

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PEPPIET THE SUNDAY AFTER THE ASCENSION

"But when the Paraclete cometh, whom I will send you from the Father, He shall give testimony of Me." (John xv. 26)

In to-day's Gospel our Lord tells His Apostles that they must not expect honor, authority, riches, or the goods and pleasures of this world as a reward of their faith, but, on the contrary, He reveals to them a future full of hardships, contempt and persecution for His sake.

Sometimes the world acknowledges that we ought to make reparation for our sins, and so it devises works of penance, and the heathen also have inflicted upon themselves fearful and yet absurd tortures in order to appease the anger of God; yet we can derive no consolation from such self-imposed penalties, for the question inevitably presents itself: "Can we determine the conditions on which God, when offended, will forgive us? Must not He decide what we ought to do to make atonement?"

If the world seeks to distract us and make us forget our sins by dragging us into the vortex of earthly pleasures and amusements, there can be no true consolation in thus stifling the voice of conscience. For a time we may forget it, but sooner or later the hour will come when we shall remember our sins and they will disturb and torture our minds, so that no earthly pleasure and no amount of gaiety will ever allay our fears.

For Christ's sake our sins are really forgiven. Before confession our hearts are burdened with the consciousness of guilt and with the load of sin that we have laid upon our conscience, but after it they are light and joyful. We seem to have cast aside a burden, to have for ever done with a sorrowful past, so that we are, as it were, born again, looking towards a happier future.

Nothing can afford so much consolation as the forgiveness of our sins, which brings with it the great joy that we are now not merely called God's children, but are such in deed and in truth. Let us, whenever we go to confession, pray the Holy Ghost to give us this comfort, and let us receive the holy sacrament of penance with a good will, honestly and with contrition.

But when we have been restored to a state of grace, through the Comforter, it behooves us to remain in it by avoiding sin and doing right in future. The thought of this duty distresses us, for our tendency to sin is very strong, and we are very weak; our hindrances in the right way are many, and our power of endurance is but slight. How little is the world able to help us, when it is a question of doing that is good, and of avoiding what is evil! It can only give us a number of fine maxims, of eloquent words and well-meant counsels. These serve very well and are quite satisfactory as long as we feel in our hearts no temptation and no passionate desire to disregard them. But when the storm of passion is aroused, the fine words are of no avail, and are quickly forgotten. When temptation rages within us, and in our anxiety we think it impossible to withstand the evil one, what is the use of all the beautiful maxims that we read in worldly books? They vanish like soap bubbles, and at the moment of temptation we are exposed to sin, helpless and without comfort. The wisdom of the world can give us no consolation, none can help us save the Spirit sent us by the Eternal Word, for He supplies us with grace and strength. At the hour when we have to fight the good fight, He is with us, reminding us that what to us is impossible becomes possible by

MIRACULOUS CURE OF ASTHMA

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D. A. WHITE, Esq. 21 WALLACE AVE., TORONTO, Dec. 22nd, 1913.

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His aid. Let us hold fast to His gracious consolation and consoling grace; and then we shall succeed in doing what is right and in overcoming evil.

Let us therefore to-day have recourse to the Holy Ghost, asking Him to work in and with us. Let us promise to co-operate with Him to the best of our ability, and then we need have no fear of stumbling on the way of salvation, of abandoning what is good or of plunging into the abyss of destruction. May the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, guide us all safely to eternal comfort and eternal salvation. Amen.

TEMPERANCE

MANY DIVORCES DUE TO DRINK

As a proof that drink is the cause of the breaking up of many homes, and that it is at the bottom of a large per cent of the divorces cases in the courts, figures from records of Ohio for the year ending June 30, 1913, are being exhibited. These figures show that on that date 5,575 divorce cases were pending in the 88 counties.

Of this number 772 were in the 45 dry counties and 4,803 in the 43 wet counties. On the basis of the 1910 census, 1 divorce case was pending to each 1,673 of the population in the dry counties, and one to each 724 of the population in the wet counties. There are more than double the cases in proportion to population in wet than in dry territory.

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Advertisement for Old Dutch Pot and Pan Cleaner, featuring an illustration of a woman cleaning a pot.

engine driver in regard to whom the trouble had arisen had all the time been sober. Even so, however, each of us knows in his heart that the right to get drunk is to all intents and purposes dead. We are so largely a population in charge of dangerous machines that our neighbors will not allow us to risk their necks for the sake of an extra glass of whiskey. The rich man, it is true, can still depend on the brotherly sympathy of some magistrates when he is accused of driving his motor at fantastic speed or in fantastic curves under the influence of liquor. But for the poor man in the same condition the rights of man, as interpreted by enthusiasts, have ceased to exist.—St. Paul Bulletin.

When Herac Greely was a young boy back in the early part of the nineteenth century it was not considered, even in circles that held themselves highly respectable, disgraceful to get drunk. Nearly everybody drank, even children. When he was thirteen years old he decided never to drink. In his "Recollections" he says:

"My resolve not to drink was only mentioned by me at our own fireside; but somehow became known in the neighborhood, where it excited some curiosity, and even a stronger feeling. At the annual sheep washing, in June following, it was brought forward and condemned; when I was required to take my glass of liquor, and on my declining, was held by two or three youngsters older and stronger than I, while the liquor was turned into my mouth, and some of it forced down my throat. That was understood to be the end of my foolish attempt at singularity. It was not, however. I kept quiet. I kept quiet but my resolution was unchanged. Imagine a state of public opinion where the decision of a boy to sign the pledge should arouse curiosity and even a stronger feeling" in a community.—Kansas City Star.

WHY LATIN IS USED IN CHURCH CEREMONIES

When a Protestant asks you why Latin is used in the ceremonies of our Church the simplest answer is: "Because Latin is dead."

Living languages are subject to many changes; frequent modification of the Church ceremonies would have been caused if each country had been allowed to use its own language. Confusion would have resulted and the outer unity which the Church must maintain as evidence of her spiritual oneness would have been lost.

"But," the Protestant will say to you, "the Latin words are unintelligible to most of your congregations. The use of Latin is a loss to them."

As the Catholic prayerbook is generally printed with the Latin and local language side by side, the person who can read his own language knows what the priest is saying.

Rather than a loss, it is a gain. Any Catholic who has travelled in foreign countries will tell you so. When strange cities and strange faces pall, it's like coming home to enter a Catholic Church and hear the same words and see the same ceremonies performed in the same way. And when one leaves the church, it is with a new feeling of friendliness for these foreign people, with whom, although you may not be able to speak one word with them, you have the great bond of a common belief. It gives you that feeling so prized of late because it seems so impossible of attainment—a feeling of international brotherhood. To be a Catholic, you find, is to be a citizen of the world.—R. D., in New World.

THE ASCENSION

FEAST, THURSDAY, MAY 13

After the resurrection of Our Lord from the dead, He remained on earth for several weeks appearing frequently to the apostles and disciples, instructing them and strengthening their faith in His divinity. At last when He was about to ascend to His heavenly Father He assembled many of them together for His last appearance in the flesh. The place where He assembled them is not minutely recorded, but was on the Mount of Olives, writes Galkie in his Life of Christ. It was the last time they were to see Him. He had prepared them, as far as their dulness made possible, for His leaving them, and had fitted them to receive the gift of the Spirit, which within a few days, would illuminate their intellects and hearts.

He wished, however, to leave them in such a way that they should not think He had simply vanished from them, and wait for His present reappearance. He would show them, as far as it could be shown, that He returned from the earth to His Father; that God took Him to Himself as He had taken Elijah. They would be able to tell men, when they asked where He now was, that they had seen Him leave the world, and pass through the skies to the eternal kingdom, in His human body; to sit down at the right hand of God. The thought—He lives! He is with the Father! was henceforth, to be the stay and joy of His followers in all ages.

We know not with what last parting words He let them see He was now finally to leave them. All that is told us is, that He gave them His blessing, with uplifted hands. Step by step, He had raised their conceptions nearer the unspeakable grandeur of His true nature and work. At

first the Teacher. He had, after a time, by gradual disclosures, revealed Himself as the Son of God, veiled in the form of man; and now, since His crucifixion and resurrection, He had taught them to see in Him the Messiah, exalted to immortal and divine majesty, as the conqueror of death and the Lord of all.

The transcendent miracle which closed His earthly communion with His chosen ones is most fully narrated by St. Luke.

"When he had spoken these things, while they were looking at Him, He was taken up into heaven, and a cloud received Him out of their sight"—that cloud which symbolized the presence of God. "And as they were gazing earnestly into the heavens, as He ascended, behold two men stood by them, in white apparel, and said to them. 'Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing into the heavens? This same Jesus, who is even now taken from you into heaven, will come in the same way as ye have seen Him go.'"

"Earth, thou grain of sand on the shore of the Universe of God; thou Bethlehem amongst the princely cities of the heavens; thou art, and remainest, the Loved One amongst ten thousand suns and worlds, the Chosen of God! Thee will He again visit, and then thou wilt prepare a throne for Him, as thou gavest Him a manger cradle; in His radiant glory wilt thou rejoice, as thou didst once drink His blood and His tears, and mourn His death! On thee has the Lord a great work to complete!"—Catholic Bulletin.

MARY, QUEEN OF MAY

"O winds of May, that wend your way Across the flowering meadows, Where all the day in merry play The sunbeams chase the shadows; Sing soft and sweet, for it is meet, However they may vary, That all our lays shall hymn the praise This month of Mother Mary."

Again the month of flowers has come. And this beautiful flowering month of May is Our Lady's month in every Catholic church throughout the entire world Mary is crowned the Queen of May.

She of whom the prophets wrote, "Coming forth as the morning, rising fair as the moon, bright as the sun, shining in the Temple of God as the morning star in the midst of a cloud," she whom they greeted as the glory of Jerusalem, the joy of Israel, the honor of her people; she of whom the poets have sung:

"Mother, whose virgin bosom was uncrossed With the least shade of thought to sin allied; Woman, above all woman glorified, Our tainted nature's solitary boast; Purer than foam on central ocean tost; Brighter than Eastern skies at day-break strewn With fancied roses, than the unblemished moon Before her wane begins on heaven's blue coast."

She who is our life, our sweetness and our hope, without whom we are unhappy creatures weeping and mourning in this valley of tears, her do we enthroned upon our altars during this blessed month and hail her as our Queen.

We lay the spotless lily at her feet in honor of the purity that is hers; we decorate her shrine with the lovely rose in token of our love; we illumine her altar with numerous lights, for she is the light of our lives. Exiles and pilgrims in this vale of tears, with sorrow and pain and death before us, with no human aid in sight, with the hand of no man outstretched to save us, to her we look and say, "Turn thou, most gracious Advocate, thine eyes of mercy towards us."

When Christ from the Cross, said to the beloved disciple: "Behold thy Mother." He willed humanity its grandest heritage. He not only bequeathed to mankind Mary as a mother, but also as an unparalleled pattern of perfection, as a model embodying all the virtues in the highest degree; as an exemplar of moral grandeur, for us to imitate, and whence to draw the inspirations for our ideal. Mary's life is the greatest poem of Christianity.

"And if our faith had given us nothing more Than this example, of all womanhood, So mild, so merciful, so strong, so good, So patient, peaceful, loyal, loving, pure, This were enough to prove it higher and truer Than all the creeds the world had known before."

Really Mary is worthy to be our mother, worthy to be our guide, our ideal, our star, our Queen, for she, indeed, is truly blessed. "My soul doth magnify the Lord and my spirit hath rejoiced in God, my Saviour. For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

Mary herself prophesied that all generations to the end of the world shall call her blessed. History testifies to the fulfillment of the prophecy in every age and country and clime. We see her honored at the present time. Thousands and thousands of shrines are erected to her during this glorious month of May. Altars, chapels, churches, yes, cathedrals, are dedicated to her. Sodalties, societies, confraternities are established continually in her honor, under her star, with her as their ideal.

Thousands of pilgrims wend their way to Europe each year and visit her shrines, there to pay homage to the noblest of women, and indirectly to womanhood in general.

We go back to the sixteenth century to the time of the great religious upheaval, the Protestant Reformation, and we find the so-called reformers exhibiting an unnatural hatred towards her to whom Christ was subject from the first instant that He took flesh from her. Is not this patent proof that the Reformation was not a work of God? When Luther rose against her, a host of Luthers speak for her, for history attests the sixteenth century called her blessed. Back in the Middle Ages the Manicheans preached against the devotion to the Blessed Virgin. But many a noble soul arose to champion her cause, and the heretical doctrines of the Manicheans became a thing of the past, and the Middle Ages continued to call her blessed. In the fifth century the historians taught falsely regarding her, but the Council of Ephesus, A. D. 431, condemned the heresy, and the world of that day called her blessed.

Throughout the centuries men of genius and men of learning have tried to outdo each other to honor her. The great architects have lovingly brought all their talents into play when building her shrines. The greatest painters have endeavored to make the Madonna their masterpiece. The greatest sculptors would not rest until they had created her image in marble. Mary remains the woman type in art even in these ultra-fashionable days; and will remain so. The greatest musicians have dedicated some of their best work to her, and even the most erotic of poets have paid her their respects with at least a few decent lines.

And yet when a Catholic kneels before the image of Our Lady and addresses her with the same words used by the angel, Hail, full of grace, and "Blessed art thou amongst women," he is accused of Mariolatry (worship of Mary) by those who cannot appreciate the beauty of the devotion to the Blessed Virgin. They that reproach us are flying in the very face of history, they seem not desirous to be included in the prophecy, "Henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

We, however, can stand the gibes and jeers of our friends, for "they know not what they do." We shall, therefore, go on asking her to pray for us before "the great white throne of mercy;" for we know full well that

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a mother's prayer is always efficacious. We shall go on imitating her, whom so many have chosen as a model and have become the better by doing so. We realize, purer and holier by her example, and that many a man has been preserved "unspotted from the world" by making her his ideal. We shall continue loving her, "the Queen of May," and for loving her, her divine Son will love us. He who hates the Mother of Jesus can scarcely call Christ his friend.—Ernest Ott, O. F. M., in St. Anthony's Messenger.

AN ANCIENT STAFF FINDING OF WAR EMBLEM OF COOEY-NA-GALL CHIEFTAINS

During farming operations convenient to Carrigart village, County Donegal, some laborers unearthed a remarkable staff of ancient workmanship. Its timber is of bog oak, with numerous engravings and symbolic emblem. It bears a very costly silver head with a dragonfly engraved on one side, and has a beautiful copper ring instead of a thong as formerly used on black-thorns.

It has numerous circles and engravings of every description, crosses, guns, arrows of every description, and pictures of grey-hounds, which goes to show that likely it was one of the war emblems of the Coeey-na Gall chiefs. It is now in the possession of Michael Blaney, Drimmanough, Carrigart. It's a wonderful relic of ancient times.

A THOUGHT TO PONDER

Oh, my dear Catholic people, note this well, and I wish I could emblazon it in letters of gold—the morals of to-morrow will be as sure as the mothers of to-day, for men and women will have as much moral fibre as their mothers have and no more. Oh, mothers, realize that you are intended by God to be the makers of morals, for God is, and God is just. The Son of God accomplished that which neither philosophy nor science can do, the risen Saviour stands between two empires, that of life and that of death, crowning the one, crushing the other, the kingdom of earth and the kingdom of heaven, uniting in His divinity, in His resurrection, for Himself and for us, these two kingdoms by opening the way from the one to the other.—Archbishop Glennon.

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