

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

LOW SUNDAY

STEADFASTNESS

"Jesus saith to him: because thou hast seen Me, Thomas thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen and have believed." (St. John xx. 29)

When our Lord appeared to the disciples and gave them the commission to forgive sins, and thus instituted the holy Sacrament of Penance, St. Thomas was not present; and when the other disciples told him what had happened, and that He had shown them the wounds in His hands and in His feet, he refused to believe them; he declared he would not believe unless he himself should see them also. He said: "Unless I shall see the print of the nails, and put my finger into the place of the nails, and put my hand into His side, I will not believe."

This disposition of St. Thomas was very wrong. He ought to have believed without hesitation. He had seen our Lord work miracles without number; he had seen Him give sight to the blind, even those blind from birth; make the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak; he had seen Him raise the dead to life, raise Lazarus after being dead and buried already four days. He knew that our Lord had predicted His resurrection. He ought to have believed, and he sinned in not believing. He was obstinate in unbelief, refusing to credit the testimony of his companions, whom he knew to be honest and trustworthy.

Our Lord in the kindness of His heart forgave him, and made him put his finger into the print of the nails and into the wound in His side to convince him, and also to convince us by His testimony of the reality of His resurrection. But at the same time He rebuked him, and taught us all a grand lesson. He said: "Because thou hast seen Me, Thomas, thou hast believed; blessed are they who have not seen and yet have believed."

We have the faith on the testimony of the apostles and disciples who recorded it in the Gospels, and who sealed their testimony in their own blood.

We have the testimony of all the disciples who repeatedly saw our Lord after His resurrection, some times a great number of them, over five hundred at once.

We have the testimony of the Catholic Church; of all those millions on millions who have lived from that day to this; of the wonderful providence of God and His care of His Church until now. This ought to be enough. This ought to be enough to make us say our act of faith. "O my God, I believe whatever Thy Holy Church proposes to me, because Thou has revealed it to her. Thou who canst neither deceive nor be deceived."

This is the age of unbelief. Very great numbers of men are occupied in trying to undermine the faith. The newspapers are full of infidel objections. The press is teeming with works written expressly to destroy the faith. The flimsiest reasons are brought forward with a bold face as if they were unanswerable. The very fact that the things of God and religion are so high and incomprehensible is brought forward as the principal reason why they are not to be believed.

We have believed once for all, on the truest and most solid evidence. Our business now is to "live by faith." To put in practice the precepts of our faith, and to follow the example of the Author and Finisher of our faith, our Lord Jesus Christ.

We are not of those who are to be "beat about by every wind of doctrine." We are not to be moved by the vain babblings of men, who are wise in their own conceit and think they know everything, though they know very little after all. We will imitate St. Thomas in his unbelief, and refuse to believe the wonderful things of God because they are so high and wonderful, but imitate him when in wonder and admiration he cried, "My Lord and my God." Believing in the testimony of God and His Church, and putting away all sceptical and imaginative doubts, we shall receive the blessing pronounced by our Lord: "Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed."

TEMPERANCE

"DRUNK IN THE POLICE COURT SENSE"

English editors are trying to find out the meaning of the phrase "drunk in the police court sense." One Knox, an engine-driver, had been convicted of being "drunk and disorderly" and fined five shillings. A further penalty, reduction in rank, was imposed in accordance with a rule formulated by a Board of Trade inspector which stated: "Drunkness when off duty is an unpardonable offense in the case of a man carrying out such responsible duties as those of an engine-driver; and no one who is ever known to be, on any occasion, the worse for liquor should be allowed to take charge of an engine." Therefore Knox lost his position of driver on the main line, but was made driver of a pilot engine. The trade union to which Knox belonged took up his cause. A workman off duty could do as he pleased with his own time, even get drunk if he wished, and his rights should not be infringed upon. The magistrates declared that the evidence showed the defendant was both drunk and disorderly, but a Mr. Chester Jones modified the finding by asserting that his client was not drunk in a

police court sense. The Academy, London, voices a general opinion as follows: "The interests of the travelling public undoubtedly demand that men who are entrusted with the safety of a large number of passengers should be habitually, immaculately sober. Personally we enter a protest against being conveyed in trains of which the drivers can urge no more powerful plea, than that they are not drunk 'in the police court sense.'"

GRADUAL GROWTH OF PUBLIC OPINION

"Whatever customs may prevail in foreign universities, the practice of drinking even moderately, is doomed to disappear in American schools," says the Creighton Courier, "not altogether either on moral grounds, but also because of the gradual cultivation of a public opinion which regards even moderate drinking as a menace to efficiency. The wild-eyed reformers, shouting anathemas against the demon rum, have contributed something toward the formation of this modern public opinion, but the cold-blooded, level-headed, business men who are quick to discover whatever makes for lack of efficiency have rendered probably the largest service in the upbuilding of this opinion. The time was when travelling men, merchants and professional men, regarded drinking as an incident of business, it being quite the proper practice to show one's good fellowship by treating. Years ago Nebraska, as well as a number of other states, passed laws against treating, but they were ineffective because they were not backed up by a healthy public opinion. The eight o'clock closing law, which encountered very great opposition four years ago in this State, is now accepted by both Republicans and Democrats as a wise measure. "The days of excessive drinking, at least for the man of ambition, are admittedly gone and it would seem that even moderate drinking is doomed to gradually disappear among the ranks of those who take pride in themselves and crave the achievement worth while. The fact is that with the growth of population, the struggle for existence is becoming fiercer, and the wonderful modern development along so many lines of mental endeavor has necessitated the complete possible conservation and development of one's powers if he would succeed. "In the pioneer days when professional men were fewer, when business was in a crude state and when the virgin soil yielded luxuriant crops there was less danger in dissipation, but with the passing of these pioneer days there has come a call for a new type of man who not only believes in conservation of the country's national resources, but is insisting upon preserving his own powers and developing them as far as possible in order that he may bring to his work the largest degree of efficiency."

INDUSTRIAL WORKERS

During a recent visit to Utica, N. Y., Cardinal Gibbons was asked his opinion of the labor and social troubles. As a friend of law and order he said: "I know of the Industrial Workers of the World. They are demagogues, the leaders of the organization who refer to demagogues unstable and dangerous, who are leading the poor workingman into labyrinths of strife from which he will find it hard to extricate himself. I have given this matter much thought and study. Upon labor and capital depend the prosperity of our country. Together they must solve the problems which come up from year to year. They

CURED OF DRINK BY SIMPLE REMEDY

A DEVOTED WIFE HELPS HER HUSBAND TO A CURE THROUGH SAMARIA PRESCRIPTION

Mrs. S., of Trenton was in despair. A loving father, and a careful provider when sober, her husband had gradually fallen into drinking habits, which were ruining his home, health and happiness. Drink had inflamed his stomach and nerves and created that unnatural craving that kills conscience, love, honor and breaks all family ties

But read her letter: "I feel it my duty to say a few words about your Tablets. As you are aware, I sent and got a bottle, thinking I would try them in secret. My husband had only taken them a week when he told me he was going to Port Arthur for the summer, so I had to tell him all about the Tablets. He said he would take them just the same, so I sent and got the second bottle for fear one would not be enough. He writes me saying that he has taken the contents of both bottles, and he feels splendid. He does not care for drink. In fact, he has not taken any liquor from the first of my giving it to him. I feel I cannot say too much in favor of your wonderful Remedy." Mrs. S., Trenton, Ont.

Samaria Prescription stops the craving, for drink. It restores the shaking nerves, improves the appetite and general health and makes drink distasteful and even nauseous. It is used regularly by physicians and hospitals, and is tasteless and odorless, dissolving instantly in tea coffee, or food.

Now if you know any home on which the curse of drink has fallen, tell them of Samaria Prescription. If you have a husband, father, brother or friend on whom the habit is getting its hold, help him yourself. Write to-day.

A FREE TRIAL PACKAGE of Samaria Prescription, with booklet, giving full particulars, testimonials, price, etc., will be sent absolutely free and postpaid in plain sealed package to anyone asking for it and mentioning this paper. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Write to-day the Samaria Remedy Company, Dept. 11, 49 Colborne Street, Toronto, Canada.

PRACTICALLY GIVEN UP TO DIE

"Fruit-a-lives" Cured Kidneys and Bladder

WILLIAMSTOWN, ONT., JULY 27th, 1910

"I have much pleasure in testifying to the almost marvellous benefit I have derived from taking 'Fruit-a-lives'. I was a lifelong sufferer from Chronic Constipation, and the only medicine I ever secured to do me any real good was 'Fruit-a-lives'. This medicine cured me when everything else failed. Also, last spring, I had a severe attack of Bladder Trouble coupled with Kidney Trouble, and 'Fruit-a-lives' cured these complaints for me, when the physicians attending me had practically given me up.

I am now over eighty years of age and I can strongly recommend 'Fruit-a-lives' for Chronic Constipation and Bladder and Kidney Troubles"

JAMES DINGWALL. "Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine in the world made of fruit juices—and is the greatest kidney, bladder and liver medicine ever put on the market.

50c a box, 6 for \$2.50 trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

must work out their destinies together. If they do this amicably, prosperity and healthy growth will be the portion of our nation.

"I deeply deplore these great struggles. They bring no good results. As a general thing they bring only loss of time, loss of wages and of the peace of the community, and sometimes, I regret to say, loss of life. Let the laboring man beware of the demagogues represented by the Industrial Workers of the World."

HOW I BECAME A CONVERT

By "M. S. J." in Truth

How did I become a convert? It was like this. Some years ago, during Easter week, I, a young girl, a Southerner and an Episcopalian, went up to the Convent of Mercy to see a Sister whom I knew. It was late in the afternoon and at the convent I had been to see one of the Sisters who was ill, was just ready to leave. I was presented to her, and we stood there talking for some little time. I had told her I was a Protestant, and when he started to go, he asked my name again, and, taking me by the hand, he said: "Mary, you are a young girl to be in New York alone; you will meet many difficulties, trouble may come, you may not have any one to advise you, now if that day ever comes, you come and tell me about it, and I'll tell you what to do."

He said good-bye and left me to go my way. I never went back, I never saw that kind priest again until one Sunday not long ago I went to hear his Eminence, Cardinal Farley, preach his first sermon after his elevation to the Cardinalate, and in the pulpit saw my old friend in his red robes of state. Through all his long years I never forgot his gentle eyes, his kind words. Thus was the seed planted.

I was what New York calls "a business girl." Every day found me at a desk, at the theatre or out with friends. I was alone, my family nine hundred miles away. There is no solitude like that of a great city. The unceasing, shifting crowds, the cold emptiness of the great churches, the hushed silence of the libraries and museums fall like the pall of death upon a friendly young sweet world means. But I had been strictly reared, and home and relig-

ious training held me fast. As a rule, Sunday found me at church either in the morning or afternoon, for, being a Protestant, church going was not obligatory, but I never felt right the rest of the week unless I went to some one of the many Episcopal churches which dot New York. I had been reared in what is termed the "low church," but the beautiful ecclesiastical music and the ritual of the "high church" appealed, and the doctrine of the Real Presence was a vital truth to me. The ritual of the high church which I attended is almost exactly like that of the Catholic church, only it is in English, but always I felt there was something lacking. I could not tell what it was, but I felt that something essential was not there. I could never have confessed my sins to one of those priests. Whenever I thought of it a shadow seemed to fall between, so intense was this feeling that something was lacking. But years of training, held me in the Episcopal church, though I often said to myself the Catholic really is the True Church, but, like most Protestants, to me at that time, one church was as good as another, and having been reared an Episcopalian, I remained one. However, I left that particular edifice and went down to what is known as a "broad church," but somehow that form of worship left me still lonely and unsatisfied, and as Protestantism gave me much liberty of thought, and my life permitting entire liberty of action, I left the broad church and returned once more to the low church of my childhood. The rector at this church is a delightfully genial man, who is at the door of his church every Sunday after the service, greeting his parishioners with a pleasant word and smile, and after stopping me one Thanksgiving Day for a little talk, we grew to be pleasant acquaintances, and for the first time in many years I became a registered member in the parish in New York, and began to take an interest in the work of the church and to see something of the social side of church life. Still I felt that sense of something lacking, always the clergymen in the pulpit with "I think" this or "I think" that, "always" "I" and I would go home and with great liberality of thought often say to myself, "well, I don't agree with him at all, I think it should be interpreted this way."

The priests expound dogmas and the clergy preach and preach on brotherly love, but often the only thought in the hearers' minds is, going to church makes a pleasant break in the day, but how can I put in this long Sunday afternoon.

One Sunday afternoon in January, 1912, a rainy, cold day, I found myself at home alone, save for a book, a modern sin-infested story, but for lack of other reading matter and because I wanted to be up to date, I read that book. That horrible story, that wasted, desecrated Sabbath I can never forget. I felt as though I wanted to wash my mind and hang it in the sun to get it fresh and clean again. The very next evening, upon the invitation of a friend, I went with her to a Catholic mission held in old St. Stephen's, for, I thought, it will kill time anyway to go over, and I am just tired of everything.

Upon the very threshold of the church I met the priest, who, with a book, bridged for me the chasm dividing Protestantism from Catholicism, and on that book I walked across from the shadow into the light. On him that night fell the task of answering the questions from the Question Box, and I was intensely interested. As he answered them rapidly one after another, the pages of church history opened up before my eyes, the voice of infallible authority, sounding down the ages, fell upon my ears, and in a flash I knew what I had missed in all the years of Protestantism. It was that voice of Infallible Authority, never once "I," but always "the Church teaches." I walked out with

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER

NONE SO EASY

the rest of the congregation, filled with a thousand doubts where I had never given a thought before, but in my mind was firmly fixed the resolution to which I have adhered and ever will, never again will I waste a Sunday as I did yesterday; I will study up the history of the Church on lonely Sundays.

At the door I saw the same priest. He stood alone and I went over and told him I was an Episcopalian, that I was interested in some of the glimpses he had given me of Church history and asked him to tell me two good histories of the Reformation, so that I could read both sides. Gravely and courteously he gave me the names of a Protestant and of a Catholic historian, and I went forth with the firm intention of coming again to the mission. The weather was cold and wet, but every evening of that week saw me in my seat. At the close of every exercise I plied that patient priest with questions, doubts, fears and all that ignorance of a subject carries with it, and every night he gave me books and pamphlets bearing on the history and doctrines of the Catholic faith. I had a singularly unprejudiced mind, but in my talks with Protestant friends whom I told of the mission, of my researches and of the wonderful field of new reading into which I had wandered, I encountered prejudices of which I had never dreamed and ignorance which I could not have imagined to exist in the twentieth century. But always something led me on, and finally one evening I went into a Catholic church at Benedictine, fell upon my knees and, repeating the familiar prayers of my childhood, I made up my mind that I had been travelling in what was the wrong road for me, and begged God to strengthen my endurance so that I might stand and not fall before the criticism which I in a dim way realized I would have to meet. I went to see the priest who had given me my first books, told him of my intention and asked him to instruct me. He was a missionary priest and had to be away most of the time, but before he left he gave me some carefully selected books with the words, "Now, don't pay any attention to anything I have told you, but don't pay any attention to anything any one else tells you. You've got a mind, go home and use it." And I did. It took me seven weeks to make up my mind to take the final step. Night after night I burned the midnight oil, toiling over books of Catholic and non-Catholic doctrine, and the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England, torn with the beliefs, hopes and fears each of us gather in the journey through life. The kind missionary gave me help in his short stops in New York as he travelled from one mission to another, and all the intervening time I filled with prayer and study. In the Protestant church there is much which is beautiful, good and true; in the Catholic I found all this and much more, and depths of wisdom and truth which I had never penetrated. The same priest whose guiding hand had held the light gave me conditional baptism and heard my first confession on Easter Eve, the day upon which, in ancient times, all converts were received into the Church, and on Easter Sunday I made my First Communion, and as I knelt at the altar rail, between my folded hands I held a little book, the Manual of Prayer.

And so I say I read myself into the Church, some dead and gone ancestors, and, gently, turned me back, back to the Faith of my Fathers, and in that Faith I have found rest.

SELF-CONDEMNED

Socialists deny that there is a conflict between Socialism and Christianity. The following quotations from their leaders prove the contrary: Three great obstacles block the path of social reform—private property, religion and the present form of marriages.—Engels.

Religion is a fantastic degradation of human nature.—Karl Marx.

Christianity to-day stands for what is basest and lowest in life.—George D. Hervey.

It is better for a young man to be a traitor to his country than to be a traitor to his class by joining the militia.—William Hayward.

One word on that singular hybrid, the "Christian Socialist."—Bax.

We have no use for the distorted any musical figure that the pious Christ * * * Christ, the democrat, the agitator, the revolutionary, the rebel, the bearer of the red flag—yes, we can understand that figure.—New York Call.

It is our duty as Socialists to root out the faith in God with all our zeal, nor is anyone worthy the name who does not consecrate himself to the spread of atheism.—William Liebknecht.

Christianity and Socialism are like fire and water to one another.—Bebel.

I am working for Socialism when I attack religion, which is hindering Socialism.—Blatchford.

Socialism Christianized would be Socialism emasculated and destroyed.—John Pargaro.

\$5,000,000.00 FOR PEERLESS WAY POULTRYMEN

Into the pockets of the users of The Peerless Way last year went five million dollars made from the poultry people raised. Yet chickens are scarce in Canada and eggs are the scarcest of all food commodities. That is positively the fact.

To-day there are not enough Canadian CHICKENS or EGGS to go around. Thousands of chickens and hundreds of thousands of dozens of eggs are being shipped into Canada from the United States and other countries to help meet the demand.

Yet there is a shortage! Eggs are commanding a tremendous price—chickens are worth dollars. Now is the time to take advantage of this situation and make money out of it yourself. You can raise and sell 600 chickens this year, and you will find a quick and sure market for every one of them. You can get the top notch price for all the hundreds of dozens of eggs that your poultry lay.

Let us tell you how! Poultry raising is the best business for any farmer, any farmer's wife or farmer's child. The poultry crop is the one crop that never fails. It pays better for the time and money invested; the profit is sure; it isn't overcrowded and never will be.

Our book "When Poultry Pays," will show you. Let us send it to you! It is interesting; it is instructive, and it contains the proof.

You need this book. It will be mailed free. A post card will bring it.

LEE MANUFACTURING CO., LIMITED 14 PEMBROKE ST. PEMBROKE ONT. CAN.

Heart-of-Oak The mushroom grows up over night, but it wilts with the rising sun. It takes decades to bring the Oak from the Acorn, but the Oak breasts every gale that blows. For nearly a third of a century the North American Life has driven its roots deep into the bed-rock of financial stability To-day its financial position is impregnable; it is heart-of-oak. The North American Life is a safe Company in which to insure. North American Life Assurance Company "Solid as the Continent" HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO, CANADA

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract OF Malt with Iron is an ideal preparation for building up the BLOOD and BODY. It is more readily assimilated and absorbed into the circulatory fluid than any other preparation of iron. It is of great value in all forms of Anemia and General Debility. For Sale at Drug Stores W. LLOYD WOOD General Agent Toronto :: Canada

VELOX FEARLESS MOTOR WASHER We recommend the Velox because we believe it has the simplest, strongest and best gearless water motor made. There is no lost power, no danger, no noise, no stained clothes, no attention required, no sticking, no rust; great power and high speed. It is perfectly simple and simply perfect. The tub has exclusive patented features that prevent warping and give great strength, rigidity and durability to the tub. See the "Velox" at your dealer's or send to us for full information. SUMNER-DOWNS, LTD. HAMILTON, ONT.

NA-DRU-CO Headache Wafers They stop a headache promptly, yet do not contain any of the dangerous drugs common in headache tablets. Ask your Druggist about them. 25c. a box. NATIONAL DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, 122

"Clay" Gates STRONGEST and best farm gate made. 30,000 sold in 1912. Can't sag, bend or break. Can be raised or shown Good for Winter and Summer. Send for illustrated price list. THE CANADIAN GATE CO., Ltd. 64 Morris St., GUELPH, Ont.

They Cost Less and Last Longer Just "Alabastine" —a Brush and Pail And — you may have an artistic home. The old way of decorating the walls with paper, paint and kalsomine was always expensive, often unsanitary and never artistic. The new way—the "Alabastine" way—is always sanitary, artistic, economical and durable. With the numerous "Alabastine" tints and white every room in the home can be made to glow with cheerfulness and blend into a uniform color scheme. Anyone can apply "Alabastine." Just mix with cold water and brush it on the wall FREE STENCILS: Our staff of trained decorators will draw up any color scheme for you free of charge. We also supply free stencils suitable for your purpose. "Alabastine" is sold by all Hardware and Paint Dealers. Write for full particulars and free booklet. The Alabastine Co., Limited 56 Willow St. Paris, Canada.

Church's Cold Water Alabastine