What Lacks Our Age?

What lack's our age? With all its glorious gifts
Of human thought, inventions manifold;
its scroll of hidden earth-lore clear unrolled;
Its science compassing each star that drifts
Athwart our lengthened vision; love that lifts
From slave, and child, and beast the burden old
Of selfish tyranny; its wealth untold
Of learning, art, to smooth life's ragged rifts,
Its "harnessed lightning" speaking as it flies;
For nature, country, home, its love intense;
We yet feel something lacking. List the cries
That voice our century's intelligence!
How faint and few the words that, nobly wise,
Beseek Heaven's gift, *the spiritual sense!*
—*L. D. Pychowska.*

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS

FOR EARLY MASSES.

BY THE PAULIST FATHERS.

Preached in their Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Fifty-ninth street and Ninth avenue, New York City.

New York Catholic Review.

FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST.

"And they that are Christ's have crucified their flesh with the vices and concupiscences."—From the Epistle of the day.

However these words may have sounded in the ears of the Galatians, to whom they were first written, I am afraid that to some among us they have a strangely, perhaps unwelcome, sound.

And were we to ask such people their opinion in the matter they would without doubt reply that these words of the Apostle were just a little bit strict, good enough it might be for his time, but hardly practicable now a days.

Yet, brethren, hard as these words may seem, they are as true now as when they were first written. They were intended by the Apostle not simply to express a result, but also to be as a sign whereby the true followers of Christ should be known. And they are still the sign of the followers of Christ. For the true Christians of to day, as of old, are they that have crucified their flesh.

Now what does the Apostle mean by these words? Does he mean that they are only true Christians who forsake the world and fast continually and scourge themselves? Is that what he means by crucifying the flesh? No, not necessarily. He tells us what he means. For just a few verses before in this Epistle, he gives a long list of sins and among them he places immodesty and contentions and quarrellings and drunkenness. These he calls the works of the flesh, and when he says that true Christians crucify their flesh he means that they keep themselves free from these sins.

So, brethren, the true Christian is the one who keeps himself away from contentions and quarrels and drunkenness and such like things.

After all, that is not so very hard. It does not differ from what we have learned elsewhere to be a Christian's duty. But what the Apostle wants to do is to remove the deceit or the hypocrisy of those who profess to be Christians in words but do not want to do the works of Christ or live His life. In his bold, forcible words he shows us that there cannot be any doubt or uncertainty in the matter. Either we are of Christ or we are of the world. We cannot be midway, so to speak. We must be on one side or the other, and if we are of Christ we must be known as such, for they that are of Christ have crucified their flesh.

Brethren, how is it with us? We hear the name of Christ, we call ourselves Christians, but is it only in name? Are we deceiving ourselves and thinking that because we have the name of Christ we can do as we please?

I am afraid that this is often the case with so-called Christians. They seem to think that as long as they bear the name they are all right. In their lives they differ little if any from the men and women of the world. They want to have the things of the world, its riches, its pleasures, not simply those that are allowable, but those that are sinful as well. They are, in fact, trying to do what our Lord in to-day's gospel says is impossible — they are trying to serve two masters.

They want to be in with the world and have a good time, and at the same time they expect to make all right hereafter because they bear the name of Christ. These are they who live in sin and yet come to church and listen to sermons, and offer what they call prayers to God, but make no effort to get out of their sins. These are they who are a source of scandal to the Church, of whom it is often said, such a one goes to church, yet he is just as bad as his neighbor.

Brethren, such persons are not of Christ, though they may call themselves by His name. For they only are Christ's now who have crucified the flesh, who keep themselves free from contentions quarreling and such things.

And unless we do that, we cannot be Christ's hereafter. For our Lord Himself tells us that on the last day many shall say, Lord, I have called upon Thy name, I have made use of Thy name, and He will reply, I know you not. Showing that the name alone will not save us, unless we be Christians indeed, unless we have crucified the flesh with the vices and concupicences.

A Letter From Emerson.

"I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and I think it the best remedy for summer complaint. It has done a great deal of good to myself and children." Yours truly,

MRS. WM. WHITELY, Emerson Man.

The Sambro Lighthouse

is at Sambro, N. S., whence Mr. R. E. Hartt, writes as follows:—"Without a doubt Burdock Blood Bitters has done me a lot of good, I was sick and weak and had no appetite, but B. B. B. made me feel smart and strong. Were its virtues more widely known, many lives would be saved.

NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT for seeking medicinal aid when what are foolishly called "minor ailments" manifest themselves. There are no "minor" ailments. Every symptom is the herald of a disease, every lapse from a state of health should be remedied at once, or disastrous consequences are likely to follow. Incipient dyspepsia, slight costiveness, a tendency to biliousness, should be promptly counteracted with Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great Blood Purifier, and the system thus shielded from worse consequences.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM."

Brothers, who toil with pencil or pen,
With chisel or brush, for the praise of men,
Do you never consider, at twilight's close
When you sit in your darkened studios—
Do you never consider, now, once for all,
That other and deeper night must fall,
When Earth and she things thereof shall be
Lost, like a dream, in Eternity?
When shrinking and startled, with soul laid bare,
The creature must meet the Creator there,
And learn at the feet of the great White Throne
The truth which should never have been unknown—
That naught avails us under the sun,
In word or in work unless it is done
For the honor and glory of God alone.
—*Eleanor C. Donnelly.*

A BORN LAWYER.

A lawyer advertised for a clerk. The next morning his office was crowded with applicants, all bright and many suitable. He bade them wait until all should arrive, and then arranged them in a row and said he would tell them a story, note their comments and judge from that whom to choose.

"A certain farmer," began the lawyer, "was troubled with a red squirrel that got through a hole in his barn and stole his seed corn. He resolved to kill the squirrel at the first opportunity. One noon, seeing him go in at the hole, he took his shotgun and fired away; the charge set the barn on fire."

"Did the barn burn down?" asked one of the boys.

The lawyer, without answering, went on—

"Seeing the barn on fire, the farmer seized a pail of water, and ran to put the flames out."

"Did he put them out?" asked another.

"As he passed inside, the door shut to and the barn was soon in flames. The hired girl rushed out with more water—"

"Did they all burn up?" asked another boy, eagerly.

The lawyer did not answer the question, but continued—

"Then the old lady came out, and all was confusion, and everybody was trying to put out the fire."

"Did any one burn up?" asked another.

"There, that will do; you have all shown great interest in the story," the lawyer said.

He turned toward one bright eyed little fellow who had maintained a deep silence, and said:

"Now, my little man, what have you to say about it?'

The little fellow blushed, grew uneasy and stammered out:

"I want to know what has become of that squirrel, that's what I want to know!"

"You'll do—you are my man!" exclaimed the lawyer. You have not been switched off by a confusion of hired girls and water pails; you have kept your eye on that squirrel."

FATHER TO THE MAN.

You are boys now, but you will soon be men; then you will have your own way to make in the world. Do you mean to die idle and fretful, and give people a bad opinion of you? or do you intend to go to work and act bravely and nobly, and do your duty, and leave a name behind you, when you die, which the world will love and respect? Take care—now is the time to begin to look in the direction of the future. Yesterday would not have been too soon, to-day is not too late—but to-morrow, who knows what fruit to-morrow's efforts will bring forth? You are young now; begin in time, and you will be ready to take your rightful place when you attain to manhood's estate. If you put it off it will be too late. The way to make brave and noble men is to take them when they are boys, and teach them that there is nothing in this world that can better show a brave and noble man as duty well performed, no matter how simple it may appear. Your character, remember, is your own to make or mar. If you make up your mind that you will make it and succeed in doing so, people will respect you, friends will value you at your true worth; but, remember, also, no matter how strongly you may assert that it was this one's fault, or it was that one's fault or it was "just your fate," the world will look askance at you, knowing that not to this one's freak nor that one's favor was left the great task of forming your character, but to your own unaided efforts; therefore, concludes the world, "his fault is his own."
—*Little Crusader.*

A SERPENT AMONG THE BOOKS.

One day a gentleman in India went into his library and took a book down from the shelves. As he did so he felt a slight pain in his finger, like the prick of a pin. He thought that a pin had been stuck by some careless person in the cover of the book. But soon his finger began to swell, then his arm, and then his whole body, and in a few days he died. It was not a pin among the books, but a small and deadly serpent.

There are many serpents among the books now-a days. They nestle in the foliage of some of our most fascinating literature; they coil around the flowers whose perfume intoxicates the senses. We read, we are charmed with the plot of the story, by the skill with which the characters are sculptured or grouped—by the gorgeousness of the word-painting—we hardly feel the pin-prick of the evil that is insinuated. But it stings and poisons us. When the record of human souls is made up, on what multitudes will be inscribed, "Poisoned by the serpent among the books!"

A WORD TO BOYS.

Boys never made a bigger mistake than to imagine that wealth and high social position bring happiness and content. The more they have the more they want, and the more uneasy they become. "Our desires," says St. Teresa, "are our chains." They should reflect, as they grow up, that famous careers are not for the multitude. And it is doubtful if the heroes who figured in famous careers in the past were half as happy as the ordinary citizen who plies his daily avocation in honesty and peace with God and man. And so it will be in the future, for "the past is the best prophet of the future." Let boys be taught fidelity in little things, and a spirit of loyalty to those in charge of them. Above all things, let them never shirk from the performance of plain, everyday duty. Let their ambition aim for this point, and the world will never look upon them as failures in the battle of life.

COULDN'T BEAR TO BE A LIAR.

Two boys were in a school-room alone together, when some fireworks, contrary to the master's prohibition, exploded. The one boy denied it; the other, Bennie Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys got alone again:—

"Why didn't you deny it?" asked the delinquent.

"Because there were only two, and one of us must have told a falsehood," said Bennie.

"Then why did you not say that I did it?"

"Because you said you didn't, and I wouldn't share the falsehood."

The boy's heart melted; Bennie's moral gallantry subdued him.

When the school resumed, the young rogue marched up to the master's desk and said:

"Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar—I let off the squibs," and burst into tears.

The master's eyes glistened on the self-accused, and the unmerited punishment he had inflicted on his school-mate smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if the two were paired in confession, the master walked down to where young Christie sat, and said aloud:

"Bennie! Bennie! lad, he and I beg your pardon—we are both to blame!"

The school was hushed and still—as older scholars are apt to be when something true and noble is being done—so still they might have heard Bennie's big-boy tears drop proudly on his book as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which subdued himself as well as filled all the rest, and then, for want of something else to say, he gently cried:

"Master forever!"

The glorious shout of the children filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles which made him wipe them before he resumed the chair.

A STORY OF ST. BERNARD DOGS.

I was one of a small party of tourists who left the Hospice of Mount St. Bernard early in the morning for Mount Verd. The route was difficult and dangerous, owing to drifting and ice slides the night before, which blocked up the old beaten path. Above us hung mountains of ice and snow, cold, cheerless and threatening, and before us, as far as the eye could reach, a great sea of ice in its cold, gloomy bed, resembling a mountain standing in heaps, defying alike the power of the sun and the assaults of time. Some of our party, more venturesome than the rest, wore crampoons while descending the great walls of ice, and those who were timid or fatigued lagged behind. My cousin, whose eyes suffered from the glare of the snow, was turning an abrupt ledge of rock in order to rest and get a better view of the descending party and the route they were taking when, suddenly and without warning, the treacherous bank gave way and precipitated us some forty feet down a narrow chasm, out of sight and hearing, and up to our necks in snow.

For some moments we were stunned and unconscious of our situation. Slowly we began to realize the doom that awaited us. The whirling, dizzy height from which we passed awed us with its terrific gloom and grandeur. The dreadful prospect of our hopeless fate was intensified by the huge bastions of ice that surrounded us, and the cold, gray sky, without a cheering ray. From near and afar we could hear huge avalanches grinding through the icy cliffs, and again the sullen roar when they dashed down some deep precipice.

While thus imbedded in the cold, deep snow, every move of hands or body gave me pain. We dare not move lest a false step or change of posture would plunge us out of sight. In the agony of despair I cried out, but my kinsman, who was an old traveller and inured to danger, was more composed, and buried himself in crushing the snow about him to secure a firmer footing. It was then I thought of home and my dear mother, an only brother and fond relatives far away. In my anxiety I fancied I could hear my mother's voice pray for my deliverance, and see her loving arms reach out to embrace me.

Hours had passed in dreadful suspense, and the afternoon began to wane. My limbs were benumbed from inertness and a drowsy feeling crept over me. By this time my cousin had cleared himself from the surrounding crust and was beside me rubbing my limbs and endeavoring to infuse a spirit of hope in me. Ever and anon we heard the barking of dogs resound through icy solitudes and then die away. Loud and long we answered by shouts until our hoarse voices came back to mock us. "We are doomed!" I cried. "The hours of day are waning, and night will soon fall. Then there will be no hope!"

The last words had scarcely died away when my cousin observed the outline of a dog above us. The poor animal seemed glad to have discovered us, endeavored in every way to reach us, but that was impossible. Knowing the characteristic sagacity of these dogs, and their daily mission on those icy mountains, my cousin shouted: "Back, Rover, for help!" The dog understood the command, wagged his tail, gave a sniff, and started a peculiar howl, like a hound on the scent. This was an unerring sign of having discovered some traveller in distress, and this way he communicated the news to the straggling dogs within hearing and to the inmates of the hospice.

The sun lingered on the distant hills, and we thought every moment a year. Our eyes were strained in the direction of the rock from which we expected succor. At length the barking of dogs drawing nearer infused some hope. The sound was sweet and comforting to our ears. A chorus of quick yelps now broke forth as four powerful specimens of the grand breed stood abreast looking down upon us, and the fifth soon re-joined the others and carried a coil of rope. While they kept up their incessant yelping, we heard human voices drawing near, and soon four of our party, with a monk in the lead, stood by the rock, uncoiling the rope and fixing the trap for our rescue. The rope was let down, my kinsman adjusted the straps around me, and soon we were with our companions, stiff and cold, but alive and thankful.

The rest of my story is soon told. A fever set in and two weeks those kind and benevolent monks, in turn, watched and prayed, and attended to my wants like comforting angels, till I was perfectly restored to health. Ever since that time the mention of St. Bernard Hospice or the dogs awakens in me a feeling of love for one and of admiration and friendship for the other.—*The Cork Examiner.*

CHATS WITH GOOD LISTENERS.

ON THE BRUTAL TELLING OF THE TRUTH.

Maurice Francis Egan, in Ave Maria.

Truth is held by the Protestant English to be their inheritance. Queen Elizabeth, the most successful and accomplished liar of her time, according to Green, the historian, preserved it to them when she defeated the Spanish Armada. English literature since her time is full of the repeated assertion that foreigners are liars, and that truth is an English virtue exclusively. And yet, like the jewel in the toad's head, it has been well hidden at times. Our friends the English Protestants have always been sticklers for the exact telling of the truth in small matters. The Puritans would never forbear to utter an unpleasant truth to their neighbors, if the advantage of the utterance were on their own side. But if it were necessary to plunge Truth deeper into her well, that she might not illuminate a sharp bargain with an Indian for a bit of land, the Puritan could do it with serenity.

The doctrine that it is as great "a sin to steal a pin" as to defraud the widow and the orphan was cherished by these fierce truth-tellers, and flaunted by them in the face of the lax Papist, who held that some sins were greater than others. This unreasonable Puritanical confusion is helping modern Protestantism to say, with Renan, "I drop sin out altogether."

Experience has shown that the truth in the hands of people who consider themselves to be entirely truthful, is a weapon more destructive than a knife controlled by a Malay running-a-muck. To love truth is a precious virtue; to speak it in season and out of season is a detestable vice. To say, "It is truth," after one has ruined a neighbor's reputation may sound noble to the man or woman with a hard heart and a Puritanized conscience; it is *not* noble: it is base. To tell the truth unseasonably is often a crime against charity. Truth-telling is often the keenest and most poisonous weapon of the envious. Indeed, it is generally the envious who condone their brutal uncharitableness by the cry of "the truth, the truth, and nothing but the truth!"

It is true that Jack Stripling was in jail ten years ago for spending his employer's money for candy and dime novels. He was thirteen years old then, and the affair was bad enough; he was punished; he repented; he is a man now, honorable, honest, respected; nobody knew of it in his new neighborhood until the other day. His youngest boy came home in tears, broken-hearted in a world that had suddenly become as gloomy as night. A dear old lady—a pious, conscientious old lady—had considered it her duty to tell the truth, the plain "unvarnished," about poor Stripling to a few friends. There are men serving out life sentences in the penitentiaries with purer souls and less to answer for than that veteran truth-teller—who, by the way, is not a Puritan, but a constant attendant at all the services of the Church. She seems to have everything but Charity.

A brutal truth-teller does more harm than a liar. The words of a liar soon pass for what they are worth; but truth is truth, after all, and it can be made a heavy weapon—a bludgeon to crush the heart out of those who are trying to live down the past, — a dagger to poison hope,—an extinguisher for reverence and respect. A brutal truth told without warrant has been known to weaken faith itself. There is no doubt of the fact that whenever you meet a man or woman who protests his or her devotion to the truth at all times and seasons, you meet a malicious and uncharitable man or woman, an envious and bad-tempered man or woman.

If truth in our daily life serve charity and kindness and cheerfulness, let it be told a hundred times a day. But the just man who blurts it out on all occasions probably falls as often as he blurts it out. Frankness, which our Puritan friends protest they cherish above all things, is detestable unless tempered by tact. When two friends begin to examine each other's consciences, relations are becoming strained, though they, may both love the truth.

If some of our Pharisees—there are Catholic as well as non-Catholic Pharisees—had the opportunity of telling some home-truths to St. Mary Magdalen before she found Our Lord, she would probably have gone back in despair to her sin. There are more crimes committed every day in the name of truth than in the name of liberty. Calumny may be lived down, but who can live down detraction?

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