

Response to "Pleadings Sacred Heart."

MISS HUGHES. Forget Thee, Lord! nor heed Thy pleading. Ope not our hearts to Thy melody...

NOT TWO MASTERS.

SERMON BY ARCHBISHOP RYAN.

Philadelphia Standard, Sept. 13. On the Sunday after the installation in the See of Philadelphia of the Most Rev. Archbishop Ryan, many persons went to the Cathedral, to attend the late Mass there, expecting that he would then preach.

Solemn High Mass coram archiepiscopo was sung. In the procession of the sacred ministers from the Sanctuary to the Sanctuary the Most Reverend Archbishop was accompanied by the Rector of the Cathedral, Rev. John J. Eiseck, who attended him at the throne during the Mass.

THE MOST REV. ARCHBISHOP'S SERMON. After the singing of the Gospel His Grace knelt in front of the high altar while the "Veni Creator" was being sung by the choir. Then he made his way to the pulpit. Having read the Gospel of the day, taken from the sixth chapter of St. Matthew, verses 24 to 35, he repeated its first and last sentences, which are: "No man can serve two masters."

The extract which forms the Gospel of this Sunday is a portion of that marvellous Sermon on the Mount which has been the admiration of the world for so many centuries, and which itself is a proof of the divine origin of Christianity.

That sermon is still addressed to the assistance of all humanity, and is, if possible, more necessary and more timely in the nineteenth century than in the first. The declarations of our Lord, "No man can serve two masters—God and Mammon."

No matter how much man may differ on ethical and religious questions, there are a few points on which they generally agree, and on which the whole system of religious morality is really built.

and contend—that this battle commences with the consciousness of good and evil on the part of the child and ends only with our last breath. Conscience and passion contend, and our life is a warfare. Now the tendency of man is not to reject entirely either of these masters, but to make a compromise and serve both.

If I serve passion, conscience troubles me; if I obey conscience, the passions annoy me. I must, therefore, select one or the other; to serve both is to belong to passion alone. "Why do you halt between two jerks?" cried Elias to the hesitating Jaws; "if the Lord be God, follow Him; if Baal be God, follow him."

Therefore, brethren, from what I have said to you to-day, be as true to our God as He will surely our necessary wants, and do not make these wants a pretext for the service of Mammon. Let us select our one Master, and serve Him in all love and sweet dependence. And if men say to you that this kind of gospel will impede the acquisition of wealth, and therefore stop the wheels of progress, tell them that this gospel will make men more honest and more happy, and therefore more really progressive—tell them that if they need a basis and motive for commercial confidence in each other, they must first seek the Kingdom of God and His justice.

Catholic parents have often been advised to keep their daughters at home—away from large cities. It becomes necessary to repeat this warning. Large cities are destructive of morality in the young, and unsuspecting girls from country homes, away from the eyes of parents and friends, easily fall a prey to the designing scoundrels who infest such centres of population.

Dr. Busby, once the master of a high school, was celebrated for severe discipline, but, though severe, he was not ill-natured. It is said that one day, when he was absent from his school, a boy found some plums in his chair, and at once began to eat them, first waggishly saying: "I publish the banns of matrimony between my mouth and these plums. If any here present know just cause for impediment why they should not be united, you are now to declare it, or ever after hold your peace."

There is no dissent from the decision of candid and capable dairymen, that the Improved Butter Color of Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., is the best in the world. Such men as A. W. Cheever of Massachusetts, E. D. Mason, Vermont, Francis A. Hoffman, Wisconsin, use it and recommend it as superior to all others.

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We must always remember, brethren, in looking at the attributes of God, that He is infinite in each, and to our limited capacity and within our small field of vision one attribute might seem to exclude another. But in truth it is not so. God is just as well as merciful. He has more than the tenderness of human love, but none of the criminal weakness of human love, which often forgives without change or repentance on the part of the object loved.

To hope in God, to depend on God in spite of His apparent neglect of us, is the highest tribute we can pay to Him. Who could have been treated with more apparent injustice and neglect than that gentle saint, Job? Faithful always to God, he is yet left friendless, homeless, dishonored and alone. Yet he cries out, "If God should kill me, will you yet hope in Him?"

That cry went up to the Heavens, and an arrow-like pierced the very heart of God. God looked down from His throne on Job on the dung-hill, and no praising angel nor adoring domination nor trembling power did He take more complaisance in. Soon He showed His divine face to the patriarch again and rewarded his dependence.

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A WORD TO FATHERS.

PROTECT YOUR DAUGHTERS—THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

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A Boy's Wit.

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Prominent Butter Makers.

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CATHOLIC CHURCHES.

DESCRIPTION OF A NUMBER OF BEAUTIFUL AND COSTLY CHAPELS.

A Montreal correspondent of the Hartford Times writes: The real City of Churches is Montreal. Here the mother church rules and reigns. Not in Rome itself would one find a much greater preponderance of the Roman Catholic religion and its temples, its symbols, and its constant observances.

At the entry of the sanctuary, resting on one of the right-hand columns, is a sculptured figure, in pure white marble of the Blessed Virgin, on a marble pedestal. From its neck hangs a small gold cross. In 1872 the cure of this church, Pius IX., for some memento to put in this church in Montreal. The Pope gave him this marble figure and with it a small gold cross that hung around its neck; a cross that was often worn by Pius IX. himself. Here it now hangs, to-day, in this great church in the western world.

Here people are kneeling and going from dawn to night—some kneeling at particular shrines in various parts of the great interior, others silently saying their prayers in the pews. The noise of carpenters at work, with hammer and saw, among some of the central pews makes no interruption of the devotions. Men and women silently come in, kneel an instant, on one knee, toward the great altar with its figures and groups of the crucifixion and the crowning of the Virgin, enter a pew, remain some time in silent devotion, go out of the pew, again bend the knee altarward, and silently depart. Yesterday morning a funeral mass and two other masses were going on in different parts of this great interior, at the same time in the early morning hour. At one time there were a wedding, a funeral, an annual regular morning service, all going on simultaneously, and so far as any confusion was concerned, they were as free from it as they would have been performed in three widely-separated parts of the city. The church was built to seat ten thousand people and half as many more could be got in by using the aisles.

Two other churches that we entered, one the Lady of Lourdes, differed greatly from each other in their interior effect, and both differed strikingly from the one above described. We have space only to speak of the latter. It was built in honor of the Blessed Virgin as she was seen some years ago by the little girl Bernadette, in the grotto of Lourdes in France. It is a gem of a church, in its symmetry and its cheery interior effect. The most striking thing in it is a figure that arrests the eye on entering. This is a large marble figure of the Virgin, copied in sculpture from Marillio's painting. She appears in a kindly attitude and with a benignant look, standing well up in a recess in the sanctuary, opposite the beholder as he enters. The space where she stands has some unseen window, so contrived as to flood this figure with a light from above; and it so lends itself to figure the rest of the church in a pleasant half-light, half-shadow. The effect is very striking and impressive.

Bob Ingersoll in Portland, Ogn.

A correspondent in the Northwest metropolis states that Robert J. Ingersoll—whose infidel ravings Father Lambert has pulverized into infinitesimal small pieces lectured last night in Portland, Oregon, to a 4000 empty seats and 6000 people. The Monitor's representative says: "Out of the 2,000 seats provided in the Mechanics' Pavilion for 'Infidel' Ingersoll's lecture, only about 600 were occupied. The 'Infidel' finding no one sufficiently lost in self-respect to present him to the assemblage, with a tenor equal to the average 'nostrum vender,' mounted the platform and—Well! the entire aggregation in the ring of the 'greatest show on earth' paled into insignificance compared with the gyrations of this jabbering jack-anapes for the following three hours 'on a stretch.' The verdict of the audience was 'As good as a circus.' Robert, my boy, listen: There is coming a time—and that not very far in the distance—when that power of speech given you by the God you so frequently blaspheme will cease to tickle the guilty consciences of those who delight in your 'No God! No Hell!' raving. Deceptive consolation! Yes, Bob, the time is rapidly advancing. Coming on the lightning express, with every obstacle side-tracked, Bob, when you will, in obedience to that awful edict—'Be-gone, ye accursed, into everlasting fire.'—change thy cry from the defiant 'No Hell!' to the plaintive 'Oh! Hell,' there, Bob, to reside permanently with your earthly counsellor and ally—the Devil."

When symptoms of malaria appear in any form, take Ayer's Ague Cure at once, to prevent the development of the disease, and continue until health is restored, and a cure will be the result of this remedy. A cure is warranted in every instance.

SHOCKING BRUTALITY.

Will it be believed in Dublin that since the 12th of July no fewer than 100 Catholic workmen, who had up to that date been employed in the ship-building yard of Messrs. Workman & Clarke, Belfast, have been turned out by force of their Protestant fellow-laborers. It is perfectly true. Eight Protestant workmen were before the magistrates yesterday charged with cowardly assaults on some of the hundred. On one occasion two Catholics were thrown bodily off a bridge into the river, as though they were dogs that could strike out instinctively for their lives. We cannot say how the men were rescued, but that they were put in grave peril is undeniable, and that, too, in presence of a mob of two or three hundred fanatics, who looked on at the savage outrage approvingly. Nobody was made amenable for this disgraceful occurrence. The eight prisoners were accused of assaults of an altogether different character; but in every instance the offence—the only offence—of the victim resided in his being a Catholic. The conspiracy was manifest; the violence was palpable; the evidence, for the sake of the credit of the town, was only too complete. Yet imprisonment for three months was the heaviest penalty awarded. The hope was expressed in court by the solicitor for one of the prisoners that an end of such outbreaks was at hand—that the outrages would not be repeated. But the prompt answer of the sub-inspector of Police was, that the prosecution had been persevered with to the last end. That very morning the last two of the one hundred had been turned out, and there is not a Catholic now in Messrs. Workman & Clarke's employment. Could intolerance farther go!—Dublin Freeman.

What Men Will Do When Drunk. A laborer twenty-nine years old, of Wallabout street, Brooklyn, returned to his home under the influence of liquor one night last week, commenced to abuse his wife and mother-in-law, who was living in the family, and ended by driving both out of the house and three of his children with them, threatening to kill them with an ugly-looking knife, with a five-inch blade which he flourished about wildly.

While driving the family out of the house one of the children, a girl two and a half years old, frightened at her father, fled to the bedroom and crept under the bed to get out of danger, but without any one at the time knowing it. After he had ejected his family he returned to his rooms and barricaded the doors against all outsiders. He then procured a can of kerosene oil, gathered together a lot of clothing, saturating it with the kerosene. Then laying the butcher-knife on the edge of the bed, under which was his child, so as to have it handy, he proceeded to set fire to the clothes.

In the meantime the screams of the women and children in front of the house brought roundsman O'Reilly, of the Thirteenth Precinct, to the spot. After a hurried recital of the case by the woman the roundsman attempted to burst the door in, but failed, owing to the barricade inside.

Going around to the rear of the house to make another attempt to enter, the roundsman could see the flames from the clothes. When the roundsman rushed in upon him and had him handcuffed, the cries of the little girl then showed the danger she had escaped from, and the inebriate next day in prison learned the horrible death he had tried to inflict on his wife and children.—Irish World.

AN ORTHODOX BANDON PROTESTANT.

HOW HE KNEW HIS RELIGION. Not many years since one of those old-fashioned Protestants happened to be summoned to give evidence in a case at the Cook Assizes. He was cross-examined by the late Mr. George Bennett, who, amongst other questions, asked of him what religion he was.

"Yerra, Bill," quoth the witness, turning to a friend who had accompanied him from Bandon. "Does you hear that?" "Bill did hear it, and indignantly told the learned counsel that he must be a very ignorant fellow not to know a Bandon Protestant by looking in his face.

Nothing daunted by Bill's rebuff, counsel persevered. "How do you know you're a Protestant?" "How do I know I'm a Protestant?" said he, repeating the words in a contemptuous and unimpaired tone. "Oh, holy Moses, for a learned man to ask such a question as that?" "Yes, sir, I again repeat it," but this time it was observed that the learned advocate's voice betrayed no inconsiderable shade of irritation. "How do you know you're a Protestant?" "Cause Iates mate of a Friday and hates a Papis," was the surly reply.—Bennett's History of Bandon.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing. Thos. Sabin, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corks from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

The tenacity with which people abide by their early faith in Ayer's Sarsaparilla can only be explained by the fact that it is the best blood medicine ever used, and is not approached in excellence by any new candidate for public favor. Jabsh Show, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes: "I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, I procured a bottle, and it done me so much good that I got another, and before it was used, I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild-fire, and makes cures wherever it is used.

Joseph Rusan, Percy, writes: "I was induced to try Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for a lameness which troubled me for three or four years, and I found it the best article I ever used. It has been a great blessing to me." Frauds may imitate Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in appearance and name, but in everything else they are dead failures.