

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost. ON THE SPIRITUAL WEDDING GARMENT.

"Friend, how camest thou in hither not having on a wedding garment?" (Matt. 22, 12.)

Who is the unfortunate guest found at the banquet without the wedding-garment? It is, as you are aware, the sinner who by grievous sin has lost the robe of sanctifying grace which our Heavenly Father clothed his soul in the sacrament of baptism. If he die in this state he departs from this life in enmity with God, and woe to him, for then also the Eternal Judge will say: "Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having on a wedding garment?" Alas, what will the sinner say in justification? In the knowledge of his guilt, he must remain silent, for every word of excuse would be but a lie. Why did he live in enmity with God? Why, walk the wide road to perdition? Why, ungratefully refuse the hand of forgiveness which even on his death-bed was held out to him? Terribly, but justly, the sentence of the infinitely equitable Judge will overcome him when he hears the dread words: "Depart from Me, you cursed, depart into the eternal fire of hell which has been prepared for the devil and his angels."

On fearful lot, to dwell in the eternal flames, to burn in the unextinguishable fire! Who can understand the effects of this fire! Who can describe the tortures of the flames! It is painful, indeed, to suffer from material fire! Who would for gold, hold his hands in the fire? And, yet, this fire has been created by God for man's benefit. How excruciatingly painful then must not be the fire kindled by the wrath of God, for the sole purpose of punishing His enemies! What is our material fire in comparison with the torments of hell where "their worm shall not die, and their fire shall not be extinguished." (Isaiah 66, 24.) In these torments the damned must dwell forever. "Depart from Me, you cursed into everlasting fire." (Matt. 25, 41) says our Lord, "and these (the wicked) shall go into everlasting punishment." (Matt. 24, 46) St. John the Baptist, speaking of the Messiah says that He "will gather the wheat into His barn, but the chaff—that is the wicked—He will burn with unquenchable fire." (Luke 3, 17) St. John in the Apocalypse speaking of the damned says: "He also shall drink of the wine of the wrath of God, which is mingled with pure wine in the cup of His wrath and shall be tormented with fire and brimstone. . . and the smoke of their torments shall ascend up forever and ever, neither have they rest day or night." (Apoc. 14, 10) There, the damned will be tortured by the devils with all imaginable pain as long as God shall live, that is, forever. No tear, no sigh, no sorrow, ascends from that abyss to the throne of Divine Mercy, even the drop of water from the tip of the finger which for a second might cool the tongue will be denied. (Luke 16, 24)

This impatient sinner, is the abode with which your Saviour, your Eternal Judge, threatens you in the gospel if you continue the life you now lead. Should you not fear and tremble? Have you the temerity to advance one step on the road to eternal destruction? What, O sinner, preserves you from hell to which you belong on account of your wickedness? Is it not alone the frail thread of life which the Almighty holds in His hands and which He can, by death, sever at any moment? Have you the assurance of another hour? Alas! no, but of this you are aware that if at this moment, you would appear before God, deprived of you are of sanctifying grace, you would be cast into the eternal flames of hell.

O sinner, have compassion upon your own immortal soul. Save that soul as long as salvation is possible. Humbly return to your compassionate Saviour. Do you not hear how lovingly He calls you in the gospel? Do you not see how compassionately He offers you the wedding-garment of grace in the sacrament of penance? Why do you reject it, why not accept it? Rise your mind to Heaven, behold the banquet is prepared, so many places are filled, yours is vacant. Shall it ever remain thus? Oh, no, hasten no longer; hasten to cast yourself at the feet of your Divine Saviour. He will embrace you lovingly and imprint on your brow the kiss of peace and forgiveness. The angels will exult when your Saviour introduces you saying: "Rejoice, my dear angels, for this soul which was lost, has been found; is again Mine."

My dear brethren, let the word of God be spoken not to the sinner alone, let us open our ears to it and according to the admonition of St. Paul, work out our salvation in fear and trembling. For "Man knoweth not, says Holy Scripture "whether he be worthy of love or hatred." (Eccles. 9, 1) The greatest saints have trembled at the thought of hell—should we then be so careless and indifferent—rest in such confident security—we, who are no saints, but miserable sinners? Behold, in the dark recesses of a cave, you see St. Jerome lying on the ground, covered with blood and striking his breast with a stone. Why does he act thus? Tremblingly he answers: From the fear of hell, I have thus secluded myself, and I chastise my body on account of my sins. There, in the depth of the forest, you see St. Bernard in tears scourging his body. Why? "I fear," he answers, "the eternal flames of hell, and hence I punish myself now, that hereafter I may not be punished by God."

Once, when St. Chrysostom was preaching in Constantinople, before an immense audience, he stopped suddenly and burst into tears: "My heart seems to break," he exclaimed, "at the thought of the thousands here present, perhaps only a few hundred will be saved, and I myself more than others, must tremble in fear for the salvation of my soul." At these words all knelt down uniting their tears and prayers with those of their Bishop, resolving by true penance to secure Heaven.

Let us likewise in spirit cast ourselves before the throne of mercy and beg for the grace of perseverance. And you, O sinner, who by grievous sin have deprived yourself of the garment of sanctifying grace, let the tears of contrition flow and resolve, at the first opportunity, to regain this robe in the sacrament of penance. Speak to your Lord present in the tabernacle: Heaven is not yet closed for me, nor has hell received me. I still save my soul by penance, hence, O Lord, chastise me in this world as long and as severely as thou wilt, but spare me in eternity.

At first the animals seemed languid, but gradually they warmed to their performance and went through it without giving any trouble. The velvet head of the leopard crouched for her master's approval and the fierce Bengal tiger obeyed his voice. But there was a sullen air about one of the lions, named Pasha, a big tawny beast, the largest and strongest of them all. The lion-tamer's wife held her breath with fear more than once, but still the power of the man conquered and there was no open act of rebellion.

The last, the crowning scene, approached—one devised by the lion-tamer himself as the grand sensational finish. Harnessing three big lions to a red chariot, he proceeded to tear around the arena three or four times previous to whisking off and sending the performance.

Storms of applause accompanied him; truly it was marvellous; the red chariot flashing by with its terrible speeds, the strong, steady figure standing bolt upright in spite of the furious speed, one hand holding the reins, the other the uplifted whip.

Suddenly Pasha's temper flared; he had brought another round of the arena on himself by his sullen behaviour and he resented it. Without warning he broke loose from the chariot and stood lashing his tail and showing every sign of being in a dangerous mood.

Without a second's delay the lion-tamer leaped from the chariot and, fixing his eyes sternly on Pasha, ordered him back to his place. He seemed about to obey, cowed by his master's eye. He took a step towards the chariot, then turned and sprang on him with a savage roar.

Quick as lightning the trainer leaped aside; just in time—the lion only ripped his coat. But his blood was up; with another roar of fury he prepared to spring again.

Strike a rent the air; a moment more and the tamer must be torn in pieces; there seemed no chance of escape. But Pasha had seen all. Even as the lion poised himself for the spring he had leaped forward, caught him by the throat and checked it. And there he hung for a few seconds, while the lion roared with a rage, struggling to throw him off and blind with fury at such a foe. Well did poor Pasha know, what he risked in the attempt, and nobly was he ready to give his own life to save his master's.

With wonderful firmness he held on, but all his pluck and strength could not avert the doom which a moment or two must bring. Still, those moments gave his master time to escape.

The crowd cheered wildly, urging him to fly; his wife sprang to the iron cage, imploring him to leave the arena. But the flesh of his eye and the quiver of his nostrils showed other thoughts than that of securing his safety. What! desert his faithful friend, leave to a cruel death the noble dog, who had risked his life to save him? Never!

Near the entrance of the arena lay a stout cudgel, which he secured not a moment too soon, for the enraged lion had at last shaken off the dog; but ere he could seize him a blow descended on Pasha's nose with terrific force, and the first was followed by a perfect storm of them so surely aimed and swiftly dealt that in a few moments the huge beast lay at his feet thoroughly cowed. Then he, with the other lions, who had remained passive, perhaps from the suddenness of the attack, were driven by the lion-tamer to their dens, and he and his dog remained unhurt and victorious.

Cheer after cheer went up; the crowd were mad with delight and excitement as the lion-king, leading his brave dog, advanced to the middle of the arena, where he stood for a minute or so caressing it and bowing to the audience. The people could hardly let them go, and when at last they disappeared together, a kind of deep gasp or sigh relieved the terror of the last few moments, passing over the mighty crowd like the breeze which rustles the leaves of a forest.—Little Folks.

One of the successful young business men of Boston is William A. Gaston. He recently said: "Whether a young man should go to college or not, depends largely upon what he intends to do. Of course, a good education is no load to carry, and can always be turned to advantage. If a youth intends to become a professional man, he should go to college, by all means.

"As to whether it would be advisable for young men to leave their rural homes and enter the large cities, in search of greater opportunities to distinguish themselves, it seems to me that each must settle the question individually. Certainly, opportunities are more numerous and greater in a city, and talents, genius and ability have a wider scope.

"Regarding the chances of a young man in mercantile life to day, compared with those of twenty-five years ago, it seems to me that they are not so good now as they were then. Formerly, when a boy entered a mercantile house, he began at the bottom and worked his way up. If he were honest, attentive and worthy, he could

count on a regular increase in salary and a yearly promotion, and, in due time, he had good prospect of becoming one of the partners. These conditions, I think, have materially changed.

"This is an age of specialities, whether it be in medicine, surgery or commercial pursuits. It rather see a young man who can do one thing well and stick to it, than to see him dabbling in a dozen different things, unable to perfect himself in any branch.

"In these days of hustling activity and sharp competition, the man who has a talent for setting others to work, and of getting the most out of them, is the man who will succeed. Business has assumed such gigantic proportions that individual effort seems lost. One man cannot attend to all the details. It is the directing force which is the most valuable. One must select the assistants who will carry out his ideas as if he himself directed the operations personally, and obtain the desired results. The man who does this will make himself valuable, and is sure to make his mark.

"Is honesty the best policy? Most certainly. It is not only the best policy, but it is right; and, in the end, right wins."

On Keeping One's Word. Many young men seem to think that the giving of a promise is a mere joke, or jolly, as they call it in the slang of the day. They never keep their engagements, either pecuniary or otherwise, and when taken to task for their failure to meet obligations, they, to use another colloquialism, put up a big bluff in order to get out of the difficulty into which their lack of promptness or punctuality has plunged them.

That is, they add one lie to another until there is such a mountain of falsehoods that they constantly contradict themselves through a lack of ability to remember all the fabulous stories they have told. To have the reputation of being a liar is one of the worst things that can befall a young man. Nobody wants the person who has it around. It interferes greatly with any pursuit in which he may engage. The deliberate and persistent falsifier soon gets marked, like a counterfeit banknote. He will not pass muster in any reputable society. He is shunned because nobody's reputation is safe in his hands, and he is a social and business nuisance that the unofficial moral board of health condemns at all seasons. The lying habit is one of the hardest in the world to break. It is like the old man of the sea in the "Arabian Nights." It has a grip like a vise, and holds on to its victim with a pertinacity which proves conclusively that the devil is the father of lies.

Therefore, all men in the morning of life should avoid forming it by constant and careful watchfulness of their words. Let them say what they mean and mean what they say, and they can not go far astray. Thus will they build up a character that will command respect at all times and in all places, for if a young fellow is truthful he is not apt to fall into the other sins which do so much to wreck the lives of youth. The vices of our younger days, unless checked in the beginning, are likely to be with us in our old age, and a gray-haired liar is about as despicable an object as humanity can present. On the verge of the grave he is defying heaven, which is truth itself. The person who is habitually untruthful is always a failure in business in the end. No reliance is placed upon what he says, and, therefore, his goods remain unsold upon his shelves and counters. Then comes bankruptcy, with not infrequently a criminal charge behind it, for the man who will lie to his customers will lie to his creditors, and deny that he has removed goods surreptitiously, for his own profit and in order that he may live on ill-gotten gains. Thus one vice leads to another, until the person whose word is not as good as his bond is the possessor of nearly all the sins in the calendar.

In large communities there is apt to be more deliberate falsifying than in small ones. And this is not wholly due to the fact that there are more people and, consequently, more that are apt to be unreliable. Even comparatively speaking there are more untruthful people in large cities than there are in small towns. The slippery fellows know that detection will follow them quicker in the latter than in the former. Hence nearly all the "crooks" and degenerates are to be found where the population is large. But the world is getting so small now-a-days, with improved detective service, and telephone and telegraph communications, that a man cannot hide his real character for any great length of time. It is sure that a man's sin will be found out wherever he may be, and the longer this detection is delayed the greater will be the eventual punishment.

I knew a young man once who violated a sacred trust. He pretended to be honest, sincere, devout, but he was a living liar—a hypocrite. Well, the day of reckoning came. His lies and his speculations were discovered, and he is now in a felon's cell, where he deserved to be long ago. And he began his career by lying in order to get money to live beyond his means. His falsifications were discovered and this led to the unveiling of his other crimes. He had expensive tastes and was fond of fine clothes, and he determined to have them at any cost. Consequently he gave himself away, for people knew his salary would not warrant the amount of his expenditures. He never was a man of his word, and he lied to the last, and now, in the language of Tom Hood,

credit for making me the new man I feel to be to day. As evidence that my recovery is complete I have only to state that this spring I have conducted a number of auction sales in the open air with perfect ease and with entire satisfaction to my clients.

"I am as much averse to making personal matters public as any one could possibly be, but my long continued illness was so widely known and my recovery has been so marked and satisfactory that I feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to the simple but effective remedy which cured me, and this is why I thus acknowledge it, as well as to show to those who are up in years and in ill health what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me."

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In conversation with a reporter of the Free Press he said: "I felt that my days of usefulness were over. My strength had departed, my voice was gone. I was too weak to do work of any kind and I was undeniably useless to myself or anyone else. My symptoms were peculiar and baffled several of the best local physicians, who differed very much in their diagnosis. I took their medicines faithfully, but no improvement resulted. I did not suffer much pain, but was a very sick man. Had no appetite, no strength, could not sleep, and both myself and my friends concluded that my days on earth were numbered and that my worn-out system would lie down in eternal rest. I had to give up all my business interests." When Mr. Hemstreet's condition was most serious his attention was attracted by the published testimonial of Rev. Mr. Freeman, a minister with whom he was personally acquainted, relating to his restoration to health after using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He was particularly impressed with this testimonial and concluded that these pills must possess singular merit and healing power or Rev. Mr. Freeman would not lend his name to their approbation.

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LABATT'S PORTER.

Undoubtedly the Best brewed on the continent. PROVED to be so by Analyses of four Chemists, and by Awards of the World's Great Exhibitions, especially Chicago, 1893, where it received 96 points out of a hundred—much higher than any other Porter in United States or Canada.

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He lies like a hedgehog rolled up the wrong way. "Tormenting himself with his prickles." A young man should never give a promise rashly, but having once given it should live up to his promise to the letter. In short, he should be a man of his word:—"But the sunshine aye shall light the sky As round and round we run. And the truth shall ever come uppermost And justice shall be done."—Benedict Bell in Sacred Heart Review.

WILLIAM HEMSTREET'S HEALTH RENewed at Seventy.

HE WAS AFFLICTED WITH ILLNESS FOR A LONG PERIOD, AND THOUGHT HIS DAYS OF USEFULNESS WERE PAST—HE IS AGAIN AS HEARTY AND ROBUST AS HE WAS TWENTY YEARS AGO.

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Mr. Hemstreet then decided to give them a trial; he first got one box, then three, then half a dozen, and took them regularly. No very marked effects, he says, were noticeable, but with characteristic persistence he purchased a further supply. By the time twelve or thirteen boxes had been taken, he felt that new blood was coursing through his veins; that he possessed renewed vigor and was able to perform all the duties his business calls demanded. "For a year I continued to take the pills," he said. "I knew I was regaining my old time strength and good health and I was determined the cure should be complete and permanent, and I give them the

credit for making me the new man I feel to be to day. As evidence that my recovery is complete I have only to state that this spring I have conducted a number of auction sales in the open air with perfect ease and with entire satisfaction to my clients.

"I am as much averse to making personal matters public as any one could possibly be, but my long continued illness was so widely known and my recovery has been so marked and satisfactory that I feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to the simple but effective remedy which cured me, and this is why I thus acknowledge it, as well as to show to those who are up in years and in ill health what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves thus avoiding disease from the system. Avoid limitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

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