

AUGUST 19, 1899.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fourteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

ON THE VALUE OF THE SOUL.

"Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God, and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you." (Matt. 6, 33)

What a grand, and sublime holy work is not the salvation of souls! On nearly every page of the gospel we find our Lord speaking of it either in plain words or in figures and parables.

In the gospel of this Sunday He again mentions this, our most important work, saying: "Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God and His justice and all things shall be added unto you."

Indeed, my dear Christians, if we would comprehend how precious our soul is in the sight of God, we would, like the saints, value it above all other things, and would never permit it to perish by a life of carelessness and indifference.

What is the value of a soul in the sight of Heaven? Is it as valuable as a kingdom or an empire? More. As all the gold, silver and precious stones? More. One soul is more precious than the whole universe.

To convince you of this, I need only remind you that the soul is an image and a likeness of God: a being which came from Heaven and was created for Heaven. I could remind you that God, moreover, has given His beloved angels, who stand before His throne, adoring His Infinite Majesty, charge over the souls to guard them from evil and to protect them against the snares of Satan.

I could direct your thoughts to the grief and the bitter tears the Church weeps when a soul is seduced from the path of virtue, and the victorious cry of hell when a soul goes to perdition.

These things, however, we shall not to-day contemplate. I shall lead you to Mt. Calvary to the cross of our dying Redeemer. There you will see that God so highly prized your soul that to save it, He shed His own Precious Blood.

In order to create a soul, God had "breathed into his face the breath of life and man became a living soul" (Gen. 2, 7), but to give that soul, the Saviour had to save His own life. Yes, my dear Christians, ascend Mt. Calvary, and behold your God and Redeemer hanging on the cross between heaven and earth. Do you see the nails in His hands and feet? Do you see the crown of thorns on His head? Do you see how cruelly His arms are stretched? Do you see the gaping wounds, the torn body, the flowing blood? Do you see the pallid face in the agony of death? Then ask your Lord and Master: What, O sweetest Jesus, has caused this bitter passion, what caused these cruel tortures, this agony of death? And the Crucified Saviour will bow His head and answer: This, O soul, I have suffered for you.

To save you I descended from Heaven into this valley of tears, labored thirty-three years, and then carried this cross, was nailed to it and there shed the last drop of My blood. "Anima tanti valet, So preciosa thou art? O soul."—S. Augustine.

My dear Christians, can you listen to your Saviour speaking thus from the cross and still remain callous to the voice of grace? "Have pity on your own soul." (Ecc. 9, 24) says your own preacher. Yes, have pity on your own soul which is created to live eternally. "For what doth it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his soul?" (Matt. 16, 26) How quickly time flies, how soon will your life be finished! How soon the hour will come, the dreadful hour of judgment, when you will not be questioned: How rich were you? How many acres of land did you possess? What honorable position did you occupy? Or the contrary, you will be asked: How have you lived, what have you done to save your soul? And the answer to these questions will decide whether Heaven or hell, eternal beatitude or eternal damnation will be your portion. If you die as a child of God, you may indeed be compelled to remain for a time in purgatory to complete your penance, but your soul is saved, and you have secured Heaven as your eternal inheritance. If, however, you appear without the wedding garment of sanctifying grace, as an enemy of God, in the state of mortal sin, your soul is lost forever; it is destined to burn in the fearful flames of hell for all eternity. Then you may wring your hands in anguish and despair; it will avail you nothing. Then you may weep floods of tears; they will never quench the flames, which you have kindled by your indifference. Your soul is lost—lost through your fault—through your own fault—through your own grievous fault—lost without hope, without mercy, lost forever.

He who loses his soul, loses all. During life, he could profit by the infinite merits of the Precious Blood of our Lord. He had the sacraments, he had so many graces. Now he has nothing. All is lost.

It is true, he wished to be saved, he spoke repeatedly of Heaven, he often resolved to be converted. But of what avail? He neglected the time of grace, and now all is lost.

He often recommended himself to the prayers of pious persons or friends, even in the last sickness he wished to die a Christian, a Catholic, but he neglected the time of repentance and what avail are now all these pious thoughts? He lost his soul, and with it, all. Oh, terrible, eternal, irremediable loss!

as true children of God, in the state of grace and free from sin. Repeat daily: That I must die is most certain, but I know not when, how, nor where, but this I do know, if I die in the state of mortal sin, my soul will be lost, damned forever; if I die in the state of grace, I am saved for life eternal. Amen.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

OUR LADY'S SEPULCHRE.

Perhaps many of us are not aware of the pomp and ceremony with which is celebrated on August 25, by the Christian population of Jerusalem the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady, below whose walls on the east side of the city is the traditional sepulchre of Mary, the Mother of Jesus. If the spot handed down by tradition be indeed her tomb, then, certainly, she must have belonged to a prominent family, for this tomb is a rock cut deep under ground, and must have cost an immense amount of money.

In those days, when Jerusalem was in its glory, wealthy people had their villas on the slope of the Mount of Olives, and this being at the foot of the mountain, land must have been very high in value.

The approaches to the tomb of the Blessed Virgin are by two flights of steps leading down to a paved courtyard about eighteen feet below the level of the ground, and situated near what is known as the Gethsemane of the Greeks, and a very short distance from the Gethsemane of the Catholics. Probably both spots were included in the original Garden of Gethsemane. Was a sepulchre within the garden, and was Jesus in the habit of withdrawing for prayer and meditations to this spot because it was the sepulchre of his mother's family?

On the eastern side of this depressed yard is a large iron gate that is opened for a couple of hours in the morning and afternoon to admit pilgrims and worshippers who may desire to offer their prayers at this shrine.

A deep gloom pervades the place. A wide flight of stairs leads down into the heart of the valley, in the direction of the Mount of Olives. At the bottom is a level space, and here is the tomb itself. On the eve of Bab Sina Maryam, the Feast of Our Lady Mary, as it is called by both Christians and Mohammedans—for the Mohammedans also venerate her as a saint—the sepulchre is ablaze with a thousand wax tapers and torches, and the rich chants of priests and monks can be heard, as it were, issuing out of the door of the earth.

A steady throng of people issue out of what is generally called by Occidentals St. Stephen's Gate, and by the natives Bab Sina Maryam (the Gate of Our Lady Mary), in the east side part of the city. Men are dressed in cloth robes of blue, green, white, orange, and black, and the women enveloped in full white sheets that cover the head and reach down to the ankles, and are again caught up in front and tucked into the girdle. Nearly all are natives of the place or the neighboring districts, for the regular pilgrimage season, when worshippers come from distant countries, has already passed. The grass has about dried up under the tropic sun, but the big trees are of a rich green, filled with a delicious, ripe fruit; the pomegranates, which here attain a scarlet, or crimson, red on the side exposed to the sun, look smiling among their light green leaves; the bronze-green olive leaves momentarily show a silver lining on the reverse side, as they are brushed aside by the passing breeze, and the tall old cypress trees around gracefully bow and nod as though silently beckoning to one from afar. For the western breeze, which usually springs up in the afternoon, has come up from the Mediterranean, and is gently cooling the overheated atmosphere. It will blow fresher and cooler towards evening, and at night it will have a heavy deposit of dew on the trees and around, and refresh and revivify vegetation.

Small picnic parties form under the trees, for many have come out to spend the whole night under the canopy of the sepulchre to pray. The heat generated by the lights and crowds is intense and uncomfortable, and very few stay here long. A temporary structure for a catafalque has been erected, and many native women have a superstition that it is endowed with miraculous powers, and that if the childless woman passes under it she will bear a son.

On leaving the shrine the worshippers go up the slope of the Mount of Olives, and have their supper under the trees; here is a better view.

Enterprising cafeterias (coffee sellers) have already opened shops in the open air. Their outlets are not very large—dozen or so of margherita or water pipes, each a dozen of coffee pots of a capacity of from two gills to a pint, and several demijohns of wine and arack, the native alcoholic whiskey. The coffee must be served fresh to every new-comer, and hence the necessity of having small coffee pots. The Oriental takes his coffee in a tiny cup, but he wants it strong, and sips cup after cup while smoking his narghileh.

The evening shades have fallen, the breeze has freshened still more, and the moon rises majestically almost overhead behind the Mount of Olives. Tiny lights from lanterns sparkle among the trees like so many fireflies, and songs of men and women are heard all around. The men in the cafes sing louder as some of the arack becomes mingled with the coffee which they have swallowed, and now and then some enthusiastic young fellow fires off an old blunderbuss.

Among those who used to enjoy this festival most was the character by the name of Daoudier Rishmoun, a native Hebrew, whose family is said to have been among the few who remained in Jerusalem after its destruction by the Romans. There were only two men left of that family, and one of these was Daoud. He was very liberal-minded, and had, indeed, changed his faith several times—Greek Catholic, and Protestant. He would have also taken a turn at Mohammedanism, but he knew if he once professed that religion he would not be allowed to turn to any other again. His motto was: "God is liberal and merciful."

Daoud was widely known and popular among all. As a story-teller he was unexcelled, and he could sing with the loudest, very often outdoing him. On those occasions he generally took along an enormous blunderbuss with a big flint lock, and after firing his lungs with a song full of trills, he would put a period

to his melody by firing off his blunderbuss, the report of which reverberated through the valley.

The festivities continue through the night, the natives going from time to time to pray again at the tomb.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Duty is the grandest of ideas, because it implies the idea of God, of the soul, of liberty, of responsibility, of immortality. It is the most generous, because independent of it there is neither pleasure nor interest.

Duty and Destiny.

No man can foretell the future, yet when we observe accomplished events we can usually trace the causes that gave rise to them. Conversely we should be able to predict the future by following out from cause to effect. But the difficulty is in recognizing the cause before its effect has been wrought and of calculating with the nicety of astronomers the effect of disturbing causes. It is possible, however, to do something quite as good as predicting the future: we can make the present such that only good can grow from it. The President in one of his recent speeches said: "Duty determines destiny. Destiny, which results from duty performed, may bring anxiety and perils, but never failure and dishonor. Pursuing duty may not always lead by smooth paths. Another course may look easier and more attractive, but pursuing duty for duty's sake is always safe and sure and honorable."

This thought—though capable as are many other good ideas of misapplication by politicians—should be a controlling one with young men. They cannot fathom their destiny, but they can determine it to some extent and in its general character by faithfully discharging their duty fearlessly and faithfully. This discharge of duty for duty's sake, not only establishes a good reputation, which is of value; it establishes a good character, which is of more importance. He who resists temptations to idle dalliance and which is only of the discharge of duty is strengthened in virtue by its practice and fitted for higher things. His reputation may open the door of advancement for him; his character will enable him to worthily sustain himself under new trials.

It may seem to the young and inexperienced that it will be an easy thing to follow a rule of life so simple as that here set forth; that there will be little difficulty about the simple discharge of duty. But they will find many temptations to neglect duty when they have entered upon their life work, and, if they yield, the temptations will multiply until they will forget duty altogether. The temptations of a "life of pleasure" will probably first present themselves. The hours of toil are long, and after a hard day's work one is indisposed to do anything but rest. A few hours snatched from business yield rest and recreation. The temptation is strong to neglect duty for a little while for the sake of the pleasures of life. But amusements are as exacting as business; they lead to late hours, and after a time the pleasure loving youth is too tired in the morning to exert himself and duty is disregarded at the beginning as well as at the end of the day. Neglect of duty brings in its train other evils; there are complainings, then loss of situation, baneful idleness and woes unnumbered. The paths of pleasure very often lead downward in this fashion. The path of duty may be rougher in places, but it, too, is decked with modest flowers and it always leads upward.

The future is a sealed book to us, but we know in a general way that the discharge of duty for duty's sake builds up character, establishes reputation and thus prepares us for higher things. It "is always sure, safe and honorable."

Seeking One's Ease. One of the social evils that has grown up with the development of what is called a higher civilization and contemporaneously with a minute division of labor and an increased use of machine tools is a disinclination for manual labor, so that it becomes difficult to persuade young men of good attainments to engage in mechanical employments. If as pupils of manual training schools or apprentices in shops they learn to be mechanics it is not with the idea of remaining as workmen. They expect to become engineers or to abandon the shops altogether for office work, which is cleaner and in the eyes of some people more respectable. Shop training is supposed to be useful to those who occupy administrative positions connected with shops, and for that reason only the boy consents to learn a trade. There is scarcely any one who is not more or less infected with the desire to escape work—to get some kind of employment which is apparently free from the drudgery of mechanical employment. A recent writer says: "Instead of feeling a pride and obligation in service men and women through all the grades are debauched by the visions of escape from service, or, what amounts to the same thing, exchange of work for a state that seems to require less work. Not how to do well the work of our present condition, but how to get into a condition which seems to promise relief of work, is the question which teases the least respectable and sometimes the more respectable of those who make the social movement."

Ambition is commendable, even that ambition which seeks ease rather than labor, but the ambition to advance to a higher plane should be accompanied by an ambition to excel in the plane that is to be left behind. The unrest

of which so much complaint is made and which has rendered so many workmen unhappy arises from a neglect of present opportunities. The sure path to preferment and to the supposed ease of the higher occupations is through the faithful performance of duty in that which one now occupies. We concern ourselves altogether too much about the future to the neglect of the present; whereas the future will take care of itself and of the deservings among us if we are faithful in the present. It is a mistake also to suppose that there is greater ease or less servitude in the higher employments than in the lower. As a matter of fact the common laborer has fewer cares than his employer and much less responsibility. The latter may appear to be his own master, but he is the servant of his customers, of the public, and his master is more fickle and exacting than any with whom the laborer has to deal. In aiming at ease through higher occupation the boy or young man who avoids mechanical employment is pursuing a mere "will o' the wisp." His ambition should be directed to perfecting himself in the work that is at his hand, whatever it may be, in the confident assurance that in that course only he can find satisfaction, such promotion as he may deserve and such ease as may be won by the zealous worker.

Bicycle Notes.

A new feature of the bicycle is the wooden handle bar. This is a decided improvement, because it does away with the vibrations transmitted to the handle bar through the front fork. The harder the tires are blown up and the rougher the road is, the greater will the vibration be. The wooden handle-bar is especially useful in cities where much riding is done over cobble stones.

There has been a great reduction in the size of tires to get increased speed and decrease the weight of the bicycle, but this improvement has been carried to such an extreme that it ceases to be an improvement. For road riding no tire should be used smaller than 1 1/2 inches, and if the rider be a heavy man, over 180 pounds, 1 3/4 inches, or even two inch tires should be used. The smaller the tire the harder must it be blown to prevent stones, etc., from striking the rims. Toe-clips are also useful to prevent jars to the perineum and spine when riding accidentally over juncos in the road; they help in steadying the rider on the wheel and are becoming more and more popular.

Another point in the hygienic and comfortable riding is to adjust the saddle the proper distance from the pedals. The distance should not be so great that the knee will be fully stretched when the pedal reaches the lowest point; however, this is a delicate point, because the proper distance is only a trifle short of the point described above. If the saddle is too low the knees will tire very quickly.

What Not to Say. Do not say, "I can't eat." Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and say, "I am hungry all the time, and food never hurts me."

Never say to your friends that you are as tired in the morning as at night. If they happen to be sharp they will tell you Hood's Sarsaparilla cures that tired feeling. Do not say, "My face is full of pimples." You are quite likely to be told by some one, "There is no need of that, for Hood's Sarsaparilla cures pimples."

It is improper and unnecessary to say, "My health is poor and my blood is bad." Hood's Sarsaparilla will give you blood, and good health will follow as a natural consequence. The specific remedy for troubles of the blood, kidneys, stomach, liver, is Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. Severe colds are easily cured by the use of Bickel's anti-Consumptive Syrup, a medicine of extraordinary penetrating and healing properties. It is acknowledged good for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs, and all affections of the throat and chest. Its agreeableness to the taste makes it a favorite with ladies and children. It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extingisher.

THE TEST OF TRUTH IN CONTROVERSY.

Some of our exchanges will not let the ghost of so-called "Americanism" rest. We should bear in mind that test of truth is not what a man says, but from whom he has it. There is one visible teacher of truth, one venerable ark of salvation on earth, and that is the visible Church of Christ. Our hope of salvation does not depend upon our appreciation of this or that doctrine, or this or that moral law, but in our visible and invisible membership in faith and hope and charity with the visible and invisible Church. The Apostle calls his converts brides to their own wedded spouse, Christ. We are engrafted upon His Mystical Body, and we form one with Him. Our outward oneness and obedience will be the sign and pledge of our interior vitality; and we shall come to repudiate instinctively what is false, not because we analyze it and dissect it, but from a loyalty which shall become our second nature and our certain rule of guidance.—American Herald.

You May Bend the Sapling, But not the Tree.

When disease has become chronic and deep seated it is often difficult to cure it. That is the reason why it is best to take Hood's Sarsaparilla when disease first shows itself—in pimples, headaches, indigestion or other troubles which tell of poor blood, weak stomach or disordered liver or kidneys. This great medicine regulates the whole system. It never disappoints.

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THINK about your health. Do not allow scrofula taints to develop in your blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now and keep yourself WELL.

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A WOMAN'S SUFFERING.

Was Troubled With Palpitation of the Heart, Extreme Weakness and Nervous Headache.

In the little hamlet of Montrose, Welland county, resides a lady who gives much praise to the curative power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The subject of this testimony is Mrs. Richard Hanna, an estimable lady who has resided in that locality for many years. A reporter seeking an interview with Mrs. Hanna found her willing to give full details, which are given in her own words. Five years ago I was taken ill. I attributed the trouble at the time to an injury sustained by a fall. Time went on and I did not get better. The symptoms of my complaint were palpitation of the heart, extreme weakness, stomach troubles and terrible headaches. I was very nervous, had no appetite and experienced much wakefulness at night. Finally I was compelled to take to my bed, being too weak to sit up any longer. In this condition I was treated at different times by three doctors, and took a great quantity of medicine but realized no benefit. Not one of my neighbors thought I would get well. In the meantime I thought myself that death would soon end my sufferings. One day Mrs. Smith, of Port Robinson, came to see me and persuaded my husband to procure for me some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he purchased six boxes. After taking the six boxes I had improved very much and was able to be up, though yet too weak to walk. I sent for another six boxes and as a result consider my cure complete. I can relish food better, sleep soundly, and stand more fatigue than I could for years previous. Al though I have passed the meridian of life I feel as healthy as when I was in my twenties. With great pleasure and a grateful heart I give this testimony.

The public is cautioned against numerous pink colored imitations of these famous pills. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the words "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not have them they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

What Not to Say. Do not say, "I can't eat." Take Hood's Sarsaparilla and say, "I am hungry all the time, and food never hurts me."

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BOYS' AND GIRLS' ANNUAL FOR 1899.

THIS BEAUTIFUL AND VERY ENTERTAINING Little Annual for 1899 contains something to interest all boys and girls, and as it costs only the small sum of FIVE CENTS it is within the reach of all. The frontispiece is a very nice illustration of St. Anthony proving by a public miracle the Real Presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. The King of the Free Will Wines from the Comanches, by Marion Ames Taggart, author of The Hissayavania Post Office; Three Girls and Especially One by Bransome River, etc., etc.; Fast Asleep (Illustration); How to Get Money (Illustration); Mary, Queen of Heaven (Illustration); You're Out (Illustration); Playing with Kitty (Illustration); Stolen Fruit (Illustration); An Army of Two; A True Story; Our Blessed Mother and the Divine Infant (Illustration). This Little Annual has also an abundance of games, tricks and puzzles—The Magic Dart, Shadows in Dialogue, The Impossible Cat, Fire, The Inverted Glass, A Home Telephone, To Preserve Flowers, Another Way to Keep a Bouquet Fresh; as well as splendid recipes for Home-made candy. Altogether it is one of the nicest little books that we know of, for the price—five cents. Orders mailed at once on receipt of price. Address—Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.

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