

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Low Sunday.

FAITH.

"Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?" (1st John 5:5).

The first lesson which we learned, my dear brethren, from the life of our Blessed Lord on Easter Day was a lesson of peace. To-day we are concerned with another lesson. It is the lesson of Faith, and to them that learn well this lesson our Lord promises His special blessing.

What, then, is faith? "Now, faith is the substance of things to be hoped for; the evidence of things that appear not." It is an evidence; a certitude higher than any evidence or certitude of the senses. St. Louis de France so well appreciated this that, when some one constrained him to see a miraculous appearance of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament to confirm his faith, he said that his faith was stronger without the miracle than with it, and he refused to see the miracle.

Faith, then, gives to the man that has it a certitude of all things higher than any other certitude we can have in this life. Human reason assures us of certain facts, of certain existences, but divine faith leads us on above human reason to the author of the facts, to the Creator and Preserver and Lawgiver of those existences. So that the man who has the gift of divine faith knows more certainly facts and existences than he who has not, because by this gift he refers them all to the Absolute, they being all only relative.

The gift of faith, as every Catholic knows, is given in baptism. Now, what is there in the gift of baptism which constitutes the baptized man a new creature in the sight of God, considering that the natural man is one who is wounded by original sin in his intellect, will, and affections? Considering this, I say, we ask how can this soul, born into the world under this sad condition, be recreated? Christ, speaking to Nicodemus, gives us the answer: "Except man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God." To-day it will concern us to consider only one of these gifts, the gift of the intellect.

By baptism man is given, as we said, the gift of faith. Now, faith is the act of the recreated intellect, and only of the recreated intellect. It is a divinely inspired gift by which the baptized man is enabled to apprehend the acts of God and believe them as true. It is a divinely inspired gift by which not only can he penetrate the unseen, by which the visible things of this world become clearer and more visible, because we begin to see them in the light in which God sees them. Therefore, why does the Church sing every Sunday in the Mass, "I believe in all things visible and invisible."

So, then, the gift of faith puts into the soul of every baptized man a capacity for receiving the truth and nothing but the truth. Such is the advantage the Christian has over the unbaptized man. He has a quality which enables him to reach the grand end for which God in the beginning created him. By means of the gift of faith, then, man passes to union with God. By use of the divine gift man becomes, as it were, filled with God and sharer of the divine beatitude. It is a gift which, used rightly, makes him apprehend truth in matters of faith and morals, so that it needs but the special action of the Holy Spirit in the case of the Pope to make him the infallible exponent of the Church in these matters.

Every baptized person has the capacity, but not all do, will, or can use it. The most that many a man can do is to recognize the truth when he hears it as truth, but not to find it out. This, then, is a gift, or, if you will, a divine inspiration, left to the sons and daughters of the Church for their own special heritage. It divides them from those without by a chasm as wide as that between Dives and Lazarus, and which nothing but the very gift itself can cause to cross the gulf.

Such is the reason why men who wander in error so often come at last to the end, and become good Catholics. Because they have perceived that to the mind of the baptized, God and devout Catholic, there is a certainty in all things, both visible and invisible, which science, false philosophy, and the world never could attain to. Guard, then, and keep alive and burning the gift of faith and the earnest and constant use of the sacraments, that it may be said of you at the last: "Blessed is he who saw, though he saw not, yet he believed."

A FUNERAL SERMON.

They had laid the dead man ready to be lowered into the grave. The speaker approached the tomb and addressed the mourners in these words: "Whatever be the social task that we have accomplished; whether we have experienced the cruel gnawing of misery; or enjoyed the sweet caresses of wealth; whether we have lived in soft ease or struggled with hard toil, we all fall one after another at the fixed hour into the material nothing to which Death leads us. Whatever be the philosophic or religious path that our thought has traveled, the matter of our body, in dissolving reabsorbs and destroys forever, our consciousness." The country was France. The dead man was a school teacher. The orator was the local deputy. Could any scene more fearfully portray the official paganism which is blighting the hopes and ideals of a once noble people? That such a scene should be possible shows how completely many Frenchmen have broken with Christianity. The very teachers of little children no longer believe in God. Man is animated matter in life; in death animated matter; that is all! Let those who trifle with the school system yet existing in Great Britain ask themselves whether the people of this country will permit their children to be taught that men are matter with warm breath in it, nothing more? Yet that is the aim of secular education. — Liverpool Times.

FOR THE CATHOLIC RECORD.
A LESSON FROM THE FOREST.

By D'E. to my mind rivals fair Killarney, 'Bantou Nature' certainly has bestowed some of her choice gifts in all parts of this lovely Newfoundland draught.

A stroll over its tranquil surface in the summer months is a pleasure many places cannot give and few can excel. On all sides there is something to charm, in every direction nature's god unfolds a sublime text.

If the bay in general be beautiful, Conne River, its center point, is magnificent. The individual traits of the draught's parts seem gathered there, like a glorious chivalry at a national pageant—the scene is gorgeous and brilliant to behold. The virgin forest gives forth the sweet odor of its untainted depths, the giant trees rear on high and send their emerald shadows to delightfully blend with the horizon's blue, the waterfalls dramatically accept and varicolored emit the rays of the mid-day sun, the rival with childlike glee greets mother ocean, the swift ebbing tide embraces a gentle breeze and produces a chord just as sweet as the asolian—the birds become the voice of the aggregate and sing a hymn of praise and gratitude to the beneficent Giver of all gifts.

To be in such a place and not feel elated is indeed difficult. To gaze upon this must elicit from any soul a question—and an answer may not be given. Words surely coalesce with thoughts—for words and thoughts are but aspects of a unity. What thought is adequate to measure the loveliness of this spot? What word can portray the still superior loveliness of the cause of which it is but the effect? If the effect be dazzling, the cause must be blinding; if the handiwork be twilight, how glorious is the artisan the composer of meridian splendor! No answer can be forthcoming; the finite cannot comprehend the infinite—though it yearns to do so. Alas! how seldom does man, the noblest of all creation, pause to reflect that alone amongst created, he remains ingrate and joins not the universe's mighty voice which goes to Heaven and thanks the bountiful Creator. Lower creations are grateful for only a passing blessing whilst man essays no thanks for the temporal he has, nor for the Eternal that awaits him. What base ingratitude!

The ordinary visitor to Conne would be apt to exclaim with the poet: "Here every thing is noble and only man is vile."

and yet not even so. The inhabitant here by his pure life and good deeds supplies an exception to the common human herd.

For this beauty spot is the camping ground of a large tribe of the Micmacs, who migrated thither from Canadian woods. They are indeed true children of the forest and yet their characters would shame the white man. The latter, much more than they, are savage, for the man whose spirit is dead to God is truly a savage and a mere animal. So oft it happens that the self-deceived white who calls the Indian a savage receives a rebound and well defines himself. The Indians are a branch of the Canadian tribe and the chief is a tributary, and subject to the jurisdiction of Cape Breton. Once they had a wigwag settlement, but good wooden houses have now replaced the bivyvacs. The mode of livelihood is the produce of the chase. Spring and autumn they go to the woods and seek the valuable furs that there abound. The women and children at home are ever at work, and well-tended gardens will tell a tale of industry. The Micmacs are all Catholics, and not merely in name. Good, fervent and sagacious must have been the devoted sacrifice of the missionaries who taught them to follow "Christ and Him crucified." The Irish Gael proudly and justly boasts of his tenacity to Holy Church, but, to the Micmacs may be a winning rival. They have kept the faith, they know the salient points of doctrine, they have an august reverence when the Holy Sacrifice is offered; they revere the bodies of the dead; they never forget that the soul returns not to dust. The dear departed are ever in their minds and beget many a "holy and wholesome thought." Every Sunday they gather in their little chapel and sing in their own tongue the "Kyrie," "Credo," "Agnus Dei," to the soul-stirring strain of the Gregorian, the Chief gives an instruction, corrects their faults and urges them to take a pride in the traditions of the tribe and practically honor the "faith of their fathers."

Formerly the priest could but visit Conne twice a year and that visit was replete with many a consolation. As the boat approached the banks, men, women and children would throng to greet him. What a whole souled welcome they gave and how glad they were when his hand was raised to bless them.

Padios is the Indian synonym of saggarth, and no Irishman loves his saggarth better than the Indian his Padios. The priest finds them good and docile and could weave from their noble lives a crown of virtue which would startle self complacent Christians and make them hide their heads in shame.

Thanks to the ever watchful solicitude of our dear and holy Bishop a priest has been sent to a nearby settlement and the Indians are jubilant and not ungrateful. At the suggestion of His Lordship an Indian girl has been trained as teacher by the gentle Sisters of St. Georges, and the children of the tribe will have an advantage that their fathers could not have.

We are told, and it is historically doubtless, that the early Christian mode of living was an emanation of the "greater precept." Leading a simple life, they left the administration of their worldly affairs to some trusted doacons. Alas! the world to-day presents a sad, sad contradiction and the Socialist finds poison that true Christianity should never tolerate. At Conne River the charity of the early Christians is re-enacted. They set no value on earthly things; they esteem as valuable only the eternal; they recognize they "have not here a last-

ing city." Living a community life, bearing and forbearing, the fortune shares with the unfortunate and selfishness finds no place in their dealings. What lessons these poor people teach the world which is centered in self and tastes not the sweet peace that religion brings when it is the realization of a Fatherhood in heaven and a brotherhood on earth.

M. F. POWER.
Harbor Breton, Nfld.

THE NEW JESUIT SHRINE.

CONTINUED FROM ISSUE OF APRIL 18.

No, Mr. Editor, the small lake mentioned by Champlain was not Bass Lake but Lake Couchiching. The town that stood in the vicinity of Bass Lake, and probably at one time, where Ojilla now stands, was Contarea (more correctly Kontarels), a town quite distinct from Chahague, otherwise St. Jean Baptiste, and to which the missionaries never had access. (Hist. 1614, p. 69, cols. 1, 2, taken with Hist. 1656, p. 10, 1 col) and so could not have been named, as Mr. Hunter surmises, with the region surrounding Bass Lake.

A "COMPETENT PERSON" COULD NOT STOMACH MR. HUNTER'S "EVIDENCE."

General John S. Clark, who holds a certificate of competency from Mr. Andrew Hunter, and who moreover and much more to the point, as a military man, has necessarily received special training in the proper reading and interpretation of maps though sketched hurriedly, and defective in design, in that same letter of May 18, 1903, writes as follows concerning Ducreux's map: "An idea has been advanced that Bass Lake is represented and Lake Couchiching omitted, I think this is certainly an error." But previously on Nov. 4, 1886, he had already expressed the same opinion: "Mr. Hunter takes a ground, I see, that the small lake represented near Lake Simcoe is Bass Lake. This is most extraordinary."

HOW TO IDENTIFY RIVERS.

Rivers coursing through the same region may be distinguished one from the other, or when they may be identified, if there be any doubt about their individuality: (a) by their general trend and more marked sinuosities or deviations; (b) by their volume, when the flow is not too irregular; (c) by the curves or windings of the coast line near their mouths, and (d) by the way in which the country where they rise, or by the form position and size of the lakes where they take their source.

THEIR COURSE.

(a) The direction in the flow of the North and of the Severn Rivers is very much alike. There is a marked sameness in their principal bend; so that roughly speaking, they lie parallel on the map. At first they both take a northerly direction, then deviate towards the west, and near their mouths both turn abruptly southwards. But here I may say all resemblance ends.

THEIR VOLUME.

(b) The Severn has a far greater body of water, judging by the way it is set down, on all modern maps, than the North River. And while the latter is indicated by a single line, quite in the same way as Hogg, Sturgeon and the Coldwater, the former's width is marked by a double line, and this extends to the very intake of the lake which it drains.

On Ducreux's map all these peculiarities are reproduced, the only difference being that the Coldwater Bay (Lesser Matchedash Bay), narrowed indeed from the mouth, extends further inland. This mode of tracing the river, namely, with a double line, should alone be enough to convince one that Ducreux, or his Cartographer, intended to delineate the Severn and not the more diminutive North River.

BAYS AT THE MOUTH OF RIVER.

(c) But when we come to consider the bays and coves, near the mouth of the Coldwater and of the Severn, there can be no further room for doubt. In the first place, the North River, in the reality and as mapped, empties, as does the Coldwater also, into Coldwater Bay. That is, there are no two bays at the outflow of these two streams, but both discharge their waters into one and the same bay, which opens at Wabashene into the Greater Matchedash Bay (owing to lack of uniformity among cartographers I must needs make use of this term to designate the whole inlet lying east of Giant's Tomb Island).

This special feature is laid down on every modern map and very distinctly. While, on every modern map also, the Severn, at Port Severn, empties into a bay, forming the mouth of the river, and one which is exclusively its own, and which there is no possibility of mistaking for the Lesser Matchedash, otherwise, Coldwater Bay, seeing that it is situated some three miles north of Wabashene.

Turning now to Ducreux's map, and counting the rivers east of the Wye, as heretofore, taking Hogg as the first, nobody, not even Mr. Hunter, I presume, recognizes in the third any other than the Coldwater. If this be so, it is into the bay of this latter river that the North River should empty, but as no other stream is marked as so doing, it necessarily follows that it is the North River, and not the Severn which is omitted on Ducreux's map.

Furthermore the river on Ducreux's map, which Mr. Hunter holds to be the North River, has for outlet a very distinct bay of its own, placed approximately at the same distance from the third stream (the Coldwater), as the latter is from the Sturgeon, and the Sturgeon from Hogg River, all of which distances agree fairly well with the tracing on our modern maps. But as the Black River has no bay distinct from that of the Coldwater, what Ducreux has set down, with a separate bay of its own, cannot be the North River.

COAST LINES NEAR MOUTH.

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