

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PEPPER

FOURTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

Now I go to Him that sent me, and none of you asketh Me: "Whither goest Thou?" (John 13: 36)

Our Lord announced to His disciples the approaching completion of His work of redemption. "Now I go to Him that sent me, and none of you asketh Me: 'Whither goest Thou?'"

As Man and Redeemer Jesus has fulfilled His destiny, and how much this ought to encourage us to attain to ours.

Many people live on, year after year, without ever asking: "Whither are we going? What is our allotted task?"

"God will have all men to be saved." (1 Tim. ii, 4) says the Apostle, and the happiness that we are to enjoy is so great that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man, what things God hath prepared for them that love Him" (1 Cor. ii, 9).

For such eternal happiness it is surely worth while to abandon and renounce the trifling delights of this world, in as far as they are sinful.

If we could see heaven and all the joys awaiting us there, we should ask ourselves: "Why do you care so much about what appears pleasant on earth? Why are you discontented when things here do not go according to your desires?"

Can you do without a few things and deny yourself a little for the sake of obtaining such unspeakable bliss? The pleasure that sin affords is a pitiful thing, soon passing away and leaving behind it nothing but remorse and shame.

Our love of comfort, your lukewarmness and indolence are mean, miserable things. Why do you care nothing for your everlasting rest? You think more of a despicable piece of selfishness, or a ridiculous display of vanity, or even of indulgence in bad temper, than you do of the joys of heaven.

You fancy that it is impossible to resist this or that craving, and no sooner have you yielded to it than you feel, with bitter sorrow, that you have forfeited Paradise for a brief, deceptive pleasure.

That heaven and all its joys would that the happiness for which we are destined, were ever before our eyes! We should not sin so recklessly, or yield so readily to earth's allurements, but we should here in this world enjoy peace of mind and a good conscience.

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unite us forever with Him. Therefore let us pray without ceasing, as the Apostle bids us, by prayer with heart full of good will really to accomplish the task, for which our prayer obtains us strength.

TEMPERANCE

A PROBLEM EVERY NATION HAS TO DEAL WITH

Prohibition has a special sanction as a war measure which is lacking in time of peace, and the motive may vary according to conditions. Russia forbids vodka in the interest of sobriety; what course it is to take in regard to milder beverages is not yet clear.

"DISCRIMINATING AGAINST WOMEN"

Because Monsignor Brown of London, England, recently proposed that women should not be served in the public houses (saloons), he was subjected to criticism from some unthinking individual on the ground that he was discriminating between the sexes, and any such exclusion of women from the rights and privileges of the bar would be a wrong done to them.

enough to believe they could not exercise that influence as they should exert it. If they got upon the question of absolute equality between the sexes they would at once be treading upon exceedingly difficult ground.

OUR MOTHER MARY

We dedicate to our beautiful and immaculate Mother Mary the month of May, this month of brightness and beauty and bloom.

From the cross this God-man, our Divine Redeemer, gave us His Mother to be our mother; she loves us for His sake, she prays for us; from her throne in heaven where she reigns, the Queen of Angels, she watches over us weak, erring mortals with a mother's tireless love.

What tributes have been paid to Mary by artists and poets, by preachers and doctors of the Church! Let us quote some examples for our reflection and meditation.

"She came into the world, and the angels saw her; and when they looked on her they were astonished, gazing in love and wonder. The Lord increased her loveliness and added to her beauty. Never had there been in the world such a vision of grace and sweetness.

"The speaker paused. At the first mention of his mother's name the sick man had turned his face toward the wall, and now was sobbing pitifully.

"The speaker's voice grew stern. 'You and I know that your mother has gone to heaven. Between heaven and the place where you seem determined to go there is an impassable gulf. If you die in your present impatient state you will never, never look on your mother's face again. Do you mean to tell me you are satisfied to accept this eternal separation?'"

"Please God, you shall," said the priest, with an inward prayer of thanksgiving. Placing his stole about his shoulders he prepared to hear the sick man's confession, for he knew the battle for that soul was won.—True Voice.

AFTERTHOUGHTS

When the Angel of Death has darkened our door And shadowed our hearth with gloom; When the heart repines, in its mute despair, As we gaze on the silent tomb.

TOLD BY A MISSIONARY

A few years ago in a Brooklyn church a Dominican priest in the course of a sermon on Our Blessed Lady told a little anecdote that has lingered in the writer's mind and it seems worth repeating.

PRAYER

Prayer, like liberty, or any word that is often in the mouth, is poorly compassed by the mind.

"A few years ago," he continued, "while I was giving a mission in a Philadelphia church, one of the assistant priests, who was still young in the ministry, told me an experience of his own which I shall relate."

"There was a certain young man belonging to a family of high repute, a family some of whose members had rendered distinguished services to Church and State. The young fellow was something of a black sheep. He had left home as a youth, traveled all over the globe, spent his fortune and in the spending had completely shattered his health.

"The invalid received the priest graciously at the outset and for a while they chatted on commonplace subjects. Then God's minister plunged boldly into the main object of his call.

"That being the case, would it not be wise to prepare yourself to make your peace with God?" urged the priest. "You know you have some accounts to settle."

"The sick man turned impatiently. 'That will do, Father,' he said. 'I have told priests and Sisters that I wish nobody to bother me on this subject. I have no preparation to make; I shall die as I am.'

"About a year ago I was called to attend your mother who was then on her death bed. I needn't tell you how she prepared for the final summons. You know what her life was, how loving and exemplary a mother, how admirable a Catholic.

"You and I know that your mother has gone to heaven. Between heaven and the place where you seem determined to go there is an impassable gulf. If you die in your present impatient state you will never, never look on your mother's face again. Do you mean to tell me you are satisfied to accept this eternal separation?'"

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Prayer, like liberty, or any word that is often in the mouth, is poorly compassed by the mind. Many a fine fellow thinks he has done nobly when he reads page after page of a prayerbook. Prayers are not words. Words reach only the ear, and pass as the idle wind; but never pierce the skies, as they have no carrying force. Words are only breath beating against the roof of the mouth, and are to God, and often to men, "trifles thin as air."

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We often wonder at our luck which seems so happy as well-timed. Cause to wonder! Maybe it was the granting of a prayer said thirty years ago. God sees the round of the world; we, only poorly, across the street. God sees all possibilities; we, imperfect actualities.

Men who dislike their neighbors usually hate themselves.

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