

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON  
FIFTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER  
PENTECOST

A MESSAGE FROM THE OTHER LIFE  
"And he that was dead sat up and began to speak." Luke viii 12

To-day's Gospel contains some important points for our consideration. It reminds us of death and of the omnipotence of God which brought the young man back to life. This Gospel relates that the dead man was the only son of a widow mother. Great therefore must have been the sadness of the mother when her son was carried to his grave, for he had been her only consolation and support. And great in proportion her joy when Jesus called her son back to life. When Christ said: "Young man, I say to thee arise," the youth arose and began to speak, and we as ourselves what can he have spoken of? People traveling to foreign countries to view the land and to study the habits and customs of the people relate upon their return what they have seen and heard. Death means the journey into a mysterious land, where we shall find many wondrous and awful things, which we would be anxious to relate, were we ever permitted to return. The young man of Naim had indeed this land, which he began to speak after Christ had restored him to his mother, he no doubt spoke of the sublime things that he had seen and heard.

If we have never traveled in foreign parts, in tropical countries, for instance, it is impossible to form from description and hearsay alone an adequate idea of their beauty and of the ways of their people. And this is in much greater measure true in regard to the other world. We only know this earth of ours and can not imagine that there is anything more beautiful beyond it. Therefore we are likely to give all our thought to the things of this earth, and have no thoughts for the other world. When the Apostles were told that Our Saviour had risen from the dead, the words seemed to them as idle tales; they did not believe (Luke xxiv, 11). They could not comprehend anything so extraordinary. If we call out to worldly minded people: "Blessed are the poor in spirit for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," the words seem to them as idle tales, their wealth and business affairs occupy their minds, they have no time to think of heaven or of God. The Apostle truly says: "The sensual man perceiveth not these things that are of the spirit of God; for it is foolishness to him and he cannot understand, because it is spiritually examined." (I Cor. ii, 14).

Not troubling their minds about the hereafter, worldly minded people devote their lives to their little temporal affairs, until suddenly they find that this life has an end. And what a terrible end for them. The rich man in the Gospel, when cast into eternal destruction, begged Abraham to send Lazarus to his father's house, to warn his five brothers, that they might be converted. This request was refused. If he had been permitted to return to this earth, most assuredly he would have led a different life. How he must have carried his attachment to worldly things and his neglect of his immortal soul! Alas, too late!

My dear Christians, death is the most positive of all facts. The condition of your soul at the moment of your death decides your fate for all eternity. Is it not advisable for us to act now just as we shall wish at that last moment to have acted during life? If we could ask that young man of Naim as to the sensation that he experienced at his death he would say: "I was possessed of a fear of judgment and hell." If we could ask him what gave him the most concern, he would answer: "The evil that I had committed, the good that I omitted and the precious time that I lost and squandered in worldly affairs; for of all things I had to give account to the Divine Judge."

We shall all, like this young man, die and appear before the judgment seat of God, and we shall be either rewarded or punished; as to the time when death will overtake us, early or late, we do not know. Let us therefore prepare ourselves for death in good time, and let us live in such a manner as we shall wish to have lived in the hour of death. Then we need not fear death; for it will only be a passing from this wretched life into the eternal joys of heaven. Amen.

MEMORIES OF ASSISI

Assisi is a spot which attracts all nations and all creeds. There are many brown-roofed, cobbled-paved old cities with picturesque surroundings in Italy, but there are none so magnetic, none possessing such a special atmosphere of its own as the home of St. Francis, "the most desperate lover of poverty in the Church." Here it is holy ground upon which one treads, and although centuries have elapsed since the drying eyes of the emaciated Friar gazed their last at the glowing tints of an Umurian sunset, his name is still held in veneration—yes, in almost every country in the world. It is true that the evil that men do lives after them, it is also true that the memory of virtue sends forth a perfume which time cannot deaden. Especially in this case with "the poor man of Assisi."

Nature and art have united in adorning this old world spot. Cimabue and his pupil, the shepherd boy of Monaca, have decorated the Church of San Francesco with gorgeous frescoes, and hither looked also the mighty ones of old, the artists of Siena, Perugia and Arezzo, the bearded Fiesole, Gozzoli, Perugino and Raffaele, and thus—says Bona—"was formed in the shadow of the Sanctuary, a truly Christian School, which sought its types of beauty in the heavens or which, when the scene of its subjects lay below, chose the saints of earth as its models."

San Francisco is a veritable treasure house of art, a feast of color, a memorial of the days when they were "giants in the land," but it is somehow lacking in the fascination and sympathetic attraction of the Basilica of Saint Mary of the Angels, where on the second day of August is celebrated with much pomp and solemnity the "festa" of the Por-

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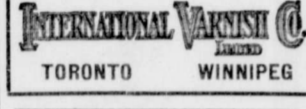
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tioncula. Built during the Proliferate of Liberius (525-537) by four hermits from the Holy Land who placed within it a relic from the tomb of Our Lady, its title of St. Mary of Josophat, after undergoing various transformations, was finally altered to that of Santa Maria degli Angeli, which it bears to-day. It was in the sixth century that it passed into the hands of the Benedictines, and one not easily to be forgotten by those who have been privileged to behold it. Crowds of people of various grades of society and of different nationalities—priests, peasants—are attracted to it. The "little portion" chapel, their lips moving in prayer. There is color, life and movement in the picture, and the gaudy hues of the peasants' shawls and handkerchiefs contrast well with the sober browns of the Franciscan habit, the sable cowl of the Benedictine, and the black and white of the Dominican and the Camaldolese. The weird wailing hymn sung by the pilgrims from the Abruzzi mountains—as they leave the Portuicula in a long procession walking backwards—mingles with the litanies chanted by the shrill voiced Neapolitans. Many of these latter have lately nearly all the way from Naples, with the Portuicula in a long procession walking backwards—mingles with the litanies chanted by the shrill voiced Neapolitans. Many of these latter have lately nearly all the way from Naples, with the Portuicula in a long procession walking backwards—mingles with the litanies chanted by the shrill voiced Neapolitans.

And this is the legend which is told of them: It was a bleak winter's night and the stars looked down upon the fair Umbrian valley and upon the old town of Assisi bathed in silvery moonlight. Everything was still. The Friar in the Convent of the Angels were sleeping calmly—all but one, and in his heart, the troubled heart of the founder of the Order—a storm of fierce temptations was raging and God seemed very far away. Weary at last of fighting against the suggestions of the devil, he rose from his hard couch and going out into the bitter cold at that winter's night, plunged into a thicket of briars which tore and wounded his flesh. "The evil one was conquered, the prickly thorns were miraculously transformed into glowing crimson roses with blood-stained leaves, and a radiance which was brighter than the starshine and eclipsed the moonbeams shone around him as if angels conducted him to the Portuicula.

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chapel where a heavenly vision awaited his ardent gaze. And it is a fact—explain it as you will—that the roses which bloom in this particular spot are entirely without thorns, that the ground leaf is marked with a brownish stain resembling blood.

There is another charming legend connected with roses related of Saint Francis and Saint Clare, and tell the story as it was told to me by the French Superior of the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary—a sympathetic cultivated woman who had seen much and traveled most! Angeli presents an impressive simplicity of heart. One day as Saint Francis and his sister Saint Clare were walking together upon some charitable errand, they paused at a wayside inn for rest and refreshment. In medieval times as well as in the present century, the Italian mind was extremely prone to imagine evil where none existed, and so it happened that some malicious comments were overheard by the Saint of Assisi. His first thought, naturally, was to avoid the faintest shadow of scandal, so he desired Saint Clare to go home alone and by another route, and furthermore informed her that they must not meet again for a very long period.

"But, Father," exclaimed Saint Clare in dismay; "when shall I see you again?" "When the roses bloom in December," answered Saint Francis, and he turned and went their different ways, but presently he heard her call to him, and saw her coming towards him with her scapular filled with perfumed roses. "You see, Father," she remarked triumphantly, "Our Lord does not mean us to part!" And Saint Francis could say no more.

"Ah!" said Mere Veronique, who she had finished the story, "as always like that. Men have so much more human respect than women."

On the feast of the Perdon, the 2nd of August, the Church of Saint Maria degli Angeli presents an impressive sight and one not easily to be forgotten by those who have been privileged to behold it. Crowds of people of various grades of society and of different nationalities—priests, peasants—are attracted to it. The "little portion" chapel, their lips moving in prayer. There is color, life and movement in the picture, and the gaudy hues of the peasants' shawls and handkerchiefs contrast well with the sober browns of the Franciscan habit, the sable cowl of the Benedictine, and the black and white of the Dominican and the Camaldolese. The weird wailing hymn sung by the pilgrims from the Abruzzi mountains—as they leave the Portuicula in a long procession walking backwards—mingles with the litanies chanted by the shrill voiced Neapolitans. Many of these latter have lately nearly all the way from Naples, with the Portuicula in a long procession walking backwards—mingles with the litanies chanted by the shrill voiced Neapolitans.

"THE FAITH OF OLD ENGLAND"—WHAT IT WAS

The Fathers of the Catholic Missionary Society (London) have a motor car fitted up as a chapel and by its means they give missions in parts of the country where there are no Catholic churches and where Catholics are few and scattered. Recently they had a motor and chapel mission at March, in Cambridge, a district abounding in ruins of ancient monasteries, abbeys, cathedrals and other church fabrics.

This fact one of the missionaries, the Redemptorist Father Nicholson made good use of in a lecture (in a hired hall) on "The Faith of Old England," in which he showed that that faith was the Faith of the Kingdom of Heaven. Protestantism nowadays claim that it was and insist that their church—the Protestant Established State Church—is the heir and successor in continuity to the Catholic Church of old England. On the assumption of that being so it would not be easy to understand some history recalled by Father Nicholson. The writings of Venerable Bede (he said) who died Lucien, King of Britain, in the second century brought the Pope to make him a Christian by Act of his Authority, showing that even in those early days the supremacy of the successor of Peter was acknowledged throughout the Christian world and in this island of Great Britain. The arrival of St. Augustine four centuries later, the Apostle of England by command of the Vicar of Christ, Pope Gregory, was a historical fact, which even Protestants had never attempted to deny. As the first Archbishop of Canterbury, he had received his consecration at the hands of the Papal Legate. And since that date, down to the centuries to the so-called Reformation, no Archbishop or Bishop in Great Britain had been consecrated without first making a public and formal acknowledgment of the Successor of Peter as the Head of the Church.

Very awkward facts these for Protestant claimants to "the Faith of old England." That Faith had the Pope at its head and recognized and obeyed his authority. Then Father Nicholson pointed the lesson of the ruins of church buildings throughout England. Even at this day (said he) three hundred years after the establishment of Protestantism as the substitute for the old Faith in this country, what do we find? No land in all God's green earth is richer or more beautiful than this in the evidences of the Faith it once possessed. Look around at the stately cathedrals, the beautiful abbots, the venerable ministers, the moss-covered ruins of old monasteries, what is the lesson they mutely preach? Not a shire in all this broad land but from hillside or dale these broad lanes raise their spires as finger-points to-



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wards heaven. From their towers and bellies the cry goes across valley and hill, proclaiming to those who have ears to hear the grand old story of England's Ancient Faith and her allegiance to her God and His Vicar on the Throne of Peter. Go into your old cathedrals almost within stone's throw of this little town of March. Go to Peterborough, that stately House of God bearing ever the old testimony to the grand Order of Benedictines who covered this land of ours with magnificent temples of God. Lift up your eyes above the desecrated sanctuary to the towered spire in the old stained glass window. There you may see emblazoned on high in imperishable colors the representation of the First of the Apostles and the First Pope, St. Peter himself, grasping the Keys of the Kingdom of Heaven.

The very name of the city of Peterborough, and her municipal coat of arms bears further witness of that same allegiance to the Fisherman of Galilee. Go to Ely, that exquisite monument of another Benedictine architectural skill. At that sanctuary, where the remains of Queen Catharine of Aragon, the first martyr to the tyrant Henry the Eighth, whose lust cost England her old Faith, there you may see the old altar stone where the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up centuries ago when this land was still faithful to the Faith of the Apostles. Look into the Lady-chapel, the most beautiful spot in all that beautiful edifice as the devotion to the Mother of God is most beautifully represented in the Catholic carving. Look at those matchless carvings in stone wherein the monks of old poured forth their piety in the works of art such as this age cannot duplicate, and there is the Faith which the Mother of God is most beautifully represented in the Catholic carving. Look at those matchless carvings in stone wherein the monks of old poured forth their piety in the works of art such as this age cannot duplicate, and there is the Faith which the Mother of God is most beautifully represented in the Catholic carving.

Protestant Modernists

German Protestants seemed to be forgetting their interest in Modernism until the subject was brought home to them painfully this week. One of the most popular and prominent of their Divines in Cologne is Pastor Jatho. He has just been tried for heresy by

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