

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

MORTAL SIN THE DEATH OF THE SOUL

The wages of sin is death.

When the Apostle, my dear brethren, wrote these words, he did not mean only to express the truth (for truth it is) that the inevitable result of sin, even in this world, is the misery, and finally the death, of the sinner; nor even (though this also is true) that by sin death was introduced into the world. But he wished especially to teach us that the direct and immediate effect of mortal sin is a death much more fearful in itself, and much more awful in its consequences, than any mere cessation of the life of the body—namely, the death of the soul.

Mortal sin cuts a man off from his last end; it is, as it were, disconnects the soul of any one who is unhappy enough to be in that state with all the springs of the supernatural state. A soul which is in mortal sin is cut off from the mystical body of Christ, and, like a limb cut away from the body of a man, it ceases to have any part in the nourishment which reaches that body. It is supported and enabled to pass through the wear and tear of the every day life of the world.

The soul from the time of baptism to the time of death is kept alive by the gift of sanctifying grace. Remove this and the soul inevitably dies. Restore this and it is alive again. Now, it is just the removal of this sanctifying grace which is the immediate effect of mortal sin. As long as any baptized person remains free from the fearful stain of deliberate mortal sin sanctifying grace remains, and every sacrament received, every good word spoken, and every aspiration to higher and better things which passes through the mind, increases the grace which is conferred upon that soul; but the moment the will is deliberately turned away from its Creator, at that moment sanctifying grace ceases and the soul dies. This death is a real death of the soul; it prevents the soul from meriting anything towards the attainment of its last end, and should any one be unhappy enough to die with mortal sin upon his conscience his soul must, by the law of its very being, be buried for all eternity in hell.

See, then, my dear brethren, how fearful a thing this sin is which can have such fearful effects. God has made us to enjoy Him for all eternity in heaven, and yet by sin we turn against ourselves, and, if I may so speak, compel the good God to issue against us an eternal sentence of banishment from His divine presence. We prevent our own souls from reaching that end for which alone they were created. We reap for ourselves an eternity of untold misery, instead of one of surpassing bliss.

Let us, then, to-day make a firm and constant resolution that, cost what it may, nothing in this world shall induce us to kill our souls by staining them with sin; and if any one is so unhappy as to be in that state now, let him now resolve that he will by a good confession cleanse his soul, and from henceforward, casting behind him the things that are past, he will press forward to the things that are before.

TEMPERANCE

DIDN'T REMAIN "MODERATE"

The former bank clerk sat on a bench in the room for visitors at the workhouse on Blackwells Island. He wore prison dress, prison shoes, and a prison hat.

"Tipping brought me here," he said, "just a drink or two a day with a friend. That's what downed me. Moderate drinking is the most insidious form of indulgence."

"It was moderate drinking that also brought my wife here. She had her circle of friends, and they had their social glass. She will agree with me that the hard drinker has not so much to fear as those who take a social glass regularly."

Friends of this man who used to know him when he stood behind the grating of the bank and counted up the checks and classified them would not have recognized the thin-faced, white-haired, unshorn prisoner, feebly and penitently telling of his downfall, as the same smiling, jovial, and confident young man who was pointed out as a model to many of the subordinate clerks in the big bank.

"I didn't bring my wife down with me. I didn't cause her to take up drinking," he said. "It was her circle of friends with whom she used to take a social glass."

"Whenever the boys would ask me out to have a drink, I would not refuse, but I was not in the habit of drinking. I thought that I could stop at any time."

"I suppose it must be the case with all drunkards, but the first thing I knew I got to be so dependent upon my daily amount of stimulant that I would be nervous if I left it off. In the meantime I noticed that my wife also would ask for a drink before meals and before retiring."

The first intimation I had that anything was wrong was when the surety company that protected my position in the bank went off my bond. The bank notified me that I must leave. I tried to get another position, and not until I had utterly failed to find employment did I realize that I had cultivated the drink habit so far that I was permanently

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injured by it. My wife soon became a confirmed drunkard.

Here we are, both of us, in prison until next July, and we can both attribute our present state to the moderate drinking habit.—Sacred Heart Review.

FROM URUGUAY

A special committee of the Uruguay Chamber of Deputies on the repression of alcoholism has reported recently a project which it is expected will be enacted into law in a more or less modified form. Its provisions prohibit the establishment of new liquor saloons, breweries and distilleries, but exempts the manufacture and sale of natural wines, and provides for the separation of bars from other branches of business within one year from its promulgation. No games, public sales, auctions nor commercial transactions of any character will be allowed on the premises; and, after the termination of the present annual license, the sale of alcoholic drinks is forbidden in public meeting places. Nor will bars be permitted within 200 meters (656 feet) of barracks, hospitals, university buildings and public schools; and the importation, manufacture, sale, storage and display of alcoholic drinks containing alcohol is forbidden. Existing drinking saloons will not be allowed to be sold, ceded, inherited, change owners, nor be improved; and the property will be expropriated on the death of the owner. One per cent. of the receipts of the office of Public Assistance (Charities) being destined for such purpose. No liquor will be permitted to be sold to minors; and drinking saloons will be closed on the afternoons of Sundays and holidays, the Executive being authorized to close them on election days and during strikes and other abnormal times, should the necessity arise. Infractions of this law will be punished by fines and, if repeated, the place is liable to be permanently closed. One of the most interesting features of the project is the provision for subsidies to temperance societies that provide lectures in schools and barracks against the use of alcoholic drinks.—Daily Consular and Trade Reports.

VERY REV. CANON BARRY'S
REPLY TO MR. BARING-GOULD

ABOUT MOTIVES ACTUATING CONVERTS
TO THE FAITH OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

In the course of an article in the London Tablet, the Very Rev. Canon William Barry, gently remonstrating with Mr. Baring Gould for deploring accessions to Rome from Anglicanism, gives the reasons for so many conversions and incidentally draws a striking contrast between the Episcopal and Catholic Churches. He says:

In the long list of converts from Anglicanism, beginning, let us say, with men like Kenelm Digby and Ambrose Phillips de Lisle after the French Revolution, and coming down to those whom I have myself received not long ago, the motives patent to all observers were conscientious to an heroic degree. Are these admirable persons to be tarred and feathered as a disgrace to Christianity?

They left the "City of Confusion for the Vision of Peace." Is that so wonderful as to bring with it moral collapse and mental imbecility? I turn, not without indignation, to Mr. Baring Gould's picture, decided in color and tone, of the Establishment (the Church of England) as he sees it; and the apology for converts to Catholicism lies there visible. Past and present, from Henry VIII. to George V. utter it aloud. No more seething indictment has been drawn up, by Catholic or Non-conformist, of the Anglican hierarchy, its worldliness, irreverence, neglect of duty, resistance to that which the writer upholds as revealed truth during periods long enough to show the genius and the mission of any church.

Rome ever looms large above the Church of England, a great and sacred height, visible in every direction, from which this fragment long ago detached is moving towards the abyss of scepticism. The mother calls to her children; many have returned; more are coming. Shall they be slandered as knaves, idiots, degenerates, because they have turned back to the Church where faith, sacraments, and orders have been kept safe; where Modernism dies as soon as born, and where past and present make one Catholic "now?"

THE CALL OF THE
MOTHER CHURCH

The Very Rev. Canon Barry, writing in the London Tablet, remonstrates kindly with the aged Mr. Baring Gould, whose zeal for Anglicanism binds him to facts. Mr. Baring-Gould published "Thoughts and Reminiscences" in which he deplored "a recrudescence of the sions" to Rome among the younger clergy, and attributed various motives to the converts, omitting, however, the real one, of which Dr. Barry now reminds him:

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Dr. Barry then reviews Mr. Baring-Gould's specific charges, including that branding the Anglican Bishops

as incompetent to be guides and rulers, and that they have been found "in league, fighting against God." Where then must the seekers for truth and guidance turn? Dr. Barry answers:

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NOW NO HEAVEN

A little while ago the world beheld a movement in some sections of Protestantism on hell, and its flames were extinguished forthwith.

Now the same silly youngster is advancing on the ramparts of heaven and, like the walls of Jericho, in fancy, they crumble before his gunnings. There is not much left of logic to destroy here, nor of the departments of eternity to demolish, as Protestantism is of all things, a good bait.

Now that this compound of madness and malice has dared to pull down the home of the Almighty, the next thing to do is not to leave the omnipotent in the cold, but to deny the existence of God Himself and thus reach the reasonable sequence of false doctrine—infidelity. Says the dean of St. Paul's, in a recent deliverance, at which all hell must have out-fancied capers:

"The average man thinks for himself and wants to know what evidence there is for the existence of such a place as heaven, and he knows enough astronomy to feel the absurdity of placing it either inside or outside the solar system. So many of the clergy are perplexed themselves, and say as little about heaven as they decently can."

This from Episcopalianism that has delighted to call itself, because of its proud conservatism, "the coin of Catholicism."

This is the South Sea wail of a dying system. It has been truly said of old that he whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad.

Why, may we ask, is the dean enjoying his ecclesiastical dignity and its emoluments, since hell is ancient history and heaven is not? What guidance to shun the one and climb to the other has the dean to give, since there is not one and there never was the other? As earth, by the process of elimination, is the whole thing, why fret about things that are not and why should there be established rule and guidance to direct the way to nothings? The devout dean's telescope has swept the heavens and has not discovered the eternal Eden, and there's an end of the whole thing. The brethren, too, according to the dean of St. Paul's, say as little about heaven as they decently can. For shame that they should act the hypocrite and say anything, since the diplomatic pronouncement would be an arrant falsehood. Or has Episcopalianism learned how to decently lie?

Appreciating the fact that it is hard for the dean to believe in heaven, as his church is now a hell of discord in its contradictory "fundamentals," we turn to the Christ Who is Monarch of the kingdom, to know where and what it is.

"Come ye, blessed of My Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Christ "coming in the clouds of heaven with great power and majesty," will thus order to Him the saints. They are above us, as is hell below. That we do not see heaven in the geography of the skies is due, good dean, to the fact that you never saw your own soul. Why should your soul be immortal if its destiny is not imperishable—if there be no heaven to enjoy everlastingly? Why should the grave dean marvel that he cannot locate heaven at the end of his long glass, when he at times cannot see even all the heavens possess? At noon-day he looks in vain for the stars; at night the sun has bade farewell to the skies, where an hour ago it reigned in brilliancy. There are many things one cannot find in the skies. Human common sense does not twinkle there and, good dean, your brains are not as Ovid held of Caesar, metamorphosed in a star. As flowers do not bloom there, nor cataracts tumble, nor lakes shine you should be prepared to believe that the eternal Eden has not its streets gleaming to your eye, and the Vision beatific all glorious to your penetrating mind. To be, O dean, ignorant of the truth of Christ is to be guilty of any humbug that arrogance, the offspring of ignorance, may perpetrate.

Protestantism is the essence of irreverence. It dares to intrude any place. There is no "holy ground" for its trespassing feet. It wants to see here the glory of God, the chief joy of the blessed. It denies heaven because its impious hand cannot rend the veil that hides it from the faces of living men. Its grossness enters into its judgment that would span the acres that heaven occupies. It wants to be St. Peter, while denying the power of his keys. It wants to measure and weigh and survey the souls that shine in the summer of the Creator.

A great believer in science, when real science smashes its professions, it now needs to sustain its faith,

TUMOR IN
THE STOMACH

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NEWBURY, ONT., April 4th, 1913.

"Some years ago, I was sick in bed, and thought I was going to die. I had a growth in my stomach, which the doctors said was a tumor and they said that the only thing to do was to go to the hospital and have the tumor cut out. I dreaded an operation although both doctors said it was the only cure. I said I would die before being operated on. At this time, my mother in Alvinston sent me some 'Fruit-a-tives' and induced me to try them as she had heard of another woman who had been cured of a similar growth in the stomach by taking 'Fruit-a-tives'."

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that like a briar grew from the earth and trusts itself thereto, a telescope to see spirits. If it does not succeed why it concludes, not that the glass is impossible, but that there are no spirits to be seen and no place where they enjoy immortality.

Heaven is the home of God and God is infinite. You can no more compass the infinite than you can understand the location of God's eternal home. When the earth shall wither and dead suns shall crash in the end of the universe, then there will be no stars for the curious dean to examine and heaven will be, in very truth, "outside the solar system," for it will be no more.

We would advise a microscope instead of a telescope for the dean, as one is far more useful in the examination of a man's conscience than the other. If the wisecrack of St. Paul would use the one and eschew the other, he would not be undoing the goal of saintly endeavor in destroying the purpose of living well here, and he would find as curious questions of vital moment to solve, as ever his fantastic fancy and its telescope would see in the skies of night.

BRAVE CATHOLICS
NEEDED

This is the time when there should be brave men in the ranks of the Catholic laity—not only among the members of the Knights of Columbus, but in every Catholic organization—not only brave men, but brave women. The Catholic Church is conducting the incessant warfare against Socialism and a hundred kindred evils. Never was the world as bitterly opposed to the Church.

America issues this call to men, which is well worth while heeding: "Brave men are needed in every age. They were needed two thousand years ago; they were needed one hundred years ago; they were needed fifty years ago; they are needed to-day. The reason of this need lies in the necessity for a solution of problems which threaten society. These problems change with the ages. Sometimes they are thrust upon a country from without; sometimes they grow from within, taking substance and form from the uncontrolled passions of men. Their sources therefore are many, but the origin of their solution is one—brave men."

"Brave men are men who have the courage of their convictions; men who hold fast to principles in the face of the enemy, in the teeth of adversity; men who will not sacrifice right for power or wealth or popularity or any other trumpery. Such is the brave man. But he is more than this. He is a good man. No man is brave, no man is strong who is not pure, honest, God-fearing. If he lacks virtue he has been conquered by a creature weaker by nature than himself, viler by nature than himself. He has entered the lists and been put to rout. He is not brave, he is not strong. He has endured a coward's fate. Lure has conquered him; irelligion has conquered him, mean things all, and weak. Any vagabond can be impure, grasping, irreligious. Only a real man can be pure, generous, religious. All these demand a battle. Victory belongs to the brave alone."

"Brave men, therefore, must be strong and virtuous. There are not enough of these to-day. There are rich men in abundance, far too many of them; bright men in plenty, quite enough of them; brave men, alas! there is room for many more. Our problems call for them. There are

perverse habits of thought to be corrected; false standards of action to be eliminated; souls to be saved. Who will do it? Where shall we look for brave men? Are they in our ranks? If so, why are their tongues silent? Why are their pens idle? Why do they sit idly by without protest, while the fabric of our society is smitten hard on every side? Why do they watch listlessly godless sociologists busy patching the superstructure of the state, while its very foundation is shaken by social evils? Do they think that the house of shaky foundations is safe because its windows are clean? Why do they smoke their cigars and sip their wine seven nights a week while their brothers in the faith, the children of the poor, are falling into the traps of wolves? If there are brave men in our ranks why does the Ozanam society call upon them in vain for help? Why is the Church the object of insidious, organized injustice? Brave men, where are you? Do you exist?"

Brave Catholic men and women are needed everywhere for present emergencies. They can only be secured by prayer and the grace of God.—Intermountain Catholic.

WHO CAN FORGIVE SIN?

But the priest absolves, and he is a man; how dare he? Because he is himself sinless, or pretends to be? No, but because God has given him authority to do what only could be done by God's delegation. Jesus Christ said that He gave the power, and delegated the authority; do those who deny the power not believe that He is God? Or do they deny the authenticity of the words? There are no plainer in Scripture; Christ did not in any Scripture more plainly declare His own Godhead than He declared His delegation of the power of binding and loosing. To believe Him and His words in their plain sense is not to despise Scripture; to admit that He could Himself forgive sins is to admit that He was God, to refuse Him the power is to refuse to confess Him God; and if He be God and Almighty He can delegate any function He chooses. He said that He did delegate His own authority of binding and loosing. He must have meant something; is it

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