

SIX

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. REDMOND
SUNDAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE
OF CHRISTMAS

THE BLESSING OF FIDELITY TO THE LAW

"And when they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord, they returned into Galilee, to their city of Nazareth." (Luke II, 39)

An admirable lesson indeed, which should be religiously studied and practised by every Christian family, is that taught by the "Holy Family," of which Jesus, Mary, and Joseph were the members. Only after they had strictly complied with all the requirements of "the law of the Lord" did they venture to return home.

This religious deference for God's will expressed in the law, of the model and by excellence, most holy family that ever graced the earth, ought to be an object of imitation for every Christian family worthy of the name. It is undoubtedly the secret of true family happiness. Smooth, peaceful, and pleasant are the family relations where it prevails. The father feels the importance and understands the responsibilities of his position; the mother is no less sensible of the delicate nature of the duties which devolve upon her; and their children, constantly edified by their parents, fail not to mark their conduct by true filial affection. Truly Christian, the father and mother are never slow to understand that they are children of the great Father of fathers: Behold what manner of charity the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called, and should be, the children of God. To the will that is just, holy, and perfect of God, their Father, they deem it the incumbent duty of their lives to conform most deferentially. God's good pleasure is theirs, God's will expressed in the commandments and the precepts of the Church, is the all-respected monitor of their lives. Matters temporal as well as spiritual they must have in strict harmony with the divine criterion.

When doubts cross them in their projects, like St. Paul they exclaim: "Lord, what wilt Thou have us to do?" They consult not the worldling, but the consecrated guardian of God's interests. As the law demands, they are to their neighbors becomingly respectful, religiously charitable, strictly truthful, and scrupulously just. The Church they regard as the mouthpiece of God, and their religion they have beyond all price. For their children, they have the exalted minds and hearts of truly Christian, God-obeying parents. Never do they allow vain, worldly notions to take possession of their minds regarding them, whatever may be their talents or accomplishments. Their natural love for them is very properly controlled by their superiors, so that the defects of their children are never overlooked, but always meet with a timely reproof. Born of their desire to conform in all things to the divine will of God, are their mutual esteem, their patience in all circumstances, and the prayers which they daily address for themselves and children to the throne of the Most High.

How admirably fitted such a couple is to raise a family in the fear of God and the practice of solid piety! Deeply are they impressed with the gravity of their responsibility to God for the children He has committed to them on deposit in trust. Early has it occurred to their pious minds that the highest duty of Christian parents is to educate their children from their tender years in the fear of God and the practice of solid piety. They fail not to realize that the Christian home is the first and most telling school for the child. That here, the parents, who comply with God's will, fail not to make salutary impressions, and teach lessons which will never be entirely obliterated or forgotten. They are well aware that the future life of their children, in a great measure, depends on how they discharge their duty toward them in their tender years. They fully recognize that the future religious life of children is their Christian destiny on earth, and that it should be such as would serve as the means to reach their eternal and final destiny in heaven. How blessed are the children that have such parents! How Christian-like they are, compared with those less fortunate! What marked respect they show in seeking their parents' advice when necessary! How they evidence their correct raising by the docility with which they receive and act upon their parents' reproofs and advice! Amongst the first lessons taught them in their tender years, was that in all things it became their duty to conform to God's holy will. Early were they made to understand that they should love, respect, and obey their parents, because such was the divine will of God. Now, in the more advanced stage of their youth, those early lessons are bearing good fruit.

Oh, what a blessing to society, what true children of the Church, what promoters of the salvation of souls those parents are, that make conformity to God's holy will the rule of their lives! If, amongst the worst enemies of society, parents must undoubtedly be counted, who curse it generation after generation with a corrupt, irreligious offspring, surely these should be classed first amongst its benefactors, who bless it with a truly Christian, God-obeying offspring. If those of her children who do the Church numerically the greatest injury be bad parents, those who contribute most to swell her congregations with devout worshippers are law-abiding

parents. If bad parents are powerful agents in peopling hell, good parents are not less so in peopling heaven. You who are responsible for families should seriously pass upon this matter. The criterion by which you are to judge is the law of God and the precepts of His Church. If your lives be at variance with God's divine will thus expressed, you know where you stand; but if on the contrary it be the rule of your lives "to perform all things according to the law of the Lord," especially the raising of your children, you are true to your vocation.

TEMPERANCE

A NEW YEAR'S PLEDGE

"May I speak to you a moment, father?"

Mr. Gill folded up his paper and placed it upon the table—"the family table," as it was called by all the household, since around it all the family were accustomed to gather on evenings in this cozy sitting room—eagerly listening to the father, who generally spent his nights downtown.

"Well, what is it, James?" asked Mr. Gill.

The lad waited for a moment without answering. There was a trace of anxiety in his voice, and there was certainly something of unusual mien transpiring in his mind. The father noticed this and began to show signs of uneasiness himself.

At last James mustered sufficient courage to speak his mind. His father looked at him steadily, but he did not seem to think it best to meet his father's gaze, so he lowered his huge brown eyes, although they bore such an honest expression.

"Father," he began, "you may think it strange that I have come to you to say what I have, but it is New Year's Day, and I thought that I would like to have a new father on this day."

"A new father!" exclaimed Mr. Gill in a tone of amazement.

"A father with new habits, perhaps, I should say," explained the lad. "I know that you would not want to know that you have a son who drinks liquors, but perhaps you think that I am too young to do that; but I know a lot of fellows as young as I am—yes, younger, too, who drink, and now—"

James hesitated and looked up. It was now the father whose eyes were cast down.

"Now," continued James, "don't you suppose that I want to be as proud of my father as my father wants to be proud of me? If my father wants me to keep from drinking, don't you suppose that I want my father to give up drink?"

"Oh, don't say any more, boy; don't say any more," cried his father, dropping his face into his hands.

"And will you do it, father?" and the boy's voice could not have been more plaintive. "Sign this pledge," James held out a little card, which showed plainly the marks of little dirty fingers.

"But—but it is signed already," gasped Mr. Gill.

"Yes, when I was a little shaver you gave me that one New Year's and asked me to sign it and told me what a dreadful thing liquor is, and I don't see but that there is room on it for two names. Now sign yours, won't you please, father? Think how much it will mean to mother if you do."

Mr. Gill said nothing. He could not have spoken if he had wished to. He reached to the middle of the table for pen and ink, and signed the card and handed it to his son.

"Thank you, father," said James. Then, thinking that his father would like to be left to himself, he went into the dining room where his mother was setting the breakfast table.

"Here's a New Year's present for you, mamma," he said cheerily.

"Thank God!" said the mother, as she glanced at the card her son handed her.

And during that year the whole family had occasion to thank God, for never once did the father break that pledge.

What other lad can give his mother a similar present?—Youth's Temperance Banner.

PRAYERS AT END OF MASS

In too many congregations are found certain individuals who rush from the church as soon as the priest descends the altar steps after the low Mass, to recite the closing English prayers. Those persons slight the orations, feeling perhaps the Mass is over, and these prayers are simply so many trimmings. Usually those are the parishioners who pray kneeling on one knee with their backs hunched up and their feet under their ear. And yet what gems these closing prayers are!

When I was curate at York, Pennsylvania, I buried with a low Mass an old soldier whose savings were not large enough to be divided between his friends and a high Mass, though he well deserved one. He had died in the almshouse, despite his generous pension, and his eyes were hardly closed till those who had forgotten him when he needed attention, flocked down on his bank account like harpies.

His old military confederates who attended the Mass, sat throughout with their hats on until I came to the English prayers, which were the only thing they understood, and then off came helmets, and all to their knees. One of the veterans said to

me in the cemetery: "Son, hain't that prayer of yours to the Virgin great?"

I was sent to offer Mass in the lunatic asylum in Harrisburg. Dr. Orth, the head physician, was quite hospitable. He confessed that he was the son of a Scotch Presbyterian minister, so I volunteered the opinion it might be difficult for the respected doctor to swallow a Catholic Mass. He laughingly promised, however, to gulp it down religiously.

There were about 500 patients present, not all of them Catholics. The piano was pulled away from the front of the stage of their auditorium. I laid a short board over the footlights, and put on my three cloths. The height was just about right for an altar, and I got through nicely. When I preached a lunatic stood up at the rear of the hall, where the eye of the doctors and nurses didn't reach, and imitated my gestures!

He copied me exactly, and while it was a good object lesson, it was a trifle embarrassing. I stuck my hands under my chasuble, and then the patient, who evidently thought more of my gesticulation than I did of its reflection in him, shook his fist at me, and showed displeasure that I didn't continue to saw the air.

I had brought with me a singer to make things more attractive, and all the patients hearkened with attention while she rendered Catholic hymns. Then she sang as the finale the very operatic "Ave Maria" from Cavalleria Rusticana, and a patient, mad about twenty years, who had been a noted musician, took up the refrain with her, and hummed the air correctly.

After Mass was over, I asked Dr. Orth his opinion of it. "A wonderful thing," he said. "And in future we shall have Mass here as often as you can come to us, at least once a month. We'll make everything pleasant for you and convenient as we can. There were patients in the crowd this morning who had not been present at a Mass in years, and yet just as soon as you appeared with the vestments on, old chords seemed to wake up in their memory, and they one and all rose to their feet. They knelt at the starting off of your Mass, and traced the sign of the cross. They struck their breast, and bowed their heads. It's wonderful, that those poor diseased and dead brains can remember the big things of the religion. Religion is like music, that leaves its echo in the brain and heart after fickle reason has winged away. The Mass to-day has shown me that religion is deeper than reason."

I asked him what part made most impression on him, and he said with a little ahem! why, we thought the bit of English at the end, as the prayers had such beautiful words and sentiment.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us To see ourselves as others see us!"

Or the gift to hear ourselves! An enterprising photographer firm sent to the clergy months ago a circular asking if they didn't want to have one of their sermons put on a "record." I don't suppose the company got a deluge of answers from priests, but how I do wish some of our parishioners could hear a record grind out the duplicate of themselves mumbling, chivving and gulping down the golden words of the prayer that are so close to the Mass that some day that they'll grow fast and remain there—or give a Pathe moving picture of those Catholics dashing from the church, while those wonderful prayers are going up to God.—Will. W. Whalen in Providence Visitor.

BEAUTIFUL PRAYER

OF FATHER RUSSELL AFTER HOLY COMMUNION

Jesus, my Lord and My God, Thou art within me, and Thou art all mine. Fill my heart now with all the virtues which ought to have been there to welcome Thee. Give me more faith and love, more hope and more contrition, more humility and patience and piety, stronger will and a purer heart. Give me that Thou hast in any way revealed to us; but, dearest Lord, make my faith more living, more loving, more vivid, more strong. I grieve for all my sins, offenses and negligences, from my first sin long ago down to the faults and shortcomings of yesterday and to-day. I grieve, too, over my dullness, coldness, and ingratitude of this heart which is now Thy tabernacle. I hope in Thee, O Lord, who wilt never let me be confounded. I thank Thee for this supreme gift, and for all the gifts of Thy goodness, particularly for all the graces which, in spite of my miserable unworthiness, I have received in this Sacrament so often since the happy day of my First Communion; and I beg of Thee, O Lord, the grace never more to abuse Thy graces.

And now, adoring Thee in this deepest misery of Thy consession, and loving Thee above all in this sacrament of Thy love, I lay all the wounds and wants of my soul before Thee, O my merciful and loving Redeemer! See the wretched plight to which I am reduced; faith so dull, hope so dim, love so cold. Look upon me, and pity me, and heal me, and I shall be healed. I ask Thy loving Heart, now so close to mine, for all that I need and desire. But I need only Thee, O Lord; I desire none but Thee, I do not dare to ask for more grace, but I ask for more courage and generosity in making use of all Thy graces. During all the hours that follow of this day, my thoughts, my words, and my deeds must be the thoughts and words and deeds that are fitting in a Christian, on whom so many graces are showered hour by hour, the latest being this sacramental Communion. And so from day to day, from Communion to Communion, may I sanctify my soul and serve Thee, my almighty and all-merciful God, my Creator, my Redeemer, my Judge—from day to day, and from Communion to Communion, on to the last Communion, which I hope to receive as my Viaticum. May that Viaticum conduct my soul, pure from sin, safe to the feet of my Jesus, Who has just now come to me as my Saviour, but then must be my Judge. O Jesus, my Saviour, be to me indeed a Saviour then and now forever. Amen.—Rev. M. Russell, S. J.

ing all the hours that follow of this day, my thoughts, my words, and my deeds must be the thoughts and words and deeds that are fitting in a Christian, on whom so many graces are showered hour by hour, the latest being this sacramental Communion. And so from day to day, from Communion to Communion, may I sanctify my soul and serve Thee, my almighty and all-merciful God, my Creator, my Redeemer, my Judge—from day to day, and from Communion to Communion, on to the last Communion, which I hope to receive as my Viaticum. May that Viaticum conduct my soul, pure from sin, safe to the feet of my Jesus, Who has just now come to me as my Saviour, but then must be my Judge. O Jesus, my Saviour, be to me indeed a Saviour then and now forever. Amen.—Rev. M. Russell, S. J.

There were about 500 patients present, not all of them Catholics. The piano was pulled away from the front of the stage of their auditorium. I laid a short board over the footlights, and put on my three cloths. The height was just about right for an altar, and I got through nicely. When I preached a lunatic stood up at the rear of the hall, where the eye of the doctors and nurses didn't reach, and imitated my gestures!

He copied me exactly, and while it was a good object lesson, it was a trifle embarrassing. I stuck my hands under my chasuble, and then the patient, who evidently thought more of my gesticulation than I did of its reflection in him, shook his fist at me, and showed displeasure that I didn't continue to saw the air.

I had brought with me a singer to make things more attractive, and all the patients hearkened with attention while she rendered Catholic hymns. Then she sang as the finale the very operatic "Ave Maria" from Cavalleria Rusticana, and a patient, mad about twenty years, who had been a noted musician, took up the refrain with her, and hummed the air correctly.

After Mass was over, I asked Dr. Orth his opinion of it. "A wonderful thing," he said. "And in future we shall have Mass here as often as you can come to us, at least once a month. We'll make everything pleasant for you and convenient as we can. There were patients in the crowd this morning who had not been present at a Mass in years, and yet just as soon as you appeared with the vestments on, old chords seemed to wake up in their memory, and they one and all rose to their feet. They knelt at the starting off of your Mass, and traced the sign of the cross. They struck their breast, and bowed their heads. It's wonderful, that those poor diseased and dead brains can remember the big things of the religion. Religion is like music, that leaves its echo in the brain and heart after fickle reason has winged away. The Mass to-day has shown me that religion is deeper than reason."

I asked him what part made most impression on him, and he said with a little ahem! why, we thought the bit of English at the end, as the prayers had such beautiful words and sentiment.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us To see ourselves as others see us!"

Or the gift to hear ourselves! An enterprising photographer firm sent to the clergy months ago a circular asking if they didn't want to have one of their sermons put on a "record." I don't suppose the company got a deluge of answers from priests, but how I do wish some of our parishioners could hear a record grind out the duplicate of themselves mumbling, chivving and gulping down the golden words of the prayer that are so close to the Mass that some day that they'll grow fast and remain there—or give a Pathe moving picture of those Catholics dashing from the church, while those wonderful prayers are going up to God.—Will. W. Whalen in Providence Visitor.

"Thank you, father," said James. Then, thinking that his father would like to be left to himself, he went into the dining room where his mother was setting the breakfast table.

"Here's a New Year's present for you, mamma," he said cheerily.

"Thank God!" said the mother, as she glanced at the card her son handed her.

And during that year the whole family had occasion to thank God, for never once did the father break that pledge.

What other lad can give his mother a similar present?—Youth's Temperance Banner.

"But—but it is signed already," gasped Mr. Gill.

"Yes, when I was a little shaver you gave me that one New Year's and asked me to sign it and told me what a dreadful thing liquor is, and I don't see but that there is room on it for two names. Now sign yours, won't you please, father? Think how much it will mean to mother if you do."

Mr. Gill said nothing. He could not have spoken if he had wished to. He reached to the middle of the table for pen and ink, and signed the card and handed it to his son.

"Thank you, father," said James. Then, thinking that his father would like to be left to himself, he went into the dining room where his mother was setting the breakfast table.

"Here's a New Year's present for you, mamma," he said cheerily.

"Thank God!" said the mother, as she glanced at the card her son handed her.

And during that year the whole family had occasion to thank God, for never once did the father break that pledge.

What other lad can give his mother a similar present?—Youth's Temperance Banner.

"But—but it is signed already," gasped Mr. Gill.

"Yes, when I was a little shaver you gave me that one New Year's and asked me to sign it and told me what a dreadful thing liquor is, and I don't see but that there is room on it for two names. Now sign yours, won't you please, father? Think how much it will mean to mother if you do."

Mr. Gill said nothing. He could not have spoken if he had wished to. He reached to the middle of the table for pen and ink, and signed the card and handed it to his son.

"Thank you, father," said James. Then, thinking that his father would like to be left to himself, he went into the dining room where his mother was setting the breakfast table.

"Here's a New Year's present for you, mamma," he said cheerily.

"Thank God!" said the mother, as she glanced at the card her son handed her.

And during that year the whole family had occasion to thank God, for never once did the father break that pledge.

What other lad can give his mother a similar present?—Youth's Temperance Banner.

"But—but it is signed already," gasped Mr. Gill.

"Yes, when I was a little shaver you gave me that one New Year's and asked me to sign it and told me what a dreadful thing liquor is, and I don't see but that there is room on it for two names. Now sign yours, won't you please, father? Think how much it will mean to mother if you do."

Mr. Gill said nothing. He could not have spoken if he had wished to. He reached to the middle of the table for pen and ink, and signed the card and handed it to his son.

"Thank you, father," said James. Then, thinking that his father would like to be left to himself, he went into the dining room where his mother was setting the breakfast table.

"Here's a New Year's present for you, mamma," he said cheerily.

"Thank God!" said the mother, as she glanced at the card her son handed her.

And during that year the whole family had occasion to thank God, for never once did the father break that pledge.

What other lad can give his mother a similar present?—Youth's Temperance Banner.

"But—but it is signed already," gasped Mr. Gill.

"Yes, when I was a little shaver you gave me that one New Year's and asked me to sign it and told me what a dreadful thing liquor is, and I don't see but that there is room on it for two names. Now sign yours, won't you please, father? Think how much it will mean to mother if you do."

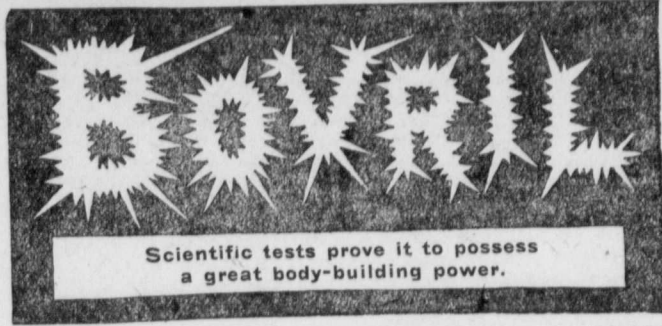
Mr. Gill said nothing. He could not have spoken if he had wished to. He reached to the middle of the table for pen and ink, and signed the card and handed it to his son.

"Thank you, father," said James. Then, thinking that his father would like to be left to himself, he went into the dining room where his mother was setting the breakfast table.

"Here's a New Year's present for you, mamma," he said cheerily.

"Thank God!" said the mother, as she glanced at the card her son handed her.

And during that year the whole family had occasion to thank God, for never once did the father break that pledge.



apostrophized the flag, but I have never read or heard anything that entered the soul so intensely as did that unlettered Irishman's eulogy of it. A smile broke on his face as he exclaimed:

"There ye are, darlin', at the top, an' there ye'll stay 'til ye float on-challenged from Maine to the Gulf of Mexico! I loved ye before I ever saw ye on yer own sile; I've prayed for ye an' I've fought fer ye; an' now they tell me I must die fer yer final triumph, but it isn't God's will. I hope He'll let me look down from above, and see it when the time comes. God bless ye! Good-by, old flag! good-by!"

Then with a sob he turned to the priest, who sat listening, intently, and said:

"Ye'll write to her, father. Break the news gently. Sore'll be her heart when she finds that Pat will come back no more to Biddy an' the b'ys. Tell her fer me to bring the b'ys up so that they'll be men an' patriots an' stand fer the flag even unto the death, as their father has."

There flashed across my mind the memory of how near akin were the thoughts of Pat and of the Michigan man who died near to me that first night on the floor of the Van Pelt farmhouse. When Pat had finished his message to his wife, in a softer tone he said:

"An' now, father, fer me soul's salvation."

When I awoke the next morning Pat's bed was empty. Some time during the night his soul had gone to God.

Vanity is a blight that injures many reputations.

Ridicule is the argument to which the dishonest and the ignorant generally have recourse.

There is no regular road to discovery. One must make one's own path. Those who follow a beaten trail will never discover anything that has not already been discovered.

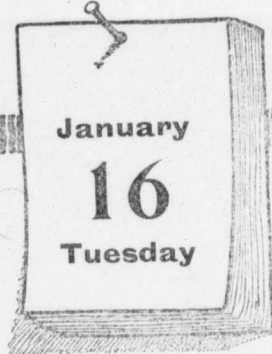
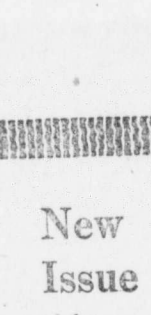
Cleanliness is Next to No Work

WITH A BIG BEN ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANER



The Big Ben is a real investment in any home, church, or institution where electricity is available. Sweeping and dusting only shift dirt from one place to another, and they are laborious work at that. The big 5' fan of the Big Ben, operated by a powerful Horizontal engine gathers up all dirt from carpets, draperies, under furniture, behind radiators, under pews in the church — it saves hours of work and cleans THOROUGHLY. You will be interested in the moderate price. Write today for full particulars.

Clements Manufacturing Co. 78 Duchess St., Toronto LIMITED



Telephone Book.



Copy for the next Telephone Directory closes on the above date!
Order your telephone now, so that your name will be in the new issue!
Report changes required to our Local Manager to-day.

The Bell Telephone Co. of Canada.



To Quickly Relieve Soreness and Inflammation

Put in a few drops of Absorbine, Jr. It is surprising how promptly it penetrates and acts—how clean and pleasant it is to use and how economical, because only a few drops are required to do the work.

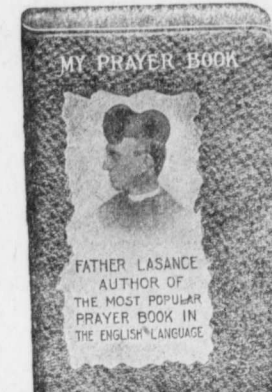
In addition to being a dependable liniment, Absorbine, Jr., is a safe, powerful, trustworthy antiseptic and germicide, which doubles its efficiency and its uses.

When applied to cuts, bruises, and sores, it kills the germs, makes the wound aseptically clean, and promotes rapid, healthy healing. It allays pain and inflammation promptly. Swollen glands, painful varicose veins, warts, and bursal enlargements yield readily to the application of Absorbine, Jr.

Absorbine, Jr., is sold by leading druggists at \$1.00 and \$2.00 a bottle or sent direct postpaid.

Liberal trial bottle postpaid for 10c. in stamps. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 299 Lyman Bldg., Montreal, Can.

The Catholic Record's SPECIAL Combination Offer



'My Prayer Book'

The Most Popular Prayer Book in the English Language

With a Rolled Gold Chain Rosary

AND

Rolled Gold Scapular Medal

ALL FOR \$3

Prayer Book in leather binding (American Seal) gold edges. Rosary—has solid rolled gold chain, with imitation stones—Garnet, Amethyst, Topaz, Crystal, emerald, Sapphire, Opal, Jet.

If you wish to have the articles sent to different addresses you may do so. In that case, please write out your order on a separate sheet, but attach this advertisement to it.

Use This Form in Ordering THE CATHOLIC RECORD

I wish to take advantage of your Special Combination Offer, and enclose \$3, for which please send me, prepaid, Father Lasance's 'My Prayer Book' and Rolled Gold Rosary, with whether you wish Garnet, Amethyst, etc.) And the Rolled Gold Scapular Medal.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....

STATE.....

COUNTRY.....

TELEPHONE.....

POSTAL CODE.....

DATE.....

SIGNATURE.....

PRINTED NAME.....

AGE.....

OCCUPATION.....

RELIGION.....

EDUCATION.....

Marital Status.....

Number of Children.....

Religious Observance.....

Other Remarks.....

Consolidated Fur Corporation

DEPT. 34 168 King St. East, TORONTO

168 King St. East, TORONTO

168 King St. East, TORONTO