

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. J. J. PURK, PHOENIX, ILL.
EIGHTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

SPIRITUAL PALSY

They brought to Him one sick of the palsy lying in a bed. (St. Matt. ix. 2.)

On a certain occasion, as Our Lord was entering the city of Capernaum He was met by a number of people carrying a man sick of the palsy. Jesus seeing their faith and having compassion on the sick man, cured him.

As palsy enervates the body and diminishes its strength, so there is a sort of spiritual palsy by which the soul is enervated and its strength diminished. This spiritual palsy is caused by sloth, by tepidity and by indifference.

Are you subject to this complaint? Are you weak in bearing adversity? Do you keep your good resolutions? Do you say your prayers regularly and attend to your other religious duties? If you do not attend to your duties as a Christian, you are suffering from spiritual palsy. Christ the physician of your soul will heal you.

Jesus Christ, Who is God, will fill your souls with all necessary graces and cure them of all spiritual maladies. See the faith of the sick man. He cured of the palsy. If you have faith, He will heal you of your spiritual palsy.

The reason we are not healed of our maladies, the reason we do not make greater progress in virtue, the reason our prayers are not answered, is, we have not the proper faith.

Let us ask God for the gift of faith. Let us ask for a strong, a firm, a lively faith. Let us say to Him, "O Lord I believe, help Thou my unbelief." Let us not be of the number of those who losing faith, reject God. We should not imagine for a moment that it is a sign of intellectual activity to deny the divinity of Jesus Christ. His divinity is established on principles so certain, so solid that you cannot deny them without overturning all certitude. And yet there are some who deny His divinity.

The first one of any importance who denied the divinity of Jesus Christ was Arius. A learned and eloquent man, he gathered a large number of followers around him. This was during the early part of the fourth century. But God's justice overtook the wicked blasphemer, at the very moment he seemed to triumph.

God sometimes allows the wicked to triumph for a while for some purpose by us not understood. All of us know persons who deny God's existence, who deny the divinity of Jesus Christ, who lead bad lives, but who seem to be contented and prosperous. Like the blasphemous Arius their triumph will be of short duration. Sooner than they imagine, God's avenging wrath will strike those who by tongue, or pen, or act, deny Him or His Divine Son.

If there is one thing more than another taught by this day's gospel it is that Jesus Christ is God. The miracle recorded therein is but one of a series performed by Him. Any one of them sufficiently proves His divinity.

Another lesson to be learned is the necessity of lively faith. Let us remember the fate of Arius and many other heretical blasphemers and avoid their doubts and their sad end.

Let us believe in God and in Him Whom He sent, Jesus Christ. Let us ask Him to heal our spiritual palsy, all our spiritual maladies, so that, living according to our belief here, we may hope to spend an eternity in loving Him.

TEMPERANCE

HE PROMISED HIS MOTHER

When Captain Jack Crawford, the poet-scout, was the special guest at the Allied Trade Press banquet at the new McAlpin Hotel, he was asked at 2.30 a. m. to drink a toast to the ladies. Despite the fact that there were no ladies present and wine had been flowing freely, he did a brave and manly act when he said to the fifty or more editors: "Gentlemen, undoubtedly you have noticed that my wine glasses have been turned up side down, and, although it may not be considered altogether in good taste, there is only one toast that I can give, and which I gave at the Governor's banquet in Boston some years ago. A beautiful, laughing, blue-eyed society girl passed a glass of wine across the table to me and asked me to give a toast to the ladies. Flowers between us hid my upturned glasses, hence she did not know that I had not been drinking wine. I stood up, took the glass from her jeweled hand and said: 'Miss your father, the toastmaster, is my comrade. This is a difficult task you have given me, and I shall drink a toast to Woman—not in that, however, which may bring her husband reeling home to abuse where he should love and cherish, send her boy to a drunkard's grave and nepos her daughter to a life of shame. Not in that, but rather in God's life-giving water, pure as her chastity, clear as her intuitions, bright as her smile, sparkling as the laughter of her eyes, strong and sustaining as her love'—which I did amid profound silence.

"The girl was about to speak when I said: 'Just a moment, please. That toast would be entirely out of place without an explanation. Let me describe a scene in the mountains. My horse and I were on the trail of hostile Indians, almost famished for water, when, after discovering a

"I ATTRIBUTE MY CURE SOLELY

And Entirely To Taking "Fruit-a-lives"

HULL, QUE., DEC. 24th, 1909
For the past twelve years, I had painful attacks of Dyspepsia. I could not digest my food and everything caused the most agonizing pain in my stomach. I also had a fearful attack of Constipation at times. I had no movement of the bowels for two weeks.

Three doctors attended me for two years and gave me all kinds of medicine but did me no good. My weight came to only 80 pounds and everyone thought I was going to die. Finally, I had the good fortune to try "Fruit-a-lives" and as soon as I began to take them, I felt better. I persisted in the treatment and to my great joy, I steadily improved.

Now I feel very well, weigh 115 pounds, and this is more than I ever weighed even before my illness. I attribute my cure solely and entirely to "Fruit-a-lives" and can never praise them too much for saving my life. To all who suffer from Dyspepsia and Constipation, I recommend "Fruit-a-lives" as a miraculous remedy.

Mrs. ANDREW STAFFORD, 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At dealers or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

spring and drinking, I heard several yells and whoops in a group of trees just below me, and, approaching carefully, I saw a dozen men dancing around a camp fire, and one of them, throwing his sombrero in the air, exclaimed: "Say, fellers, I reckon we've struck it rich at last." Thinking we were prospectors and that they had found gold, I jumped on to my mare and, as the sun had just gone down, started toward the crowd.

And immediately some one shouted, "Indians! Get you guns!" Thinking the Indians were behind me, I put my spurs to my mare, threw my head down alongside of her neck and started on the dead run, and just then some one shouted: "Don't shoot; that's a white man." In a few seconds I was up with the group, wheeled my mare around and, pulling my Winchester, shouted: "Where's the Indians?" "Who said anything about Indians?" said a big fellow with long hair and a broad sombrero. "Some one shouted Indians," said I. "Wall, I reckon there ain't no Indians round here 'cept you're one." "Me?" I said, and my mare still dancing from the sting of the spurs, "Me?" "Yes, you. An' if Shorty hadn't yelled that you was a white man, we'd a perforated your anatomy. Who are yer?" "My name is Jack Crawford. The boys call me 'Capt. Jack,' because I am chief of Uncle Sam's scouts on the trail of hostile Indians." Then, before I had time to quiz him, he said: "I'll tell ye what was the racket, Jack. Ye see, we've been cooped up here in the mountains for near two months prospectin'; hard work an' no fun. We heard that a trader down on the little Missouri had some tarantula pison (whisky), an' we sent out an' coral'd a demijohn full. You see, we're celebratin' last Fourth of July. We lost track of the date. Won't you join us?"

"I surely will," said I, "though it is the 12th of August. Even if it is the middle of January I would help you celebrate the glorious Fourth." Then Bill said: "Shorty, that demijohn'll get stiff in the joints 'thout more exercise. Start 'er around the ring again. An' the demijohn was passed around until it came to Bill. That's the stuff," said he. "That warms up the hunter's soul, makes him forgit that's danger on the trail.

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Real old Kentucky rye, a laugh in every gurgle of the jug, a command for pain an' trouble to get off the trail.

"After Bill had taken his drink he said: 'Here, Jack.' I was still on my bunkers broiling my venison, 'Here, Jack, take a swallow of this hallelujah juice. It'll make you feel as if yer soul had angel wings an' was on the trail to paradise.' "No thank you, Bill, I don't drink."

"Oh, go 'long; ye do on special occasions. An' this is a special—a Fourth of July celebration. Why can't you?"

"Because I never took a drink of intoxicants in all my life. And Bill laughed. Everybody laughed as Shorty said: 'What do you think of that? A frontiersman that never took a drink. Come on, Jack, don't you spring that kind of a joke on us again. Throw your mouth into a sort of yearning attitude, an' down 'er. And he shoved the demijohn toward me. As I was rising with my meat in my left hand, partly broiled, the demijohn came into my right hand with such force as to unbalance me. I sat down on the ground with both hands full. Everybody laughed, and Shorty said: 'Well, if the outside of the jug is going to act like that, what'll the inside do w'en it gets mixed up with his inwards?' "My head was aching frightfully as I arose to my knees, placed the meat on the lid of the coffee pot, and, holding the demijohn up, I said: 'Boys, do you really want me to drink?'"

"Sure," said half a dozen. "All right, boys, if you insist. But before I drink you will listen to a little story?"

"Sure we will," said Bill. And as I stood up and placed the demijohn on the stump of a decayed tree, Bill threw some wood on the fire, pulled his pipe and began to fill it, while Shorty rolled a cigarette. Finally, as Bill lit his pipe from a coal from the fire, he looked up and as I stood in the fading daylight with a full moon looking down upon one of the most beautiful picturesque scenes I have ever looked upon. Bill looked up after he got his pipe going and said: "All right, Jack, unhitch yer jaw an' let her go. It's bet she's a bird of a story. Step still, Scotty."

"This is the story, and absolutely true; Boys, it seems but yesterday that I was a barefooted boy at my mother's knee—wild, reckless, impulsive, misunderstood and abused by everybody but her. She understood me, and although the wildest, it was her favorite. My father's intemperance deprived me of even the rudiments of a school education, and when on her deathbed she said to me: 'My poor, wild boy, did you know that your mother was going to heaven?' Boys that was the first great sorrow of my life. Down on my knees by her bedside I wept as I had never wept before. As I sobbed, 'Mother, dear, no one cares for me but you; no one in all the world but you understands me. Oh, I am afraid I will go wrong!' How beautifully she looked, her big, brown eyes aswim in tears, her white curls and her white face on the pillow, and, as she placed her hand on my head, she said: 'Don't cry, Johnny, dear; your mother hopes to meet her boy in heaven and wishes for men to make her a promise. I will promise anything you ask, mother, and I will try to keep my promise.' 'Then promise me never to touch intoxicants, and then it won't be so hard to leave these two little sisters in your care.' Boys, I gave that promise to mother, and she died with a smile on her face, still holding my hand. And, as God is my judge, amid all the temptations of frontier, army or social life, I have kept that promise even when men who were called bad men have put a six shooter in my face, when they considered it an insult to refuse to drink with them I have folded my arms and, looking into the muzzle of a gun, said: 'You can shoot and you can kill me, but you can't make me break a promise that I gave to a dying mother.' And I've seen a man who had killed his man put his six shooter back in his belt, take a glass of liquor he had poured out and throw it on the floor after I had mentioned that word 'mother, then take my hand and say: 'Pard, I beg your pardon. I had that kind of a mother,' and walk out of the saloon. That man is living today. He never took another drink."

"As I continued my story I picked up the demijohn and, holding it up, said: 'Boys, I said I would drink if you insisted. Shall I?' Quick as a flash there was a shot. The demijohn was shattered. Part of the liquor went into the fire; a blue blaze leaped up. I pulled my own six shooter, for I did not see where the shot came from, when from behind the fire and smoke Bill Wild stepped out, the smoking pistol still in his hand and tears on his bronzed cheeks as he said: 'Nobody can drink when you talk like that. Say, Jack, that's the kind of a mother I had back in the sunrise country. I was just like you, a wild, reckless boy. I started young when I smoked my first cigarette as a newsie; then I got to readin' dime novels, and one time I went to see a Wild West dime novel play, with real Western men killing Indians. Later I got to drinking, and one day, when crazed with liquor, I shot a man and had to run away. The only consolation my poor mother had was that the man did not die, but I never saw her again. I hope she's up there with your mother, and when that shot goes ringing through the canyon that she'll hear it in heaven, Jack, and it'll tell her that her wild boy has signed the pledge at last. There's my hand, I swear to God and mother and you I'll never

touch the poison stuff again." And he never did.

"And concluding, Captain Jack said: 'Gentlemen, that is the story I told at the Boston banquet, and the beautiful young lady thanked me and took my hand. It is my own story, and because it is true is why I am alive to-day. And when, two years later, I visited Bill's home, his good wife said: 'God bless you, Captain Jack, for getting my wild boy to take that pledge.' Bill calls it 'A shot for Temperance.'"—Adapted from Association Men.

WHAT MEN THINK OF CHRIST

Since the coming of Jesus Christ, every great mind has been engaged with thought of Him. For 2000 years He has been the central figure, so human that the lowliest and poorest term Him their Elder Brother, so divine that greatest and noblest recognize in Him an unapproachable ideal, and exclaim with St. Peter: "Depart from me, O Lord, for I am a sinful man."

Our Lord's influence has so permeated the world that He cannot be ignored. Men have either worshipped or reviled, they have never remained indifferent. Now, in reviewing history, we find that the highest geniuses in every department of thought have bowed to Jesus and paid their tribute of loving adoration, either to acknowledge His divinity or at least to reverence the mystery of His personality.

The arts and sciences have vied in their tributes to Him. Among the immortal poets Dante and Milton found their inspiration in the divinity of our Lord. England, Spain, France and America have in turn given us Shakespeare, Calderon, Lope de Vega, Corneille, Racine and Longfellow, who penned their lines as hymns of praise to the God-Man. Even Goethe was constrained to say: "If I am asked whether it is in my nature to pay Him reverence, I say, certainly. I bow before Him as the divine manifestation of the highest principles of morality. Let mental culture go on advancing, let the natural sciences go on gaining in depth and breadth, and the human mind expand as it may, it will never go beyond the elevation and moral culture of Christianity as it gives sustenance and shines forth in the Gospel."

Jean Paul Richter acknowledged that the life of Christ "concerns Him, who, being the holiest among the mighty, the mightiest among the holy, lifted with His pierced hands empires off their hinges, turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and still governs the ages."

Among the most famous scientists we find the names of Galileo, Newton, Bacon, Kepler, Galvani, Volta, Faraday, Pasteur, and countless others enrolled under the banner of Jesus Christ. It was Pasteur who exclaimed that if he could but delve deeper into the mysteries of nature, his faith would ever wax stronger and become more and more like to that of a Breton peasant woman.

Jesus Christ has been the inspiration of the greatest achievements in architecture, painting, sculpture and music. The great cathedrals of Europe are the expressions of the faith of the master minds who conceived them. When Michael Angelo was commissioned to build St. Peter's at Rome, he cried out: "I will raise the Pantheon in the air to be the canopy of the altar of Jesus Christ." Raphael, Murillo, Leonardo da Vinci and Reno were inspired by the mysteries of Christ's life to line their immortal canvases

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PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS NONE SO EASY

And thus add their chant of praise to the divinity of the Man God. Again, Palestrina, Haydn, Mozart and numberless other musicians have dedicated their talent as expressions of their faith in the divinity of Jesus and their glorious compositions are but another "Credo"—I believe.

No great philosopher has failed to pay homage to the Son of Mary, from Saul of Tarsus to St. Thomas of Aquino. Even Rousseau, the scoffer who wrote: "I will confess to you that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration." Peruse the works of our philosophers, with all their pomp of diction; how mean, how contemptible, are they compared with the Scriptures! Is it possible that the sacred Personage whose history they contain should be Himself a mere man? Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live and die without weakness and without ostentation? When Plato describes his imaginary righteous man, loaded with all the punishments of guilt, yet meriting the highest rewards of virtue, he describes exactly the character of Jesus Christ.

Statesmen, too, have not failed to sit at the feet of Jesus. From Constantine the Great on down through the ages we find the master minds acknowledging the inspiration of all public measures to be the Man of Galilee. William E. Gladstone has said: "Through the fair gloss of his manhood we perceive the rich bloom of His divinity. If He is not now without an assailant, at least He is without a rival. If He be not the Sun of Righteousness, the Friend that gives His life for His friends and that sticketh closer than a brother, the unfailing Consoler, the constant Guide, the everlasting Priest and King, at least, as all must confess, there is no other to come into His room."—Intermountain Catholic.

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