

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost.

OUR DUTIES TO GOD AND THE WORLD. - Render therefore unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's. (St. Matt. xxii. 21)

If the Pharisees were a bad set and tried to ensnare our Lord by the question they propounded to Him in today's gospel we may at least thank them for the answer it brought forth. For it unmistakably shows us that we owe a duty not only to God but to the State as well.

No Christian worthy of the name would hesitate to admit the claim that God has upon us. He is our Creator, our Redeemer, our Sanctifier. All that we have we owe to Him, and our innate sense of gratitude prompts every man to see the justice of the claim that He has upon us. But if it is one thing to acknowledge the justice of a claim, it is quite another to make it good. It is easy enough to admit that we should honor God's claims, by serving Him with our whole heart and our whole mind; but the difficulty arises when God in this or that particular circumstance demands of us that we should render unto Him that which belongs to Him by every right. The natural inclination is to put off the fulfillment of the claim as long as we can. Men in most cases strive to invert the logical order which God has established of seeking first the kingdom of heaven and other things afterward, by striving for everything else first, and then God's claims at the end.

Never forget, brethren, that we always are the subjects of God, that we owe Him a service, and that the payment is not to be made the last few days or years of our life.

Neither must we ever forget that we have to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's. That is to say, we must always remember that we owe respect and obedience to the government under which we live.

This, indeed, should not be a hard task for us who have the great privilege of living under one of the best governments in the world. Here we enjoy peace, freedom and happiness. Here we can build up our churches, our schools, and our public institutions without any unnecessary interference from the State. Here we can practice our religious observances to our heart's content, and no one will interfere. Here we can render unto God the things that are His. Therefore should we all the more willingly render unto the State all that belongs to it. And how? By being worthy citizens of the State, as we wish to be worthy children of God; by conscientiously fulfilling our duties as become those who have the interest of their country at heart.

Some men think it is no offence against either God or the government to neglect to fulfill their obligations. Some are too lazy or indifferent to cast an honest vote; others are so mean and sordid as to sell their votes to the highest bidder; such men are not worthy the protection they receive from a free country. They ought to be among the serfs of Russia.

No, brethren, for just as we must never forget our duty to God we must never neglect our duty to the State. We must have a conscience on this matter, and learn to love, cherish and respect the country that does so much for us, obey its laws, and fulfill with a good conscience all the obligations it imposes upon us.

The Savagery of Orangeism.

Probably in no town in Western Europe except Belfast, says the Dublin Freeman of Sept. 20, could such a horrible case as that unfolded before the coroner's jury in Belfast have arisen. A poor Catholic was dying of hemorrhage of the lungs. He sent his sister-in-law for a priest. While the priest was administering the last Sacraments the door of the sick room was burst open, and the infuriated owners of the house rushed in with imprecations to interrupt the ceremony. He assaulted the priest, denounced the dying man's friends as Papists, and when the life had left the body his wife threatened to throw the corpse into the street unless "the thing was taken away." At the instant the doctor swore that such conduct would contribute to the poor man's death, and that it certainly deprived him of whatever chance of life he had. Yet, though the conduct of the Andersons was such as ought to have revolted every humane person, the highly intelligent Protestant jury, in the teeth of the doctor's evidence, acquitted them of any responsibility for the death of the unfortunate man.

Few more horrible stories have ever come even before a coroner's jury for investigation. What makes it the more horrible is that the savage action of the priest's assailant was evidently sympathized with in the neighborhood. The police constable who came to the rescue of the clergyman swore that his life was in danger from a crowd that had gathered in the street. This is what Orangeism has reduced Christianity to in Ulster. For base political purposes religious rancor is fanned and nursed until the unfortunate people whose passions are thus played upon have been reduced, in the name of religion, to below the savage level. Will this terrible revelation of the fruits of their work stay the political manipulators of sectarian hate in their devilish endeavors?

A cough which persists day after day, should not be neglected any longer. It means something more than a mere local irritation, and the sooner it is relieved the better. Take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It is prompt to act and sure to cure.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Panace and Think.

Our trials we could soften, If we'd only panse and think. Tears would not flow so often, If we'd only panse and think. Our skies would all be brighter— Our burdens would be lighter, Our debts would all be whiter, If we'd only panse and think. We would not proceed so blindly, If we'd only panse and think. We would never speak unkindly, If we'd only panse and think. We would cease unrest to borrow, Darkly claiming each to-morrow, We could banish worlds of sorrow, If we'd only panse and think.

Dutch Cure for Laziness.

During a morning walk a merchant who was detained by business in Amsterdam, came to a group of men who were standing round a well, into which a strongly built man had just been let down. A pipe, whose mouth was at the top of the well had been opened and a stream of water from it was flowing down into the well and beginning gradually to fill it. The fellow below had quite enough to do if he did not want to be drowned, to keep the water out by means of a pump which was at the bottom of the well. The merchant pitying the man, asked for an explanation of what seemed a heartless, cruel joke. "Sir," replied an old man standing near, "that man is healthy and strong. I have myself offered him work twenty times, nevertheless he always allows laziness to get the better of him; and will make any excuse to beg his bread from door to door, though he might easily earn it himself by working if he liked. We are now trying to make him feel that he can work. If he uses the strength which is in his arms he will be saved, if he lets them hang idle he will be drowned. But look," continued the old Dutchman, as he went to the edge of the well, "the fellow finds out that he has got muscles; in an hour we shall let him out with better resolutions for the future." Such was the case, and the cure was effectual.

Only a New York Newsboy.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, at the corner of Thirty-fourth street and Third Avenue, a delivery wagon, loaded down with evening papers, and drawn by a galloping horse, dashed up to the sidewalk and stopped. In a moment it was surrounded with a shouting, struggling crowd of newsboys, as thick as a swarm of flies around a sugar barrel.

Every one of the youngsters tried to get his papers on the instant, for the sooner he got them the more he could sell—an every moment's delay meant the loss of so many pennies.

Passers by stopped and looked on, amused at the struggles of the boys, who were reaching over each other's heads and shoulders to get at the men who sat on the tailboard of the wagon scooping in the nickels and handling out piles of papers as fast as they could. The street was full of boys who had got their papers and were scampering off, shouting, as they ran, "Extry Telegram!" "Even Sun!" "News!" (which is newsboy for "Evening News.")

A blind man with cautious steps, and came outstretched before him, came through Thirty-fourth street and paused on the Third Avenue curbstone. He evidently wanted to cross the street, but feared to undertake it alone, for horse-cars, trucks, beer-wagons and other dangers of the highway, were passing in a constant procession. The blind man stood there, his pale, thin face partially turned, with that patient, strained, listening expression that is so pathetic in the blind.

At that moment a newsboy dashed diagonally across the avenue in the direction of the news wagon. He was a bright-eyed, wide-awake little fellow, and one of his rosy cheeks was almost hidden by a smudge of black. He hadn't bought his papers yet and was behind time. He had nearly reached the wagon when he happened to look back and saw the waiting blind man.

Without a moment's hesitation, and sacrificing his chance to get his papers, he instantly started back. He reached the blind man's side, took him by the arm, said cheerfully, "come along, pop, and I had steered him across the avenue in a jiffy. Then he ran over to the wagon and bought his "Teles," after nearly all the boys had received theirs.

The promptness with which he took in the situation, went to the instant relief of the blind man, letting his own interests go when time was money to him, and the matter of course air with which the thing was done, were simply astonishing. "One would have thought he had been waiting for the blind man, and that the whole affair had been pre-arranged. Perhaps other boys might have shown the same instinctive chivalry; but only a New York street arab would have "flashed" to the situation as quick as a flash.

Utterly unconscious of having done anything in the least degree remarkable this little gentleman in rags was hurrying away with his bundle of papers to make up for lost time when I hailed him. I bought two copies of every newspaper he had, gave him a quarter and told him to keep the change.

"What fur?" he demanded, in surprise, and looking at me suspiciously. "For helping that blind man."

"Who?" he inquired with a puzzled air. The youngster had actually almost forgotten it. "Oh, that duffer! Oh, that's nawthin. S'pose I'd take money for dat!" And his lip curled contemptuously, and I felt I had done a mean thing, and had insulted a gentleman, as I meekly permitted him to count seventeen pennies change into my hand. But he was only a newsboy, and a

ragged and dirty one at that!—New York Herald.

Saved by an Elephant.

Mohun and Radha had grown up together. Radha was the elephant named after the wife of one of the many Hindu gods, and Mohun was the son of the old Mahout, Radha's own particular attendant.

Radha, young and only half trained, was brought in from the 'Kottah' in the forest, where they catch and tame the wild young elephants, and chained by his foot to a peg in the ground, or the nearest tree, in a long row of elephants in the government yard, destined to work for the sovereign lady, the queen.

Little Mohun, not a bit afraid of the big beast, would play around him within reach of his huge legs and twisting, twirling trunk. He would feed Radha with one of the great flap-jack cakes which, along with sugarcane and dry grass, made up his meal. Meanwhile Radha would whisk himself with a whip of grass in his trunk to keep off the flies, swaying the whole gently from side to side, as an anchored ship sways in the tideway; or if the sun were very hot, try to cool his burning hide by pouring over it little powderings of dust.

If any stranger had dared to feed him or order him about it would have been the worst for the stranger, for elephants know but one master. In Radha's case, however, it would seem as if he recognized Mohun as a sort of deputy master. He would let the boy stand close to him, and lay his head against Radha's long slender trunk, calling him pet names such as Radha piyari, love or darling.

Great was Mohun's delight when as he grew bigger, he was allowed to assist in Radha's toilet.

The process of Radha's toilet was as follows: First he was washed in the brink of the well, where he was gradually trained to be useful, and to draw up his own water by working the bucket with his trunk. Then he was made to lie down, raising head or leg at a word, while Mohun and his father climbed about him with—not a sponge, but a brick bat rubber, which was just the thing for Radha's tough hide.

He was, however, generally inattentive during the process, lifting up the wrong leg, turning over at the wrong time, blowing clouds of vapor from his trunk; and he had to be scolded and even slapped. But when the washing was over he would sling his nusses up on to his neck with his trunk, or give them a "leg up" behind, in a friendly fashion, and shuffle back to the yard to be dressed in the howdah pad, stitched on with cotton ropes over flaps of leather, to prevent his skin chafing, and be thus made ready for his work.

It was Mohun's great ambition, when his father got too old for work, to be allowed to succeed him as Radha's attendant. Great was his joy, therefore, when Radha having been sent to a government engineer who was building a bridge over a river at the foot of the mountains, he was permitted to accompany him. Radha was of as much help as a hundred coolies. In the heavy toil of carrying the timbers he was unrivaled. He piled the logs, carrying the small ones on his tusks clipped over and held by his trunk.

By way of a holiday the engineer determined one day to have a day's sport tiger shooting; and it was absolutely necessary that Radha and the other elephants should help them in their play as they did in their work, for they wanted them to beat the jungle for the game. A tiger had been heard of that had killed a cow in the forest, not far off, and sportsmen, servants and coolies were eager to be off after him. Mohun hoped against hope that he might accompany Radha; but there was small chance. He was not the Mahout, and would not be wanted.

When the early morning dawned, damp and misty, the great mountains loomed large overhead, the elephants stood ready, saddled with their howdahs outside the sportsmen's tents, on each elephant a servant to load for the hunt. Disconsolate, poor Mohun stood and looked up at his favorite beast. The signal to move on had been given. "Good-by, Radha piyari!" exclaimed the lad. "I hope you'll have a pleasant—"

He never finished his sentence, for Radha whisked his trunk round him, and had seized him and deposited him on his back before Mohun knew what he was about. Evidently Radha did not wish Mohun left behind, and so he was allowed to stay where the elephant had placed him.

The great beasts waded through the forest and the tall elephant grass till they came to a patch of jungle where the tiger was taking a nap. Then some of the elephants were sent in to beat the jungle by marching through it and driving him out, while two others, of which Radha was one, each with a sportsman on his back, waited at the far end to watch for the tiger when he emerged.

They had not long to wait, and they waited motionless, for Radha evidently knew something was going on, and smelt the tiger. Presently a patch of tawny color was seen flitting on the outskirts of the grass. There was a shot from the sportsman on the other elephant, and before anyone could prevent it a wounded tiger sprang on Radha's back, holding on to the trappings of the howdah by its claws. It sprang on the side of the elephant on which Mohun was sitting, and might have dug its claws into him had he not slipped off with all the haste he could possibly make.

Quicker than it takes to tell, a shot from the sportsman in the howdah—



shooting in peril of his life—had dislodged the unexpected passenger, who, dropping unheeded and enraged to the ground, turned on the nearest victim he could see, who happened to be Mohun.

The latter in his hurried descent from Radha's back, had fallen headlong into the grass, and before he could pick himself up the tiger would have sprung upon him, had not the elephant interfered.

Once more, quick as lightning, the agile trunk swooped down upon Mohun, and picking him up, deposited him again in safety, while Radha, who had no mind to carry a tiger pick a pack, bolted off through the forest, with uplifted trunk, trumpeting with fright, and a final shot stretched the tiger dead upon the ground.

Radha had a treat for his supper that night—a reward for saving Mohun's life—a sort of cake, ginger, cloves, pepper, treacle, mixed with flour, such as elephants love.

ST. VITUS DANCE.

A Malady that has Long Refined Medical Skill—A Speedy Cure for the Tremble at Last Discovered—The Particulars of the Cure of a Little Girl Who was a Severe Sufferer.

From the Ottawa Journal.

In a handsome brick residence on the 10th line of Goulburn township, Carleton Co., lives Mr. Thomas Bradley, one of Goulburn's most successful farmers. In Mr. Bradley's family is a bright little daughter, eight years of age, who had been a severe sufferer from St. Vitus dance, and who had been treated by physicians without any beneficial results.

Having learned that the little one had been fully restored to health by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a correspondent of the Journal called



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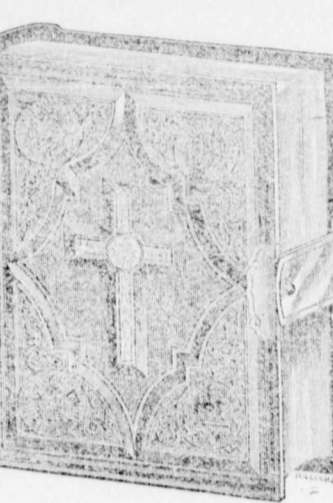
at the family residence for the purpose of ascertaining the facts, and found the little girl a picture of brightness and good health. Mrs. Faulkner, a sister of the little one, gave the following information: "About eighteen months ago Alvira was attacked by that terrible malady, St. Vitus dance, and became so bad that we called in two doctors, who held out no hope to us of her ultimate cure, and she was so badly affected with the 'dance' as to require almost constant watching. About this time we read in the Ottawa Journal of a similar case cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which gave us renewed hope. We procured a couple of boxes, and before these were all used there was a perceptible improvement. After using six boxes more she was entirely free from the disease, and as you can see is enjoying the best of health. Several months have passed since the use of the Pink Pills was discontinued, but there has been no return of the malady, nor any symptoms of it. We are quite certain Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her, and strongly recommended them in similar cases."

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Our Duty to the Dead.

According to the earnestness of the prayers we say for the Poor Souls and the measure of the good work we do for them, will the intercession of Mary and all the saints be efficacious with Jesus in their behalf.

It is unspeakably consoling to the living and the dead to know that the members of the Church Militant upon earth have it within their power to aid and relieve the members of the Church Triumphant. It is therefore really and indeed a holy and a wholesome thought for us of the one to pray for those of the other. It is more: It is an imperative duty we owe the faithful departed. They are our brethren in Christ, bought at the same price, nurtured from the same source of grace, living by the same faith, and sanctified by the same spirit. Many of them this life; and of those many again may now suffer because of us; whether it was that we led them directly into wrong doing, or whether it was that, in their loving kindness for us, they connived at, permitted, aided or abetted us, in what their consciences had whispered them not to be right.

In each and every case it is our bounden duty to do all in our power to assuage sufferings to which we have been accessory.

The Touch of God's Hand.

All things work together for good to them that love God. The tears are not all wiped away, the sorrows are not all over; but, because we know that God is love, and because we are living under His roof and with Him, we know that the sorrows and the tears are themselves God's ministering servants. We no longer think of pain as penalty, and when grief has come into our homes wonder why God has set the seal of His wrath upon us. In the blindness of our grief it is hard to realize that the pains and the troubles and the sorrows that come upon us are those that belong to the Father's house. He Himself—that is the very meaning of the Incarnation—He Himself takes all the sorrows and troubles He allows us to take. Do we know what it is to wrestle with temptation? So did He. Do we know what it is to have our veins throbb with anguish? So did He. Do we know what it is to be despised of men? So did He. Do we know what it is to follow our loved ones to the grave? So did He.

There is no experience of pain or suffering that He did not know. No tear glistens on your eye that has not first glistened on His. There is no heart throb in your heart that has not first throbbed in His.

The pains and sufferings of life—we do not understand them, but we know that they are the ministries of love, and we no longer either treat them as the penalty of living nor think of them as the self-inflicted natural consequences of our own folly and misconduct. So we are able to believe, with Browning that "all pain is gain."

Visits to the Blessed Sacrament.

The custom of visiting the Blessed Sacrament is a most beautiful one, but unfortunately it is one too seldom practiced by Catholics. Were Our Saviour to appear as a man in some church, how great would be the desire of every Christian to go to that church to see Him! Should He remain here for any considerable time, it matters not where the church was located, great pilgrimages would be organized, and thousands would leave their homes and cross oceans and continents to see Him. We all know that He is as certainly in the Tabernacle of the altar as He was in Jerusalem nearly nineteen hundred years ago; and yet so many who believe that fact seldom think of visiting Him, except when forced under pain of sin to attend the celebration of Mass. We know that the Holy Eucharist is an evidence of the intense love of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for man; and yet do we show even in a simple way our appreciation of that love by entering the churches as we pass to say a short prayer? We should remember that the Second Person of the most Holy Trinity is there, and that He will most assuredly bless those who come to see Him. Notwithstanding our faith, we are inclined to treat Our Saviour with far less respect than we show to the great men of the earth or to our personal friends. Faith should find expression in words. If we believe Jesus is in our churches we should give testimony to that belief in going to see Him and praying before the altar. It requires but a few moments, and most assuredly the time there spent is well employed.

To Become A Monk.

Dispatches from New York state that Mr. Charles Robinson, who until last February was assistant editor of the North American Review, and who was mentioned as the possible successor of Josiah Quincy when the latter resigned as Assistant Secretary of State, has decided to enter a Franciscan monastery. Mr. Robinson is a Catholic. He was born in Dublin twenty six years ago. He came to this country at a very early age and has always lived in New York. He has always been a student and a lover of books. His father, Mr. Nugent Robinson, is editor of Vanity. It is said that, after leaving the Review, with which he had been since Nov., 1892, Mr. Robinson went abroad for his health. He then decided to enter some religious order.