

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

THE SOULS IN PURGATORY.

All saints, my dear brethren, and all sinners who attain to eternal life, are closely joined together in the solemnities of the first two days of November. The morrow of All Saints' day is All Souls' day. The joy of Paradise and the weariness of its vestibule are both offered to our thoughts and almost at the same time. We quickly leave praying to the saints in glory to begin praying for the sinners in Purgatory. And this is a beautiful way of meditating on the future life, for love is too unselfish to tarry long with a happy friend while there is another friend outside the door in a state of great unhappiness.

Holy Church would have us measure our charity for the souls in Purgatory by our value of the joys of heaven. And experience tells how very great an effect this has on us, for we see everywhere among Catholics an intense affection for the poor souls waiting at Heaven's gate, much intensified by the sighs and sounds from within that gate which have been granted us before we have fast celebrated.

Now, there is a strict duty of friendship to be fulfilled in praying for the departed. They are our relatives, our former companions in the journey of life, our former associates in business and in pleasure. Can there be any doubt of this? Do you suppose that the suffering souls were any worse Christians than you or your selves at this moment? In some cases, yes; but these were exceptions. Nearly all who have gone before us are about the same as those whom they have left after them—poor, weak, sinful mortals, sinning and repenting, stumbling and falling and rising again and finally disappearing in the grave.

We have every hope that they were forgiven their sins, but what about their full atonement? They have paid the great debt, but what about the lasting, farthing—the affections still clinging to passionate indulgence, the looseness of motives, the gross inclinations chained, indeed, but not tamed? What about the venial sins committed by them, as by ourselves in tens and hundreds every day—the nasty little lies, the mean selfishness, the slothful habits, the greediness at table, the worship of men's opinions, the vanity, the self-conceit, the map of the world, the silliness and giddiness, the bored aversion even for relatives, the petty dishonesty—what about all this which we know must be atoned for by them, because like ourselves they are commonplace Christians? Ah! brethren, we ought to have a fellow feeling for them; we ought to thank God that we can interpose in their behalf. Blessed be the prayers we say for them, true pledges of friendship; blessed be the Masses offered for them in this their day of gloom and desolation! How well they realize the truth of the Scripture saying, "Blessed is the man who hath found a true friend."

But there is a yet closer bond between us and the souls in Purgatory than that of friendship however strong that may be. I mean the bond of common guilt. I mean the dreadful fact that we are participants in the guilt of theirs for the imperfect repentance of which they now suffer even after forgiveness. They committed venial sins, but who made them do it? Who but you, my brethren, their former relations and friends? You provoked them to the anger they suffer for, you poisoned their minds with envy, you failed to teach them rightly if they were your children, you embittered their hearts if they were your parents. Come forward, then, all of you, and bear your own share of the burden. If not from friendship's love, at least from the urgent call of justice, take a share of the sufferings of the poor souls in Purgatory, for you had a share in their guilt. By so doing you will hasten the happy hour of their deliverance, and earn a share in their heavenly joy.

COL. RICHARD M. JOHNSTON'S STORY OF HIS CONVERSION

Told by him, when past his seventieth year, to Walter Lockie, during interview at Pittsburgh, N.Y.

"I followed my dear wife into the Catholic Church in 1875." "By what mental process," I asked, "did you successfully scale the encircling gloom?" "Let me tell you in my own way," said the Colonel. "My great-grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Johnston, was a leading Episcopalian minister who came from Dumfries, Scotland, to the United States. He was the oldest son of a Scotchman, and dying early, his son, Malcolm, my father, was brought up in the Baptist Church and became one of its ministers and a strong partisan. I was brought up strictly in my father's faith. I imbibed the usual prejudices against the Catholic Church. There were few Catholics in Georgia; in fact, I was thirty when I saw for the first time a Catholic priest. That impression was not a favorable one. The poor church, the sneaky organ and the few worshippers but confirmed my early prejudice. It was not until the Know-nothing campaign, in 1855, that my prejudices suffered a blow. In that campaign it was necessary to offset the violent diatribes of my opponent against the Catholic Church. For this purpose I was forced to consult Catholic books. Now it happened that the most cultured woman in Georgia was a member of that Church. She was a Miss Casey, of Sparta, afterward Mrs. Bird, a lifelong friend of my wife. To her I went, saying 'Miss Casey, give me something to fight these scoundrels with. She put in my hands the works of Bishop England. These works not only furnished me with arguments against Know-nothingism, but dispelled much of my early prejudice.

"Under the signature of 'Valdes,' furnished with arguments drawn from Bishop England, I was able to show how absurd were all the current opinions of Catholicity. It was, however, at a later period of my life that I more fully studied the Catholic religion. My wife was the leader. She had procured books from good Father Lyman. Before

returning these books she passed them to me, with an injunction to read them. I was glad to do so, ever in quest of the truth. It was soon evident that my wife was convinced of the falsity of her position and the truth of the Catholic Church. I put no hindrance in her way. I told her that if she was convinced she was bound to make the step, no matter how much pain and anguish it might feel. A few days after I was invited to a dinner at Mr. Abell's. There I met Father Lyman. After dinner I told him that Frances had a message for him. He came, instructed her, and, in January, 1875, she was received into the Church. This parting was hard, but it was in the line of duty, and I could submit. I continued to read, Bishop Lee's 'Trials of a Mind' made a deep impression. This was followed by 'Miller's End of Controversy,' and the masterly answer of Newman to Gladstone. The life of the Cure d'Ars produced a lasting effect. As an antidote I read the works of Laud and Hooker. They were no longer convincing. I was filled with agony and depression. I could not banish from my mind the thought that 'these Catholic writers have got the argument.' While reading 'Balmes' I was convinced that my wife had followed the true path. I remember well that day. I sat in my garden, beneath the shade of a chestnut. I had read only sixty lines of 'Balmes' when a calmness came to my mind. The journey was almost done. I had come to the edge of the encircling gloom, and could see beyond the land of truth. I closed the book, and, walking into the house, greeted my wife with the happiest salutation of my life, 'I am going with you, my dear!' In July, 1875, on the feast of the Sacred Heart, I found that peace which I had so long sought and prayed for, in the bosom of the Catholic Church."

PROFESSOR BRIGGS ON THE PAPACY.

ACY.

Professor Briggs, in The North American Review for September, publishes a rejoinder to Archbishop Ireland's refutation of his article, "The Real and the Ideal in the Papacy." His tone is courteous, or, to use his own favorite expression, irenic, throughout. He is evidently familiar with the entire course of Ecclesiastical history and with the dogmatic theology of the Catholic Church. But his power of deductive reasoning is exceptionally weak and his logical training remarkably defective.

"I fully recognize," he writes, "the primacy of St. Peter and his successors in the possession of the keys of the kingdom, but not their exclusive possession of this authority. How can anyone do so in face of the words of Jesus to the Apostles and to the Church? Jesus said, not only to St. Peter but to all the Apostles and through them to their successors. Receive ye the Holy Spirit; whosoever sins ye remit, they shall be remitted; whosoever sins ye retain they shall be retained."

It is evident, therefore that the power of St. Peter and his successors was shortened by power and right given to the Apostolic ministry and to the Church. How any person who even for a week studied the laws of deductive reasoning, could seriously have drawn such premises, it is extremely difficult to conceive. When the apostles collectively receive this power of binding or loosing, Peter was one of their number; why then was he selected specially to receive in his own person, in the singular number, the plenary power that was given to the entire Apostolic College? In St. Matthew xvi., 19, St. Peter is invested, without limitation, with the prerogative which in Matt. xviii., 18 and John xx., 22, 23, is conferred on all the apostles. Is not the inference inevitable that the marvelous grace thus bestowed on the apostles is subordinated to the Sovereign power granted to St. Peter? Moreover, Peter and Peter alone is called Cephas the rock, the foundation stone of Christ's Church. To him and to him alone are given in express terms the keys of the kingdom, that is, authority to govern the Church. He and he alone is commanded to feed the lambs and the sheep; in other words, the entire flock, including clergy and laity. And do not Peter's relations to Christ, and to the Church in the apostolic age abundantly prove his primacy? Was he not the first of the apostles to profess the faith, "Thou art Christ, the Son of the living God"; the first for Whose love Christ was solicitous; "Simon, son of John, lovest thou me more than these?" the first to see the risen Saviour; "he was seen by Cephas and after that by the Eleven;" the first to give public testimony to Christ after the descent of the Holy Ghost. "Peter standing up with the Eleven lifted up his voice and spoke to them;" the first when the vacancy caused by Judas was to be filled; the first to confirm the faith by a miracle; the first to convert the Jews; the first to receive the Gentiles; He presided at the Great Council of Jerusalem, and he it was who directed the deliberations which led to that solemn decree commencing with the memorable words, "For it hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us." Whether we take these arguments distributively or cumulatively, their force is compelling for all persons of unbiased judgment who accept the Sacred Scripture as the inspired Word of God.

In Professor Briggs' article there is not a single paragraph which does not betray a want of average logical acumen. For instance, he confounds Archbishop Ireland's statement, "but that a portion of the ministry, or a portion of the people, cut off from the Papacy can still hold that they are within the lines of Christian unity is no more conceivable than would be the claim that certain members separated from the head or trunk, no longer deriving from the head the current of life and motion, are still parts of the physical organism" with the altogether different assumption that no society can cohere without an executive governor. Incidentally we may note his ludicrous hypercriticism of the Archbishop's physiological dictum that the current of motion flows from

the head. If not, what do physiologists mean when they localize the motor centers in certain parts of the cerebrum or brain? And what is the use of saying that a function of the cerebellum is to co-ordinate our bodily movements if the current of motion does not come in any true sense from the head?

The professor is strangely insensitive to the most obvious distinctions of every day life. He cites instances in which bishops, some of them pre-eminent for their devotion to the Holy See and their loyalty to its primate authority, were guilty of insubordination to individual popes. Cannot a child be disobedient to its father with out questioning the father's right to command? And can we not employ the most urgent persuasion and exercise the strongest influence to avert a superior's decision while being prepared to recognize its obligatory force when it is once duly arrived at and affirmed?—New World.

THE LITTLE SISTERS.

[So far as we know the "Bantstown Bird" who writes columns upon columns of verse, (most of which is very good) for the Baltimore Sun, is not a Catholic. If he is not, the more remarkable is this poetic tribute from his pen to the Catholic Sisters.—Ed. Sacred Heart Review.]

Into the room of the city's life,
The somber tumult of toil and strife,
Like shuttles weaving a web of gold,
Through mournful pattern and gruesome
They pass and glide, and come and go.
On the ebbing tide and the onward flow,
The Little Sisters of the Sacred Heart,
In the name of Mary, the Mother of Love!

Into the sorrow of Poverty Lane,
The hospital ward with its tragic pain;
Into the hovels of alley and ten,
And the sickroom and the stricken child,
And the starving children and drunken home—
Soft as shadows of comfort roam,
With hands that gather from Divine's board
The fallen crumbs of the hungry horde!

Into the sweat of the workshop stew,
With a breath of joy from the hillside dew,
Robed, sweet Sisters of joy and cheer—
The rough ones when they draw a near
The harsh word sinks on the ribald tongue
And the out-gay wrinkles of toil turn young,
When the little black cross on the little black
chain
Brings Christ to the marts of the world again!

Over the injured at ambulance time,
When horses clatter and sharp bells chime,
Bending low with a word of grace,
The Little Sisters are in their place!
Under the workman's and soldier's care,
Thank God alike for the sweet relief
Of Christ's good daughters who whisper there
The tender promise of faith and prayer!

O—to the front when the war drums beat,
First on the field in the battle's heat,
Nursing terror and healing tears
By the captain's side or the cannoneer's;
Quiet and calm and sweet and brave,
Of wounds and fever and spent lifeblood—
Angels winged with the balm of rest,
From pillow to pillow and breast to breast!

Into the roar of the streets of stream,
The Little Sisters of loved dream
Pass as shadows of comfort sent
To the lowly place of sacrament;
Under the gentle and sweet and brave,
The great throngs open to let them through—
The cross before and the Christ above,
In the name of Mary, the Mother of Love!

CATHOLIC MISSIONS AND PROTESTANT REVIVALS.

Sensational Protestant "revivals" are of little permanent value. In Wales three years ago there was a wave of emotional religion which transformed many communities. Drinking, gambling, swearing and loose-living diminished, and it seemed as if a new era had begun. To-day reports from Wales indicate that the wave has passed and left the life of the people as bad as, if not worse than, before. Here in America similar effects of sensational revivals have been noted. A recent case, which we see referred to in our Protestant exchanges, is that of a town in the Mississippi Valley, where special services were held for a series of weeks by a well-known evangelist. Hundreds of people professed conversion, and more than one hundred persons united with the Baptist church. Within six months after the close of the special meetings, the prayer meetings of that church were attended by fewer people than before the revival. The testimony of the pastor is that the "last state is worse than the first. Some of those who began a better life at this time are still faithful; the great majority seems absolutely indifferent to the obligations of the Christian life."

Some people erroneously compare Catholic missions with Protestant revivals. There is a vast difference between the two. We have nothing in the Catholic mission to compare with the frenzied excitement of the Protestant revival. There is no shouting, no howling, no dramatic and demonstrative display of emotion, either on the part of the preacher or his hearers. There is no place for exaggerated, egotistical stories of "experience." Everything is quiet, orderly, deep, intense. The aim of the services is to make each and every participant turn his eyes in upon his own soul. What other people may say or think or do does not matter. In the silence and self accusation of the confessional there is no chance of showing off. In a moment of excitement, surrounded by a crowd of singing, shouting people, a man at a Protestant revival may be stampeded into believing that he has "got religion." When he coolly thinks it over, he may discover his error. But at a Catholic mission a man has this time to think it over coolly, calmly and quietly. While waiting humbly his turn at confession, in the silent church, he has leisure to find out whether his sorrow for sin, his purpose of amendment, are real or not. In fact the very act of going to confession is in itself evidence that his purpose is sincere. It is alone in the confessional, removed from the contagious enthusiasm of the preacher and the congregation that the triumph of the

Catholic mission is achieved. The success of the Catholic mission is not counted by the many who attend the sermons, but by those who, when the crowds have departed and the voice of the preacher is silent, go, quietly and humbly, to confess their sins to the priest, Christ's representative. It is the Sacrament of Penance, properly received, which insures the permanency of the results of the Catholic mission.—Sacred Heart Review.

BISHOP GARRIGAN ON THE SALOON.

North Riverside is the name of a suburb of Sioux City, where recently a saloon was started against the wishes of the residents. The Catholics of North Riverside must have been prominent in opposition to the saloon, for we see that in a sermon at the corner-stone laying of a new church there, Bishop Garrigan took occasion to say: "I take this opportunity to congratulate the whole people of North Riverside on their noble and courageous opposition to the opening of a saloon in their midst, and I would encourage them to persevere in their opposition until our city government will see the moral consequences of their act and will relent."

"It is an oppression to force this moral pest-house upon the peaceful and hard-working people of this suburb, and that at the instigation of a monopoly that breeds more immorality, poverty and misery than any other in our land. I am not a fanatic on this question, but I am a minister of religion, and my mission is to teach men right morals and to lead them to the knowledge of God and thus save them. I must confess that in my thirty-seven years of experience in that mission the greatest obstacle to my success has been the saloon. Therefore, I am forced to conclude that the Government and the men who promote and propagate the saloon are enemies to the moral progress of the city, enemies to the home and enemies to religion. If the saloon must be tolerated as a necessary evil let it be kept as far as possible from the dwellings of our families, in the open, under the eye of the law and under the club of public opinion, but not in the peaceful suburb of the city."

The Yellow Professor.

The Monitor of Newark says that the country has had its surfeit of the yellow journal and the yellow preacher. "Now," says our esteemed contemporary, "we are having the 'yellow' university professor. Chicago University seems to lead in producing this specimen. There is no freakish, foolish opinion that we may not expect from these schools of 'learning.' Among their thoughtful suggestions is a free love, trial marriage, race suicide, murder of incurables, and now enters Professor David Starr Jordan urging that two-thirds of the population should be killed off every fifteen years. The assassination of one or two every day can not make much difference if the Professor insists on removing two-thirds of the population at short intervals. Who is to make the choice, the Professor or some other diseased mind?"

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