

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Seventeenth Sunday After Pentecost.

FANATICISM.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind. This is the greatest and the first commandment. And the second is like to this: Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments dependeth the whole law and the prophets." (St. Matt. xxii. 37.)

It is remarkable that our Lord's teaching concerning our duties to God and our fellow-men are inseparably connected. The two precepts, the love of God and our neighbor, are united as if they were one; and the whole of the divine law is included in them. If we analyze the Ten Commandments we shall see that the first three relate to our duties towards God and the others to our duties towards men.

In the Lord's Prayer also we are taught our duties to God, ourselves, and our neighbor. In the day of judgment our Lord tells us that our approval or condemnation will depend upon our performance or neglect of duties to Him in the person of His people. In a word, our whole duty as Christians is declared in today's Gospel.

We all condemn as fanatics those who select some particular virtue and make of it a religion, not indeed because we have a less appreciation of that virtue, but because we know that all virtue and goodness depend upon the love of God and man.

The men who would make of their favorite virtue the sun and substance of all religion are often opposed to true religion, and are at best only its mistaken friends. Yet in our opposition to the false spirit of these men we must not show indifference to the virtue which they unduly extol, remembering that it is impossible to love God without practicing all the virtues. The saints, particularly St. Paul, abstained from what was lawful lest the weak brethren should be scandalized.

Fanaticism is invariably the offspring of error; sectarianism breeds it; it rises like a storm, sweeps over the land, and disappears as suddenly as it came. We have an example of it in Puritanism, which once almost overthrown society in England, Scotland, and America. Now a reaction has taken place, and society is more dangerously threatened by irreligion and immorality. Catholics in this country to-day are apt to be more or less affected by the influences which surround them. There is certainly a danger tenfold greater that the morals of our people will be corrupted by the license and profligacy which is so prevalent than that they will become extremists in regard to the particular doctrines of fanatics; still we must, as our safeguard, keep before our eyes constantly the absolutely perfect standard of the Catholic Church. We must not imagine that men outside of her have got any higher or purer religion than she has to offer. Her doctrines and counsels are the identical ones of Jesus Christ Himself. No man can improve on His teaching, nor can any human society amend that of His Church.

THE POOR MAN'S CHURCH.

The answer given by our Holy Father Leo XIII. must be the basis of every solution of the question, "How shall the submerged be lifted up?" First of all, we must humanize their conditions of life. We must make their lives more human that we may make them more humane. And the Vicar of Jesus Christ tells us, in his immortal Encyclical on Labor, that this is a work peculiarly demanded in these days from the ministers of the Gospel. Priests must be allowed to emerge from the shadows of their sacristies and take part, take a sympathetic part, in all movements which aim at elevating the social conditions of the multitudes who lie outside the influence of organized Christian worship. It is for these multitudes, and not merely for a few pious people, that the stained glass window tells its story of sanctity, that the altar blaze with lights, and the organ peals and the voices of singers stir to their depths the emotions of the human heart. And if they, the multitudes who hunger for bread, which when it is got, leaves them still hungering for the Bread of Life, will not enter, they must be sought and led by the hand. *Compelle intrare*—force them to come, it was said. Not merely let them come, but make them come. And by taking an interest in them, and helping them to better material conditions of life, to better dwellings, to more constant, more remunerative employment, you will win their confidence and hold their hearts. For they will then begin to feel that the religion of Jesus Christ has something to offer the poor man while he lives, and does not confine its benefits to a provision of better things for him after he is dead. You must deal with him as the missionary deals with his flock; you must by every civilizing influence build up the foundation of his natural life, that upon its raised surface you may erect the supernatural edifice of the Faith.

—Rev. Father Barry.

If your child is puny, fretful, troubled with glandular swellings, inflamed eyes or sores on the head, face, or body, a course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla is needed to expel the scrofulous humors from the blood. The sooner you begin to give this medicine the better. Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother's Worm Expeller. It never fails.

MISS ANNE.

The Story of a Dependent.

"Mr. Schwartz comes to-night, Anne. See that his room is ready and he quick about it."

Having irritably given her directions, Mrs. Holmes lay back with a dismal groan and languidly picked up the book she had dropped.

With aching feet Anne dragged her way up the stairs to the top floor. It was a small room and not too cheerful, and it looked out upon the few dwarfed fruit trees in the back yard, and beyond that upon the rear end of unpainted tenements, where half starved and wholly wretched faces sometimes peered out through the smoke clouded panes.

"I wonder if he'll mind," mused Anne, with a wordless thought of the desolation that so often swept over her own cramped soul as she looked out upon this dreary prospect.

"He ain't like a man that's always lived boardin' around. Looks like he ought to have a home somewhere, and a mother. He'd be glad to see me if he had her. He's got good eyes. He's pratty bare in here," she added regretfully.

Then upon some sudden impulse she crept stealthily along the dark hall to a bedroom hardly larger than a closet, and was back in a moment carrying something carefully hidden under her apron. When deposited upon the dresser it proved to be a tumbled, holding half a dozen glowing emeralds.

Anne had rescued them from a waste basket the day before, and clipping the stems, had revived them in water and treasured them tenderly since.

"They'll make it a little more home like for him," she said. And then she turned to the prosaic work of changing the bed linen, dusting, cleaning and bringing in soap, fresh water and towels.

She was a pale, frightened looking woman, and as she left the room she turned and looked hesitatingly at the glass of emeralds. "I wish I hadn't ought to have taken them from the side board," she said. "If Aunt Holmes was to come up here, I do know what she'd say."

She recalled the sweet blossoms hesitatingly, then closed her lips with a firmness patetically out of measure. "I don't care," she said. "I'll let 'em stay. It ain't so dreary when they're here."

"Anne," called a querulous voice from the sickroom, as she reached the lower hall, "have you got the emeralds cleaned?"

"No m, not yet."

"Well, what in the name of common sense have you been doing all day? Are those jewels ironed, or the curtains up in Miss Simpkins' room?"

"The towels are ironed, but—"

"There was a long pause, for Anne was meditating a further blindness. She continued presently, with a gasp: "Could Gladys put up the curtains? I've got the sitting room ashes to empty yet, and all the lamps to clean and fill, and your tray to fix, and it ain't but an hour till—"

"Gladys," screamed a voice from behind the partition, and its owner was purple with rage. "How dare you, Anne Minton, you lazy, shirking thing. Gladys is no pack horse to carry your loads. You know how I've done for you—you penurious and dependent—and Gladys giving you all her old clothes, some of 'em good as new, pretty near. That's gratitude for you! You, that might have been a servant in somebody's kitchen but for my taking you and making over you as if you was my own. Go straight down stairs, and don't let me see your face again to-day. Send Kitty up with my tray. I couldn't eat with you breathin' the same air."

"Yes'm," came with a half sob, as Anne took herself from the majestic and injured presence.

"Oh, a box from Wade's!" cried Gladys over the banister. "That dear Billy has sent me some flowers."

"Yes," said Anne, in a sort of dazed, holding the box and staring over her shoulder. "It's for me, it says: 'Miss Anne Minton' on it."

"You're crazy!" said Gladys shortly, and a bit angrily, too, for she never had heard Anne so nonsensical. And she snatched the box from Anne's fingers. Then she stared open-mouthed.

"Ceasar's ghost!" was all she said, but she handed back the box, and made no remonstrance when Anne ran to the new bedroom, dark chamber, leaving her work in the basement suspended.

They were trembling fingers that broke the strings and took off the wrappings from the damp, cool box, and when the last waxed papers were folded back and Anne saw the fresh and fragrant flowers, her face lit up with a smile that sparkled dewlike on their cool, sweet petals.

There was a sort of choking rapture in her heart when she read on the reverse of Mr. Schwartz's card, in a fine German hand:

The limit of life is brief. This red in the red rose sky. This light of a bird on high. Yet we may find infinite grace That the red will veil all time, To the gold through the axes shine, And the bird fly swift and straight To the lily of God's own gate.

She read it over and over, impressed at first only with a sort of reverence for the man who had "learned off" and written a verse like that.

Then through her mind, which unkindest had made blank of out of existence again by long process of hardening, there began to creep a sense of the beauty and comfort of the lines.

"With such an infinite grace," she repeated to herself, as she unrolled the paper, and stood ready to wait on the ungracious circle about the dining table. And when Mr. Brown wrathfully ordered his plantain smile, feeling, somehow, that how ever ugly life might be on the outside, there still lived within, if she were patient and kind, a something sweet and fair that would take her, like the bird in the poem, "swift and straight to the lilies of God's own gate."

Even Mr. Schwartz noticed a sort of transfiguration of the girl's face, and for the first time he never said a word of acknowledgment or thanks.

Because of her ignorance and a certain sense of awe toward him, she felt that she could not thank him for a gift by written words, slowly and carefully wrought.

Night after night, when the lights were dim in the boarding-house, Anne would read her paper, and the grammar and spelling book she had borrowed from Willie Brown.

At last the note, written and fastened to Mr. Schwartz's pin cushion, lay waiting his appointed perch.

He read in careful, uneven letters: Respected Friend: These lines are to tell you how thankful I am to you for the beautiful thing that ever happened to me in my life that I can remember. Your respected friend, A. Minton.

It was a week after that time that Will Brown stood on a dark landing of the stairs waiting to meet Miss Anne's jump like "scared cat" as she came toiling up the stairs with an armful of wood for Miss Simpkins' of open fire.

As Miss Anne stepped in, in a way that sent Master Willie off in a roar of laughter, she suddenly checked when he realized that Miss Anne having missed her footing and fallen near, was lying quite motionless and very blue about the lips, with the heavy chunks of wood upon her.

One great stick, thumping and bumping down the stairs, had brought impatient inquirers to their various doors, but it was Mr. Schwartz who first reached the prostrate woman lying on the landing and called out: "She tried to kiss with his help, but could not. And to Miss Anne dared usurp a privilege belonging solely to Aunt Holmes,

who loved card-parties better than the dimpled baby. When through long evenings, Baby Blossom stared lonesomely at the glowworm light near his cradle, Anne used to sing, in a low, sweet voice, the old lullaby, and croon lullabies as she rocked the little croup to slumber.

Now, upon the night of his arrival, Mr. Schwartz, being a home-loving man, not particularly drawn to the beer saloon or the concert hall, remained about in Mrs. Holmes's respectable boarding-house in quest of entertainment.

In the parly Miss Gladys, large and imposing, was languidly entertaining a unit of dollars. In the sitting room Mrs. Brown, Miss Simpkins and Miss Rhodes were discussing the trials of the boarder.

Mr. Schwartz slipped into a warm corner with his paper and tried not to hear. Soon, quiet and sweet above the sharp faint-finding of the ladies, sounded stray tones of a musical lullaby.

Sleep, little pigeon, and fold your wings. I'm a blue ragoon with velvet eyes.

It was Anne in the "second story back" lulling Baby Blossom to sleep. And it was Anne who stepped into the sitting room half an hour later with something that glowed in her eyes and exclaimed softly: "I've got him to sleep—the little lamb!"

The three ladies stared coldly, and a silence fell upon them.

"I'm sorry about your curtains, Miss Simpkins. I'll get them up to-morrow."

"I think it is time," said Miss Simpkins, dryly, "that the glass died out of poor Anne's eyes."

"Will you hat this chair by the fire, Miss Anne?" said a sudden voice, which pointed to his easy chair.

"No, sir; thank you, sir; I've got things to do," said Miss Anne, as she backed out of the room. But what wonder if she dreamed that night of the only soul who, having arrived at years of discretion, had taken her as a grade above the level of the earthworm.

Mr. Schwartz, for some obscure reason, took pains to make covert inquiries about this household drudge in the weeks that followed.

From Miss Simpkins he learned that Miss Anne was "shirking things," "ghosting" them, that she frequently failed to wash the windows and woodwork properly; that she often late bringing up water and answering the bell; that she didn't shake the great rugs hard enough; that she was a poor fool of a creature who could not do a thing right, and that, in fact, she was generally faulty and incapable, a poor dependent upon Mrs. Holmes's bounty.

Yet with all these faults, which she hid from her, somehow the new boarder only grew the more to pity the harassed creature who toiled for that class people day after day, and did her best to do the best she could.

Once he discovered her quieting Baby Blossom in his mother's absence, and there was a light in his heart that glowed in the dark of the night.

When the light jangled that cold afternoon and Miss Anne hastened to answer it, she stared in blank bewilderment at the name on the long, neat card, and looking as if "schooling" had Miss Anne, and for a moment she doubted her ability to read plain script.

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the pronounced invalid. She fainted dead away."

"It's a sprain or a break," said Mr. Schwartz briefly. "Lead the way to her room, mess," and he led authoritatively to Gladys, who meekly sped upstairs and along the hall to the narrow room.

"I'll be right with you," said the big German; but in his brief glance at the clean, bare room he had seen his drooping roses and violets still tenderly cared for, though withered and brown.

There was something very like a mist in the honest eyes of Herr Schwartz as he ran with all speed for the doctor a few doors away.

Aunt Holmes irritably jerked her imposing person from the luxuries of the sick room, and tried in a measure to do Anne's work in the weeks that followed. Unable to accomplish this, even with Gladys's protesting aid, she advertised at last for a servant, and then for two, both of whom worked industriously filling the unpaid "dependent's" place.

In the meantime Miss Anne herself lay quiet and alone in her cold little room. Yet she was neither cold nor lonely, for down in her heart burned a new gladness, hardly defined or recognized, yet filling her solitude with music, and a warm space about her with warmth and comfort.

There were fresh emanations by her bedside always now, and under her pillow a music, and a warm space about her with warmth and comfort.

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taken at its full value before other men's bonds. Integrity. An honest man is still the noblest work of God, but his probity must extend not only to his money debts, but also to all his other obligations. He will render to Caesar what is Caesar's. He cannot be bribed, nor bullied, nor cajoled. His rectitude knows no bend. Gentleness. This disposition is the opposite of quarrelsomeness. It counsels peace. It avoids anger, irritability, nagging, cutting remarks, cruel jokes, unkindness of speech, a disposition to offend. Purity. This virtue respects childhood, cherishes innocence, protects the weak, is clean of mind as well as of heart, and clean of speech as well as of imagination. To preserve it he becomes temperate, even abstemious. Trust in Providence. This trait makes its possessor content with his lot in life, without giving up all ambition to better his condition, especially if other persons are dependent upon him. But it removes inquietude of mind, fretfulness, grumbling and envy of others' prosperity. It puts its treasures above the earth. Given, therefore, a young man who is docile, veracious, honest, considerate, chaste and contented, and the strong foundations for a noble character are seen in the concrete.

How to Get Rich.

The Rev. H. F. Kinnerney says: "Save \$1,000 before you dare to talk out loud." And he gives these points as to how to get that amount:

- 1. Take the late Bishop Hendricken's advice: "If you wish to start on the right road to wealth, hire a seat in the church." Do you hear it? Strange, is it not? Well, dear young friends, have you ever tried yet? Have you pondered over all that the 'seat in the church' really means? Did you ever hear of a Catholic who got gloriously rich without a seat in the church? I have lived in New England, and I must candidly admit that I never knew a good Catholic to become wealthy without having a seat in the church. But remember that you are to do all that a seat in the church implies. Once a week this seat is to be a veritable Turkish bath to wash out the world, the flesh and the devil; once a week it is to be an electrocution chair for all human passion! Turkish bath! Electrocutation chair! Strange words, but still true, for what else under the sun does a seat in church imply? Try it, and the 'M' will soon encircle your brow.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

When a young man studies the problem of life and reaches the wise conclusion that the best thing in the world is not money, nor power, nor rank in society, nor pleasure, but a noble character, he will desire to become possessed of it. To that end he will consider the means to attain it and will avoid whatever tends to prevent him from reaching it. He will seek it as the truest riches.

In the development of character, principles are necessary, for they are the rules of action, and without them the young man would be building without compass or square or level.

The best of principles are contained in the Ten Commandments and the Sermon on the Mount. These are condensed into the two great commandments mentioned by Christ:

- "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, with all thy mind, with all thy strength."
- "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

The latter principle is expressed in other words in the Golden Rule—"Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

The fundamental principle in the striving for a noble character is the mastery of selfishness—the conquest of willfulness, the subjugation of the senses and the control of the lower appetites. But that principle expands into these traits:

- 1. Reverence. This quality bestows respect for authority—docility to the Creator, to parents, to employers, to pastors, to civil officials, and to all others who are entitled to obedience.
- 2. Truthfulness. This characteristic makes the young man hate falsehood in all its shapes—exaggeration or its opposite, equivocation, subterfuge or mental reservation. It raises him to be a man of honor, whose word is always worth 100 per cent, and will be

you will have the 'M' easily. Have you got a bank book? Have you shares in a building association? Have you ever tried to save? Join some Catholic association. This will teach you how to save, and, besides, you will feel you are worth something, at least when you are a "dead duck." "When you take up a job, no matter what it is, say to yourself: I am going to be a good workman; I will be master of my work. If in a factory, say that you will learn the business up to the handle. You will be a good printer, a good dyer, a good bleacher, a good blacksmith, a good carpenter, a good weaver, even a good handy laborer. If you have a trade, don't be a botch. Be a first-class man at your trade, and you will always be in demand, even in dull times. Good workmen are never idle. Their employers can not afford to let such men go. In fine, remember the seat in the church. Look around you. Near you there sits an old fellow with a bald head. He is worth \$50,000. He wants you for a son-in-law. The daughter is warbling in the choir; she wants you too. Never mind her now. He doesn't want a lawyer or a doctor for his son-in-law; she does not want either for a husband. He wants the sort of a man that we have been talking about—a sober, pure, honest, upright fellow, with a grammar school education; a hard worker; industrious, saving kind of a man; a fellow that can govern the territory under the rim of his own hat; so wants this kind of a chap, too. There's fifty 'Ms' for you in a jiffy. Thus both you and Mary will see your children's children to the third and fourth generation, and if you gain not a place in the annals of fame, your neighbors at a Vir Probus—An Honest Man, the noblest work of God."

Be Good To Yourself.

The Medical and Surgical Reporter gives the following practical advice: "Think deliberately of the house you live in—your body. Make up your mind firmly not to abuse it. Eat nothing that will hurt it. Wear nothing that distorts or pains it. Do not overload it with victuals or drink or work. Give yourself regular and abundant sleep. Keep your body warmly clad. Do not take cold; guard yourself against it. If you feel the first symptoms, give yourself heroic treatment. Get into a fine glow of heat by exercise. This is the only body you will have in this world. Study deeply and diligently the structure of it, the laws that govern it, the pains and penalty that will surely follow a violation of every law of life and health."

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