

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Low Sunday.

TRUE AND LASTING PEACE.

Jesus came and stood in the midst, and said to them: "Peace be to you." (From the Gospel of the Sunday).

Peace be to you! This is our Lord's Easter blessing, thrice repeated in the gospel of today, and a blessing which all His faithful may obtain. And it is the one for which we are continually seeking, each in his own way, but which we can find nowhere but with Him who to-day offers it to us.

What is this peace? Is it freedom from conflict? Is the Christian to have no battle to fight, no enemy to overcome? No, surely our Lord does not promise us such an easy road to heaven as this. "Do not think," He says, "that I came to send peace upon earth; I came not to send peace, but the sword."

We must make up our minds, for the sake of the Christian faith, to sustain not only the assaults of the devil and of our own evil passions, but also the opposition of those enemies, our friends. "A man's enemies," our Saviour goes on to say, "shall be of his own household."

In this sense, then, we cannot hope for peace in this world. No, our lot must be, if we have really enlisted in Christ's army, that of all soldiers: war, and its turmoil. As St. Paul says it was for himself so must it be for us: "combats without, fears within." Struggles for our temporal life; for God has said to Adam our father, and in him to us his children: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread; thou shalt struggle for more terrible and momentous for our spiritual life, against flesh and blood, also against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the world of this darkness, in which a single slip may mean eternal ruin, a single wound instant death.

Where, then, is our peace in this inevitable war, this contest which demands all the energies of our body and soul? What peace can we have while its issue is still uncertain, its events yet unknown? Surely it seems a mockery for our Lord to say, "Peace be to you," when He sends us not peace, but war and its alarms.

But it is not a mockery; He who cannot be deceived also cannot deceive. His words are faithful and true. He has really peace to give us—peace in the midst of combat, calm even in the storm.

When the storm arose on the sea of Galilee, and He was asleep in the boat, His disciples came to Him, saying: "Lord, save us, we perish." But He answered: "Why are you fearful, O ye of little faith?" Was there not reason for them to be fearful, to lose their peace of mind, when death was staring them in the face, and all their efforts to save themselves were vain? No, not if they had faith to show that God was with them.

This, then, should have been their peace; this should be ours: the possession of God. He has given Himself entirely for us and to us in the battle in which He has placed us. He fights on our side. What, then, have we to fear if we will only keep close to Him?

We are sure of the victory if we call Him to our aid. As St. Paul says, "If God be for us, who is against us? He that spared not even His own Son, but believed Him up for us all, how hath He not also with Him given us all things?"

Peace, then, we should have in our spiritual combat; but how in the battle for our temporal life? Here we are not promised success; no, it must be defeat, at least in the end. We must lose at last by death all that we seek of the goods of this world. The peace which the world gives is then a delusion; it lasts but for an hour; the shadow of death is upon it. "O death!" says Holy Scripture, "how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that hath peace in his possession!"

Have again, therefore, our true peace is in the possession of Him who is eternal; in this is the peace which the world cannot give nor take away. All the storms of this world will not shake or disturb him whose house is built on this rock. "Who," again says St. Paul, "shall separate us from the love of Christ; shall tribulation, or distress, or famine, or nakedness, or danger, or persecution, or the sword?"

This, therefore, is the true peace of the Christian: confidence in God, indifference to all that is not God. It is the peace of our Lord Himself. "My peace," He says, "I give unto you." Let us ask Him indeed to give it to us, now and for evermore.

Many people, with the notion that nature ought to take care of herself, allow a cough to plague them for weeks and months. Whereas, if nature were assisted with a dose of two of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, the cure might be effected in a very few days.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"Arise, Ye Dead, and Come to Judgment"

Let us wander back in thought over the vanished centuries. It is night, and we are in the streets of Rome. How strange, how weirdly beautiful look its towers, domes, and palaces, basking in the silvery moonlight! The pearly stars are peeping out, one by one; the evening dews are falling, and the little birds are singing their "good night" songs. Ever and anon the peaceful silence is broken by the soft, sweet echo of some distant lute.

Let us stand here before this gorgeous castle which rises majestically in the very heart of proud, imperial Rome. It is one glowing mass. Thousands of waxen tapers flame in hall, in rooms, on stair-cases. We enter. The splendidly furnished rooms are fitted to-night for the reception of the very flower of haughty Rome. The sumptuous apartments are thronged with high-born ladies and gentlemen.

Surely a ball or fete of some sort is in progress. The ladies are superbly attired; some in rich, black silks reticé; others in emerald trimmings; others on whose dress and arms diamonds are shining like stars, again others in white satin robes aflame with richest rubies. Everyone is in harmony with the flowers, the perfumes, the music around. The scene is simply ideal and bewitchingly distracting; the costumes, the flowers, the decorations, and, indeed, the faces, are all of the rarest beauty.

In the midst of this dazzling splendor stands a young cavalier surrounded by a laughing group of ladies. He seems to be the hero of the occasion. His handsome, high bred face, his unsurpassed wit, his lofty mien, his faultless attire, make him the centre of attraction. Silvery peals of laughter provoked by the young knight's sayings are echoing through the perfumed halls. Suddenly a deathly pallor o'erspreads his face, he becomes at once strangely silent, his eyes have a look of terror. What is it? Some supernatural sound, audible to himself only, is ringing through his ears. 'Tis the mercy of the Omnipotent calling him. He breaks abruptly away from his admirers, and rushes from the ball-room, on through the slumbering city's silent streets, as if pursued by some dreadful monster. Still he hears the awful sepulchral voice that rose high above the music of the ball-room, the voice that shall ring in his ears forever more: "Arise ye dead, and come to judgment!" Onward still he flies. Great crimson flushes streaked with gold, begin to color the eastern sky; they remind him of the gleaming jewels and the flashing colors of the gay ball-room. He shudders. "I have been mad, mad to forget it," he mutters, and turns in the direction of his home.

What is it he considers a madness to have forgotten? Let the sequel tell. He enters his house, and flings himself face downwards, on a couch, pondering still on the frightful trumpstones and the awful accompanying summons: "Arise ye dead, and come to judgment!" that came so strangely to him, mid wine and laughter and song, and smote into the very core of his heart. At length he falls upon his knees, and vows to God, that his gay, old haunts shall see him no more, that henceforth his life shall be one of atonement for his wasted, sinful past.

Soon all Rome is astounded to hear that the gay leader of its "beau monde" has gone bare-foot, and is on his way to the Holy Land. He, the handsome, proud, noble, learned, courteous, Jerome, the idol of Rome's polished circles, gone, weeping and humbled, to pray, to do penance and seek pardon in the places where Our Lord had suffered and died for a sinful world.

There he remained till the end of his days, deploring his infidelities to God, and performing such penances as make us shrink at the bare mention of them. Even there the devil pursued him, and tried to lure him back by placing before his mind enticing pictures of the old life in Rome. Then did Jerome redouble his austerities and prayers, and as a counter-distraction, applied himself to the study of the Hebrew language, by which he afterwards rendered such service to the Church, the translation of the Bible from the Hebrew. And ever and ever, mid study, austerity and fierce temptation, sounded the solemn, mysterious call, which years back in the voluptuous ball-room struck upon his soul and made such a complete, such an instantaneous, change in his life: "Arise ye dead, and come to judgment!"

At Bethlehem, in the year 420, worn out by age and austerities, he sank into "the sleep that knows no waking," and his soul, borne upward by rejoicing angels, rests forever 'mid the glories of heaven. His body lies now beneath the church of St. Mary Major in Rome. Thus did Rome give a last resting-place to the remains of her traitor son, the great St. Jerome, Doctor of the Church.

MAUD.

In Love With His Mother.

Of all the love affairs in the world none can surpass the true love of a big boy for his mother. It is pure and noble, honorable to the highest degree in both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection. I mean a love that makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband, nothing so crowns a woman's life with honor as this second love, this devotion of a son to her. I never yet knew a boy to turn out hopelessly bad who

began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect his worn and weary wife, but the boy who is a lover of his mother in her middle age is a true knight, who will love his wife as much in her sear-leaved autumn as he did in the daisied spring-time.—Selected.

A Word to the Boys.

The head of a large mercantile house was looking for a lad whom he could trust to fill a responsible place. Several were recommended, and of one it was said: "He's just the person, but he can't be spared from his present position." "Then," replied the gentleman, "that's the boy I want." There was a volume in the remark. Take the hint, boys, and make yourself so valuable to your present employer that other men will desire your services.

The Elephant Remembered.

Five months ago at Pittsburgh a small boy, with several companions, was feeding one of the elephants at the zoo in Schenley Park, known as Gusky. He handed her buns on a nail fastened in the end of a long stick. The boy for fun jabbed the nail deep into the elephant's trunk, and then ran away. Last week the same boy visited the zoo. Suddenly the elephant threw her trunk in the air, and trumpeting, made a rush for the boy.

Keeper Andy Neelan seized a pitchfork and ran for the elephant, shouting, "Back!" For the first time in her life Gusky refused to obey. She had thrown the boy up against the side of the shed and was rushing for him with her trunk. In a moment more she would have trampled him under her feet. The keeper thrust the fork into her shoulder and forced her back, saving the boy's life. Gusky sank back into her corner and gazed appealingly at the keeper, but she was beaten.

The crying, frightened boy at first denied that he had ever hurt Gusky, but finally confessed. Neelan warned him never to come there again, adding: "If you ever see that elephant anywhere, you start to run, because she'll be after you. She will know you twenty years hence. Now you get" and the boy "got."

What Brains Can Do.

A remarkable instance of how opportunities lie all around us unheeded is shown in the story of the paper doll industry. Any beginning, however small, has in it the elements of great prosperity if there are brains thereabouts to develop it. But the story of the paper doll industry is a particularly good one.

Three sisters found themselves thrown out of a living by financial reverses. They were naturally very blue at first, but in a happy moment they used their fingers and made some pretty paper dolls and put them in the shops of their native city on sale. These attracted such attention that a stationer asked the girls to make more of them and give him the exclusive right to sell them. They hired thirty girls to help them and the first year of their enterprise made 8,000 paper dolls.

All went on swimmingly for a time when the failure of a firm threw them out on the cold world again. But by this time they knew what they could do. They went into business for themselves, and added paper flowers and other paper fancies to their manufactured articles. They possessed really artistic taste and skill, and the business grew beyond what any of them dreamed of. Their mother became their financial manager early in the history of the business and led them safe through. A correspondent says they now have branch houses in several cities of the United States, that they have nearly a hundred workwomen, handsome offices and factory, all the money they need and are very happy, and they are still young and pretty besides.

How Tom got His Bicycle.

"Well, mother, Dick Arnold got his bicycle to-day," said Tom Edwards, as he walked into the room where his mother and little sister Theresa were sitting.

"Dick makes the eighth boy out of our ball nine to get a bicycle, and on the 1st of April they are to start a club."

Tom had long been wishing for a "safty" and had spoken of it several times to his father, but Mr. Edwards, who was a young merchant just starting out in business, considered it as throwing so much money away, and had sternly forbidden Tom to mention the subject to him again.

"Why do you not say the prayer to St. Joseph which Sister gave us the other day," said Theresa. "Three days of March have already passed, but perhaps if you were to say the prayer twice a day for every day you have missed St. Joseph would not mind."

But Tom only shuffled out of the room. He was in a bad humor to-night and did not wish to be talked to. But the good seed had not been thrown away. Tom thought more than once of what his little sister had said, and that night when prayer time came, he pulled from his pocket, where it had been poked when first given him, the little prayer to St. Joseph to be said during March.

Night after night he said his prayer as day by day the month wore on. Losing confidence sometimes during the day but always receiving it at night after he had said his prayers and gone to bed to dream all night long of his wheel and the races he would win. Every day Tom would walk back and forth to school with some of the

boys of his nine and they would tell him of their new plans and the time they could already make. Very little interest was taken in base ball now, and poor Tom would go home with a heavy heart after their meetings. All their interest was centered in the new wheel club.

It was the afternoon of the thirty-first of March. Tom had walked to school with Dick and had learned how the other eight boys were to meet the next morning, Saturday, in Dick's gymnasium room in their large stable, and have a formal opening of the new club. Tom did little studying that afternoon; his mind would keep going back to that gymnasium room where he could see all the other boys with their new wheels holding their enthusiastic meeting, but he was not among them.

When school was dismissed Tom purposely started off home by himself. As he passed the church he slipped in to say for that, the last day of the month, his prayer to St. Joseph, the only hope he had left. In a few minutes he was out again in the street on his way home, but with renewed confidence.

The evening passed as usual. Mr. Edwards had been home to supper and was again back to his business. Tom read a while, as he had no lessons to learn, and when 9:30 came, started up to bed. Upon reaching his room, he lit the gas, and turned around to prepare himself for bed, but—what was that which shone so brightly from the corner? Tom did not have to guess twice.

"St. Joseph," he uttered as he turned to examine his gift.

His prayer had been answered. The long wished-for bicycle was his, at last.

The 31st of March was Tom's birthday, but as very little notice had ever been taken of it in the Edwards family, Tom had not looked forward to it with any interest, except to add one more year to the thirteen he had already counted. His father had given him the bicycle as a birthday present, but Tom knew in his heart that it was St. Joseph who had prompted him to do so, and felt all the more grateful for the way in which it had been sent.

The boys were very much surprised at their meeting next morning to see Tom come riding up on his bicycle, the nicest one of the nine.

Several years have passed since Tom got his bicycle, but ever since he has found in St. Joseph a guide, father and model, and like St. Theresa has never asked for anything which he has not received.

S. J. T.

Ritualism.

The Anglican congregation of St. Mary the Virgin in New York has reached a sky-high point in "High Churchism." Not content with "High Mass" and "Benediction," and "Midnight Mass" at Christmas, the rector, Father Brown, has introduced Lenten devotions. A beautiful set of Stations has been set up, and the devotions consist in making the Way of the Cross according to the Catholic ceremonial. There are candles, crucifix, surplices, and a procession. Father Brown even goes one step beyond the Roman formula by intoning, instead of simply reciting, the "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and Doxology, after each Station; and his parishioners make the Sign of the Cross as often as Father Brown does, and he makes it frequently and deliberately and orthodoxly. Moreover, a verse of the "Salut Mater" is sung by the choir as the procession passes from Station to Station.

There is something ridiculous in most of the Anglican imitations of Rome. A minister of the Church of England arrayed in the clothes of the true religion reminds one of a small boy with his first pair of trousers. It is so plain that he is not at home in them. But these Lenten devotions at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin are more serious. It looks as if Father Brown and his flock were really trying to enter into the spirit of the Church. Their devotion to the Queen of Dolours will surely not go unrewarded. She is our way to Christ, as she was His way to us; and they who truly venerate her cannot be far from the Kingdom of God.—Ave Maria.

Don't Delay.

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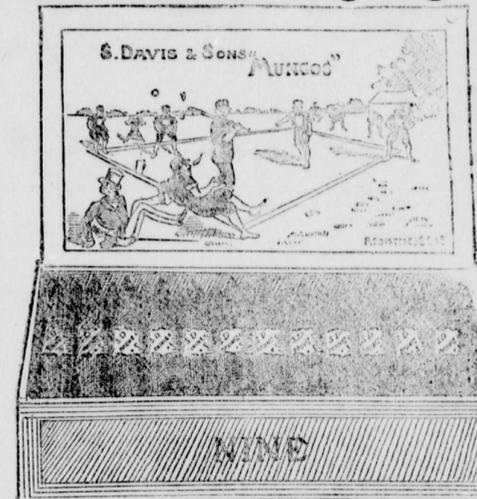
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