

FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON.

Second Sunday of Lent.

LABOR FOR HEAVEN—EVERYTHING IS DONE FOR EARTH, NOTHING FOR HEAVEN.

"Lord, it is good for us to be here." (Matt. 17, 4.) When the apostles saw the Divine Master resplendent in heavenly glory on Mt. Tabor, their hearts were so filled with excessive joy that the earth seemed to have vanished from them and they rapturously exclaimed with St. Peter: "O Lord, what joy, what happiness! It is good for us to be here. Let us make tabernacles, and remain here forever! What think you, my dearly beloved Christians, had we been with our Lord on Mt. Tabor, would we also have joined in the sentiments of St. Peter? Ah, I fear that many would have sorrowfully cast their eyes down to the earth, and cried out: O Lord, it would indeed be beautiful on Mt. Tabor, but there below, it is still more beautiful; no, not here, but on the earth let us build tabernacles, and live there forever. Does this announcement surprise you? It is so, there is no reason for it. Consider how the majority of mankind cheerfully and willingly labor and suffer for the use and enjoyment of temporal things, but how shamefully they neglect heaven and their eternal welfare, and you will readily see that they consider the beauty of the earth to surpass that of Mt. Tabor.

Our Lord has said: "The kingdom of heaven suffers violence and the violent bear it away." (Matt. 11, 12.) The first Christians have not only comprehended this great truth, but have also observed it; for, what have they not done, suffered and sacrificed to insure eternal life. What difficulties were too great for them, what persecutions too cruel, when there was question of gaining an eternal crown of victory? Do not expect me to ask if you will show the same sacrificing spirit for heaven, as did your noble Christian ancestors. No, my question is simply this: Do you labor as much for God as does a miser for gold, as an ambitious person for glory? Is heaven as precious to you as the preservation or restoration of your health? Do you devote to your eternal salvation the half, or even the tenth part of your time, care and solicitude that you daily sacrifice to frivolities, amusements and pleasures? Place your hand upon your heart and tell me truly and sincerely if you can answer this question in the affirmative. Ah, I greatly fear that few will be able to answer with sincerity.

Tell me, my dear Christian, if you wish to earn a few dollars do you not hasten, do you not labor the whole day and sometimes far into the night? and after obtaining the money, do you not, as it were, count every penny before spending it? Can you pride yourself with having equal solicitude for heaven? Do you hasten as quickly to the church to the holy sacrifice of the Mass, to the hearing of a sermon, to the tribunal of penance, the reception of holy Communion, as you do to the gaining of this mammon of iniquity? Do you devote as much time and care to the examination of your conscience, as you do to the counting of money? Are you as desirous to procure an amass of merits for heaven as you are to accumulate gold? Answer these questions before God and your soul.

If you are sick, what moaning and groaning! You send for the doctor; at his advice you abstain from delicacies, you swallow the most disagreeable medicines, you submit to the burning of caustic, you permit a leg or an arm to be amputated, in order to recover the health of the body. Have you the same anxiety regarding your soul? Do you flee the occasion and temptations to sin, as you flee the danger of contagion? Do you separate yourself as quickly from persons, society, books which are injurious to your soul, as you flee from small-pox, yellow fever and cholera? Do you hasten as quickly to the spiritual physician when the poison of sin has entered your soul, as you do to the doctor? Answer!

What sacrifices are not made for the sake of pleasure! What attention and perseverance do you not find at the gaming table! For hours the eyes, the ears, the hands and thoughts are absorbed in the game. Enter a ball-room and show me but one person who is satisfied with an hour's amusement. Far from complaining of fatigue, the whole night seems too short, both for young and old. When pleasure is in question, show me one who has no money; even the last penny must be spent. Would to God that the same might be said of Christians with regard to their soul's welfare, that they were as recollected at prayer, as attentive to the sermons, as absorbed in a spiritual book, as they are at the gaming table! Do they show as much perseverance and strength in fulfilling the law of fasting and abstinence or in kneeling in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, as they show in the ball room? Behold here is a wretched, poverty-stricken widow, there a family of five children suffering from cold and hunger, here is a poor father lying on a sick bed for years. Are you as quickly prepared to open your purse for charity, as you are for pleasure? Do you feign poverty when providing for pleasure, as you do when asked to help the poor and needy?

Ah, let us admit it, the world with its pomp and vanities fills our hearts so completely, that there is no room for God and eternity. Our cares and sorrows are devoted to the miserable body and its pleasures; the precious and immortal soul is neglected, and yet our Lord says in the gospel: "What doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole

world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?" (Matt. 16, 26.) Yes, my dear Christians, what doth it profit us, if we can call all the riches of this world our own, if we can enjoy all the honors and pleasures of society superabundantly, but lose our own soul and burn forever in the fires of hell? All things come to an end, except eternity. You have but one soul and no more. Oh, save it, this one, this precious, this irreparable soul. Save it by a life of penance of fidelity in the service of God. Destroy in your soul the idols of this vain, treacherous world. Begin now, to consider earthly things as you will, one day on your death-bed. Direct your thoughts heavenward every day, and live as a true child of the Blessed Virgin, in innocence and piety so that you will always be prepared to appear before the Judgment seat of God. For: "The world passeth away and the concupiscence thereof," says (St. John 1, 2, 17), "but he that doeth the will of God, abideth forever. Amen."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

One Lie Brings Another. There's just one thing I want to say. My sister and my brothers, and that is, if you tell one lie, you are sure to tell some others. I know at times it's very hard To own a naughty action, But truth, once uttered, fills the heart With joyous satisfaction. While, if you stop to tell a lie, To cover up wrong doing, Your heart is filled with guilty dread— With hopeless we and rousing, And is dangerous and risky. Of father or of mother, And to cover up the lie you've told You're sure to tell another. A child's first lie, like man's first glass, Of rum, or ale, or whiskey, Makes way for more to follow fast; And is dangerous and risky. Without the first glass you are safe From the drunkard's thirst of fire, And if the first lie's never told, You'll never be a liar!

Helen's Aunt.

By M. A. "Mother dear, what shall we do?" exclaimed Helen Crawford sinking into a chair by her mother's side, and throwing her hands helplessly into her lap. "I've done everything in my power and there seems nothing now for me to do, but apply for a situation of some sort." "But Helen dear," pleaded the fond mother with tears in his eyes, "what should I do without you? You know I do not wish you to leave home, and besides, if your poor father were living what would he say to your applying for a situation?" "But Mother," Helen said, "we cannot continue living in this way, and I am sure if father saw me allow you to suffer while I am strong enough to work, he would be ashamed of me. I know I shall be obliged to leave home,—that's the hardest part of it—for there is no situation to be obtained in Hampton, and my few music pupils are not sufficient to afford us much assistance.

"Could you not turn your painting or drawing to some account, dear?" "No, mother. In the first place, I do not paint well enough, and, like everything else, there are too many at that occupation already. Poor Mrs. Crawford could scarcely see her way out of the maze of difficulties that presented themselves. She sat buried in deep thought for some time; suddenly a new idea seemed to strike her.

"Perhaps we could take—boarders," she gasped, almost afraid to unburden her mind for fear of Helen's disapproval. Helen laughed. "Boarders, mother—I am afraid not. Father would think as badly of that as of the other and even if we took them, we probably could not accommodate them properly."

"Why not, dear?" asked the mother. "As you said a while ago, we must do something, and though your father would not hear to such a thing, were he living, we cannot sit idle and starve. We must put down our pride, and not be afraid or ashamed of any honest means of making a living."

Helen had shrunk from the thought of taking boarders, and advertising for them seemed a dreadful thing. Her mother's reasoning, however, finally prevailed upon her to pen an advertisement to the "Hampton Weekly Journal."

Poor Helen! how little she once thought of ever doing such a thing. Tears would fill her eyes in spite of all she could do, for the future looked particularly gloomy, when contrasted with the happy past. Three years ago, when Helen was little more than seventeen, her father, Judge Crawford, had died, leaving his family to all outward appearances, in the best circumstances. But the world is not always aware of the shifts some of its devotees are obliged to make in order to keep up appearances. The Judge's elegant home, his carriage and servants, the extravagant clothing of his wife and family had deceived the world, for at his death it was found that he had little he could call his own but his home and a comparatively small sum of money. The remainder of his Hampton property, and the outlying farm lands being heavily mortgaged soon passed into other hands, and his wife, who knew nothing of management or economy, was now in a fair way of becoming destitute.

Helen was beginning to see the inroads upon their little capital, and this caused her to be on the lookout for some means of helping her mother. Two years ago she had graduated from St. Mary's Academy at Woodvale, for at her father's death her mother had persisted in her remaining there, as at the time, she was within a year of graduation.

Helen had thought of trying to obtain a situation where she might utilize her education, but now that her mother had taken this course, and persisted in her remaining at home, she saw that she might as well resign herself to fate, and await the result of her mother's experiment.

Helen was proud despite her good sense and training, and her mother's plan did not please her, but Mrs. Crawford with all her extravagance was sensible enough to put her pride down when her poverty rendered it absurd. Their elegant furniture still remained to them, their house was large and well fitted for such a purpose and Bridget was able to control the culinary department to perfection.

As mother and daughter sat and their busy needles flashed in and out in the afternoon sunlight; a light step caused them to look up, and a young girl of perhaps fourteen years of age entered the room. "Home so soon, Ada?" asked Helen. "Is school out?"

"Why, mercy, yes," answered the new-comer, throwing her book on the table with a frown. "I think it's high time; you and mother look like two hermits. What are you doing?" taking one of the stockings from Helen's hand. "Darning your stockings, dear."

"Oh, mercy!" grumbled Ada "what outrageous looking stockings for any one to wear, mamma," she went on, "Louise Mercer has the loveliest white dress for commencement day. I only wish you'd get me one like it. I haven't had a new dress for a whole year and I really think you might get me one like Louise's."

The mother sighed. "My dear," she said "you must know that I am not able to dress you as Dr. Mercer dresses his daughter."

"Well I'm just sick and tired of wearing the same old things made over year after year to deceive people into thinking they are new. Everybody knows us by our clothing, if ever we should be lost we could easily be identified. Oh, dear! I feel just disgraced."

"Disgraced," ejaculated Helen, "pray what have we done?" "Done?" retorted Ada, "I'm sure poverty is disgrace enough without doing anything."

"Why Ada, I am surprised."

"Helen, you're such a goody girl that you quite weary of with your set speeches. I'm tired of you with your living."

With this Ada flounced out of the room, leaving her mother and sister in silent astonishment. Ada Crawford would have been a pretty girl, had it not been for her proud, selfish, fault-finding disposition. She was tall, slender and graceful, with a complexion of matchless fairness, hair of a golden brown, cold and large soft dark eyes.

Her pride was almost as dominant as her selfishness, but this was kept somewhat in check by her mother's straitened circumstances, which forbade almost all gratification of her foolish vanity.

When Ada left the room Helen bent lower over her work, while the mother continued hers with a sigh. "Mother," said Helen, after a long silence, "I shall make over my white dress for Ada, the one I wore at my last commencement at St. Mary's. I have never worn it since you know," glancing down with tearful eyes at her sombre mourning costume.

"I suppose you'll have to do it, dear," sighed Mrs. Crawford, without looking up, "for I am not able to buy her a new one."

As soon as her mother had left the room, Helen ran up-stairs and presently returned with a dress of white, fluffy material.

"You, dear old dress," she murmured, laying it on the table, and burying her tearful face in its gauzy folds, "how happy I was when I wore you last!"

Checking her grief, Helen sat down and proceeded to rip the dress apart. Her busy scissors worked away until supper-time, when the whole costume lay in pieces on the table, ready to be made over on the morrow.

The following evening when Ada returned from school, Helen was ready to have her try the dress on. "How do you like it, dear?" she asked gently. "Oh, well enough. How long will it take you to finish it?" asked Ada. "I can probably finish it to-night."

"Oh, dear you can't do all that sewing to-night?" exclaimed Ada. Helen made no reply. She did not care to tell Ada that she would be obliged to sit up more than half the night to accomplish her task. The next week Commencement Day came off, and Helen could not be present at the afternoon exercises, as she had several music lessons to give. Mrs. Crawford could not attend on account of some business matters, so Ada was sent off alone.

Helen's pupils were uncommonly troublesome that afternoon; and when her lessons were over, she ran up to her mother's room to find that Ada had not yet returned; so Helen took a seat on the porch to await her coming.

The lovely June day was drawing to a close, and the sky was all ablaze with the glories of sunset. Far away to the eastward, stretched vast systems of cloud mountains, their summits tinged with a line, half pink, half golden, and to the southward peaks of a darker color reared themselves from behind the blue line of a forest lying far beyond the roofs and spires of Hampton.

Helen watched the sky unconscious of all around her when a light step caused her to turn suddenly around. There stood Ada a perfect picture of discontent.

"Why, dear," said Helen, kissing her sister's forehead. "What is the matter? Did you not have a pleasant afternoon?" "Pleasant! I should think not," replied Ada, throwing herself into a chair, and bursting into tears: "I'm just wretched. Louise Mercer carried off all the prizes in our class, and besides her dress, and all the other dresses were just splendid, and mine looked real shabby."

"I'm very sorry, dear," said gentle Helen, "but you know we couldn't make it look any better."

"Oh, no, I dare say not, but you might have gotten me a new one at least."

"No, dear; you have already been told that that was impossible."

"I don't care; I shall never wear the nasty, wretched thing again," angrily exclaimed Ada almost tearing the dress off in her excitement.

Helen thought of her night's labor, of her mother's patient struggles; and though her eyes filled with tears, she silently left the room.

Things went on in this way for over a month, and no sign of any boarders. Helen's patience was exemplary, but her mother was beginning to despair. One hot July day, Ada was sent on an errand to another part of the town. As she was passing Mr. Brown's house, Susie came to the door with a letter in her hand.

"Ada," she called. "Papa was in Hilldale yesterday, and brought this letter to your mother from a lady friend of mamma who wants to board at your house."

"She returned home as quickly as possible, anxious to know its contents."

"Is from Mrs. Barnett, my dear," said the mother, as she read the note. "Is she coming soon, mother?" inquired Helen.

"Day after tomorrow, dear."

"Oh, I suppose she's some horrid, cross, old thing," muttered Ada; "I wish she wouldn't come."

"By the way, mother," remarked Helen; "when is Aunt Martha coming?"

"I expect her every day. You know she wrote, in the early spring, that she would visit us this summer. I am anxious to see her, as I have entirely forgotten what she is like, for I was but ten years of age when I saw her last."

"If she comes now; she'll frighten Mrs. Barnett away; she's such an eccentric old creature, I hear," said Ada. "She was my own dear mother's sister, and I am anxious to know her and love her even if she is eccentric."

Two days after the receipt of the letter, Mrs. Barnett arrived. She was an old lady of between fifty and sixty years of age, tall, angular, sharp-featured and strong minded, as you could see at a glance.

"I have decided to remain here for the summer," she explained to Mrs. Crawford, "and probably I shall return to New York in the fall, as I make my home there. I am here on business."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

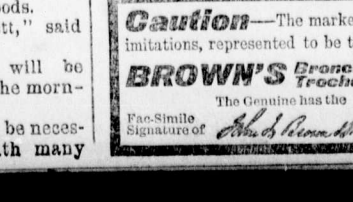
A Picky Collegian.

Martin A. Quinn was a ragged farm hand, when he made up his mind to get a college education, and set about obtaining the means. He began by trading with his neighbors until he owned a pig, which he raised and sold to buy a calf. The calf grew into a cow, which was sold, and more pigs and calves were bought. By the time he was eighteen, Quinn had earned two hundred dollars. With this money he bought six good milk cows, which he shipped from his home in Indiana to Chicago, riding along in the freight train to care for them. He reached that city with his cows and eleven dollars in cash. Leaving his cows at the stock yards, he went straight to the University of Chicago and matriculated. Having done this, he sought the steward of the college, told his story and laid a proposition before him. Milk was costing the college twenty-five cents a gallon. Quinn agreed to furnish it at twenty cents.

TRUTH WILL OUT.

THE MERITS OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CAN'T BE HIDDEN.

Mr. C. S. Griggs, of Hamilton, tells of his Experience. He suffered with Bright's Disease for eight Years—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him. Hamilton, Feb. 20.—"Mr. Griggs, is it true that you were cured of Bright's Disease, by Dodd's Kidney Pills, after eight years' suffering, and when no other medicine could do you any good?" This question was asked, a few days ago, by a gentleman who wished to investigate for himself the statement made in last week's papers to the above effect. "It is true," answered Mr. Griggs, emphatically, "I was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills when every other medicine I had tried had utterly failed to do me any good."



Caution—The market is full of imitations, represented to be the same as BROWN'S Bronchitis Trochets of Boston.

The Genuine has the Fac-Simile Signature of A. B. Brown on every box.