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Second Sunday after Easter. DEAD FAITH.

That Christ may dwell by faith in your earts. (Ephes. iii. 17.)

Holy Writ teaches us in many places, my brethren, that God dwells in our hearts by charity, and here we are taught that He dwells by faith also. Of course, the meaning is the same. For an elect soul to know Christ is to love Him. And even for a reprobate scul to know the truth of religion is that indescribable boon which makes a possible salvation capable of becoming quickly real. How terrible the mistortune of the Calvinist who believes that a bad the Calvinist who believes that a bad life necessarily means absence of faith! How consoling to know that our sinful friends, if they have but the true faith, have a seed of eternal life which may yet spring up into a fruitful tree! Yet it is terrible to think of how some men triffs with their faith. Brathean

men trifle with their faith. Brethren, look at the end and judge the beginning by it. The end of wicked men is damnation, hopeless and eternal. Now what is the faith in hell? Something that makes the Christian's torment gether peculiar. There the name of Christian, now so noble, now entitl-ing its bearer to pardon for every sin if but breathed forth with an act of sorrow-there the name of Christian will be a nickname. In one way he will have more faith then than now; he will know more of revealed truth, have a clearer knowledge of heavenly things. But then the Hand wounded by the pail, and which pow is never out of reach, will be withdrawn finally and forever. Imagine the agony of a soul in hell, whom each article of faith will cause for ever to wail and weep only this one sentence: "It is all my own fault." Bretaren, you may com-plain that this sort of preaching does not provoke to much mirth. But there those who should know that for them this ought to be a time of weeping and not of being merry—persons who have faith in their hearts, but not Onrist. For see how men in Italy, holding fast to the truth with one hand, have with the other set up the abomination of desolation in the holy place. And see how, in France, men who deem themselves insulted if called anything but Catholics, yet deliberate ly rob the children of the people of the bread of life by establishing paganism in the schools. And see how many there are among us whose faith, instead of being a rule to live by, an irresist-ible attraction towards our Lord in a true grief for sin and strict union with him, sealed by frequent Communion, is but something handed down from father to son, like name and color and race a traditional faith - and this proved by their vicious lives.

by their vicious lives.

But happy are they in whose hearts faith has prepared a dwelling for our Saviour. Our Lord is surely present within us if we are in the state of grace. Hear what He says: "If any one love Hear what He says: "It any one love Me, he will keep My word; and my Father will love Him, and We will come to Him, and will make an abode with He comes, indeed, silently; He hushes the festive greetings of the angels who escort Him; He hides the dazzling glory of His ascended triumph, for now it is faith and not sight. But there in the heart He none the lest dwells. We live with Him. The Christian feels His presence. He has an interior life whose very breath is that presence. He is stamped with our Lord's character. Such a soul is truly and literally called faithful— faith full—And once you are intimately Such a soul is acquainted with him you perceive in his ways and actions that our Lord lives with him. Better yet, he per-ceives it himself. How different he is from cno whose knowledge of religion is more persuasion of the mind and empty talk! With the true Christian knowledge is power. To know the true faith is for him to know how to live; better yet, to know how to suffer, how to wait, how to love, how to die.

Brethren, this congregation is divided into two parts—those who are to be saved and those who are not. Those of you who are to be saved are those in whose hearts Jesus Christ actually dwells by faith. Those who are to be lost are those whose faith means that Christ has a claim against them, pay-ment of which they will postpone till it is too late.

THE OUGHT-TO-BE'S.

(Written for The Ca'holic Standard and Times sy Rev. J. T. Roche, author of "The Obligation of Hearing Mass," "Our Lady of Guedeline." "Month of St. Joseph," "Belief at d'Unbellef," etc.)

NO CHANCE TO TALK BACK. I have sometimes felt that the Catho I have sometimes left that the Catho lie young woman is hardly ever given a chance to talk back. She is the recipient of a great deal of wholesome advice, and is made to feel in many ways that her chief duty is to listen and learn. She herself is seldom consulted when theories concerning her welfare are propounded, and she must naturally recent the attitude of those who have resent the attitude of those who have resent the attitude of those who have nothing but advice to give. She cannot help feeling that she has a destiny to work out in the world, and that she is handicapped by the bare fact that the working out of that destiny is largely dependent upon the whims and fancies of the male persuasion. She has to be sought after rather than to seek. She cannot think of being married until she is asked. It is not permitted to her even to make the first advances along sentimental lines, for fear of shocking the sensibilities of the superior creature who is to be her liege lord and future master. She is expected to be demure and coy, and retiring and bash ful, and meek and modest and all that, but if she be passed by in the matrimonial scramble she finds herself designation. nated with the opprobrious epithet of "old maid," and all because she is not "old maid," and all because she is not supposed to have any rights save those which come to her through the grace and favor of the opposite sex. She is expected to marry a Catholic young man, of course, and she would much prefer to do so, "all things else being equal."

might be, and where he is plentiful he is not always persuasive. Sometimes he is not as conscientious as his Catholic sister, and lavishes his attentions upon young women without the fold. When he is conscientious, he is frequently lacking in pride and ambition and feels that he is not condenough for and feels that he is not good enough for the young lady who has received nearly all of the family accomplishments. In this he is often mistaken. She is proud and independent, but she has sense enough to recognize true manhood when the finds it, whether it be in the gart of the artisan or under the more polished exterior of the banker's clerk. Through no fault of hers she is sometimes face to face with the proposition of a "mixed marriage" or no marriage at all. It may be that no marriage would be the best solution of her difficulty, but the tendrils of the human heart reach out mysteriously, and life and love and happiness are all wonderfully wrapped up in this old marriage problem. Law-givers may legislate, and preachers may preach, and theologians may point out the rough and narrow way that leads to perfection, but the poet who sings of love will be listened to long after preacher and teacher and law giver have been forgotten. And yet, by a strange anomoly of fate, love itself, the very well spring and source of human happi ness, unless consecrated by faith and founded upon religious motives, is defounded upon religious motives, is de-structive of the very happiness which, like some gilded Quivera, is ever to be found in a youthful land of hope and promises, but which, like the promised and of old, is closed to those who wander in the desert of life. It is the great mystery of life over again—of humanity made for God, striving in vain to find happiness in those things which do not rest upon God or upon a supernatural basis, the vanity of vani-ties which pagan and believer alike have realized, the bitter wisdom which the world has learned through suffering and sorrow and sin and death.

OUR MISTAKE.
Our system of training is frequently at fault. It runs to extremes. Where our girls are not entirely neglected are sometimes over educated By this I mean that they are given advantages which are denied to their brothers. The daughters of hardbrothers. working, honest parents are kept at school, whilst their brothers are learning trades or spending their time at tard labor helping to support the family. The whole family is interested family. The whole tamily is interested in seeing that the girls of the household receive as many of the accomplishments as possible. Music and painting and all those things which go to give a finish to a young lady's training are added, with the result that the deather of the mechanic or the artisan daughter of the mechanic or the artisan by and by considers herself a degree above her brother in the world and looks for her associates amongst those whose hands are not besmeared with the soct and grime of honest toil. Her brother must look for a wife amongst the girls of a humbler class. The overeducated mechanics daughter is too good for him. She aspires to a maid and a brown stone front and a husband with immaculate linen. Marry a workingman! Heaven forbid! As a result the b nker's clerk and the young professional man are in great-demand, even though the dust-begrimed worker

draws twice the salary of either of them, and is, as a rule in every way a very desirable husban i.

The cheap piano has turned the heads of many of our girls. As soon as they find themselves able to perpentite of the solidal balleds of as they and themselves able to perpo-trate a few of the soulful ballads of the hour on its keys, they begin to look around for some one able to keep them in a style bentting their higher attain-The hero is sometimes slow in coming, and as a last resort they turn to the horny handed sens of toilonly as a last resort.

MUST NOT FORGET. on Sundays and gazes upon the faces of those who approach the table of the Lord understands well the place which the Catholic young woman occupies in the affections of the church. He understands why she is treasured and watched over and cared for as the very apple of the church's eye. It is a where she is ever in the majority. Despite her shortcomings and her errors, she stands in a class all by her self. Her innocence, purity and maidenly modesty are acknowledged the world over Humanity pays to her its tribute of respect. Her moral supremacy is unquestioned, and the church is proud because it has made her so. It is jealous at the same time of her honor, and strives to safeguard it by every means within its power. As the wife and mother of the future, her influence for good will be in proportion to the depth of her religious convicto the depth of her religious convic-tions and in her conformity to the highest type of Christian womanhood. This she must never be permitted to

THE LESSON OF THE PLAIN GOLD RING.

Under the general title "Home" Rev. Robert Kane, S. J., one of the most elequent pulpit orators in Ireland, preached a series of Lenten lectures in St. Francis Xavier's Church, Dublin. The first lecture of the series had as sub title "The Plain Gold Ring," and the manner in which the subject was treated made a deep impression. The speaker took for his text the words, "What God hath joined together let

no man put asunder." Following are some striking passages

from the discourse:
Home!—what gentle memories of dear, dead days that word awakens within our minds! What full, deep meanings that word conveys of a spot where peace should be always present and favor of the opposite sex. She is expected to marry a Catholic young man, of course, and she would much prefer to do so, "all things else being equal."

NOT ALWAYS HER FAULT.

It is this last clause of the contract, however, which is the source of much difficulty. The desirable Catholic young man is not so plentiful as he word, even though it recall many young man is not so plentiful as he where peace should be always present and where true affection should reign supreme! What faithful messages are breathed through that word of a sympathy that never fails and of a friend ship that never forgets! In time of joy the word is like an old song, learned in days of childhood that still ever echces in our ear with the lullaby of our earliest love. In time of trouble or of trial, each of the word, even though it recall many a memory of disappointment, even



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though it bring back many a motive for re ret, has still a strange sweetness in its sadness, a strange balm in its bitter ness, for it speaks to our heart of an unselfishness that survives death Home!—the very word vibrates through all the deep strong chords of character with the music of a beloved melody, with the tenderness of an innocent tear, with the sacredness of an heroic prayer. For home is that charmed circle within which live and love the nearest and the earest friends of earth. WHAT IS HOME?

Home does not merely mean the house that happens to shelter one, nor orly the furniture within. Home is some thing more than what is made of bricks and mortar, with added means of do mestic use and comfort. Home is not merely that material dwelling place where one may change to eat and sleap. where one may chance to eat and sleep, nor is it only the roof-tree which a man can call his own. Home must be, in deed, some spot on earth, for this is its material counterpart. Is may have details of material surroundings, its sights, its sounds, its trifling objects cherished by childhood and sacred to age, its characteristics of position or structure to which endearing associaions cling, its simple ornaments round which tearful memories cluster, its thousand nothings, unnoticed by stranger, that are priceless heirlooms of love to your hears. But home must nean much more.

Home must mean the hallowed rest ing-place where linger the loves that are most sacred on earth. It is the temple of heart affection. It is the sanctuary blessed by noblest human undishere. It is the charge consequent selfishness. It is the shrine consecrated to highest human love. Home means the bonds of blood and ties of tender ness which clasp into one close in-timacy the hearts of those who, hand-in-hand, journey heavenwards. Home is the moral circle within which minds and hearts share the same shelter breathe the same atmosphere, bear the same burdens, sympathize in the same sorrows, enjoy the same pleasures, divide the same toils and contribute to the same success.

It is a moral union of thought and will, so that lives are linked together in the measure of one melody, with varying tone, throbbing harmoniously like human chords, which, each in its own way, ca'ch up and re echo in the same song of soul. Thus, home is the spot which souls, united by blessing of love or boad of blocd, have made their own sweet paradise on earth. Home is llessings fall, for there is no place like

Such is the ideal. It may, indeed be often overshadowed by weary mist of tears. It may sometimes be darken ed by desolating tempest of grief.

Around it wild winds of strife may shriek, or upon it cold, silent clouds of misfortune cay fall like snowflakes. Yet the ideal is always there. However obscured it may be in the day of life's struggle, or in the night of life's loneli ness, it is often lit up in the evening of age with a glory of sunset, while in youth's dawn it is almost always bril liant with bright promises and colored by warm enthusiasm. Taus it comes to pass that this ideal, in its truest and holiest aspect, comes before the thought of the man, of the maiden whose heart begins to flutter forth from that parent nest, in order to seek for another and a dearer home. It is always old, that old, old story; yet it is always strange in the freshness of its revelation — the story of "love's young dream."

LOVE THAT IS TRUE Do not misunderstand, do not mis-judge the noblest instinct of human life Alas! alas! there is nothing true, nothing good, nothing noble, nothing beautiful in human life that has not it caricature. There is nothing lovable that is not exposed to the sneer of the conceited cynic, or to the laughter of the valgar fool. What is most sacred in its majestv may, by a cunning buf foon, be made to look grotesque. Wha foon, be made to look grotesque. What is most exquisite in its simplicity may appear contemptible in the eyes of a stupid student. Thus even love has been warped into meaning either what in human idiocy is most silly, or what in human brutishness is most foul. Of such meanings I do not speak. I do not speak of love that is false. I speak

of love that is true.

There is a word that is the very name

of God. Its realization amongst creatures is heaven, and the lost knowledge of it is hell. All truth leads towards it of it is hell. All truth leads towards it and from it all good comes. Its faithful likeness is sanctity, and its caricature is sin. It is the very root of unselfishness. It gives sap to whatever has real worth in it. Its flower is perfectness. This one great power in human life works in human ways. It perfectness. This one great power human life works in human ways. may first dawn with the vision beautiful face, or its first echo may thrill its magnetic influence through the tones of a sweet voice, or its electric spark may first flash forth from the couch of a kind deed or from the nearness of a noble character. But, how ever simple its cause may seem, the power of love, if it be true, is sacred. It may be born of what is very buman but t lifts man or maiden towards what is divine. It lifts one above oneself. It takes one from out of oneself. It makes one better than oneself. For, if it be love, it does not look for gain or barter. I t be love, it does not turn inward, but it goes forth to bless. Therefore, it is that true love is "strong as death." Therefore it is that true love offers with its love all the treasures of its life. Therefore it is that true love holds to its love with a devotedness unio death. Therefore it is that love syong dream looks towards the symbol of sacred constancy, the Plain Gold Ring. I wo ideas are chiefly suggested by Plain Gold Ring First, the sacredness of love; that is to say. Christian mar riage is a sacrament. Second, the faithpipess of love; that is to say, the boad of Christian marriage is unbreakable.

Having quoted many passages from the Scripture, each and all of which clearly proved the indissolubility of the marriage tie, the speaker said divorce could not interfere with it, because the bond was binding and lasted till death It was the law of God, and kings, lords and commons could not un-do the work which God had wrought.

THE PLAIN GOLD EING AND ITS

'Tis the lesson of the plain gold ring. It is only a plain ring. There is upon it no quaint device, no pretty emblem Upon it there is no ruby blush, no dark green depth of emerald, to sheen of sapphire, no diamond flash. It is quite simple. It is quite plain. Deep down under the dark and heavy soil, amidst the stones and clay, the living root spreads its tender fibres out, and from the moist earth drinks the draughts with which it feeds the strength of the tree's gigantic stem and gives their loveliness or their lusciousness to flower or to fruit. Thus all the strength and worth of social life, its fixedness of moral principle, its branching forth in science, art and industry, its useful fruit of fascinating flower, all this liv ing outcome of man's higher nature draws all its power from its roots in human homes held together by the plain gold ring. It is plain, but it is precious, precious as purest gold. Gold is less strong than steel, more heavy than lead, yet gold is the king of metals, and yet gold is the Ring of metals, and mightily rules the world of matter. There is nothing curious in art, strange or stupendous in science, energetic in industry, useful for comfort, helpful to industry, useful for comfort, helpful to health or potent against diseasehealth or potent against disease—there is nothing that man's eye can see, nothing that man's hand can grasp but can be bought with gold. Gold is the standard and the measure of all value. There is nothing that gold cannot buy, except one thing, and of this thing gold is only the lesser type and emblem. Gold is the emblem of love. No gold can buy love. Love is what is most can buy love. Love is what is most precious in life, and therefore it is that when the loves of bridegroom and bride are made one love of home they are united with a plain gold ring. Plain and precious, it has also its meaning as a ring. The plain but precious atoms are moulded into one line which yet with ceaseless constant curve turns towards one central point MUST NOT FORGET.

Notwithstanding all that has been said, it is a fact, nevertheless, that the priest who stands at the altar railing p of grief or joy, through all its plain but and sterile soil, whether the young precious trifles of simple helpfulness or quick slood best sturdily in your veins, precious trines of simple neighboress of sweet sympathy, bends always, with unfailing faithfulness, with enduring devotedness, towards the one central point of the love that encircles the with the perfectness and deathlessness of a ring.
ONE UNTIL DEATH.

The love of the plain gold ring can only fail when the hand which it clasped has crumbled to ashes and when the warm, young heart which it dwelt in has become changed into dull, cold

Wherefore on that great day when the heart of the young man fluttered forth from his lips to become one with the heart of his bride, he says to her: With this ring I thee wed." fore did each say to each: "I take thee to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer for ward, for better, for worse, for reader, for poorer, in sickness and in health till death do us part; and thereto I plight thee my troth."

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Frequently we hear good, plous people express surprise that their prayers have born, no fruit. Sometimes they even intimate that their faith in the efficacy of prayer is faltering. Earely, however, does it occur to them that they have not prayed at all, or that the things for which they have prayed would be detrimental to their eternal salvation if granted.

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