

AUGUST 26, 1899.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fifteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

ON SPIRITUAL DEATH.

"Behold, a dead man was carried out, the only son of his mother." (Luke 7, 12.) A young man, the gospel relates, was carried to the grave. Shortly before, he was the picture of health and vigor, the support of his mother, but now he is silent and cold, the eyes are sunken, the lips closed; the face is pale, the body without motion; death has claimed him as a victim. A sad sight, indeed, but a sadder spectacle it is to see the soul of so many young people resemble the body of the young man in the gospel; although corporally living, yet they are spiritually dead, and to them may be applied the words of the Apocalypse: "Thou hast died." A few years ago they were innocent, promising children, and on the day of their first Holy Communion, they promised undying love and fidelity to their dear Lord. They might have been compared to blooming young trees promising to bear most delicious fruits. But now they are grown, and alas, what must we say of them? They are spiritually dead, their soul is dead to God and life everlasting. They tore from their hearts the pearl of innocence, they cast away the pearl of piety, and alas, perhaps, even that of faith; they now walk far from God on the road to perdition, a source of the deepest grief to their parents, and of scandal to the community. Oh, how much more deserving of pity are not these spiritual dead young men, than the one mentioned in the gospel! How much better for them would it have been had death claimed them in their innocence, before the poison of sin destroyed their soul! How much better it would have been for them had their bodies been brought to the grave, instead of Satan bringing their innocence and their fear of God to destruction!

Let us also consider the weeping mother, who so sorrowfully follows the corpse of her only son. He was her only support, the staff of her life, and now she has lost him, and with him, all hopes of a cheerful old age. There are many parents who can speak of a similar grief, for how many have not been compelled to follow the remains of dearly beloved children whom death snatched away in the bloom of their youth! Their grief, no doubt, was great, but nothing compared to what Christian parents must, or should feel when they mourn the spiritual death of their children: if they see that a child which they brought up in the fear of God, has fallen a victim of temptation, fallen away from God and is now hastening to perdition.

Yet, how immeasurably greater will not be the grief, if parents must admit that they are the cause of their children's destruction! Perhaps, through blind love for them they have been too indulgent, did not correct their faults or punish them when necessary, perhaps they have not been sufficiently watchful, did not permit them to join in all kinds of dangerous amusements, or they may have allowed them to enter services for the sake of a few dollars, regardless of the associations they would meet. Poor parents, you have indeed cause to weep, but despair not, rather look up with confidence to Him who is the mighty helper in every need.

The procession moved outside the gates of the city. Bowed down with grief, the weeping mother followed. Behold, the mournful cortege is quickly changed into a rapturous throng. The Saviour spoke to the mother "Weep not" to the son "Young man, I say to thee arise," and obedient to the Master's voice "he that was dead sat up and joyfully the mother clasped him to her bosom." Thus, the omnipotent Consoler of the sorrowful changed the tears of woe into those of joy. The same God is still living, possessing the same omnipotence, and can raise not only the corporally dead, but also the spiritually dead to life. Who could count the number of souls dead to God whom by His omnipotent voice of grace He has raised from a long and fearful death of sin, to a new life of grace, and who now, in the midst of the holy penitents, stand before the throne of God, chanting the joyful, eternal Alleluia. May you, my young friends, who are now lying enclosed in the tomb of sin, also hear the self same words; may your hard heart be so pierced that you will hear the loving voice of Jesus addressing you: "Young man, young maiden, I say to thee arise. Arise from the death torpor of indifference, of pride and vanity, and of other vices. Arise from the spiritual death of sin. Arise, for, perhaps, actual death may overtake you suddenly and find you unprepared; then it will be too late. The spiritual death will change into eternal death, the death of hell. Arise therefore now, and save your soul when salvation is still within your reach.

And you, poor parents, who must lament over the death of the soul of your child, learn to-day to whom you must apply, that your child may rise from death and again receive the life of sanctifying grace. Appeal to the God Shepherd that He will seek the lost sheep, tell your grief to the Master and pray without intermission and with confidence for your poor child. Follow the example of St. Monica who did not desist from praying until she obtained the conversion of her son, who afterwards became the great St. Augustine. Pray earnestly, perseveringly and with confidence, and you will be rewarded. Your prayers will be heard and you will be able to exclaim: "This, my son, this, my daughter, was lost, but now he or she is found; the soul was dead, but now it has come to life again. Amen.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A SONG TO OUR LADY OF THE ASSUMPTION.

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY IN AVE MARIA. All day among our rigging fair The west wind crowned from shore. Behind us frowned grief, toil and care; Joy, freedom smiled before. And soft we sang, as twilight pale Fell round us dreamfully; Our faces to the sea: "Hail, Queen of earth and sea!" The moon was white upon the wave; The stars on wastes forlorn, Were like the lilies in thy grave Upon Assumption morn. And still we sang, "Hail, silver sail, Our faces to the sea: "Hail, Queen of earth and sea!" Thou art our Moon, O Mary sweet! Thou art our polar Star! We follow on thy shining feet Across Death's morning bar. No cloud shall then thy pure face veil; We'll sing eternally: "Mother of Mariners, all hail! "Mother of Mariners, all hail! We've reached our Port—and thee! Sea Isle City, N. J.

Proprietors of the Table. To persons of good breeding nothing is more annoying than violations of the conventional proprieties of the table. Reaching over another person's plate; standing up to reach the different articles instead of asking to have them passed; using one's own knife and spoon for butter, salt, or sugar, when it is the custom of the family to provide separate utensils for the purpose; setting cups with the coffee dripping from them on the tablecloth; using the tablecloth instead of the napkins; eating fast and in a noisy manner; monopolizing pieces in the mouth; looking and the jelly or the jam; or as if eating as if they were hungry, or as if anxious to get at certain dishes; sitting at too great a distance from the table and dropping food; laying the knife and fork on the tablecloth, instead of on the edge of the table. All these particulars children should be taught to avoid.

St. Francis and the Wolf. In the neighborhood of Gubbio there was a most audacious wolf. As if winged it dashed into the village, captured the finest sheep, indeed, any animal of moderate size, and even children. The men of the village, with dire threats and rusty sabres, banded together for the destruction of the raptacious wolf, but he was every where and nowhere all at once, and where they returned home to find their flocks diminished by his visit and their households in agonies of terror. At length the idea became prevalent that his Satanic Majesty was in league with the ravenous beast. At this juncture of affairs holy Father Francis happened to pass through the village. The inhabitants gathered around the gentle saint to tell their grievances and implore his help against their wily foe. Dear Saint Francis listened patiently to the tale of horror. His heart, the faithful reflection of the sweetest of all hearts, the Heart of Jesus, was touched, and he bade them guide him to the forest in which they supposed the wolf to be. This was rather a perilous thing, but surely the good saint would not expose them to danger, so they led the way, but very cautiously. Before long the identical wolf came trotting along at a brisk pace straight for the village. St. Francis stepped forward, then raised his head with a growl, then quite abashed, dropped it, and stood in a very humble and seemingly penitent mood before the saint.

"O brother Wolf," began St. Francis, whose great heart embraced the universe at large, "thou art doing wrong indeed, and thou hast been very cruel to these good children of God. That must not be. Come, hither, brother Wolf, come hither; lay thy foot here in my hand and promise never again to molest these Christians." The wolf ambled up to him and laid his paw in St. Francis's hand.

A Legend. From the French by Grace M. Tobin. One day Jesus, with only Peter accompanying Him, walked on the shore of a lake near Genesareth. The burning mid-day sun cast its rays upon them when they saw, seated before the threshold of a poor cabin, the widow of a fisherman, sadly rocking her child and spinning her flax. Jesus and Peter were not far from her; they sheltered themselves in a grove of fig trees so that they might see without being seen. Suddenly an old man carrying a pitcher on his head, passing by said to her who spun: "Woman, I wish to carry this pitcher of milk to a man residing in the neighboring village; but you see, I am weak and bent with age; and I know that alone I will not accomplish this work for which they will pay me an obol." The woman arose without saying a word, left without hesitating her distaff of flax and the cradle where cried the orphan, took the pitcher and went with the old man. When she had gone Peter turning to Jesus, said: "No doubt he was worthy of help, Master; but that woman had very little sense to abandon her son and her house for the first old man who crossed her path. He would have met, not far from here, another who would have taken his pitcher and carried it."

But Jesus replied to Peter: "In truth, when one poor person helps a poorer one, my Father watches over his house and sees that it prospers. This woman did well to go without hesitating." When He had said these words, Our Lord went and seated Himself on the wooden bench before the poor hut, with His divine hands He

CHATTS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Industry and Frugality. The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market; it depends chiefly upon two words—industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money, but make the best use of both.

The Man Who Succeeds. The man who makes a success of an important venture never waits for the crowd. He strikes out for himself. It takes nerve. It takes a great lot of grit. But the man who succeeds has both. Any one can fail. The public admires the man who has enough confidence in himself to take a chance. These chances are the main thing after all. The man who tries to succeed must expect to be criticized. Nothing important was ever done but the greater number consulted previously the accomplishment of what most people think can't be done.—C. V. White.

Should be Kept. The happiest households are those which do not die out the sentiment connected with various anniversaries. Although gift-giving or recognition of such events in a suitable way may be out of the question, owing to the straightened circumstances of those within the gates, there can yet be a little air of festivity when mother's or father's birthday comes around, or some wedding anniversary is to be celebrated. An extra dish, a little bunch of flowers, or some special music prepared for the occasion, will show the kindly spirit and the loving remembrances, which count for more than the money value of any gift.

Shabby Clothes. It is undoubtedly true that poor or slovenly attire will prejudice men against a person before he has said a word, and it has been remarked that, "Had Tully himself pronounced one of his orations with a blanket about his shoulders, more people would have laughed at his dress, than have admired his eloquence;" yet some men have the mistaken idea that carelessness in dress is the first step towards an intellectual life. This might have been true a couple of centuries ago, as it is related of two eminent and learned men of that time that "they had but one mind, one purse, one chamber and one hat;" but literary and learned men and women of our day dress as carefully as any other cultivated people, and the idea of unkempt and unwashed genius is a thing of the past. Tidiness is always to be commended, and nothing more readily hints of inward purity than a neat appearance. Let every boy remember this and not attempt to appear a genius by affecting carelessness in his attire.

Be a Gentleman. The most successful men in this world are those who, possessing fair abilities, are gentlemen in deportment, polite in manners, dignified and courteous in bearing while dealing with all classes of people, male as well as female. The man who respects the feeling of the servant as well as the high official, the laboring man as well as the employer, is the one to command the good-will and services of all. Truly great men never indulge in acts of coarseness and disrespect, jest or give to the disadvantage of others, utter oaths, slang or vulgarity, or constantly indulge in uncleanness of person. Courteous habits of speech and conduct, combined with strict integrity and devoted to duty, add a charm to one's manners, and raises him in the estimation of all with whom he comes into contact, and will do as much to advance him on the high road to success as any other quality he can possess. Young men should, among their other acquirements, learn to be gentlemen at all times and in all places.

Demand the Best in Yourself. None of us expect enough from ourselves. Excuses for our own lacks and mistakes are easy to find, and we usually find them. How can we expect ourselves to become strong and excellent when we deal with them in this fashion—which, to speak bluntly—is lazy and cowardly? The greatest dishonesty in the world is dishonesty with ourselves. We seldom look squarely at our lives and ask for a rendering of accounts. Not often do we take ourselves to task for our inefficiencies. We will not face the truth when it is the truth about ourselves. The person whose life develops into its best is the one who holds himself rigorously and sternly to his possibilities. He is more frank at condemning failings in himself than at condemning those in his neighbor. Of his life he demands the best. He requires great things of himself. His ideals and his aspirations are exalted, and he seriously brings himself to book when he fails to come up to them. In character and achievement he expects much from himself, and is too brave to make excuses for his own failings that he would not make for a neighbor.

Be Your Own Landlord. This announcement from the pulpit is worthy of reaching a wider audience than that for which it was originally intended: "The pastor is pleased to note that a couple of families have been buying real estate, during the past month. He would like to see every family own its own home, and have every young man cherish this ambition from the day that he starts to work by owning a piece of property. "Put your money in real estate and not in the cash register of a saloon," or, we would add, the pockets of a mining speculator. There is more in this good advice than appears on the surface.

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Meeting Company. I know a family where there are sons and daughters, the latter charming and in every respect young gentlemen. But the sons fall far below their level. They come to the door with thundering knocks that make everyone in the house start disagreeably with surprise, walk through the hall without introducing their muddy boots to either scraper or doormat, sit down to meals without the usual preliminary of hand washing and hair-brushing, and are altogether rough and unrepresentable.

If friends call at the house these young men rush away from the chance of encountering them; or if they cannot help meeting them, they blush scarlet, look gauche and uncomfortable, and feel miserable. They knock things over out of pure awkwardness, and never realize that the secret of the whole matter is the want of self-training. Girls are animated by a greater wish to please, an amiable desire that need not be confounded with vanity, and this wish led the sisters of these young men to practice those small acts of daily self-denial which after a while produce the highest self culture so far as manners go.

What is habitual neatness but constant coercion of human nature's innate indolence? What is politeness in the home but the outcome of affection and self-respect, and the suppression of all those natural instincts of self-seeking that, allowed their way, produce the worst manners in the world? If any young man desires to be a perfect gentleman, he must begin in his own home. It is delightful to see some young men unobtrusively attentive to their sisters, watchful of every need of their father and mother, cheerful and pleasant in their manner, full of fun and brightness, yet never losing the gentleness that denotes the fine nature, and so beloved in the home for all these endearing qualities, that when they leave it they are sadly missed.

The father misses them for the pleasant companionship; the sisters miss them for the boyish spirits and the exuberant fun that never exceeds the bounds of good taste and refinement; and the mother misses them more than anyone else, for no one better than she knows how many times a day her boys have set aside their own wishes in deference to hers, quietly, silently, unobtrusively—in a word, out of pure good manners, in the deepest, highest, truest sense of the words. Such gentle, virile natures look out at the world through the countenance, which is a letter of recommendation to them wherever they go.

The superiority of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is shown by its good effects on the children. Purchase a bottle and give it a trial. Worms cause intolerable pain. Holloway's Corn Cure removes the trouble. Try it, and see what an amount of pain is saved.

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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 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 Precipice (illustrated); How Jack Hildreth Freed Winnifred from the Comanches, by Martin Ames Taggart, author of The Hissawala; St. Office; Three Girls and Especially One, by Bransome River, etc., etc.; Fast Asleep (illustrated); Fast Mending (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 Diagonals, 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: Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD Office, London, Ont.

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