

## FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. P. P. HICKEY, O. S. B.

SECOND SUNDAY OF LENT

## CONTRITION

"When as yet we were sinners, Christ died for us." (Rom. v, 8, 9.)

The season of Lent, my dear brethren, is given to us for repentance. And the first step towards repentance is to have "a humble and a contrite heart." So let us to-day, imploring God's help, try to awaken in our souls a true sorrow for sin.

Sin is an offence and outrage against God. Men can grow hardened so as to disregard and think nothing of sin. What we want is to know and value its enormity, its guilt, so that we may renounce it and be forgiven before it is too late. We should hate sin because it has so befuddled us. We have been deceived, deluded by the plausibility of the temptation, as Eve was by the serpent, and we did not fully realize that it was death to our souls till it was too late. "The wages of sin is death." (Rom. vi, 23.)

We should hate sin, because, once fallen, we ourselves are helpless to save ourselves. We should hate sin because by it we have lost heaven; and what have we got in its place? There is nothing but remorse and bitterness of soul left.

And this is only regarding sin as it affects our own souls; but how much more should we detest it as an offence against God. It is disobedience, defiance, rebellion against the Almighty. By sin we have joined the ranks of God's enemies. And Isaiah tells us what will happen to them.

"And He shall be angry with His enemies. For behold, the Lord will come with fire to render His wrath in indignation, and His rebuke with flames of fire. . . . Their worm shall not die, and their fire shall not be quenched; and they shall be a loathsome sight to all flesh." (Isa. lxvi, 14, 15, 24.)

Thus God hates sin, and the part of it is that we ourselves have committed sin so frequently, so grievously—we whom God has loved and chosen and taken care of; we who have had so many graces, so many chances of beginning again to be faithful and devout. A false friend is a thousand times worse than an ignorant enemy. Every past grace and blessing adds intensity to the malice of our sins. The more we have known God the more guilty we, who have turned our back upon Him. The more enlightened once, the darker our crime now; the more favours we have received, the greater the treachery of our sins.

And yet our Blessed Lord is ready at this holy time to forgive us. "When as yet we were sinners, Christ died for us." Our Lord knew well how base and ungrateful we were, but that could not turn His love, and so, whilst we were sinners, His compassion compelled Him to die for us. This thought grips our heart and makes us contrite more than all other motives. His death was a free gift to us; He never hesitated, never begrudged it—would be willing to die for each one of us, if necessary, but He does expect us to be grateful for it. To be forgotten and ignored is hard indeed. Listen to His complaint: "I said, Behold Me, behold Me, to a nation that did not call upon My Name. I have spread forth My hands all the day to an unbelieving people." (Isa. lxv, 1, 2.)

Because we have been forgiven so easily, so frequently, we forget what our forgiveness cost our Redeemer. Confession is so short, just to mention our sins so easy, we forget that the very remembrance of sin caused the agony and bloody sweat of our Saviour in the garden that night before He died. "The Lord hath laid upon Him the iniquities of us all." (Isa. liii, 6.) And yet pressed Him to the ground in bitter agony. Our Lord sweated blood; cannot we shed a tear?

We fall again so easily into the same sins that we think little of them. They are not impressed on our souls as the scourges impressed them on the Sacred Body of our Lord. They were cut deep into the tender flesh of the Lamb of God. He was brought before the populace, crowned with thorns. How often have we reflected that He stood there, blasphemed and condemned, that we might be forgiven at the judgment day? We grumble at having to go to Confession, perhaps to be kept waiting awhile. Is it as hard as carrying the cross to Calvary? It was our sins that made the cross so heavy. Are we grateful that our Saviour carried it for us?

Behold Him, nailed to the cross, and dying there in agony—that death, our redemption, a free gift to us! But look and study those Wounds in His Hands, Feet, and the lance-wound in His Side, then you will see how much that redemption cost our Lord. If we are only contrite now He will not complain of the price that He paid.

Remember, my dear brethren, the Almighty Father looked down from heaven and beheld that Death on Calvary. He restrained His angels in heaven from liberating the Victim; His justice could look on and see Him die. How God hates sin! Be contrite that your sins have crucified your Lord.

God hates sin, but He pities the sinner; and if, my dear brethren, whilst as yet we were sinners Christ died for us, how much more will He love us if now, turning from our sins with our hearts full of loving sorrow, we beg of Him to forgive us and make us faithful. Pray for true contrition. This loving sorrow, once

alive in our heart, and strengthened by the memory of Christ's Passion and Death, will cast out sin and the old longings for sin; it will make us hate ourselves for having offended God; it will bring us to our knees in the Sacrament of Penance, to give ourselves loyally to Him, Who, even whilst we were sinners, died for us.

## TEMPERANCE

DANIELS ON TEMPERANCE

A monster meeting was held in Washington, D. C., on November 11 to celebrate the victory of the dry movement in the national capital. Secretary Daniels of the Navy spoke as follows:

"Our fathers had the vision to build here a city which has not been builded by money for trade or commerce; but on the banks of the Potomac, in the primeval forests they built a Capital for democracy, for Christian purity and government.

And now this Capital of the greatest republic on earth is the first national capital to take the forward step of prohibition.

"Laid out upon plans for all times, it has been the object of admiration of other nations, and the example of America in having a city like one set upon a hill, may be followed by the nations of the world; and we, in our days, may live to see the time when the influence of a saloonkeeper.

"In every city in America except Washington, the people who have title rights to the land, own the city. In Washington, the city belongs to the whole Republic, and save except the 'cave dwellers,' most of us who have residences here have attachments and ties binding us to every city in the Republic.

"Nearly all the residents of Washington came here either to hold public office or to see the wheels of government go around; and we have preserved the home ties, so that Washington is typical of the Republic; and the action which we celebrate today cannot be said to be any other action than the formal legislative expression of the American people.

"You did not win this proud place in the nation solely by reason of sentiment in Washington, but because good men in Oregon, in Kansas, in North Carolina, and in more than half the Republic took the first line trenches in the warfare against the saloon. We had here on Capitol Hill the battle of the Marnes. There were times when it seemed the victory would not be with the cause of temperance, but let us this afternoon while we do honors to the pioneers in this cause to whom most is due, let us not forget that the present Congress made up of men and one woman gave this city freedom from the contamination of this evil trade.

"When the historians come to write the story of the present Congress, it will be an unparalleled story of wonderful progress. No other body in our history has been called upon to solve problems of such world-wide magnitude. Mr. Lincoln in his great crusade for freedom said, 'I honor Mr. Jefferson because in the throes of a revolution when men were thinking of liberty and war, he had the wisdom to frame in concrete form the doctrine of human rights and human liberty.'

"This Congress had the wisdom, the vision and the grit to cut aside all formal ideas and remember that if you have a man at the front to shoot straight he must think straight, and live straight. For the first time in history of any country at war, the great legislative body made it a criminal offense to sell liquor to a soldier or a sailor, and also made it a crime for any house of ill fame to be near a soldier's cantonment.

"Let us honor that body not only for making provisions for national safety but for making provisions for national welfare against vice and immorality.

"The man to whom we owe most for all moral reformations in the world are the men who have heard the call of God and have seen the vision and have been responsive to it."—St. Paul Bulletin.

MARY IS HONORED BY MOSLEMS

We do not think of Our Lady possessing shrines in Mussulman countries, yet we are told by a writer in the "Ave Maria" that, during the Crusades, the sanctuaries of Tortosa and Cardenay, near Damascus, dedicated to her, were honored by Mohammedans, who have always cherished a great veneration for the Mother of Christ. It is said that a blind Sultan of Damascus resorted to the shrine of Our Lady of Sardany to recover his sight, and that on arising from his prayers before the shrine he saw the lamp burning before his miraculous cure. Ere departing, the grateful client promised an annual gift of fifty measures of oil for keeping the lamp alight in the sanctuary—a gift faithfully sent till the time of Nurred Din. The Church of Our Lady of Lourdes at Constant-inople is also frequented by Moslems, among whom many cures have been reported, and the omen may be hailed as indeed a happy one for the future conquest for the Faith of those who, far away as they are from the Light, still own Mary, as Mahomet himself proclaims in the Koran, as free from all stain, and chosen by God out of all the women of the world.

When the White Fathers were being turned out of Jerusalem, says Fr. Froment in a recent number of "The African Missions," it was pro-

posed to hide a statue of the Blessed Virgin for fear of profanation by the Turkish authorities. But the Turkish officer in charge hesitated to set their minds at rest:

"Do not be afraid—Mariama is our Mother also; she belongs to us, too. Do not be afraid—I will watch over her."

## THE FOLLY OF WORRY

PREVENTS MANY FROM LEADING THE LIVES THAT THEY SHOULD

Dr. James J. Walsh has much to say on this subject in a recent issue of The American Magazine. His remarks make good reading, as usual, though we can imagine that those who like to conjure up imaginary troubles will accuse the good doctor of lacking sympathy for their case.

"The brakes which people set on themselves or that others have set on them are dreads which make them fearful of doing this or that, lest something should happen to them," says Dr. Walsh. As a result, they are constantly using up energy in solicitude as to the imagined consequences of their actions.

Some are afraid to eat certain foods, lest they might disagree with them; others are afraid that they have heart disease, rheumatism or some other disease because a relative suffered from that disease. The hereditary scare is treated briefly by this authority, in these words:

"An entirely wrong doctrine of heredity has been the source of a great deal of anxiety in the world and has kept many people from living their lives as they ought to do, because they have been spending time and energy worrying over what would happen to them if certain feelings, which they thought symptoms of inherited disease, were to prove correct. Defects are inherited, but disease is not. Apprehension of heredity has probably caused more suffering than heredity itself."

Many people worry over things that will never happen, continues the doctor, and he adds: "Worry has been defined as bothering not only about the things we have to do today, but also about those we may have to do next week and next year." After a while, it would seem that such people, failing real troubles, try to create some. The remedy for this is occupation. Dr. Walsh asserts:

"If a man has occupation of mind enough to keep him from thinking about himself, then he is saved a great many of the solitudes that less occupied people take so much to heart that they worry themselves nearly sick over them, and sometimes actually do so. Mankind really seems to need some real sources of worry, or it will make them up, and the worst of this is that the make-up worries are almost insoluble. You can push through the real difficulties that cause the worry, but also about those we may have to do next week and next year." After a while, it would seem that such people, failing real troubles, try to create some. The remedy for this is occupation. Dr. Walsh asserts:

"The commonest form of sleeplessness has no other cause than the sufferers dread that he will not sleep. He keeps himself awake dreading the consequences of his wakefulness. Some fear that insomnia will induce insanity. The doctor disposes of that fear summarily:

"After a considerable experience," he says, "some of it personal and some of it due to patients of all kinds in sedentary occupations, ecclesiastical students, clergymen, professors at universities and colleges, members of religious orders, and above all, physicians from many parts of the world, I am quite sure that pure insomnia, that is, insomnia that is not connected with a pathological condition that can be found, except that the patient stays awake when he ought to be asleep, or, rather, when he would like to be asleep, has never hurt anyone seriously."

It makes the sufferer tired next day; discourages him; "above all, it makes him dread the serious results that he feels certain will inevitably happen—but which never happen—and so it inhibits his work, puts a brake on his energies, but that is all."

It is surprising how little sleep people can get on with, remarks Dr. Walsh; some do not realize how much they do sleep.

"Usually when we wake feeling quite rested, we were scarcely more than an hour or two asleep. If we wake feeling so tired that we hope it is before midnight, it is probably nearly time to get up. Only too often, indeed, it is after the time."

"Thus, it will be noted that 'feeling rested' does not depend entirely on the amount of sleep taken."

"Feeling rested is largely a matter of how much our wills are awakened," says the doctor, "how firmly we have got hold of ourselves, and how interesting is the work ahead of us, and how anxious we are to get up and get at it; while feeling fatigued is very much a matter of not wanting to get up because the work ahead of us is annoying and full of complications, and is not promising at best, and has been put off for three or four days because we do not care to get at it."

Congential work seems to have much to do with overcoming need of sleep. Dr. Walsh cites several notable examples, including that of Virchow, under whom he studied: "When I was in his laboratory he was well past seventy," the doctor recalls, "yet often the aged scientist went to bed after one o'clock, and returned to the laboratory shortly

## HOW TO GET RID OF RHEUMATISM

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after seven. They killed him with a trolley car at eighty one, or I think he would be alive yet," the writer adds.

We manufacture a certain amount of energies every day, according to this ardent advocate of work as a preventive of worry.

"And if we do not use them up in work outside of us, they are used up in various ways within us, and this represents the uncomfortable feelings, the anxieties, the worries that are so often felt physically. We have nervous indigestion, nervous asthma, nervous heart trouble and nervous headache, and so on down the list. It is the people who use up their energies in work outside of themselves who live the longest."

"We are living in a time of dreads and obsessions. Scarcely anyone is free from them. We overcome them as a rule when we have to do something—literally have to do it. That shows us very clearly that we have been fooling ourselves, putting barriers to our capacities and brakes on our energies, and refusing to tap all the layers of human power that we have, because we have been afraid of the results."—Sacred Heart Review.

## HISTORY OF THE HAIL MARY

AS NOW RECITED DATES BACK TO THE YEAR 1515

The Hail Mary, as we now recite it, dates from the year 1515. Originally it consisted only of the salutations of the Archangel and St. Elizabeth.

Pope Gregory the Great ordered this primitive Hail Mary to be said at the offertory of the Mass on the fourth Sunday in Advent and there we find it as follows: "Ave Maria, gratia plena, Dominus tecum; benedicta tu in mulieribus, et benedictus fructus ventris tui."—"Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb."

In the thirteenth century, according to Durandus, it was recited after the Our Father, in beginning the divine office. Pope Urban IV. in 1263, added the holy Name of Jesus after the scriptural sentence, as the devotion of the faithful introduced the name of Mary after the greeting.

The addition, "Holy Mary, pray for us sinners, Amen!" was made in 1508, and the Franciscans were accustomed to say, "Now at the hour of our death." A few years later Pius V. showed his approbation of prayer, as we have it, by allowing its insertion in the Roman Breviary.

It was about in this form that Saint Ildelfonsus, Bishop of Toledo, knew the Hail Mary. Still the Western Church did not accept it as a regular prayer until the eight century. From the times of the Crusades, it became the custom to say the Hail Mary every morning and night at the sound of the church bells.

Pope Urban II, 1090, ordained, from the day the army of the Crusades started, that the church bells should ring three times—morning, noon and night—to remind the faithful of prayer. There exists a document from Eudes de Sully, Bishop of Paris, 1195, in which he urges his priests to see that the people knew and recited the Hail Mary.—Sacred Heart Review.

## HOW MISSION IN ICELAND DREW NON-CATHOLICS

Rev. Wm. S. Kress, in an article in The Missionary, entitled "A Mission to Non-Catholics in Iceland," writes thus of his experiences:

"At Reykjavik the priest asked me to announce an address in English for a Sunday evening. When the time came to place the advertisement on the municipal billboard, they announced a ten day mission for non-Catholics. The mission was an experiment: English had never been spoken in the church. A considerable number of fisher folks had come to hear evening sermons in Danish; but everybody, high and low, flocked to the English mission. Professors, ministers, state officials, merchants and sailors, with as many women as men, came night after night, and they packed our roomy church.

"The mission was a novelty to Icelanders. Why should any clergyman go to the pains of preaching

night after night and patiently answering questions? Their state-paid priests ('priests' they always call them, while we were called 'pastors') did not judge religion worth so much of an effort. The lectures were listened to with close attention, and the questions were abundant."

## MEXICAN WOMANHOOD

F. R. Guernsey, a non-Catholic, writes of Mexican women: "The women folks are earnest believers, and they are almost invariably sweet and good, and all that true women should be. If the Catholic Church is that defiler of all things pure that the harsh critics of her faith and practice say, why are not the women of Latin America, vile at heart, corrupt and degraded? But all that sort of talk, and I have heard it from men who should be better informed, should be put down to ignorance. If there is one thing above all others that the Catholic Church may boast of, if boasting be the proper word, it is the lovable woman character it produces.—Catholic Transcript.

## VISIT TO BLESSED SACRAMENT

I enter softly the hallowed place, And kneel for a moment before His face.

I know, though my eyes are too dim to see, With pitying love He is looking at me.

So I lay my burden down at His feet, My sin and woe, and a feeling sweet Of peace steals into my restless heart.

For I feel I have chosen the "better part."

I tell Him my troubles one by one, I speak of the good I have left undone; Of hopes and fears, of each anxious care.

For I know He is waiting and listening there;

I pray for my loved ones and ask for all.

The grace to be faithful to His sweet call,

And then with a stronger soul I go Back to my daily tasks—and lo!

The rough is smooth and the crooked straight,

And duties that irksome seemed of late

Are light and easy since His dear voice

Has bid me take my cross and rejoice;

Yea, for I carry it not alone, But He has taken it for His own;

And so I can happy be and gay Throughout the round of the busy day.

For He has beside me, my love divine, Lightning each labor and care of mine.

—Sister Antoinette Marie Pratt

## A LITANY OF LOVE

I love thee, Blessed Lady, in So many, many ways; My heart can never sing its fullest Measure, thy dear praise.

I love thee, first, for Thy dear Son Who died for love of me; I love thee for thy beauteous self, Thy spotless purity.

I love thee for thy faithfulness, Thy goodness and thy love; I love thee for the tenderness Which thou dost daily prove.

I love thee for thy hopefulness, Thy charity divine; I love thee for thy patience with This trying heart of mine.

I love thee for thy mildness, thy Humility most rare; I love thee for the privilege Of sweet recourse in prayer.

I love thee when the joys of life Come flowing to my breast; I love thee, then, because I know They came at thy request.

I love thee, too, when sorrows fall, And trust them all to thee; I love thee, then, because I know Thy heart will comfort me.

I love thee when the morning dawns, And when night's shadows fall; I love thee when I work and play; I love thee—all times—all!

I love thee for thy Sacred Heart, Which daily I implore; I love thee for the very wish— To love thee more and more.

—Catherine Ferry

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