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M. DONNELLY, Proprietor

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Palm Sunday.

HARDNESS OF HEART To-day if you shall hear His voice, harden not

MARCH#17, 1894

These words, my dear brethren, are taken from the beginning of the office recited by the clergy on this and the following days, up to Holy Thursday. They entreat us not to let this time, precious above all others, go by without making the use of it which our Lord means that we should make; not also thim show this love for me with to let Him show His love for us with-out giving Him love in return. "Harden not your hearts." How

is it that we harden our hearts? It is by putting off our repentance; by clinging to the world and its pleasures, to the gratification of our sinful passions, and waiting for some time to come when it will be more convenient to give them up, or when we shall feel more strongly moved to do so. We think that this time will surely come, that the stream of God's graces will be uninterrupted, and that when necessity urges we can avail ourselves of the one that happens to be then within our reach as easily as we could have done of the many that went by long ago.

But, my brethren, this is a great and a terrible mistake. It may be, indeed, that God in His goodness and mercy has many graces yet in store for us equal in themselves to those which we have had; but if we have despised and neglected the past ones they will not be the same for us as those were which went before. A word of warning, a single prayer, the sight of the crucifix or of our Blessed Mother, a pious picture, an Agus Dei, is enough to move the innocent soul of a child to the love of God; the most powerful mission-sermon often fails to make any impression on one who has spent his life in sin. It is not the grace that is wanting on God's part. No, He is there in His power; His arm is not shortened; He is still mighty to save. But His voice seems to the deaf ear of the sinner faint and indistinct; His message is the same old story. Yes, it is the same old story; it must be the same, for there is but one. There is but one Name under heaven whereby we can be saved, only one Gospel which we can preach, and the sinner has heard it so often with indifference that its

Then-most dangerous delusion of all—he comforts himself with the hope that at least he will die in the grace of God; that somehow or other he will, as he passes from life to death, be brought from death to life. He for gets that the sacraments were not given to give repentance to the sinner: no, they have for their object to give pardon and grace to those who have repented. Do you think it is of the slightest use to anoint with oil the senses of a man who lies unconscious and who has not, while he had the use of his mind, turned really and truly away in his heart from his sinful life; priest does it, indeed, in hopes that he may have repented; but how faint is that hope for those who have suddenly been stricken down! And even if there is more time; even if some sort of confession can be made is it so sure that the hardened heart, which has all its life loved and clung to its sins, will now love God and hate in? God's mercy is great, it is true;

interest is gone.

cious Blood of Christ is flowing more freely for you than you can expect to find it again. Listen to His voice now : do not wait till it becomes fainter. If you have not spent Lent well so far, come now and make the most of the help so abundantly given you in these holy days. Harden not your hearts any longer; it is a dangerous game to play.

The "Liberal" Catholic.

He is a Catholic of the Protestant His faith embraces all and faith. "All religions are, with him. "one and the same, or, at least, are equally good." Religion may be indeed a good thing to hold wretches in order; but for sensible people like himself it is of no use. Your "liberal "Catholic is little more than an intellectual animal. The idea that he was created to live, not a natural, but a supernatural life, he regards as nonsense; and, rather than elevate his natural life into the bosom of the supernatural and divine, he would drag God down from heaven and entreat His assistance to help him live more completely in accordance with his natural impulses. Such is the "liberal" Catholic. It is needless to say that none such are to be found in the Catholic hierarchy of this country, and but few, we hope, among

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Legend of the Flight Into Egypt. It is the noon of day. A burning sun blazes in an unclouded heaven and darts it pitiless rays on two solitary travellers who pursue their weary way

over an Eastern desert.

The first is a man long past the prime of life, whose appearance betokens one who has earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. His com-panion is a young maiden, surpass-ingly fair, who clasps to her bosom an

infant of tender age.

The glittering, burning sand scorches their sandalled feet and lies scorenes their sandahed feet and fees thick upon their garments, while "the broad sun above laughs a pitiless laugh." Still on they press; they must not loiter." "The shades of night are falling fast when they perceive in the distance a huge rock standing out amid the arid waste. Though footsore and exhausted they redouble their speed in hope of reaching it before the full darkness of night encloses them, and finding, perhaps, some shelter.

As they draw near, they find it to be a large rock-cave; at its entrance stands a woman with a child in her arms; the child a hideous spectacle, for it is infected with the terrible dis ease known as leprosy. These inmates of the cavern are the family of a bandit-chief, now, fortunately, away on one of his marauding expeditions. The woman, touched on seeing the pitiable state of the wanderers, brings them into the cave and sets food and drink before them. After they have drink partaken of the refreshments, she brings water that the young mother may bathe her Child. This done, the robber's wife, as if inspired to recog-nize the heavenly character of her guests-for the poor wayfarers are the Holy Family flying from the rage of Herod-plunges her own child into the basin, and lo! the scales fall from his flesh, and his leprosy is cleansed.

The scene is changed. It is now three-and-thirty years since the incident in the desert-cave. dent in the desert-cave. We are in the streets of Jerusalem,

and, following the surging, howling mob that fills them, we come to the Hill of Calvary.

What a sight meets our gaze! There nailed to a rude cross, suspended between heaven and earth, is the Savious of men, and on either side a malefactor Though covered with wounds and gore we recognize in that central Figure, the Babe, years ago, sheltered in the cave, and in the one on His right hand, the child of the bandit-chief!

What is it stirs the heart of the dying Turning his eyes towards Jesus and hearing Him pray for His persecutors, he is filled with contrition and beseeches Jesus to remember him in Heaven. And the dying Saviour, casting on him a look of love and for-giveness, exclaims: "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." Was it not a magnificent recompense

for the kindness given by the mother of that poor, pardoned, glorified sinner, away back on the desert sea? Thus does the loving Heart of Jesus

remember, thus does It royally repay our poorest, weakest good. F. C. M.

Little Duties.

"Exactness in little duties," says Father Faber, "is a wonderful source of cheerfulness." The little duties of the may now give extraordinary graces. but He is not bound to do so; and if the ordinary ones have failed before they may also fail now.

Yes, my brethren, now is the time—a better time than your last hour. Now, in this Passion season the Precious Blood of Christ is flowing more recommendation. The little duties of the first season the most excruciating. Great pain we can generally endure with resignation, because it is not continuous; it comes and goes and comes again; or even if continuous—such pain, for instance, and the continuous—such pain and the continuous—such pain and the continuous—such pain and the continuous—such pain and the continuous pain and the continuo continuous—such pain, for instance, as a heartache, or the feeling of remorse—we grow accustomed to it, and our nature becomes subdued, like the dyer's hand, to what it works in. Thus there have been whole lives of a slow and almost unremitting anguish. But it is the small and acute agonies that tell most severely and that try human nature to the utmost. There are, for example, the mortifications of our daily existence. There are few natures without pride, and in the rough experience of daily intercourse with humanity a sensitive spot is often wounded. Those who are, in their daily activities, subordinate to others are hurt by an abrupt word or humiliated by the necessity to perform some act that seems beneath their dignity. The tender cuticle is self-love. Every one would be a master if he could; but society is not so constituted, and there be superiors and inferiors, must technically at least; and so there is government and submission and with this condition a susceptibility to irrita-

tion.

The little duties are trying in many ways. Generally they are the most important and cannot be dispensed with. There was a suicide once who gave as his excuse that he was tired of he daily buttoning and unbuttoning; the act of putting on his clothes in the morning and taking them off at night had wearied him, as we may suppose, to the degree of insanity. Here was an impatient and indolent spirit. His remark he wished to have taken in a figurative and comprehensive sense; he was not only tired of dressing and undressing, but of all the other daily duties in the round of existence, even of eating and sleeping and so he sought the sleep from which he should not be obliged to get up. The departure of such a man was no loss; he had no conception of the real meaning of life and was not consti-

tuted to enjoy its pleasures.
Father Faber implies truly that the may find them a well spring of cheer may find them a well spring of cheer fulness. Our habit is to do them carelessly—to hate them, in fact—bride—Marie. They had come as was

when by performing them with attention we would find in them a means of genuine gratification and even delight. There is, indeed, hardly a task that may not be made really agreeable, if we will think what it means and why it is done. We do it, however, in a slovenly way, thoughtlessly, and it becomes perfunctory and a bore. There was a celebrated man who said he had never been bored in his life. His was a fine spirit, for he was rich in resources. His mind to him a king-dom was. Every situation is overflowing with suggestion if we will only apply our minds to the considera-tion of it. And thinking is the keen-est of pleasures; but we must think of what we have in hand at that mo-ment.—The Catholic Mirror.

One Hail Mary. Everyone loved Marie. Her fair, sweet countenance was a faithful in-dex of her unselfish, amiable and gen-erous disposition. Young and old came to her in trouble, and none went away without receiving strength and comfort. The great secret of her power over others lay in her deep spirit of prayer. Prayer was her great resource in every difficulty. And yet her piety was never gloomy. The bright sun of her own native province was scarcely more powerful in diffus-ing light and warmth than was Marie's

presence in causing cheerfulness to reign around her. Among the others, Madame X—came to beg Marie's assistance in the greatest sorrow a good mother's heart can feel. Her only son, M. Gustave X—, an advocate of brilliant talents and rising fame, had, whilst seeking human learning, lost sight of the divine, and his mother had the grief of knowing that her son's noble mind, leaving the bark of Peter, had drifted farther from the shore of Faith, until it was shipwrecked on the rock of infidel

ity. He now openly scoffered at God.

"If you would but speak to him,
Marie," the poor mother pleaded.
"You know no one can resist you." Marie shook her head. "Words would be of no use, dear madame. Your son would argue down the college of Car-dinals. Mightier than any human voice must be that which could move his intellect and heart. Prayer is our one, our only resource. Let us both place his conversion in our Blessed Lady's hands. She will do for him what we could not." Madame X left, wonderfully consoled. She felt rising in her mind the hope that her son would be restored to her, as to the widow of Niam was given back, full of life and strength, the child she mourned as dead.

The long vacation was drawing near. Monsieur Gustave X—determined to pass it in Paris. Before starting he paid a round of visits to all his friends, to offer his services in executing any commissions they might have in the great "Babylon."
When he came to Marie a sudden thought flashed through her mind—could she venture?

"I want nothing from Paris, Monsieur, she said, "but there is something I would like greatly, only I don't exactly care to —" "Name it, THOROUGH DIGESTIBILITY and Nutritive The long vacation was drawing near. Monsieur Gustave X—deter-

sieur, she said, but the street, only thing I would like greatly, only thing I'w Name it don't exactly care to — " "Name it, Mademoiselle, and no matter at what cost, it shall be done," interrupted Gustave. "Well, then," she continued, "It is this: There is a church in Paris, called 'Notre Dame des Victorial's "Name of the continued of the continue ories;' I am anxious for one Hail Mary to be said in that Church for my intention. Will you do it for me? His brow became instantly clouded. But had he not promised todo anything! "Certainly, Mademoiselle," he replied, stiffly, "I shall do as you request." "Fool that I was," he muttered t himself as he left the house: "Ought l not to have guessed that the little bigot would have asked for some piece of superstitious foolery? And where am I to get 'Hail Mary,' wonder? My mother taught me some such nonsense long ago, but I suppose if I try, I can manage to remember it.

The vacation passed happily and was

The vacation passed happily and was almost at an end. All the commissions save one, had been faithfully executed; but that one——!

It was the eve of his departure, and the fulfilment of his hated promise could be delayed no longer. He called a cab and drove to the venerable church. As he entered, he was struck by the air of the recollection visible on the faces of the worshippers scattered throughout the sacred edifice. As to him, he strode with haughty and defiant mein to the altar steps. Every-thing seemed so strange, yet so oddly familiar. A feeling of peace stole on him; in spite of himself he knelt down

to say the prayer.
"Hail Mary!"— he stopped— he seemed to be kneeling by his mother's side in the little church of his own native home in Provence. He fancied he saw before him the venenerable parish priest who had prepared him for his first Communion. He then so innocent, so pure, and now!!!— "Hail Mary" he recommenced—and as he continued the familiar but longforgotten prayer, a change came over him. He had lost God, and what had he found? And the strong man wept.

Who could describe the mother's joy at her "prodigal's "return, or her emotion when he said: "yes, mother, thank God I am a Catholic and recon ciled to the God I had forgotten for so long. I could not return to you until my soul had been bathed in the saving waters of the sacrament of penance."

One year afterwards, a tall, noblelooking man, with a gentle girl by his little duties may be made a source of pleasure. How? By exactness we Altar of "Notre Dames des Victories,"

fitting, to return their fervent thanks to their good Mother in Heaven, for the wonderful graces she had obtained in answer to "One Hail Mary."

NUNS IN A PEST HOUSE.

Heroic Sisters Nurse the Small-Pox Patients Near Chicago.

Away out on the Black road leading from Chicago stands a low brick build ing with a wing on either side and a long wooden extension in the rear. People who pass the place walk hurriedly and glance furtively at the little windows and drivers whip their horses when they read the sign on the gate. The building is the Cook county pest

house. The gates of the fence are firmly locked, for there are one hundred and twenty cases of small-pox in the hospital. No one is permitted to the nospital. No one is permitted to enter the yard unless he comes as nurse or patient. The black ambu-lence of the health department roll up to the side door from time to time during the day, but people in the street see but little of the pest-stricken sufferers. But they can see the pale faces of the good Sisters of Charity as they hurry to and fro on their errands of mercy. These noble, self-sacrific-ing women have complete charge of caring for these one hundred and twenty unfortunates. They are as sisted by a little old man with a white mustache. His name is Charles Brooker. Nearly all his life has been spent in nursing fellow-creatures. He volunteered his services to the government of Brazil when that Republic was ravaged by yellow fever, and served with great bravery in the epidemics in the south. Brooker is a volunteer at the pest-house. He wears the uni-form of the Red Cross society.

I spoke to him as he caught a bundle of clothing from his brother in law who

stood just outside the fence, says a Chicago reporter. It was an unneces sary question, but I thought the ques tiod might allay the fears of the people who have relatives in the hospital "What kind of care are the patients

receiving?" I asked. "Better than they could possibly receive at home," replied the old man.
"We have a big force of nurses, and the small percentage of death shows how efficient is the work of the Sisters. Sister Alvida, one of the nurses of the small - pox hospital, died Tuesday night. Contracted disease while caring for patients.

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