

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKEY, O. S. B. TWENTIETH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

REMEMBRANCE OF DEATH

"Redeeming the time, for the days are evil."

On time depends eternity. On the manner in which we spend our lifetime depends our happiness or our misery for ever. So, to spend our time well is no small or unimportant thing. In fact, it would be a great lesson to learn how to "redeem the time"—that is, to make amends for the past, to be careful for the future.

It is not a lesson you will care to learn. But, though it is a lesson that no one likes, it is the best means, the only means, to a necessary end.

The Holy Spirit teaches it; the Saints teach it; common sense teaches it. We cannot help ourselves; we must learn it. What, then, do they teach us? The inspired Word tells us: "In all thy works remember thy last end, and thou shalt never sin." (Ecclesi, vii. 40.) And the whole practice of the saints may be summed up in those oft-repeated words of St. Benedict: "Day after day, keep death before your eyes." And common sense? Does it not tell us that, when an important action must be done, and done only once, we must prepare to do it well? There is no point in which the folly of men is more apparent, than their disregard and even careful shunning of the thought of death. It is folly to act, through mere cowardice, in direct opposition to the counsels of God, the saints, and reason.

Now, my dear brethren, though it is natural to wish to shun the thought of death, we do not come to the Church to do what is natural, but, by the help of grace, what is supernatural; not what flesh and blood, but what God would have us do. So let us here examine what reasons we have to fear death.

We fear two kinds of things—those that may deprive us of good, and those that may afflict us with evil. Let us see whether death does either. Deprive us of good. It can separate us from the world, deprive us of the pleasures of this bright and happy world. But is it so bright and happy? Do not most of us have more sorrows than joys? What with all the labor, sickness, false friends, disappointments of this world, is it so very hard to leave it? Oh! it is not the leaving this world merely, but the going, we know not whither, that frightens us and makes us fear death. Then it is the second reason; but with what evil can it afflict us? None; death is simply a gateway. It opens heaven to the good, but alas! hell to the wicked. It is not death, then, that we should fear, but sin. "For the wages of sin is death," St. Paul says. (Rom. vi. 23.) and again, "The sting of death is sin." (1 Cor. vi. 56.) And St. James: "Sin, when it is completed, begetteth death." (James i, 15.)

So here we have at last the real reason why we fear death—because we are in sin. Oh, the craftiness of the evil one! He has clothed death with all the horror and dread, whereas he should have clothed sin—with the stolen garments of innocence and pleasure. So we have no fear of sin, the real cause of all misery, but foolishly dread the thought of death, which, instead of being an evil, is the great means to help us to heaven.

For regard the advantages of remembering death. It makes us see the past in its true light, and the consequence is repentance.

The past! How much is contained in that one word! How many errors, frailties, deeds of malice and perversity; how many wanderings from God; fixing our heart upon anything rather than on Him! Look at our sins; which one of them should we have dared to commit, if Death had been standing by? The sinful past is what it is, because we did not remember death. And now, when we begin to think of death we are led to repent.

Death, secondly, teaches us the value of all things here below. Vanity of vanities! Death opens our eyes to see through the hollow pleasures of the world, and the ways and needs of bad companions.

And the third advantage of the thought of death is that it nerves us with a new energy, and puts us on the way to God. It is hard to go on always doing little things well; that makes the monotony, the weariness of a good life. Remember death. Little things look important, and they are so, viewed in the light of death. How many, after starting on the right road, on the narrow path of a good life, have yet become discouraged and wearied, have sat down and slept? Why? They forgot to remember death. Let us not do the same. But when we are weary and well-nigh spent, we must think of death. And the end of the road will seem much nearer, and perseverance will be ours. The best means to make us redeem the past, be careful in the present, and anxious for the future is the continual remembrance of death. Have death ever before your eyes.

See, then, under what a mistake and a delusion of the devil we have been laboring. We thought death was to be feared, whereas it is sin; for sin robs us of the Supreme Good, and afflicts us with the evil of eternal punishment. Get free from sin, and you will not fear death. Death has few terrors for a good

conscience. Rather shall we find the remembrance of it a cause of comfort. It will be to us a true friend. It is no flatterer or deceiver. It will not play us false at the end. No; cherish the remembrance of death now; make it the guide of your life now, and it will prove to be the gate of heaven.

TEMPERANCE

THE UNDOING OF THE PROFESSOR

What drink can do to transform a man is set forth graphically in the following incident that Dr. Sheehan recalls, in his book "Parega." "I am curiously reminded of an acquaintance, who has long since passed beyond my ken, but in whom at one time I felt some interest. When I first knew him he was a gentleman—graduate, B. A., or possibly, M. A., of Cambridge; and in dress, manner, deportment, all that could be expected of a scholar and gentleman. I was a young missionary in an English city, and had not even a nodding acquaintance with him; but the glamor of a university education hung around him; he was one to be addressed with 'bated breath and whispering humbleness.' I little thought that the day would come, and come swiftly, when he would be glad to get a sixpence from me to buy bread, or—drink! That word explains all.

"He had come down, or, rather, rushed down the declivities of life pell-mell, and now lay a broken and distorted wreck amongst the human debris cast out by fate from the urn of necessity. The silk hat had given way to a broken bowler; the shining boots to patched and broken shoes; the morning coat, without fray or crease, to a wretched blue serge jacket with broken button holes, tied with a piece of cord, and badly concealed, or half-revealed by a long, grey, dustcoat, whitening under time and use.

"When I first made his acquaintance, he had tumbled quite amongst the potatoes. He was bruised and beaten, but not a conquered spirit. I cannot remember now how I struck up an acquaintance with him, but I well remember how deeply I was impressed by the wide range of his acquirements, and, above all, by that peculiar pronunciation of Greek and Latin which seems to be the cachet of a university training. Yes! there was the educated gentleman seen through all the sad disguise of rage and penury. Nothing seemed strange or unfamiliar to him in all ancient and modern literature.

"He was eking out a wretched subsistence at the time, in a narrow room in a squalid back lane in the city, by teaching a few little school-boys at night a little writing, a little geography and the rule of three. He took his professional fees modestly in drink. I could have cried for him. . . . I was one day deploring his misery when, at a certain railway station which he frequented for obvious purposes, he accosted me for a shilling.

"The shilling was given, and the priest asked the professor to talk with him until the train would arrive. The fallen gentleman willingly complied. "Oh, my day's work is done," he said. "You have given me a shilling, and sufficient for the day is the good thereof. But," he hesitated a little, "and I thought I saw a faint pink blush steal up on his pallid face—you, eh? are not ashamed to walk up and down such a public place with me?"

"Not in the least, my dear fellow. I am known pretty well here. So are you, and won't affect either of us materially." An energetic discussion ensued, the professor striving to maintain that he had had much out of life.

"Look at me," he said. "I looked," says the narrator of the incident. "He was not an attractive object. The electric bell at the Northern Hut marked the approach of my train."

"Would you believe that I used to dine with great people at the Criterion, London? Yes, sir! I drank champagne at six pounds the dozen, and never smoked anything under a shilling cheroot. . . . Here at the Crown, with a clay pipe, a glass of Cognac, and a clientele of half-drunk laborers, I reason, argue, talk—am a king." "I bade him good-bye! and took my seat. Two fine ladies dressed like peacocks, and probably with the intellects of oysters, looked askance at me. As the train glided from the platform, I looked out. I thought I saw the frayed skirt of a dress overcoat vanishing through the door of a third-class refreshment room."—Sacred Heart Review.

A RELIC OF PAGANISM

People with pet dogs will be interested in the remarks of Dr. James J. Walsh contributing an article to America on "Animal Pets and Human Needs." The Doctor has no sympathy with those who lavish on dumb brutes the affection and care which at present are denied so many human beings. He believes that "the food wasted on pet animals would save the lives of many starving children. Recently a young woman was heard to remark: 'I must have a young chicken sent home; my Pekinese will eat nothing else. Poor thing, he is not himself these days.' The time and affection wasted on dogs, would, if properly spent on human beings

RHEUMATISM WAS MOST SEVERE

Dreadful Pains All The Time Until He Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES".



MR. LAMPSON

Verona, Ont., Nov. 11th., 1915. "I suffered for a number of years with Rheumatism and severe Pains in Side and Back, from strains and heavy lifting.

When I had given up hope of ever being well again, a friend recommended "Fruit-a-tives" to me and after using the first box I felt so much better that I continued to take them, and now I am enjoying the best of health, thanks to your remedy".

W. M. LAMPSON. If you—who are reading this—have any Kidney or Bladder Trouble, or suffer with Rheumatism or Pain In The Back or Stomach Trouble—give "Fruit-a-tives" a fair trial. This wonderful fruit medicine will do you a world of good, as it cures when everything else fails. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

do a great deal to solve some of our most clamorous social problems. Surely no one with any serious purpose in life can justify this waste of time, of money, of human energy and above all, of God given human affection. It is thoroughly pagan in itself and is too injurious to character."—Catholic Transcript.

TEST OF CHRISTIANITY

The divine character of Sacred Scripture is never more convincingly attested than by the fresh, reviving power possessed by passages whose use seemed exhausted when the occasion of their utterance was ended. "Take the Advent text which Christ bids the disciples of John the Baptist to carry back to their imprisoned master as testimony of the messianic ministry of Jesus. "The blind see; the lame walk; the lepers are cleansed; the deaf hear; the dead rise again; the poor have the gospel preached to them."

To all seeming these words were employed by the Lord for the sole purpose of testifying to the messengers of the Baptist concerning the nature of the mission of Jesus. This single purpose obtained, the words might be considered as having fulfilled the design for which they were used and would then cease to be of pertinent application to other days or needs. But these simple sentences, spoken ages ago, intended to convince a few waverers in the faith, are so applicable to present times that one might be tempted to think that they were addressed to this age alone.

There are doubters today, men who waver in the faith, question-askers and those who demand a precise answer to their inquiries about the truth. There are thousands of wanderers in the midst of uncertainties who are groping for the path leading to sure light. They demand a sign—the test of Christian spirit—and seek for undoubted evidence as to whether lies the road leading to the Lord.

The answer is contained in the words which the ambassadors of John heard fall from the sacred lips of Jesus Christ. They must find Christ where the afflicted are; where the poor are, and adding that other sentence of the Saviour, where men are not scandalized in Him, where they are not ashamed of their religion. The test, as is evident, is a threefold one. Jesus did not stop with the corporal works of mercy, as some are inclined to do today; He added the preaching of the gospel to a certain class and the resistance to scandal.

There is a tendency in our time to center the whole value of Christianity in the help given to the needy. That one element of Christianity takes into reckoning those who may need our assistance is not open to dispute.

From the very beginning the religion of Christ has taken thought for those who required sustenance and bodily relief. The hospitals, the orphanages, the homes for the wayward, the thousand and one institutions whose purpose is to care for those abandoned by friends or fortune, bear witness that corporal works of mercy are no inconsiderable part of the religious duty of those who claim Christ as their Master. But the oft-repeated challenge of our age that churches are useless only in so far as they cultivate this charitable spirit and plan for the building of such refuges loses sight of the fact that Christianity has a spiritual side.

The supreme test of divine character is not that bodies are cared for; but the success with which the deeper needs of the soul are assuaged. The curing of bodies was secondary

with Christ, whose real mission was the redemption of immortal spirits. So He drew the preaching of the gospel into consideration when He was dispatching His credentials to John. The significant phase of this part of His message emphasizes the thought expressed above. The world today might ask: what need have the poor of a gospel? Feed them; clothe them; visit them in their affliction; but it is the summing up of all religious obligation. Not so, says Christ; there is something more demanded.

What is proposed is to be recommended within proper limits; but further religion proceeds, to carry to the self same poor whom you nourish with charitable aid another message far more important. There is a divine message to which they must listen: a gospel of faith and hope to which they must turn a heedless ear; religion is robbed of more than half its substance if, over and above bodily succor, it bring not the tidings of a spiritual communication.

More remarkable still is the mention of the single class to whom the gospel must be preached. Christ makes a special and exclusive reference to the poor. It is true that He echoes the words of Isaiah which forecasted the characteristics of the Messiah who should be sent Israel. But the confirmation of the prediction, as now emphasized by Christ, is the more worthy notice since all men were excluded except those judged unfortunate because shut forth from the favor of the world. Recently a thought-provoking sermon called the attention of the sects to their false assumption of the Christian name because in their temples, at least in the larger cities, no room was found for the poor.

This minister was driven to admit that the church which boasted of being the church of the employers, the prosperous and the millionaires, by that very boast denied its connection with Him who commanded that His gospel should be carried to the poor. So times are changing. It is within the memory of men not so very old when the Catholic Church was forced to listen to, assault because she was willing to give shelter within her walls to men unblest by earthly fortune. The test men loved to adduce for proof that their distinctive form of faith was heavenborn began with the evidence offered that the nations which professed it were prosperous and aggressive. With scornful finger they pointed to the poverty and backwardness of Catholic countries. With loud voice they praised their religious foundation because it preached a gospel to the favored sons who basked in the sunlight of worldly greatness. Out of their own mouths were they condemned, for they rejected the test of the Lord—the preaching of the gospel to the poor. They are growing wiser, hence the anxiety to call in the poor before the hour of final reprobation. Whereas the commission has no true ever to her church which was used to change her policy at any stage of her career, since the test of the Master, whenever and wherever applied, discovers her bearing the divine message to the poor.—The Guardian.

ROSARY MONTH

The beads are so eminently a Catholic form of prayer that Protestants generally have come to look upon them as an unmistakable badge of Catholicism. It is well known that during the Penal Days in England and Ireland the possession of a rosary was sufficient ground for prosecution. And in our own day, no priest would hesitate for so much as one moment to give absolution or Catholic burial to an unidentified individual upon whose person a pair of rosary beads had been found.

From the beginning the Church has favored in a special manner the devotion of the Rosary. Scores of Popes, in official documents, have not only recommended this form of prayer but have showered upon it the richest praises. They have especially praised it because it is a prayer which occupies the entire man—the oral prayer of the "Our Father" and "Hail Mary" engaging the body, so to say, whilst meditation upon the mysteries holds the attention of the mind. Surely, then, no better prayer could be devised for the man who wishes to offer to God a complete and entire service.

Furthermore, the component prayers of the Rosary are the most hallowed orisons that it is given man to utter—the "Our Father," which was taught us by our Blessed Lord Himself who surely would not give us less than the best; the "Hail Mary," which was first uttered in heaven by God to the Angel Gabriel, and first spoken on earth by the angel to Mary; the "Doxology," or "Glory be to the Father," which is a canticle of praise to the Blessed Trinity, from whom all graces flow.

No wonder, then, that the Catholic instinct has found in the Rosary a prayer that answers the deepest longings of the heart. There is no condition or vicissitude of life over which the Rosary does not throw the aroma of inspiration and blessing. In joy and in sorrow alike it is a sweet whisper from the eternal hills. To the tepid heart it brings the fire of an all-consuming love of God. In youth it speaks to the Christian heart of great exploits of a spiritual kind to be performed for God; in old age, it instills into the heart confidence to meet the all just God.

Owing to its intrinsic merits and the rich indulgences attached to its recitation, the Rosary should be the chosen prayer of every loyal Catholic. It is Mary's gift to man, and

Fresh and Refreshing "SALADA" B76

is composed of clean, whole young leaves. Picked right, blended right and packed right. It brings the fragrance of an Eastern garden to your table. BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN

surely, being the Mother of us all, she gave us in the Rosary the best she had, after her Divine Son. Just to show our appreciation of this great gift of her motherly heart, we should not allow a day to pass by during this October month—set aside especially by the Pope as a chosen time to recite the beads—without gathering around the feet of the Rosary Queen to weave the garland which she would have us weave for her.—Rosary Magazine.

WHERE FAITH IS MENACED

A Catholic hospital for colored people has been opened in Memphis, Tenn., by Rev. Joseph P. Glenn, S. S. J., pastor of St. Anthony's Church. It was a much needed institution.

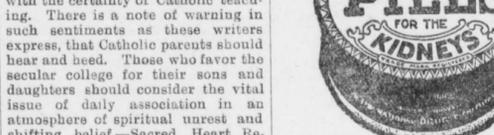
STAMMERING

or stuttering overcome positively. Our natural methods permanently restore natural speech. Graduate pupils everywhere. Free advice and literature. THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE KITCHENER, CANADA

Swollen Joints

If people who are crippled with swollen joints—wrists, ankles and knuckles—could only be made to realize that the root of their troubles is in the kidneys and the bladder, it would be easy to get them to send for the free sample of Gin Pills and put them on the way to recovery.

In Watertown, N.Y., lives Alexander La Due, aged 73. For years he suffered from kidney trouble, trying various remedies and doctor's medicine. Then he read an ad. of



He writes as follows: " . . . . I sent for two boxes. They did me more good than all the medicine I had taken. After I used the first two I sent for two more boxes, and I am satisfied, and also know, that Gin Pills are the best kidney remedy made."

All druggists sell Gin Pills. 50c. a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sample free upon request to National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto U. S. Address—No-Dr.-Co. Inc. 202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

HOW SHE MAY RULE

Whatever one thinks of votes for women, he should not accept as solid the argument that the ballot ought to be denied them because they cannot be used as "soldiers, policemen, coal-miners, sailors, and bridge-builders."

They are able to make as good a showing in the various lines above named as men would, in house-keeping, child-nursing, child bearing and taking the unqualified abuse of the bumptious and the illogical.

Some better reasons must be demanded for denying them the right of suffrage. Prove that women can make a common sense use of the ballot and it will not be hard to see that the vast majority of them have a better right to do it than the thousands of anarchists and peace disturbers that come here from the Old World to sow the seeds of discord and strife.

There are some naturally anarchistic women, just as there are some naturally anarchistic men. The chief trouble with most of our women's rights champions is that they came from the number of the anarchists. They make themselves conspicuous on occasion, and they have the fatal faculty of choosing the wrong occasion. Why they should be especially aggressive now that the country is engaged in serious warfare and suffers no man to take liberties with tongue or pen, is something that sane people cannot understand. Nothing could be possibly better fitted to prejudice their cause.

The contention that woman is intended to adorn the domestic sphere, and that she will lose the ascendancy which is so cheerfully accorded her here in America, were she to go down into the political forum is something for her to consider with all solemnity. As a public official she does not wear well. She is easily beguiled with the sweepings

Phone Main 7215 117 Yonge St. Toronto. Hennessy. DRUGS CUT FLOWERS CANDIES PERFUMES. Order by Phone—we deliver. Watch our Ads. in Local Dailies Thursday.

ELECTRIC WORK Of Every Description. Martin Nealon. Motors Lights Bells Alarms. Telephones, Speaking Tubes. PHONE COLL. 1650. 342 HURON ST. TORONTO

Accountancy Matriculation Stenography Civil Service. Which of these courses is of interest to you? We teach individually, and give excellent courses in all subjects mentioned above, both at our Day and Night Schools. Our Fall Term begins Sept. 4th. Write at once for free Catalogue.

Dominion Business College. 357 College St., Toronto Limited. J. V. MITCHELL, B.A., PRINCIPAL.

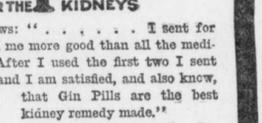
BELLS, PEALS, CHIMES. Send for Catalogue. Our bells made of selected Copper and Steel. The Finest for all sizes. Free advice and literature. THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE KITCHENER, CANADA

McShane Bell Foundry Co. EALTIMORE, MD. CHURCH, CHIME and PEAL BELLS. Memorials a Specialty.

Swollen Joints

If people who are crippled with swollen joints—wrists, ankles and knuckles—could only be made to realize that the root of their troubles is in the kidneys and the bladder, it would be easy to get them to send for the free sample of Gin Pills and put them on the way to recovery.

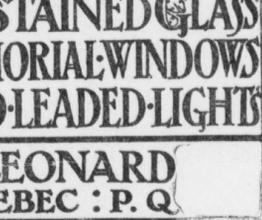
In Watertown, N.Y., lives Alexander La Due, aged 73. For years he suffered from kidney trouble, trying various remedies and doctor's medicine. Then he read an ad. of



He writes as follows: " . . . . I sent for two boxes. They did me more good than all the medicine I had taken. After I used the first two I sent for two more boxes, and I am satisfied, and also know, that Gin Pills are the best kidney remedy made."

All druggists sell Gin Pills. 50c. a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sample free upon request to National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto U. S. Address—No-Dr.-Co. Inc. 202 Main St., Buffalo, N.Y.

STAINED GLASS MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND LEADED LIGHTS



B. LEONARD QUEBEC: P. Q. We Make a Specialty of Catholic Church Windows

Keep a Can in The Garage

It keeps old cars looking like this year's models. Brightens Nickel and Brass. Polishes Glass. Even cleans the tires.

