

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

PASSION SUNDAY

THREE CLASSES OF SIN

"Which of you shall convince Me of sin?" (John 8:12)

Alas, who of us poor mortals may justly say, "Which of you shall convince Me of sin?" No one, in truth, for "if we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us" (1 John 1:8). Let us, therefore, turn to Christ for forgiveness, our faults, and He will again be merciful to us. But we will only find mercy if we approach the Lord with a contrite and penitent heart. Let us to-day consider some of the ways in which we are most likely to sin against God.

1. The first of these is our failure to God the honor due Him. If we love the things of this world more than we love God, we turn away from His commandments. You who are vain, for instance, you have love and praise for yourselves alone, and no thought for God and for your neighbor! You who are avaricious, you do not love God, but only your wealth! You who are vain, you seek the praise of men, but not the praise of God, but the flesh! In short, he who violates any commandment deprives God of the honor due Him, neglects Him and thereby offends Him. Oh! I may we thoroughly realize how wicked it is to turn away from the Almighty God! May we contritely exclaim with David: "Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy great mercy. And according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my iniquity" (Psalm 51:1).

2. Another of our faults is our frequent failure to make use of the merits of the suffering and death of the Saviour. When Peter tried to persuade our Saviour not to go to Jerusalem to be crucified, Jesus censured him and said: "The chalice which My Father hath given Me, shall I not drink it?" (John 18:11). "Go behind Me, Satan, thou art a scandal unto Me" (Matt. xvi, 23). How severely then will Christ censure those who do not make use of the merits of His suffering and death and who persevere in their sin? To them He will say: "Depart from Me, you cursed man, who do not make use of the merits of My suffering and death which was prepared for the devil and his angels" (Matt. xxv, 4).

3. My dear Christians, think of all our Saviour suffered for us and left the fruits of the heavenly Father to become man, to suffer and die for us! He suffered hunger, thirst, disgrace, and persecution for us! Alas, how can we be so ungrateful as to neglect to avail ourselves of the fruits of the Sacred Passion! At His death the rocks were split, the veil of the temple was rent from the top to the bottom, the earth trembled, the graves opened, gave up their dead. And you, oh sinner, will remain unrepentant? You wish to be more hard-hearted even than Judas? Even he repented when he saw his Lord and Master led to be crucified. If you can not be moved by the blessings which the good Lord incessantly bestows upon you, then His terrible suffering and ignominious death should at least stir you, and cause you to repent of your misdeeds, so that all this suffering of the good Lord may not have been in vain as far as you are concerned.

4. Lastly, there are the offenses against our neighbor of which we are often guilty. Examine your conscience and maybe you will find that you have committed in your duties against your neighbor. One of the most grievous faults in this regard is the sin of giving scandal. Do not think that it is a trifle to give scandal, for "He that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be drowned in the depth of the sea" (Matt. xv, 14). Many parents without doubt have received eternal punishment for scandalizing their children. Woe to him who by word or deed leads others to sin.

If, my dear Christians, we meditate on these things, we will be led to acknowledge that our consciences are burdened with many sins, and that if God, our stern Judge, were now to call us to judgment, we would be found deserving of punishment. Therefore let us during this holy paschal time repent of our sins and confess them, and contritely approach the Holy Table. Then Jesus will again bestow His grace upon us and look upon us as His children. Amen.

THE DANCE PROBLEM

THOUGHTS SUGGESTED BY AN ANXIOUS MOTHER

From the Sacred Heart Review.

An anxious mother in a neighboring State is troubled about her duty towards her children in regard to permitting them to attend dances. She is evidently a God-fearing, home-loving mother, to whom duty is a sacred word. Her sense of responsibility is deep and true, and her ideas of family discipline are wise and wholesome. Yet she fears that her rollings are too strict, and that her children will misunderstand her motives. "They think I am a crank," she says in a letter to the editor of the Sacred Heart Review, "in opposing such things, but I know that my mission prayer book says that modesty is killed in the dance hall and buried on the way home."

What a train of thought this good, earnest mother opens up with the same old question that has perplexed pastors and parents for many a year. And what question is more before the public, particularly at this season? The daily papers announce enough dances to make the editors dizzy just from handling the copy. Dancing seems to be the occupation of all classes, night after night, and no function is regarded with favor if it does not include a dance in some part of the programme. The office boy asks to get off early to complete arrangements for a dance of which he is floor director. His employer sympathizes with his anxiety, being himself on a ball committee. The stenographer makes glaring mistakes because her mind is on a coming dance, and her business associate, the bookkeeper is worrying about



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the orchestra for the annual assembly of the White Mountain vacationists. And so it goes through every grade of society. Dancing is not only the expression of merriment, but it is also the medium for expressing sympathy. Thus when a widow is left penniless her husband's friends show their regard by getting up a benefit dance. Not long ago we read of a memorial meeting at which the portrait of a deceased officer was solemnly presented to the association, with an eulogy of the dead. The portrait, draped in crape, was then placed on the platform, and the floor was cleared for dancing.

THE PUBLIC DANCE HALL. Dancing is one of the diseases which are both infectious and contagious. It develops at any age, but is most prevalent among the young. Attendant circumstances make it harmless or harmful, as the case may be, and therefore it behooves all guardians of youth to consider means of reducing the dance danger to the minimum. It would be well indeed if there were more "cranks" like the anxious mother who writes to us. Their concerted opposition would do away with one of the greatest menaces to the moral health of city or town—the public dance hall. It is difficult to believe that a young woman with a shred of self-respect will frequent such a place, or that a young man with sane ideas of future happiness will select a wife from among his partners at the promiscuous assembly. In fact, a man with right ideas will not waste his time in such an environment. It is the characterless good-for-nothing who kills time in this manner, and he is the least harmful male element of a party to which an entrance fee is the open sesame, where chaplains are unknown and where introductions are unnecessary. There is an old adage that tells us: "He who hath a head of wax should not walk in the sun."

There are other forces equally perilous for the head of wax, and, unhappily, there are many heads of wax among the pretty, frivolous votaries of pleasure who light feet bare them to the public dance hall, where all fear of danger melts in the superheated atmosphere. Imagine, if you can, a nice girl, mortally sound, going without chaperon or escort to the public dance, paying the entrance fee and then placing herself at the mercy of the manager or floor director to secure her a partner, who for all she knows, may be an escaped convict. This has been done. The opening scene of many a family tragedy is laid in the casino or pavilion with its dancing floor. "I met him at a dance," sobbed a young wife in a court-room recently, as she told the story of her wretched life—an all too common story.

Oh, no, anxious mother, you are not a "crank" when you interpose your authority between the dance hall and your children's happiness.

FERMISSIBLE DANCES. But young people must dance! exclaims the advocate of youth's privileges. "Granted. They must have some amusement. Love of fun is strong in all normal young things, and thank God, some of us manage to keep it alive after youth is gone. However, it does not depend altogether on light feet. There are forms of amusement and entertainments that are vastly more satisfying than dancing. But we may not dwell upon them now. Let us consider briefly the conditions under which young Catholics can dance with

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both pleasure and propriety, since dance they must. Naturally we think first of the home. The wise mother in planning for her children will make ample provision for their amusement; when her boys and girls will assemble their friends under their father's roof for a genuinely good time. It need not be an expensive affair, or, in modern parlance, a "swell" function, but just the kind of home entertainments that the young guests will be glad to remember for its genial hospitality and the atmosphere of neighborly, friendly feeling.

In this manner the mother learns the character of her children's associates, and in her quiet way she creates an ideal circle of friends for her sons and daughters. She provides them with safe, congenial companions in childhood and youth. Some loving conscientious parents forget that this is a part of their duty; and by so forgetting they condemn their children to an isolated existence in a home that has no power to hold them after the years of subjection are past. Children so reared grow up lonely, and without the capacity for making real friends when they are free to do so. What wonder that they cannot discriminate between true and false ways of seeking pleasure and that they abuse their new-found freedom by plunging into excesses. Unguarded, buoyant youth is apt to take big risks in the pursuit of pleasure.

Within comparatively recent years a new preservative force has arisen—the influence of the alumni associations of the parish schools. These associations bring graduates together to renew their school friendship and to gratify their love of recreation—including dancing—with the approval and under the supervision of their spiritual directors. Incidentally they promote Catholic marriages.

OTHER APPROVED OCCASIONS

Each Catholic home is a unit of the parish, and the coming together of associates in the parish reunion or the annual picnic, under the supervision of the pastor or chaplain, ought to be the ideal public occasion for wholesome recreation. If the dance ends early and groups of neighbors and young people with them, there are reasonable safeguards and small possibility of young couples loitering homeward in the early dawn—a practice that is much more dangerous to morals than the mere act of dancing.

Then in cities and the larger towns there are the annual balls or assemblies under Catholic auspices, managed by committees of representative Catholics and patronized by Catholics alone. Such an assembly is an expansion of the parish reunion, and ought to be carefully safeguarded.

These reunions, however, are not always conducted (doubtless because of their size) with the care that should characterize them. We doubt if there ever yet was a reunion in which some "undesirables" did not gain admission. Sufficient care is not always taken as to those to whom tickets are sold, and even if this weak spot is strengthened, there hangs around every dance hall "professional spies" who keep their checks on people who have occasion to leave before the affair is over; and the conclusion of many parties begun under the most favorable circumstances is debilitated by the custom of providing hand splines for those who are unable to dance. A lack of vigilance in these respects is not always unknown among many who attend parish reunions and fraternal society balls. The result is often quite noticeable as the night wears on.

THE PASSING OF THE CHAPERONS

There was a time when the young women of good standing could not attend a dance or ball without the protecting presence of a chaperon, but in this progressive age the chaperon is conspicuously absent, even at some functions of the so-called exclusive circles. A ball or dancing party without the safeguards of environment, without the presence of chaperons, and without regard for the character of the guests it assembles, is a place to be avoided by the young Catholics. It is nevertheless a place where liberty speedily degenerates into license in the exhilaration of the hour.

MIXED GATHERINGS IN SMALL TOWNS

Our correspondent also questions the safety of the social gathering in small towns where Catholics and non-Catholics are brought into closer companionship and are more dependent on one another than in the city. From their very make-up these functions are above suspicion as far as propriety is concerned, but for the Catholic young man or woman there is always a lurking danger that the friendly feeling they engender and the opportunity they afford of forming a deeper feeling may lead to forbidden marriages. Here again the anxious parent is confronted by a problem that can be solved only by the exercise of

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much tact and wisdom and by earnest prayer for guidance in dealing with each individual case. There are always circumstances that alter cases, but, even at the risk of being considered narrow and unkind, it is generally the safest policy for parents to discourage the attendance of their children at such affairs. When there is doubt there is danger.

HOLY NAME URGED TO WAR ON YELLOW PRESS

Very Rev. M. H. McKenna, O. P., New York, the saintly apostle of the Holy Name, suggests that the Holy Name societies take up the fight against Socialism and the yellow press. In the battle on the latter he prescribes an antidote: "We ask every Holy Name man in the United States to withdraw his support from the daily newspapers of his city which are indecent or immoral and unit to put in the hands of our growing boys and girls. If the society in every part of the country starts a crusade against yellow journalism, and if the operation of all Catholic societies be invited, it will have a far-reaching influence and it will be the only effective way to make the editors and publishers of such papers respect the Catholic position. "How many poor men there are who buy daily two papers of the secular press. This means more than \$10 for the year. Ask these same men to subscribe \$2.00 or \$2.50 for a weekly Catholic paper and thousands of sincere Catholic men, believing it to be true, will say, 'I can not afford it.' Unhesitatingly, we ask Holy Name men to sub-

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APRIL 1, 1911 CHATS WITH RESISTANCE Many a man most sinful life childhood and youth, piety an intertemporal a strong drink he thought his were formed. Letting a jail sentence honest as the reser...

This has a "big son, who has had that he led in gradually becoming finally controlled. At one point it may be the not the beginning minor temptation greater ones. V refuse admission responsible for a stantly repel; but for our choice of No man sins cause of the grav he can resist. I not become corrupt comes so by no faults that are fo If he resists not expect to resist ye and pray." at enter not into indeed is willing. Be sober and watchy the devil, and about seeking wh...

"You smoke this "Yes, on the at "You don't ball down condition? "Not in the le work." The physician smiled in a vesed a leech out of his "Let us show y "Here's your arm. The cigarette, arm, and the leech upon it. busily. Its bo Then all of a sud convulsed it, an dead. "That is what leech," said the little corpse thump. "Look dead, you see. "I guess it was the first place," sa sullenly. "Wasn't health again." And the physio on the young man "If they both d "I'll swear off— on daily allow ten." Even as he s shivered and dro and a moment la beside it. "This is ghastl "I am worse than leeches." "It is the emp blood," said the smoke smokers a "Doctor," said ing the three dea "I half believe Voice. A WORD F A blacksmith, he had given his proached by an with the question much trouble. I Since you joined to "walk square" body, you have h and accidents a thought that whe God his troubles what the parous With a throug the blacksmith r "Do you see th for the springs been "temperin" do this I heat it into a tub of I do many times. per, I heat and h In getting the rig several that we throw them in a scraps are worth...

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

RESIST THE BEGINNINGS

Many a man who is now leading a most sinful life was in the days of his childhood and youth living in spotless purity, piety and God-fearing. Many an intemperate man knew not the taste of strong drink till middle life, when he thought his character and habits were formed. There are men now serving a jail sentence for theft that were as honest as the rest of us only a few years ago.

To such persons who have fallen, the memory must still recall the first approach of temptation that later conquered them, and the record of the mind from it with terror. They must still remember how the temptation came time and time again, awaiting admission at the door of the soul, so that by degrees the mind became accustomed to its presence. At last it entered, when conscience was of guard; and in an instant it demoralized the whole household of the soul, loosened the passions, and though soon driven out, had in that moment made allies for itself, that at its next knocking it might meet with stubborn resistance as before. At last it gained full possession, and cowed and silenced reason, and took the government into its own hands.

Thus has it happened to many a person, who has fallen from the life of grace that he led in his youth. The mind gradually becomes habituated to, and finally controlled by temptations and temptations that once were foreign to its whole training and habit. So likewise it may be with us, if we resist not the beginnings—if we resist not the minor temptations that precede the greater ones. We have the power to refuse admission to them. We are not responsible for thoughts that we instantly repel; but we are responsible for our choice of good or evil.

No man sins by compulsion, or because of the gravity of the temptation; he sins because he yields. Man does not become corrupt in a day. He becomes so by not resisting the lesser faults that are followed by greater ones. If he resists not the former, how can he expect to resist the latter? "Watch ye and pray," said Our Lord, "that you enter not into temptation, the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak." Be sober and watch because your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion goeth about seeking whom he may devour."

CIGARETTES

"You smoke thirty cigarettes a day?" "Yes, on the average."

"You don't blame them for your run-down condition?" "Not in the least. I blame my hard work."

The physician shook his head. He smiled in a vexed way. Then he took a leech out of a glass jar.

"Let us show you something," he said. "Here your arm."

The cigarette smoker bared his pale arm, and the other laid the leech, black leech upon it. The leech fell to work busily. Its body began to swell. Then all of a sudden a kind of shudder convulsed it, and it fell to the floor dead.

"That is what your blood did to that leech," said the physician. He took up the little corpse between his finger and thumb. "Look at it," he said. "Quite dead, you see. You poisoned it."

"I guess it wasn't a healthy leech in the first place," said the cigarette smoker, sullenly.

"Wasn't healthy, eh? Well, we'll try again."

And the physician slapped two leeches on the young man's thin arm.

"If they both die," said the patient, "I'll swear off—or, at least, I'll cut down my daily allowance from thirty to ten."

Even as he spoke the smaller leech shivered and dropped on his knee dead, and a moment later the larger one fell beside it.

"This is ghastly," said the young man; "an worse than the pestilence to these leeches."

"It is the empyreumatic oil in your blood," said the medical man. "All cigarette smokers have it."

"Doctor," said the young man, regarding the three dead leeches thoughtfully, "I half believe you're right."—True Voice.

A WORD FOR TRIED ONES

A blacksmith, about eight years after he had given his heart to God, was approached by an intelligent unbeliever with the question: "Why is it you have so much trouble? Hasn't heaven watching you? Since you joined the church and began to 'walk square' and seem to love everybody, you have had twice as many trials and accidents as you had before. I thought that when a man gave himself to God his troubles were over. Isn't that what the parson told us?"

With a thoughtful, but glowing face, the blacksmith replied:

"Do you see this piece of iron? It is for the springs of a carriage. I have been 'tempering' it, for some time. To do this I heat it red hot, and then plunge it into a tub of ice-cold water. This I do many times. If I find it taking 'temper,' I heat and hammer it unmercifully. In getting the right piece of iron I found several that were too brittle. So I threw them in the scrap pile. Those scraps are worth about a cent a pound;

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

LITTLE TOM

As Officer James Murray was nearing the south limit of his beat, he saw his little friend, Tom Burgess, the new boy, standing near the lamp-post on the northwest corner of State and Madison streets. It was a cold December night, and from the light of the lamp which seemed to pick its way through the flakes of snow, the officers could see the shivering boy, now kicking his heels together and again blowing his breath on his fingers in order to keep warm.

"It's a wonder this government wouldn't wake up and do something for the likes of this little lad," murmured the officer to himself. "Now wouldn't it be better for Congress to take some of the millions of dollars which it wastes every year by printing useless matter and in the numerous other ways, and build homes for the orphans and the poor of this country? And sure, wouldn't it be far better for Andrew Carnegie just to take a little of the money with which he is building so many libraries and give it to some charitable institution for the poor? The mayor and the other high officials of the city see this poverty day after day and still they build subways, city halls and other buildings, but never a cent for the homes of the needy. Their hearts must be made of stone." By this time the officer came within speaking distance of the boy.

"Hello there, Officer Jim," said the little fellow, "ain't you kind a late getting out to night?"

"Yes, I am, rather late," replied Murray. "I walked up to Lake street with the sergeant. We stood there some time; he was telling me about some changes that were made in the police department to-day. But what keeps you here? Sure you always left before this?"

"I know," replied Tom, "but you see I didn't want to get 'stuck' on these 'extras.' I wanted to make a little extra money before Christmas to buy my mother a little present. I saw a shawl in a window down the street, I forgot what store it was, but it was marked down from 75 cents to 39 cents. I know mamma would like it. I was going to leave an hour ago and try to sell these on my way home, but I wanted to tell you about the trouble we had here this evening. I suppose you know something about it?"

"Not a word," said Murray, with surprise.

"Well," continued Tom, "there was a strike called in Burke's cafe just at supper time when everything was busy. One of the waiters threw a brick through the front window and smashed it into a thousand pieces. The policeman chased him, but he got away. I heard the day officer remark to another policeman, 'I'll bet there will be trouble here tonight. Murray will have his hands full.'"

"It's funny the sergeant didn't say something about this?" said Murray impatiently.

"Perhaps he didn't know anything about it," interrupted Tom. "It only happened around five-thirty."

The officer looked in the direction of the cafe. Tom blew his breath on his cold fingers again, and looking up at the officer with a pitiful voice, said:

"You know that's the place where the cook always gave me the scraps of food that were left over. Last night he handed me two sandwiches. I ate one and brought the other home to mamma. I always save half for her. But she did not eat it. She said she was sick. I laid it on the table thinking she would eat it in the morning. When I kissed her I could see she was crying and when I asked her what was the trouble, she said, 'Nothing, my son, I'm not feeling just well.' Gee, I wish that strike didn't happen," and his head hung low.

There was a serious look in the officer's rough face. He slipped his glove off and taking from his pocket a silver coin, placed it in the boy's hand and said:

"Go home at once, Tom. You're almost frozen. And meet me here tomorrow night. I'll have something for you. Don't worry about that present for your mother."

"Oh, thanks, thanks, Officer Jim. I hope I will be able some day to do something for you."

"That's all right, my boy. May God bless you!"

It was 9 o'clock when Tom turned his steps homeward. The snow was falling faster and faster, and the roaring wind blew cold against his uncovered bare face. He ran down Madison street until he came to Fifth avenue. He stepped into

the carriage spring is very valuable. He paused, and his listener nodded. The blacksmith continued:

"God saves us for something more than to have a good time—that's the way I see it. We have the good time all right, God's smile means heaven. But he wants us for service, just as I want this piece of iron. And he has put the 'temper' of Christ in us by testing us with trial. Ever since I saw this I have been saying to Him, 'Test me in any way you choose, Lord; only, don't throw me in the scrap pile.'"

happy indeed is the man who, at all times, trusteth in the Lord. In times of calamity, as well as prosperity, God will not forsake him. Providence will continue to shower benefits upon him in abundance. The Supreme Ruler of the Universe will be Provider, protector, director and comforter. Your happiness depends upon your conviction that God never forsakes those who trust in Him. Not only when you worship in public, but even in the privacy of your thought and experience, remember that "like as a father pitieth his children, so pitieth the Lord those that fear Him."

Where the Beautiful Rivers Flow (By Rev. N. J. Ryan) Oh, I'll sing to-night of the fairy land, in the lap of the ocean sea. And of all the lands I've travelled o'er 'tis the loveliest I have met; Where the willows weep and the roses sleep and the balmy breezes blow, In the dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

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a lunch room and bought a few buns for his mother. He stopped at the union depot for a while to warm himself, but he did not tarry long. At last he came to the alley which led to his home. It was so dark he could hardly find his way. When within a few doors from his home, he slipped and fell. His head struck against a rough stone and he lay on the snow, with the blood oozing from the wound. Presently he was unconscious. An hour later he came to himself. Dazed from the shock, he did not know which way to turn. All at once he thought of his mother and ran his hands through the snow to find the buns, but in vain. He was covered with blood. The snow blinded him and it was only after much difficulty that he found the door to his home. He staggered up the broken steps. When he entered he could see his mother lying on a rough bed in the corner.

"Maybe she ain't feeling well," he said to himself. "I guess I won't disturb her, but I'm awful weak."

Taking off his coat, he wrapped it around his head so as to stop the blood from flowing so freely and he threw himself on his own bed and tried to sleep. The night seemed like eternity. He could not sleep and the pain from his head was terrible. He became weaker and weaker and his sobs became fainter and fainter. At last morning came. The little fellow turned on his side and in a weak and most pitiful tone, called:

"Mamma, mamma," but she did not answer. He touched her, but she did not move. He rose to his knees and with his little strength broken with sobs, cried: "O Good Lady in Heaven, don't leave me alone. I have always prayed that you'd watch over my mamma and me. O Virgin Lady! do not take my mamma away, do not take my mamma from me."

He had not long to wait. Four days later his little body was laid away in the earth beside a newly-covered grave. A tall, well-built policeman stood by the less and silent while the coffin was lowered into its bed of yellow clay.—Notre Dame Scholastic.

WIT AND HUMOR

The young lady was painting—sunset, red, with blue streaks and green dots. The old rustic—at a respectful distance—was watching.

"Ah," said the artist, looking up suddenly, and pretending she hadn't known he was there all the time, "perhaps to you, too, Nature has opened her pictures page by page? Have you seen the lambent flame of dawn leaping across the hills east, the red-stained sulphurous islets floating in the lakes of fire in the west; the ragged clouds at midnight, black as a raven's wing, blotting out the shuddering moon?"

"No, mum," replied the rustic, shortly; "not since I give up drink."

"Tain't every feller as I'd trust my daughter to," said farmer Skinner in the Far West, when the young man asked for her hand.

The "little gal" was five feet eleven in her bare feet, and she hid her blushing face in her father's shoulder as he resumed:

"You must take care of my wife, birdie, Jack. Recollect, she's been raised tender-like. Two acres a day is all I ever asked her to plough, and an acre of corn is all she's been used to hoe in a day. She kin do light work, such as rail-splitting, digging, pole-holes, and sick-like; but she ain't used to rough work, and you must be gentle with her. Ah, my boy, it's hard for the old man to give his little sunshine away! He'll have to split his own wood and dig his own taters now! But go, my little un, and be happy!"

TRUST IN GOD

THAT WAY TRUE HAPPINESS LIES (By Miss Rosemary) Time and again it happens that men doubt God's love. They rest their doubt upon their sad experiences. They do not see why they should suffer. They reason that, if God were Love, He would grant uninterrupted joy and happiness. Whenever you doubt God's love on such grounds, ask yourself whether the fault does not lie in you—that yours are failures instead of successes, sorrows instead of joys. You may have violated all law, you may deserve punishment instead of reward. And, because such is your desert, God, being the Father, makes you suffer punishment. That earthly father is not the most ideal parent who overlooks the faults of his children. Wiser, by far, is the parent who will as readily mete out punishment when deserved as he would give reward when it should be bestowed. Because the parent punishes is not reason for believing that he is devoid of love. And what is true in the case of the earthly parent is equally true of the Heavenly Father. "Whom the Lord loveth He correcteth." It is the love of God that I would have you feel in your hearts. Become intoxicated with it. Let not your confidence in it be shaken. Bear in mind that

happy indeed is the man who, at all times, trusteth in the Lord. In times of calamity, as well as prosperity, God will not forsake him. Providence will continue to shower benefits upon him in abundance. The Supreme Ruler of the Universe will be Provider, protector, director and comforter. Your happiness depends upon your conviction that God never forsakes those who trust in Him. Not only when you worship in public, but even in the privacy of your thought and experience, remember that "like as a father pitieth his children, so pitieth the Lord those that fear Him."

Where the Beautiful Rivers Flow (By Rev. N. J. Ryan) Oh, I'll sing to-night of the fairy land, in the lap of the ocean sea. And of all the lands I've travelled o'er 'tis the loveliest I have met; Where the willows weep and the roses sleep and the balmy breezes blow, In the dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

But oh, alas! how can I sing?—'tis an exile breathes the strain. And the dear old land of my youthful love I may never see again; And the very joys that fill my breast must ever change to woe, For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

But I'll sing of the lovely old churches, where our fathers' bones are laid— Where the cloisters stand, those ruins grand, that our tyrant foes have made;

And I'll strike the harp with a mournful touch till the glistening tears will show

For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Emmet's lonely fate, and of Emmet's lonely grave— Of his early doom and his youthful bloom and his spirit more than grave; And ah! how best and calm his rest, tho' his grave be cold and low, In the dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Tone and the Geraldine, proud Edward true and best— They won the crown—the martyr's crown—and they sleep in the shade and rest; In heavenly mould their names are rolled— they died in manhood's glow

For'th' dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

And I'll sing of Ireland's ancient days, when her stires were kingly men, Who led the chase and the manly race thro' forest, field, and glen;

Whose only word was the shining sword— whose pen was a patriot's blow and his sword more than a sword;

For that dear old land, that sweet old land, where the beautiful rivers flow.

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Advertisement for "New Century Washer" with illustrations of the machine and a woman washing clothes.

RIGHT VIEWS

The Pilot, while it is watchful to expose the misstatements which so often come from non-Catholic sources, takes a great pleasure in recognizing the good words that are spoken in the cause of social virtue. The Catholic contention in regard to the prevalence of divorce and the lessening marriage list received corroboration recently from Professor Dawson of Springfield at the Religious Education Convention in Providence.

The professor said: "The idealization of motherhood has been common throughout human history, but such is not the case at the present time. Woman as mother is not impressed upon the imagination of our young people." This unfortunate depreciation of woman's true purpose in life is but the natural outcome of the expanding divorce evil, for if woman is not honored in the tie that divinely binds, there is little hope that her natural mission on earth will receive its due regard. When the annual marriage numbers per thousand are decreasing, and the annual list of divorces is increasing, motherhood must necessarily suffer. It is therefore well that all true men should unite to oppose the very existence of those evils if the home and society are to perform their legitimate functions with profit.

Some of the sentences uttered by various speakers in this Religious Education Convention are full of wisdom. "Reverence for personality," the motto of President King of Oberlin College, is a sentiment that needs to be brought to the front repeatedly in order to counteract that unfortunate spirit of irreverence which may be classed as one of the prime causes of moral decay in the nation. The surrender of authority from the parents to the child has begotten a malignant independence that identifies itself in latter growth into license and disorder.

It is so much easier to find fault than to doff one's prejudices and enter into the soul of another.—S. M. P., in Catholic World.

Doctor Blessing, voicing the Catholic point of view, in the convention, spoke of the Religious Influences in the Catholic home. He told of the efforts of the Catholic Church in the training of the child, and pointed to the parochial school as the culmination of these efforts to create a solid foundation in the young before sending them forth to encounter the world. "Although the Church insists upon the necessity of religious instruction in the school, so that the development of the child's character would keep pace with the instruction of his mind, and although she has urged them to make any sacrifice in meeting this necessity, she has never allowed parents to lose sight of the grave duty that is theirs of making the home a sanctuary wherein the worship and the service of Almighty God is inculcated as the child's duty."

In fact, it is this insistence of the Catholic Church upon the necessity of religious instruction, and the sanctity of the home through the sacred bond of matrimony that has caused much of the anti-Christian hostility to her. Hence the movement against the Church is a movement against all religion, since it assails at once the very fundamental values in which all Christians must agree.

The words of Rev. George L. Cady in the Congregational Church at Dorchester recently were very pertinent: "All have one common enemy. The enemy of the Catholic Church is the enemy of the Protestant church." In matters that touch the fundamental beliefs and liberties of churches the Protestant churches are helping themselves when they join in opposing the foe of all religion.—Boston Pilot.

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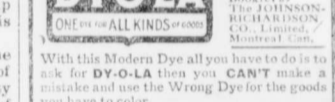
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