

FIVE MINUTE SERMON  
FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTE-  
COST

HOW TO SUFFER

Brethren: I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come, that shall be revealed in us—Ephesians of the Day.

I think, my brethren, that there are few good and faithful Christians who do not have, as they journey through life, a fair share of crosses, trials and sufferings. Sometimes these crosses are not noticed much by other people, but they are heavy enough for those who have to bear them. The priest hears more of the troubles of the world, as well as of his sins, than any one else; misery is a very old story to him; and he has his own trials, too, in plenty, though many think that in his state of life he has mostly avoided them. Yes, trouble and suffering seem to be, and indeed they really are, the rule of life for Christians, happiness rather the exception; unless we are willing to get what some call happiness by disregarding the law of God.

Now this is a very unpleasant fact; but it is a fact, and we have to accept it. But how shall we best do so? That is a point which it will be well to consider.

Shall we simply take our trouble because we cannot help it, and fret as little as we can, because fretting only makes it worse? Or shall we take comfort by thinking that others are in the same plight as ourselves; by believing, though perhaps we cannot see it, that our luck, though hard, is not harder than that of most of those around us?

These would be two pretty good ways of getting along for one who had no better. But it would be a shame for us to fall back on them. One who has faith should be able to find a better way than either of these.

Yes, you may say, "I know what you mean, a Christian ought to be resigned to God's holy will. We are taught and we believe that all things come to us by the providence of God; that He is all-wise and infinitely good; so, when He sends us anything hard to bear, we must say, 'Thy will be done,' and know by faith that it is for the best."

Now I do not want to say anything against this way of bearing trouble; it is a good way, and it is a Christian way; none more so. And perhaps sometimes it is the only one that will seem possible. But after all it is not exactly what I mean, or it is not at any rate all that I mean; and it is not what the great apostle St. Paul, whose glorious and triumphant death after a life of suffering, we commemorate with that of St. Peter to-day, meant in those immortal words which I just read.

"I reckon," says he, "that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come, that shall be revealed in us."

That is his consolation. "We have," he says to us, "a little to suffer here, but what is it after all? A drop, bitter it is true, but still only a drop, against an eternal torrent of joy with which God is going to overwhelm our souls. Truly it is not worthy to be compared in its passing bitterness to the ocean of delight of which it is the earnest for the future. It is, in fact, the little price which we have to pay for that future; and it is not worth speaking of when we think what it will bring to us."

Indeed, my brethren, it must be a matter of astonishment to the angels, it ought to be so to us, that we think so little of the heaven which God has prepared for us. We profess to believe in it; we do believe in it; but we seem to forget all about it. We can have it if we will; moreover these very crosses and trials, if we have them, are a sign that Our Lord means almost to force it on us. Let us, then, think more of heaven, meditate on it, look forward to it. The thought of heaven was the joy and strength of the martyrs; why should it not be the constant support of ordinary Christians, too?

TEMPERANCE

A HAZARDOUS OCCUPATION

The mortality records of all big companies show that in proportion to the number of men insured, more saloon-keepers die yearly than men in any other work save, perhaps, railroad brakemen and gun testers in the navy and army.

"What is the cause of this great mortality among men who keep saloons? Liquor, you will say, and you are right in a measure, but not wholly so. No doubt many saloon men do shorten their lives by use of alcohol but if they do not drink at all the rate of insurance we charge them would still be very high. The reason is what we call the moral hazard. Just what this is it is hard to say. Summed up, it is merely that they die easier and more often than men in other occupations.

"Detailed, it is, in a general way, they are open to greater temptations, break down their resistance, and many of them contract diseases where other men would not. How many saloon men have died of pneumonia during the winter? Scores of them, usually. And pneumonia is not the only disease. Their money is made easily (speaking of the saloon owner), and among that class easy money means that it is spent easily. 'Easily spent' means a free and easy manner of life, which cuts years relentlessly from the lives of men.

"Then there is the mortality through accident. The list of saloon

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J. A. CORRIVEAU

DRYSDALE, Ont., June 15th, 1913  
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men who have been shot or killed with a blow from a bottle, or in brawls and melees is long, especially among the poorer class saloons."

The man behind the bar does not look upon his job as dangerous, no matter what the insurance companies say. However, it is interesting to know how these big insurance companies look upon one who occupies such a position.—Montgomery Journal.

A CHINESE OPINION

Wu Ting-Fang, late Chinese Minister to the United States, contributes to the current Harper's Magazine his impressions of American dinners and manners. We commend his point of view relative to drinking at public banquets and dinners. He says:

"I do not suppose that many will agree with me, but in my opinion it would be more agreeable, and would improve the general conversation, if all drinks of an intoxicating nature were abolished from the dining table. It is gratifying to know that there are some families (may the number increase every day), where intoxicating liquors are never seen on their tables. So long as the liquor traffic is extensively and profitably carried on in Europe and America, and so long as the consumption of alcohol is so enormous, so long will there be a difference of opinion as to its ill effects; but in this matter America, by means of its State prohibition laws, is setting an example to the world. In no other country are there such extensive tracts without alcohol as the 'dry States' of America."

IN "WINE TEMPERATE" FRANCE

Tuberculosis has a little more than doubled in France since 1877, according to figures supplied to the Temps by Henri Schmidt, deputy, who is one of the leading figures in the temperance movement in France.

Deputy Schmidt traces statistically the effects of drunkenness on births and upon the lives of children whose parents have been intemperate.

Infantile mortality in Normandy, where women drink excessively, is just double what it is in the temperate department of the Gers. Infantile mortality is at its highest in those districts where abstinence drinking is prevalent.

The writer assembles figures showing that after the age of sixty, sober men have one-third greater expectation of life than intemperate men.

A WONDROUS CHURCH

No man can regard lightly any words of the late prime minister of England, William Ewart Gladstone, and we can never forget his tribute to Roman Catholicism: "She has marched for fifteen hundred years at the head of civilization and has harnessed to her chariot, as the horses of a triumphal car, the chief intellectual and material forces of the world. Her greatness, glory, grandeur and majesty have been almost, though not absolutely, all that in these respects the world has to boast of. Her children are more numerous than all the members of the sects combined: she is every day enlarging the boundaries of her vast

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empire. Her altars are raised in every clime, and her missionaries are to be found wherever there are men to be taught the evangel of immortality and there are souls to be saved. And this wondrous Church, which is as old as Christianity and as universal as mankind is to-day, after its twenty centuries of age as fresh and as vigorous and as fruitful as on the day when the pentecostal fires were showered upon the earth. Surely such an institution challenges the attention and demands and deserves the most serious examination of those outside of its pale."

FATHER TIM'S MAY  
SERMON TO A  
DRUMMER

WHAT CAME OF A SNEERING  
REFERENCE TO JACK  
KILDUFF'S "MESS OF BLACK  
PILLS"

I never saw Father Casey really angry but once, and that was when some one insulted the Blessed Virgin. I will tell you how it happened. Jack Kilduff, who was travelling for a New York furniture house, had just finished a cigar and a chat with two liquor drummers, and the three came forward to the chair car. Jack took a seat by himself and sat with his hand in his pocket gazing unseeing out the window. Only the keenest observer would have detected that his lips were continually moving. After some fifteen minutes he quietly moved away the rosary which he had been reciting (that was the reason he had kept his hand in his pocket), and which he never failed to recite, while traveling from one city to another. One of the liquor drummers happened to be looking that way at the time and caught sight of something in Kilduff's hand.

"Get on to the mess of black pills Jack Kilduff carries in his pocket. Say, Jack, what's the trouble? System out of order?"

"Those are not pills, you mutton head," said the other—one of those wisecracks whose reservoir of wisdom is constantly overflowing for the benefit of ordinary people's little founts. "When your doctor prescribes pills, does he make you take 'em strung on a chain like that? That's a charm Catholics use when they adore the Virgin. Hey, Jack, come out of the fog. A guy that can rake in orders for \$25,000 worth of furniture in a week ought to have enough gray matter to cut out twelfth century idolatry."

Now Father Casey always tells us that it is worse than useless to argue religion on the train; but on this occasion he had slapped his breviary shut, without marking the place, and was facing the liquor drummer before Kilduff had time to say a word.

"You have just said that Catholics practice idolatry towards the Blessed Virgin Mary. Are you aware that that statement is a gross insult to every Catholic within hearing?"

"Sorry it gets on your nerves, old man; but what I said is true."

"Prove it!" came sharp and quick as a pistol shot.

"Why, everybody knows it!" echoed the priest, and his lip curled sarcastically: "if that is what you liquor drummers call proving a statement, then I wouldn't care to buy any shares in the business you are traveling for, I don't think it will double its list of customers in a week."

The drummer felt that his theological lore was rather frayed at the ends. He cursed himself inwardly for not holding his tongue. But there was no retreating now; the nearby passengers had laid down their papers and were listening for his reply. He clenched his teeth and jumped in with a splash.

"Go into any Catholic church and you will see at a glance that they adore the Virgin; they always have her image on the altar!"

"I see you have the image of an elk on your coat lapel," said Father Casey; "does that mean that you adore the beast?"

"They burn lights and offer flowers to her!"

"When you come to die, even your wife's mother will put lights and flowers around your coffin. Happy man, your mother-in-law adores you!"

The drummer did not enjoy the laugh. He charged anew.

"When they get hold of a rag or a stick or a stone that she happened to touch they think they have a treasure."

"Remember the Maine!" Do you know what a rusty piece of iron from its bulk will sell for?"

"But they pray to her!" cried the drummer. He was now striking blindly. "And we should pray to no one but God."

"What do you mean by praying?" queried the priest.

"Why, I mean to—say prayers—to—ask for things."

"And you claim that we must not ask for things from any one but God?"

"No, that isn't what I mean. I mean—"

"Your whole trouble, my dear sir, is that you don't know what you do mean, and unfortunately you have not enough sense to keep quiet until you find out. In the presence of these passengers you charged the Catholic Church with practicing idolatry towards the Blessed Virgin Mary, the charge is false, and I defy you or any man to prove it. On the contrary, I can show you black on white that, according to the universal law of the Catholic Church, any man that would practice idolatry towards the



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Blessed Virgin Mary or any other creature would be guilty of heresy and would by that very fact be excommunicated—cut off from the Church.

"But, though Catholics do not adore the Blessed Virgin, they honor her, which is quite another thing. Why do they honor her? Because they love Jesus, and she is the Mother of Jesus. If you profess to love me, and at the same time you turn your back upon my mother, I will count your declaration of love a lie. Do not say that Jesus, being God, is indifferent to the way we treat His mother. He is the God that gave the command. 'Honor thy father and thy mother.' Will he act directly contrary to His own command—He who said, 'I have set you an example, that as I have done so you also may do?' You honor the mothers of great men yet you honor the Mother of your God? You honor the stable where Jesus was born; why not honor the Virgin that gave Him birth? It is one of the insoluble mysteries of human history that there should be so many fair-minded people who are sane on every other point, yet have an insane fear of offending Jesus if they show the marks of common decency towards His Mother."

"But," cried the drummer, who had been thinking hard and believed he saw an opening, "Catholics do more than honor the Blessed Virgin; they pray to her; they ask her to work miracles, to cure deadly wounds, to mend broken bones, and to do other things that only a God can do. Surely this is idolatry!"

"If they ask her to do these things by her own power, it surely is idolatry; if they ask her to ask God to do them, it surely is not. But why do they not ask God directly themselves instead of taking a roundabout way and asking the Blessed Virgin to ask Him? Because they are not extremists. All extremes are foolish. It is extreme and therefore foolish to speak always indirectly to God and never to dare to speak to Him directly as a child to its father. It is extreme and therefore foolish to speak directly to Him and to have a holy horror of even breathing a prayer to His Mother, as though it were high treason, like praying to the devil."

"Catholics pray at times to the Blessed Virgin because it is a delicate compliment to Jesus to show this mark of veneration for His Mother."

"Catholics pray at times to the Blessed Virgin because God encourages us to do so. When he inspired the evangelists to write his life, though they did not write one one-thousandth part of all the things He did, yet He took care that they should not omit the fact that He worked the first of His public miracles at Cana of Galilee in answer to Mary's prayer."

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get him permission to go fishing rather than ask for it himself."

"All that," cried the drummer, "is silly sentiment or middle age superstition. God is the Father of all and the human heart needs no intercessor between itself and Him."

How do you know what the human heart needs? Did you ever lift a poor wretch out of the mire of sin after he had broken his good resolutions for the hundredth time, put him on his feet and bring him safe at last into his Father's house? The Catholic priest is doing this every day of his life. Experience tells him that there are numberless sinners who after falling back again and again into the most shameful sins, finally give way to despair. All the arguments in the world will not induce them to lead once more upon the God Whose mercy they have so repeatedly abused. But the very name of 'Mother' is so expressive of tenderness and pity, of forgiveness and forgetfulness of the misdeeds of wayward children, that, at the sound of that sweet name, they raise their despairing heads, and whisper, 'Mother, pray to Jesus for us.' Here again experience tells the priest that no one that calls on Mary for help, with true sorrow for his sins and a firm purpose of amendment, is ever left unaided. You may explain it as you wish, but the fact is there, and it is a fact of extreme importance to the sinful sons of Adam. No more crafty trick was ever excogitated by a crafty devil than that which shuts off this source of salvation from thousands of Christians by means of the insane fear that affection and respect towards God's Mother is an insult to her Son.

"Here is my station. Gentlemen, I bid you good day." But, as the good priest lifted his satchel from the rack, he could not refrain from a parting shot. "Some enlightened people seem to think that every one has a right to a square deal except a Catholic. They will not charge another man with base crimes unless they have solid arguments to back their assertion; but, without even the ghost of a proof, they will call a Catholic idolatrous, superstitious, unreasonable, priest-ridden; and the Catholic is supposed to sit meek and silent and thank God that he is allowed to live. But sometimes he doesn't," said Father Casey.—C. D. McEniry, C. S. R., in the *Ligourian*.

"FULL TIME"

Mr. George Creel, "young newspaper man and ex Police Commissioner of Denver," has an interesting solution for "the problem of dwindling congregations in churches, attributed by some to 'growing godlessness,' which is called the 'ecclesiastical explanation.' Mr. Creel's remedy for the evil is 'full time' in churches and he would work it in this way (as quoted in the *Literary Digest*):

"Let the church building be thrown open to the people of the neighborhood on their own terms, decided by the neighborhood group through the ballot or viva voce."

"What if they do decide that they want movable pews in order that there may be dancing, a dining-room for dinners and suppers, a stage for lectures, debates, theatricals, moving pictures, folk-dancing, choral singing, and political discussion? What if they do vote to transfer every single one of these activities right out into the yard during the summer months? What if reading-rooms, writing rooms, rest rooms, and even reception-rooms are demanded?"

"What if the title of 'preacher' is sent to the junk-heap and that social secretary substituted? Will a minister cease to be a minister? Not if his heart is in his work. If it isn't, then the sooner he is unmasked as a mere egotist, the better."

"All this might be made to suit the 'reformed' churches, but it would not be acceptable to the great Church—never 'reformed,' as never needing 'reform.' In that Church the 'church buildings are thrown open' only for one high and holy purpose—indicated and emphasized by the Divine Founder—'My house is the house of prayer'—the house of God and the Gate of Heaven.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

LIFE'S LITTLE THINGS

A wild bird's song is a little thing—lost in the deeps of a frowning sky.

And yet as it falls on a listening ear and leaves its message of melody, earth's green seems brighter and life is sweeter, all through an autumn day.

The coo of a babe is a little thing—meaningless sound from a vacant mind.

But 'tis the only sound that all nations heed; the one clear language all races know.

A mother's love is a little thing—too soon, alas, forgot.

But it typifies to blind humankind the love and trust and hope divine that bear with patience calm and sweet the wilful wrongs in these lives of ours.

A passing smile is a little thing—lost in a world of toil and care.

And yet the soul with gloom oppressed and the life grown wearied with burdens hard will happier be in the after-glow of a smile that is warmly kind.

A kindly word is a little thing—a breath that goes and a sound that dies.

But the heart that gives and the heart that hears may know that it sings and sings and sings till at last it blends with the wild bird's song, and the coo of babies is what men call the celestial choir.

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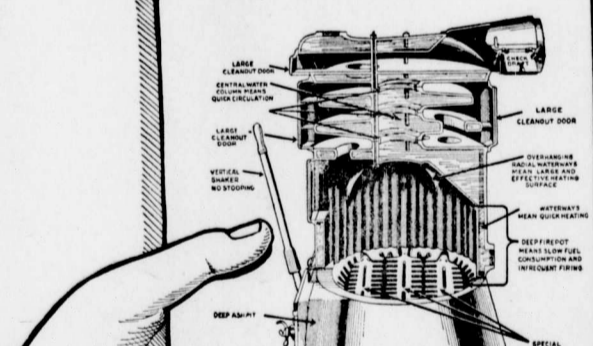
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