“Do Not Swear” is the topic upon which the Rev. Father Michael C. Clashy, pastor of All Souls Catholic Church, will preach tomorrow morning. Elsewhere in these pages his sermon, which we have denominated the briefest ever to be given from a Sanford pulpit (and some of you will correct us if that be not so), is commented upon.

Father Clashy is the fourth Sanford Clergyman to accede to this Magazine’s suggestion that the community would be greatly interested to read here, each Saturday, a survey of a Sanford sermon to be preached the succeeding Sunday morning or evening—a new departure in the feature-field of magazine publishing. Minister King of the Baptist Church, Minister Buhrman of the Methodist Church, and Minister Root of the Congregational Church were the first three. The widespread welcome with which this advance treatment of their discourses was received in the homes of the City proved the undertaking to be a good venture. For next Saturday the sermon of Minister Brownlee of the Presbyterian Church is promised.
SANFORD’S BRIEFEST SERMON

WILL BE PREACHED TOMORROW MORNING IN ALL SOULS CHURCH BY
FATHER CLASBY—TOPIC: ‘DO NOT SWEAR’

“Is it then,” said Father Clasby, “that you are a Pagan?” He accepted a light; our smoke drifted restfully like our talk, among the moon-lighted shadows of his porch, the pleasant porch of the white house on Oak Avenue.

“Hush to you,” laughed Father Clasby; “you are no Pagan but only a sheep with nose and tail outside of any fold and neither to be quarreled with nor pitied. Some things a man likes to think are his own business, forgetting that this is a world composed largely of neighbors. You must do this. You must do that. And tis but a step more to become a spy at the windowledge. That is so.

“And you tell me it is my turn to put a sermon in your pages. I suppose it is all right, taking a pastor’s Sabbath thunder away from him and giving it to the people on Saturday him and giving it to the people on Saturday. in everything, including religion. We spend what we earn before we get it, value the instant above the hour, wait for no possession that we can rush halfway to meet, and so why shouldn’t we nibble our Sunday sermon Saturday if that’s the latest? Who am I to object?

“I read in your paper that you wonder why the clergy do not incline more to preaching practical sermons. It is a fair question. You are one of many wonderers. One idea is enough for any sermon. There are fifty-two Sundays in a year. Fifty-two ideas assimilated in a year is work enough to expect any congregation to do. An individual who absorbed into his life fifty-two upward-and-forward ideas in one year would become an astonishingly well educated person. He would be amazingly equipped for progress for all the years to follow. He would that.

“Come again to see me tomorrow, if you like. But come not with expectation in your eye. I may not have the sermon. I may not have had time to make it brief enough, that Messianic message. It takes time to be brief. Anybody can write a long one. Boiling it down is another story. We shall see. Perhaps I shall make a sermon for—a Pagan.”

In All Souls Catholic Church, Oak Avenue near Ninth Street, tomorrow morning the Rev. Father M. C. Clasby will have as the topic of his sermon “Do Not Swear.” His text will be Exodus 20:7—“Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh His name in vain.”

Father Clasby will say:

“My friend, I perceive that you are a praying man, for every oath is really a prayer; and that you are not ashamed to pray in public.

“The frequency of your prayer is commendable, but can you not improve the quality?

“When you ask God to damn others you do not really mean it, neither do you expect that God will answer your prayer.

“Why waste your breath in such a foolish and wicked way?

“Had you not better pray for yourself, asking God to forgive your blasphemy and to bestow blessings, not curses, on others?

“Do it now.”