bloom. Let your children see flowers in the home, mothers, if you would give them the sweetest, best and purest inspiration for their after lives.

Their Own Dressmakers.

Many of the most talented actresses are as clever with the needle as in their profession. Mrs. Kendall, whose taste in dress is always excellent, designs her own gowns and has something to do with their making. Mrs. Patrick Campbell is also an admirable dress-maker, while the beautiful dress that was worn by Mme. Modjeska as Juliet a few years ago, was made entirely by herself. Miss Ellen Terry also tells with pride that she remodeled a dress entirely in one night, with the assistance of her maid. It is remarkable that people who have the most to do are able to accomplish tasks which less busy ones would consider quite impossible, but it is generally the case.

For the Book Borrower.

Speaking of borrowing books, says Bab, aren't they cheap enough and isn't our civilization old enough for that sort of thing to cease. You or I love a book, we spend many happy or unhappy hours over it. Here a passage is marked by a pencil, there a specially beautiful description is emphasized by some rose leaves between the pages, and there, well, there, where there was something that appealed to your heart or mind, a tear fell, and tears never fade. This book becomes a part of one's self. Some day Miss Rosalind Flighy appears, and after the manner of her kind picks up this special book and asks you to lend it to her. You are kind-hearted and you don't know how to refuse, and she has in her possession what is a part of your life, and the chances are ten to one that she pencils certain passages as "lovely," "too sweet for anything," and when the book comes home, if it ever does, it is so inoculated with the insipidity of the borrower, that you catch it up with a pair of tongs and put it into the fire.

Graceful Walk.

How girls should walk and how they do walk is a subject continually coming up for discussion, and it has been decided recently by a French journal that French women deserve the prize for queenly grace of carriage. Peasant women in France who carry burdens on their heads are special types of grace in walking and this exercise, using a book or a pillow, is recommended as a remedy for an ungraceful walk. Some girls contend that their special gait is natural, and cannot be changed, but this is entirely a misconception of one's ability to improve one's personal appearance. They seem to think that covering ground is the point to be gained by walking. If they could see themselves as they appear to others, any effort which would add a little grace and dignity to their method of walking would not be considered too much trouble. Beauty of face and figure is almost entirely lost in an ugly walk.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Universe.

The young man in politics. This has become a common phrase. It is used in various ways by various people for various purposes. The candidate looking for votes patronizingly urges it. The professional reformer seeking to elevate the standard of politics appeals to it. The man outside the breastworks who is anxious to get inside, has recourse to it. Usually, therefore, it may be assumed that selfishness is behind the plea. Yet, the familiar cry is not without practical meaning. The young man in politics. Wherefore, and to what extent? Under our form of government it is the duty of every citizen, young and old, to identify himself in some degree with public affairs, or politics.

But it is so hard, you say, so hard to quell the bitter sigh, the impatient nag and stop the tear before it may moisten the eye; so hard to show a brave front to the world when the heart beneath is sick almost to death of the pitiful things life offers, weary of the cares that crowd around, wounded by the injustice—Yes, but are you alone in your misery? Has this not been the life of woman since Eve turned her reluctant steps from Eden? If each gave vent to the complaining with which her heart is filled, what a world this would be!

Moreover, this habit of complaining grows on one, and its influence is to be dreaded. It reduces everybody to a state of despondency, unfit one for the struggle that, willingly or not, must be met. Complaint, it has been said, is a confession of failure. If we would but recognize the force of that dictum, there would be less jar and fret in the work-a-day world, for who would willingly confess defeat? And yet the girl who complains does it all unwittingly. She proclaims aloud that she is overweighed by her responsibilities, that she is unable to meet the call upon her tact and patience, that life's demands are too many for her; in a word, that she has failed! A most humiliating confession!

One Ambitious Girl's Novel Expedient to Make a Fortune.

Here is how one woman with pluck and determination made a fortune. She began life as a school teacher, earning \$10 a week, holding on to her position and contented with it until ill-health obliged her to give it up. She had spent the greater part of her little savings with physicians, and the future looked dark enough to her until she chanced one day to pass through New York market and saw a dozen frogs, for which the dealer asked a high price. Then she began to think, the result being that she returned to her home in New Jersey and started the inhabitants of her native place by investing her remaining money in a tract of marshy land. She fenced it in and her friends began to think she had lost her sense. She spent the winter in reading about frogs and when not thus employed was shooting at a mark in a barn with a target rifle. When spring broke and the frog season set in she was a splendid marksman, and one day set the villagers in an uproar by appearing in a stunning costume. I don't think she had reached the climax of her lunacy. She didn't mind them, however, but went to her swamp, where she spent the day, bringing in at night three hundred frogs, for which a New York dealer paid her \$10.

She worked that season, and managed to clear \$1,600. When her success became known in the town, the people began to show a marked respect for her lunacy, and frog hunters blossomed out in every family the following season. She bought the frogs from them, kept track of the markets, and at the close of her school year found herself \$3,000 ahead. She has followed up the business and has now amassed quite a snug little fortune.

From foreign sources comes a wholly edifying, if somewhat amusing, little anecdote. It reads thus: Once upon a time, there lived in the famous old cloister of Otobouren a very dear old priest. His name was Father Magnus, and he was the favorite of the whole monastery and of the parish as well. He was utterly incapable of speaking severely of a human being. One day he started to go to the next village to visit a sick priest, and as he left the priest's house on his way home, a woman tripped down the steps of the adjoining house. He knew her for one of his own villagers, and when she asked if she might walk along with him, he cordially agreed. After a bit, the woman broke out, "Oh, Father! I cannot tell you what a wicked woman—you know her—my neighbor is!"

"Is that true? Then let us make haste to say the Rosary for her, that she may turn from the error of her ways. In the name of the Father"—and so on through the fifteen decades, Frau Anna Maria making the responses. This carried them about a third of the way home, then the woman again took up the grievance, "Oh, dear, Father! how can I ever have patience with that woman!"

"It is hard to be patient; let us say the Rosary for you! In the name of the Father"—and the threefold Rosary was told again. The poor woman had to pray whether she would or no. But when the last Hail Mary had been said she felt that her chance had come, and she exclaimed, "Really, Your Reverence, if you could see the way that woman makes her husband suffer!" "Ah, the poor man! We will say the Rosary once more for him." By the time this was finished, they stood before Frau Anna's door, and the baited gossip made up her mind that it would be some time before she joined Father Magnus in another walk.



The readers of this incident may not be able to follow Father Magnus' example when forced to listen to unpleasant remarks about their neighbor, but some other device may be used, and it would not be a bad practice to say the Rosary once in a while for grace to avoid this very common fault in ourselves.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

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Next to duty to God is duty to country, to society, to ourselves. Intelligent and ardent cooperation with our fellow men for the greatest good to the greatest number, summarizes our civic obligations. To this extent, then, every man who possesses the privilege of citizenship, must in obedience to the best impulses of his nature, become politically active, in order to discharge the responsibilities which the distinction entails.

HOW FAR should the young man carry active interest in political affairs? That depends on circumstances. In our country, where every citizen may aspire to public place and honors, it is difficult to define the limitations of personal ambition and industry in this direction, particularly when, as a matter of fact, preferment has come to be regarded rather as a reward for successful "hustling" than a mark of merit or recognition of fitness. The men who prosper in politics, who get the offices and enjoy the emoluments of public service, are, generally speaking, those who follow politics as a profession. Men who work themselves step by step from the lowest ranks, into the councils of their party and who push themselves or are pushed into prominence in this field through the favor and influence of others who control the operations of partisan machinery. Sometimes superior cleverness unaided will win the profitable recognition and encouragement of party magnates, but ordinarily, a "pull" with the "leaders" and "bosses" is more effective than talent and personal effort devoted to "cause."

IN THESE CIRCUMSTANCES, since politics has become a business, followed as such, by a vast horde of humanity who have practically relinquished other means of securing a livelihood, the wisest counsel that can be offered to the average young man, competent to make his way by more certain and attractive paths of endeavor, is to avoid the seductions of practical politics. Avoid the procession of office seekers and do not be lured away from the safe and beaten track of your ordinary occupation to follow an illusive will-o-wisp that ten chances to one will desert you in a trackless quagmire of disappointed hopes and wasted and embittered lives. The progress of professional politics since the war, is strewn thousands deep with the bleaching bones of blasted wrecks. Those who have profited materially by abandoning careers of usefulness in legitimate fields of labor in response to the siren song of political ambition, are naught to the countless multitude whose bright dreams and visions of fortune and fame have ended in blank despair.

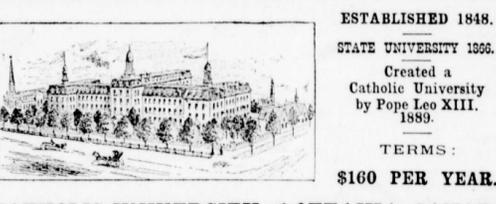
LOOK ABOUT YOU and behold the army of healers and hangers on who compose the henchment of political dictators. Not one in a thousand of these spiritless and abject creatures of unkind fortune, but entered the arena of political enterprise with high hopes of ultimate triumph.

Instead of the victor's spoils, however, theirs are the hard crusts of the vanquished. Any young man in the cities who wants an invaluable object lesson in the fickleness of political fortune, has only to observe the class of humanity which furnishes the ward runder and pot house habitue so much in evidence in the routine work of political organization and promotion.

For the most part, these who do the behests of party bosses, always with the expectation of finally securing a crumb from the magnate's table, are a sort that the self-respecting and properly-ambitious young man instinctively avoids.

Ninety-nine times in a hundred the young man will serve best his own true interests by not yielding to the impulse to carry his political activity beyond such exercise of the electoral right as his convictions lead him to believe, will in the greatest measure, subserve the public good.

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THE CHRISTIAN WAY.

Happy Solution of the Labor Question by a Spanish Manufacturer, on Lines Laid Down by Pope Leo.

Our readers will remember that in behalf of our "American Humane Education Society," we offered two \$100 prizes for the best plans of settling the difficulties between capital and labor—and that we have sent very widely over our own country and the world, the two essays which (out of ninety-five from writers in twenty-two States) won the prizes.

One of these pamphlets went to D. N. Burke, Esq., United States Consul, Malaga, Spain, and led him to write us how the difficulty had been solved in that city.

Mr. Burke's letter being too long for our columns, we sent it to our nearest neighbor, the Evening Transcript, in which it appeared Saturday, May 2.

It seems that there were two cotton mills in Malaga, side by side. In one during some forty years they have been troubled with quarrels and strikes. In the other, employing about two thousand operatives during about forty years, there has been only peace, harmony, mutual respect and kindness.

We will give a few quotations to show how this happened: "In Malaga to-day exists a very striking and practical working of what the law of kindness, as applied by an employer to employes, has effected."

"How during all these years, in which so many changes have taken place, there has been no strike, no grumbling, no unrest, no complaints, no whisper of discontent? Have higher wages been paid in this mill than in the other? No. Has the work been less laborious or fatiguing than in the other? No. Is there a different class of persons employed in this mill than in the other? No. It is simply this: Sanor Don Carlos Larios, the owner of the mill and the employer of the operatives, has applied the law of kindness to his employes. As every one says, he treated them well, he treated them kindly; he recognized that his employes were flesh and blood, as he was. He realized that when hurt they felt pain just as he would; when without food they were hungry, just as he would be. He, in fact, substituted the law of kindness for the practice of greed. If an employe was sick, he sent a doctor to look after him and paid for the necessary medicines. In case the employe's illness continued, he paid on recovery the wages the person would have received had he or she been at work during the time. In

case of the death of the employe, the wages went to the family of the deceased, and, besides, if the circumstances of the family were such as to require it, he defrayed the expenses of burial. When his operatives married he helped to "set them up" in house-keeping by presenting to the married couple several household articles which are indispensable for those entering such a state. Extraordinary diligence and care on the part of the employe in his or her work, or greater activity displayed by an operative being aware of this sought to do his very best.

"The operatives had no labor organization. They needed none. Through this law of kindness the business of the mill was conducted. Discord, dissatisfaction, discontent, unrest and strikes were not on the programme of this mill. They had no use for labor agitators. If an operative had any ground of complaint he went at once to Sanor Larios.

"The two thousand employes loved Don Carlos as they would a father; and if anyone had spoken ill of him in the presence of any employe, the employe would have resented it as quickly as if the ill-spoken word were uttered about the employe himself.

"He sought to follow the teachings of the Divine Master in doing to others what he would that they should do to him, and so when at the age of seventy-five he went on the 21st of last January to his God, his body was followed to the cemetery by about 30,000 Malaga's citizens."

We wish that every capitalist in America would imitate his example.—Our Dumb Animals.

Good News Travels as Fast as Bad.

News spreads quickly, and when a good thing is found its merits are soon learned by every one, far or near. This accounts for the fast growing popularity of Filore Chamis as an interlining which makes outdoor work possible in any weather. The first man who realized its worth and ran profit warmly quickly told his friends so that they too might enjoy this inexpensive comfort. It might seem impossible that this fabric, so light in weight and without bulk, should furnish so much healthful warmth; but when you realize that its merit lies in being a complete non-conductor of heat or cold, you understand why a layer of it through your clothing gives such warmth—it not only keeps out all cold but keeps in the natural heat of the body.

HORRORS OF THE CONFESSIONAL.

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