

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

THE FOLLOWING OF CHRIST. "And when it entered into the boat His disciples followed Him." (Matt. viii, 23)

Whoever imitates the virtues of Jesus may be said to follow Him. He lived on earth for thirty-three years to show us by word and example the way to Heaven. He is our Model. We cannot be saved unless we become His living images by showing forth in our lives the sanctity of which He is the pattern. Now, let us see how the greatest of virtues, charity was practiced by Him. Every thought, word and action of His was a new manifestation of this virtue. Whether amongst the Apostles or in the company of strangers, or even when insulted by the Pharisees, charity governed His every action. He chose faulty men to be His apostles in order that He might not be without an opportunity for exercising this virtue. When they misunderstood Him, He mildly adapted Himself to their weak comprehension. In the garden with what charity did He not bear their drowsiness! When Thomas doubted concerning His resurrection, what care did He not take to strengthen his waning faith! How meekly did He not answer the proud Pharisee! And oh! what compassion had He not for the miseries of men!

Of those who followed Him to the desert He said: "I have compassion on the multitude because they continue with Me now three days and have not what to eat."

Never did He refuse to heal those who sought in Him a physician. He declared that He had come to save those who were sinners. When He passed through cities it was only that He might scatter gifts and graces, console the afflicted, cure the sick and pardon the guilty.

In that living Heart no hatred or revenge ever dwelt. His last words on the cross were: "Pardon them, they know not what they do." What a noble example for our imitation! Listen to the words of St. Paul: "Now, we that are stronger ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves; for Jesus Christ did not please Himself." Alas! how different is our conduct! How blind we are to our own faults and ready to see those of our neighbor! If we really followed out the precept of our Lord, we should see no quarrels, no harsh judgments, no scoldings, no unkind words or acts.

Yet, practically, we show so little of Christ's spirit. Self-love, so deeply rooted in our hearts, has its baneful influence. Envy, hatred, suspicion, and readiness to take offence have their source in this false love and not in Jesus Christ. How often we hear peevishness: "I cannot forgive him because he wronged me. People no longer respect me. My good reputation—what is it a thing of the past." Grant that he did offend you; have you never sinned against God or treated your neighbor unkindly?

If you wish God to pardon you, then forgive your brother. This is indeed hard to do, but it becomes easy when you cast yourself at the feet of Jesus, who forgave His enemies. Our Lord had compassion on the miserable, whether their poverty was spiritual or intellectual or temporal.

Are you zealous? Does the sad condition of sinners never move you to compassion? Do you, by word and example, try to enlighten men and make them God-like? Remember that you can be a messenger of peace to the fallen.

How do you employ the talents God has given you? Do you use them to spread our holy religion and to make men wiser in the things of God? Forget not that you are a steward from whom a strict account shall be demanded.

Has God blessed you with the goods of this world? What use do you make of them? Does the woe of the widow and orphan, of the sick and help less, not touch your heart?

Remember that the charity of God cannot abide in you if you refuse to help those whom you see in need. May you heed the words of St. Paul to the Ephesians: "Be ye therefore followers of God, as most dear children, and walk in love as Christ hath also loved us, and hath delivered Himself for us, an oblation and a sacrifice to God for an odor of sweetness."

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE.

NOT A SYSTEM—PHILOSOPHICALLY INCONSISTENT—PRACTICALLY CONTRADICTORY.

Christian Science as a philosophical and ethical system was lately renewed in the London Tablet by the Rev. R. H. Benson. The reviewer attempts to dissect the so-called system in a cool and unemotional way, with the purpose of finding some kernel after he has cracked and thrown away the shell. He has in the manner of other thinkers found very much shell, some of which seriously involved the palatability of the kernel. Christian Science has been found to be a philosophical system a loosely connected series of assumptions, attractive to some imaginative minds, because it is intricate and convincing to others because after much rummaging to find connection of parts the system leaves the searcher without the necessity of forcing himself to any binding conclusion and therefore in the delectable position of absolute intellectual independence. There is a fascination about puzzles. There is still greater fascination about them if the solution of them has become thefad among the so-called elite set, i. e., a class of people for whom commonplace mode of thinking and grasping of too plain facts and theories is a bore. Exclusion is a characteristic of elite society, and just such elite minds must then not think what is too obvious and plain, nor think as does the rest of the world. Hence the followers of Mrs. Eddy occasionally are found among otherwise bright, intelligent people.

Mrs. Eddy's system, as Father Benson says, if it be seriously taken and

led to its ultimate results, must necessarily deny the existence of every thing beyond God. All supposed positive knowledge is due to the diseased condition of what she calls the "mortal mind." Of course, how an unreal mind can be diseased is not explained, or how disease which is a disorder in a constituted organism can exist if it has no subject is also not an object of worry to the scientist. These are mere philosophical objections from diseased mortal minds. The mortal mind of the Christian Scientist are only unreal and unsound inasmuch as they are mortal minds, though still mortal, I presume, when they are illumined by Christian Science.

Now, why the system has concentrated itself in an attack on bodily disease, and neglected belief in other objective realities is one of the intricacies of Christian Science. As Father Benson says:

"Food also, according to the new gospel, must be a delusion. So is money; so are carriages and horses and trains and steamboats and clothes—for they are all manifestations of a thing which does not exist, since 'God is spirit, and spirit is all.'"

This fact seriously involves our scientists into embarrassing explanations. One would almost think if their usual manner of proceeding in the daily affairs of life were a criterion, that our scientists did not have the courage of their convictions. Money, for instance, seemed to have assumed unwarranted claims to reality and so impressed its claims on the mortal mind of Mrs. Eddy that she charges \$5.00 for her book and \$100 for participation in the sum of her new knowledge. Mrs. Eddy evidently believes in compromise, and she is prepared, martyr like, to suffer temporarily for the ultimate triumph of the cause. The elect are not yet strong enough to proclaim their utter disregard for these "fantastic ideas." They must suffer a little longer amid the enjoyments of life, and as if to furnish greater occasions for this suffering, they must go to the "unreal" courts of the world and violently contest among themselves for the possession of these hampering "unrealities." With bodily disease as the backbone of resistance to these unrealities she writes:

"Until the advancing age admits the efficacy and supremacy of mind, it is better to leave surgery and the adjustment of broken bones and dislocations to the fingers of a surgeon, while you continue yourself chiefly to mental reconstruction and the prevention of inflammation."

Of course, there is a kernel in this shell, as I before stated. Unfortunately, though, for Christian Science, this fruit had been discovered long before Mrs. Eddy appeared on the scene, the power of self suggestion in the treatment of subjective and objective disease. The poor, purblind and misled medical profession had long known this long ago, and even hazarded to employ it in their practice long before the "elect" had begun their warfare against "unrealities." Strange to say, it was even known to all physicians and even to other commonplace mortal minds in the world. Why it has been carried so far that mesmerism, magnetism, hypnotism and even auto-hypnotism are well known terms to-day to the "mortal mind" of the average student.

We cannot better end this article than by quoting this very sensible and apt conclusion on the subject from the pen of one who has lately reviewed the work of Father Benson:

"It might be otherwise if there was really any startling evidence that 'Christian Scientists' believed what they said. When Mrs. Eddy ascends a pillar like St. Simon Stylites or confines her diet to pulse and water, like the holy children—for even we do not ask that she should subsist entirely on high and noble ideas—when American professors of this creed cross the Atlantic on mill-stones, or even without them, upborne by their supreme consciousness of the superiority of mind over matter—even we might also say, when the preachers of this religion go out barefooted and frockless to proclaim the good news of the kingdom to those who cannot afford \$5.00 as the price of their liberation—when we see all this—when we see even one hundredth part of the self-denial of the meekest among the Christian saints or the very faintest sign that God is working among them in a manner in which he does not work in hypnotic establishments, perhaps then we shall be able to treat them with more respect and less laughter, and be patient enough to study their complicated books with something resembling sympathy."

"The mind for future inventors of philosophical systems is: 'When you are going to strike with strength of mind and mallet of argument at world-accepted but presumed fallacies, see that there is no loose end of the beard to knock you into senselessness.'"

A WORD OF WARNING.

The present deplorable conflict between capital and labor in modern society is simply the natural outcome of the principles sown by the infidels of the last century against God and His Church, and which are bearing fruit to day. No wonder that now Socialism is the coming evil to be faced. Banish God from the world, Jesus Christ from society, preach the non-existence of Heaven or hell, teach mankind that all ends with the tomb, that man has no higher end than beast wallowing in the mud, and how can you expect to curb the mad avarice of wealth, or hope to find resignation among the poor and afflicted? Let all concerned take heed in time. Let those rulers of civil society who are thoughtlessly co-operating in the nefarious work of raising up a godless generation of human beings, pause a moment to think of what they are doing. Let them hearken to what they will not deny is the voice of Truth: "As you sow, so shall you reap. If you sow the wind you shall certainly reap the whirl-wind."—T. D.

A PARISH WITH A HISTORY.

ITS FOUNDER WAS A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER, AND HIS SON ERECTS THE NEW PLACE OF WORSHIP.

A new and really beautiful church, completely and admirably appointed, has recently been added to the Catholic churches of Tennessee by the people of Winchester, writes a correspondent of the Nashville American. It calls attention to a phase of development, paralleled in many places elsewhere throughout the South, and yet infrequently enough to have the interest of unexpectedness. Franklin County is one of the oldest settlements west of the Cumberland Mountains, and a generous proportion of its settlers were not more than one generation removed from Catholic ancestry, but the Church was practically unknown in the region until several years after the close of the Civil War.

Rev. John Erwin, a minister of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, was impelled by the influence of a singularly impressive dream to investigate the doctrines of Catholicity and made the journey to Nashville on horseback, shortly after the war closed, to receive instructions from Bishop Miles, the first Bishop of Nashville. The gifted minister's conversion and life of great piety and apostolic zeal in the faith drew to Winchester a few "Yankee tricks" in place of the honor and fidelity to contract, which had hitherto prevailed.

His equipment included the importation from Northern States of a score of artisans, whom he left stranded after he had squeezed the town dry. Several of these aliens, natives of France and Germany, were Catholics. After the collapse of the factory he had "promoted," they took up arms, which were able to purchase a tract of land, and the word went back North, to draw iron time to time additional Catholic settlers. Thus were established in Franklin County the great family connections of the Schabers, Pickneys, Frassandans, Couttas, Nagles, Moinettes, Hawkshaws. The disintegration of the Great colony in Grand County sent to Winchester several others, notably the Knies family, now numbered among Winchester's most prominent and wealthy citizens.

Other names, Le Marin, Humphrey, Wade, Basha, Towne, familiar to the early gatherings of Catholics, have since disappeared from the Catholic register, but are not forgotten because their bearers were energetic supporters of the faith. Mr. Wade was section boss and brought the priest to Winchester from the junction at Decherd on a hand car, when he was able to make the mission (once in three months). Mass was sometimes celebrated in the courthouse, then much smaller than the present spacious courthouse of Franklin County. Open services were conducted in the tiny cottages of the Catholics. Practically without clerical leadership, these devoted people, struggling for a foothold in a strange and somewhat unsympathetic community, set about erecting a church within a year after their arrival.

They secured property at Jefferson street and Second avenue, a puny effort yet on the extreme edge of the town's growth. Le Marin, Basha and Alex Humphrey were expert carpenters. All the others helped to the best of their ability, and all contributed \$40 each from their meager income. A commodious church was the result. It served for almost twenty-five years to shelter the infrequent celebration of the sacraments.

In 1893 the Rev. John J. Graham, now pastor at Knoxville, entered on the Winchester mission with characteristic energy. In February he acquired title to half a city block at the opposite extremity of the town and began the construction of a new church. The encouragement of such leadership aroused the finest enthusiasm of the people. Young men grown since the first church was built, labored side by side with their gray-haired fathers in rearing the walls, roofing, finishing, painting, and their women folks displayed prodigious ingenuity in decorating the interior.

With great solemnity, the Right Reverend Joseph Radesacher, Bishop of Nashville, dedicated the new church in September of that year.

For seven years longer, however, Winchester remained a mission station with Mass at long intervals of time. But the immigrant Catholics, who, for a generation, had been exposed to all the discouragements of the frontier, had earned by their constancy the right to a resident pastorate, which chance brought them in the shape of the Paulist foundation at Highland Oaks. When the Paulist Fathers were given charge of the parish, in the latter half of the year 1900, a scant three score of men, women and children tried to accustom themselves to the obligation of Mass every Sunday. Parish organization was an unknown factor. The native fidelity of the people was the chief principle of the parish's existence. And this was beautiful. Never were Catholics more willing in attendance, more open-hearted in instruction, more punctual in fulfilling every admonition of their pastors.

Aside from a mission or two, the Paulists did little more than meet the spontaneous demands of the people, during the first two years. Then they brought a Sister's school to Winchester. Considering the number of the Catholic people of the place, and their very modest economic standing, it is nothing short of heroic that they have supported this school and made it a success. Undeniably, the continuation of the school has been dependent on the support of the people. It was equally heroic for the Sisters to entrust themselves to a financial future so doubtful. The foundation must be recorded as a most bright particular star in the crown of St. Cecilia Dominican Convent of

Nashville. Mother Ross, Mother Frances and Mother Cecilia have, in turn, directed the destinies of the school. The large brick school building and convent, owned by the parish, is an old Southern home remodeled. It has hard wood floors, solid walnut wainscot and trim collared hard wood ceilings, a vaulted chapel, and up to date school equipment in every detail. The prompt transformation of the children from rustic bashfulness to little gentlemen and ladies, bearing the marks of polite convent breeding, was displayed to the public in a series of entertainments throughout each school term, which became eminently popular events in Winchester, and now many non-Catholic parents avail themselves of the school's advantage.

Winchester is a town of surprising energy and eagerness for betterment. Few towns of its size can possibly have sent out into broad and distinguished careers a greater number of sons and daughters. The Sister's school was the first appreciable proof that the alien Catholics in Winchester had made good as Catholics and Americans. And Winchester appreciated it. Many non-Catholics became cordial champions of the hopeful little parish. Several joined the Church. In seven years the membership had increased one hundred and twenty communicants and seventy five children in excellent preparation for the Corporation. Moreover, several negroes had become faithful and zealous Catholics.

Naturally, the parish ardently desired a new church commensurate with its new estimate of itself. Plans were drawn and ways and means discussed with growing intensity for six years. Only last March did Father Duffy, of the Paulists, give the signal. The response was immediate and sufficient. Wagons of every description hauled a mountain of sand and gravel to the lot adjoining the Sister's school, in the heart of the fashionable residence district of the prosperous little town.

This was made into concrete blocks, colored like Sewanee sandstone by the addition of hydrated lime. And the man who mastered the science of concrete making and concrete construction, who superintended each step of the new church's development, from directing his fellow parishioners in digging the foundation, to the last polish given the predella of the altar late at night on the eve of the church's dedication, the man whose devotion inspired and whose example led all the men of the parish in generous self-sacrifice, was John Holmes Erwin, son of the Presbyterian minister who reasoned himself into the Church during the war and became the pioneer Catholic of Winchester.

It is no wonder that this church is eloquent with human interest and is a winsome home, bespeaking the loving loyalty of all who enter it. Its stained glass windows are inscribed with the beatitudes which so many members of this parish have fulfilled. Over the altar one great window floods the sanctuary with light, transmuting the exquisite colors and noble lineaments of Ploekhorst's "Good Shepherd." To Him the Church is dedicated by men and women, who for so much of their lives have been entirely dependent on His shepherding. And the reading room and library in the tower, the cordial welcome at the church door, the ever urgent invitation to attend services in the beautiful new church, manifest the next absorbing ambition of the parish, to grow in membership through the promise inscribed in letters of gold on the arch of the sanctuary. "Other sheep I have, that are not of this fold, them also I must bring, a Shepherd."—

FAST FROM ALCOHOL OR MEAT.

The suggestion made some time ago by an Irish Catholic gentleman, The MacDermot, that abstinence from alcohol should be substituted for abstinence from flesh on Fridays was discussed at a recent meeting of the Father Mathew Union of Total Abstinence Priests of the English Diocese of Westminster and Southwark, and the following resolutions were passed:

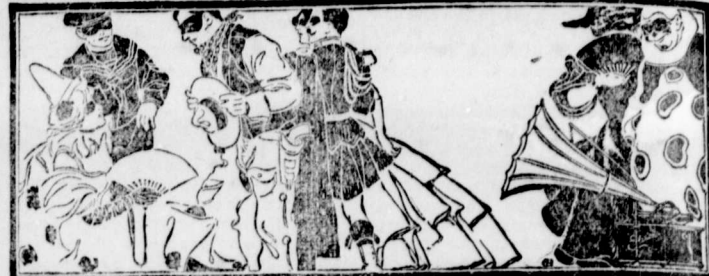
"That this meeting, having considered the suggestion of The MacDermot with regard to the substitution of alcohol for meat in the Church's Law of Abstinence, and, while approving of The MacDermot's object, is of opinion that the Holy See should be petitioned to allow that on abstinence days other than Fridays it may be optional to substitute abstinence from alcohol, for abstinence from meat."

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