

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fifth Sunday after Pentecost.

GOOD READING.

"Converse in fear during the time of your journeying here." (1 St. Peter, 1:17.)

Printing as an art has been of such great value to the human race that it may seem to some like an attack upon the liberty of men to say anything against the use of it.

So many books have been written, so much knowledge has been spread abroad by means of them, so many evils and abuses exposed, and so many thousands, indeed hundreds of thousands, of lives made happier because of the printing-press that it deserves a place among the greatest of God's blessings to men.

This we admit, and gladly and heartily thank the Lord for the benefits He has been pleased to bestow upon us through the press. We know it has had, and still has a noble office, and has done and is doing a noble work.

It has uprooted evil and righted wrong; it has advanced knowledge and has given joy to many a heart. And it has done well when it has done these things. It has done well when it has done justice and truth and the living of a good life.

For all these reasons its influence and power are deservedly great, so great that to lightly estimate them or overlook them would be to ignore great factors in human affairs. Nor do we wish, nor do we seek to lessen this influence as long as it is exerted in the cause of what is right; but the press, like many another thing good in itself, has been misused.

It has been made to pander to the grossest vices of man. It has been made to lie, to steal, to be impure. It has been made to teach false religion, false politics, and false morality. At times it has been the worst enemy of mankind; filling men's minds with theories entirely impracticable, or such as, put into effect, would destroy their happiness.

Nor have men hesitated to prostitute its high calling for the sake of furthering personal gain and ambition, or even revenge. The trust and confidence of the public have not infrequently been abused, and error commingled with truth so subtly, and right with wrong, that the public sentiment has been arrayed against truth and justice; for there is an almost unaccountable impression given many people that what they find printed is of necessity true unless it is absolutely proved to be false.

Our care must be, in the light of the facts before us, to distinguish between the good and the bad press. We must beware of the evil sent flying, as it were, upon the air, and hold ourselves aloof from the crowd, when it is being hurried along to ruin by bad advice and by bad principles.

Good books and good papers are doing God's work in the world—as apostles in their way; but those that are bad are working in the interest of the "prince of darkness."

A good press sheds a bright light over the earth—the light of truth; a bad press is like a heavy cloud obscuring the sun. We can have nothing to do with evil; we should hate evil. Let us have nothing to do with bad books and bad papers. Let us neither read them ourselves, nor permit others to read them, when we have authority to prevent them. Let us banish them from our houses; that at least we can do, for there we are supreme. Let us strive also to have them banished from the shops where we deal and from the land wherein we live.

LIKE THE CURSE OF BALAAM.

As a general rule Catholics are more amused than edified by the sensational epithets hurled by such preachers as Sam Jones and Sam Small and men of that class. Clergymen of the kind are on a par with those other gossippers who blow cornets or whistle grand operas or beat bass drums in the pulpit. More and more, nowadays, we realize that our friends must draw a crowd, even if a preacher has to shoot off the hair of his bald-headed parishioners with a revolver.

The Rev. William Sunday, baseball expert, is pretty well known hereabout as a singer of fearful English. They are beginning to know him in Pittsburg, likewise. He has been saying things, and now they're afraid he'll say more. Last week he assailed his brother preachers, and then they declared him unfair because he did not attack the Catholic Church. Probably they hoped he would. If so, like Balaam, who fetched Balaam a long way for the purpose of having him curse Israel, they were grievously disappointed. The Rev. Sunday rose and dropped the following remarks:

"Somebody asked me why I did not attack the Catholic. Not much while we have so much filth and dirt in our own dooryards. It keeps me busy with a muckrake in the yards of the Baptists and the Methodists and the Presbyterians and the Congregationalists. The best friends I have on earth are in the Roman Catholic Church. The Roman Catholic Church has said High Mass over the rotting remains of Unitarianism in the last few years. The Roman Catholic Church is the Church of God and will stand for ages, notwithstanding that the Unitarian church has Harvard College back of it. No sir, you will never see a word against the Roman Catholic Church from me. I will rebuke the sins of its members, but you will not hear a word from me against any church that stands for the word of God and the truth of Jesus Christ. I want you to be Christians. That is all I ask. Go to the priest and confess if you wish. Tell him how mean you have been, and that you will do better. If you are converted at these meetings I will send your name to the priest if you want to join that church."

We fear the Rev. William will have sw names to send, but he's an amusing specimen—very. Evidently he knows the difference between a tomahawk and a tom-tit.—Chicago News World.

PROTESTANT COMPLIMENTS TO THE CHURCH.

Thinking Catholics and especially those who are much in contact with Protestants, should remember some of the compliments that have been paid to the Catholic Church on the occasion of the celebration of the centenary of the foundation of the diocese of New York by those who have not been accustomed in the past to realize her merits. Not one of the great secular newspapers of New York but uttered hearty words of congratulation on that occasion. Very few of them failed to point out that the Church was doing much not only for herself and for her own members, but also, and indeed in a very striking way, for our country and the liberties of our people. It is not so surprising that the secular press supposedly at least unbiased, though we have not always found it so in the past, should have been so ready with its recognition of what the Catholic Church has accomplished. It can scarcely fail to be a surprise, however, when such papers as the Evening Post and the Nation put aside their old-time prejudices in order to pay congratulatory compliments to the Church. When the avowedly Protestant journals, however, as the Independent and the Outlook, papers that in the past have always been very bitter and still persistently misrepresent Catholicism, find themselves compelled, for surely otherwise they would not have printed them, to utter words of praise of the Catholic Church, then it behooves Catholics to note what has been said as a definite recognition of what the Church in over-coming prejudice where even a minimal amount of good will is shown to us.

The Outlook (New York), the week after the celebration, when the full significance of it had been brought home to the editors, expressed itself in a striking way with regard to the present position of the Church in America. In this very editorial the Outlook declares that "it may not be improperly termed a Protestant journal, or if the word Protestant appears to be polemical a modernist journal." It is curious how all the thinking Protestants want to be modernists. They would like to think themselves Catholics. For them there is only one Church. They were getting ready to slip in under the banner of the Church, but now the encyclical on modernism has barred them for the time. In the meantime they cannot refrain from expressing their admiration for that Church toward which they are ready to confess that they are so constantly drifting. Here is what the Outlook said:

But America to-day stands in peculiar need of that contribution which the Roman Catholic Church is peculiarly fitted to furnish. For the chief peril to America is from disorganizing forces and a lawless spirit; not from excessive organization, but from disorder and disorganization. One of the chief lessons Americans need to learn is reverence for constituted authority and willing obedience to law. This lesson the Roman Catholic Church is peculiarly fitted to teach. And within the reach of its influence are those who most need to be taught. That Church is a vast spiritual police force, a protection of society from the reckless apostles of self-will. But it is far more. Wherever it goes it teaches submission to control; and that is the first step toward the habit of self-control in the individual, which is an indispensable condition of self government in the community. Standing as it does on the authority of the individual conscience and the direct relation of every man with God which is the essence of Protestantism, the Outlook congratulates America upon the evidences of spiritual prosperity in the Roman Catholic Church in this country, and it gratefully appreciates the service which that Church is rendering to the community by inculcating the spirit of reverence for law and lawful authority which is the foundation of civil and religious liberty.

Words not to be forgotten, these! —Buffalo Catholic Union and Times.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

"The Dream of Gerontius," by Cardinal Newman, is the Christian poet's study of death and afterwards. Not argumentative, for in the pale shadow of death arguments fall, but filled with the genius of a faith that is stronger than death. The eminent singer follows the soul in its flight from the couch of pain, gives it words to answer the angel greeting, and songs for the choir to sing, as through space the soul of Gerontius sweeps onward to the great white throne for judgment and mercy.

In this very beautiful poem it is Gerontius, the youth of saintly life, lying there on his death bed, feels at last the summons has come—he may not remain—that terrible inward sinking, these pains and that sense of dissolution—falling—falling. "Oh, Jesus, have mercy on me. Mary pray for me."

Then the assistants there around begin their litany of the dying. After that the chant goes on—the prayers of the attendants and the soliloquies of the dying—Gerontius would make his profession of faith, and scarcely is it ended before the shadows deepen, and doubts and strange fears begin to assail him. He begs those around him to pray for light to guide him—for strength to endure and to resist—the chief continues: "From all evil good Lord deliver him."

"From the perils of dying: From any complicity With sin, or denying Onself. At last, Thy servant deliver For once and forever."

And now, worn out with struggle, Gerontius faint would rest, would sleep. And the priest as the face pales, and the pulse throbs dies, and the eyes grow fixed in death, bids, in the language of the ritual, the spirit depart.

"Depart, Christian soul, in the name of the Father, in the name of the Son Who redeemed thee; in the name of the Holy Spirit Who dwells in thee. May thy place be in peace and dwelling with the holy ones of Zion." And now the work is over: the day is done.

Gerontius sleeps; but that sleep for him is short lived. He awakes refreshed; there is light and freedom all around him; a strange freedom. He would cry out, but can not. He hears the whispers, "He is gone," and so he wonders: "Am I alive or dead?" Not dead, surely; for still there is within him the power of thought continuous. Yet it is not the life that was; but somehow a life where all is changed save in its inward essence.

WORLD BEGINS TO REVEAL.

The world, he finds begins to recede from him, and the strange rushing motion, as if with wings of light. Light and life and music fill the air and angel voices are heard by him calling him home.

The angel that guarded his life sings for him. Of the work that is over, and the task that is for home returning the crown is won.

Henceforth it is the soul of Gerontius listening to the angel's recital of man's first disobedience, and through Christ of his redemption with its consequent duties and hopes.

And here occurs the interesting plea of the soul: "Why wait so long? It appears as if years had elapsed, and yet we have not reached the Father." But the angel reminds him he has scarcely started yet; the prayer of the priest is not yet ended. If he would but listen he still may hear the whisper of those who, down there, lament his departure.

So onward through choir angelic the soul is borne, while each greets him with celestial music, until at last the home judgment is reached.

Now the angel sings of the soul's approaching agony, toils of the period of purification; how the soul, as it is ushered into the Great Presence, will see how the stains of sin become magnified in the wonderful light that there will be set in contrast. And onward, beyond door and lintel, into the presence of the divinity.

Here the angel again recites the soul's endeavor to come to the blessed Saviour—the momentary delay, the longing and yet the necessity of waiting until it would be purified from all stain of sin.

Then the chant of the souls in purgatory, whither the soul has gone, and the tender parting of the angel: Farewell but not forever, brother dear; thy brave and patient soul bid of sorrow. Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here. And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

SYMPHONY OF CELESTIAL SONG.

Cardinal Newman gives us in this poem a symphony of celestial song, wherein are blended the voices of men made holy, the voices of men made sad, whose refrain is taken up by the angels of God and by them borne beyond the stars.

It is a psalm of life's setting and the soul's awaiting to that other life which is endless.

It is a golden rosary of prayer, binding man in his life's last struggle in all his weakness to the throne of power and mercy and peace.

It is the song of the harvest home of eternity, where the sower of infinite seed gathers in his harvest of souls.

It tears from death its victory and gives it glory to him who for himself and for all his children has conquered death and the grave and gives us life forevermore.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

CARDINAL'S FAREWELL.

LEAVES A MESSAGE IN WHICH HE ISSUES WORDS OF WARNING.

Cardinal Logue, who spent five of the most eventful weeks of his life in this world, sailed last Saturday for Ireland. Before he went on board he gave out a farewell address to the American people in which he pointed out what he considered the two greatest perils in the United States, over prosperity and divorce. This is what the Cardinal wrote:

In saying farewell to America, I desire to express my deepest sense of gratitude to the people of this mighty nation for the magnificent reception I have received everywhere and from everybody I had the pleasure of meeting, not only from those of my own race and faith, but also from representatives of nearly every nationality and many different religious beliefs.

States is a great and crying evil, full of danger.

The greatness of any country must be measured by the strength and purity of the home. Divorce disrupts the home and desecrates its sanctity. I feel that the American people appreciate the beneficent influence of the Catholic Church in its fight for the home, in which the first lessons of respect for authority and the necessity of obedience must be learned; and these lessons cannot be instilled into the mind of the child if the home be not what it ought to be.

Among the mementoes of my visit I am taking back with me a beautiful American flag presented to me some few evenings ago. I prize it most highly, both for its intrinsic beauty and for what it has represented and does represent to the people of my race and faith. They found under its starry folds sanctuary from oppression and advantages of happiness denied them at home. May the stars and stripes be true to its past glorious history and never be unfurled in an unjust cause, but ever remain the flag without a stain.—Buffalo Union and Times.

THE ANGELUS.

A traveller in Europe writes thus: I know nothing that saddens me more than to return to our own country after having been a little while in Belgium or Tyrol. There the poor people seem to wonderfully live in the presence of God.

If you were to go through a Tyrolean village at 6 o'clock in the evening you would hear from every cottage a hum like that of a hive of bees; every one, father, mother, children and servants, saying their prayers. It is much the same at noon, only then many of the people are out of doors, in the fields or in their gardens. The church bell rings at 12, and the mothers put down their saythes, and take off their caps, and fold their hands in prayer for about a minute, and then go on with their work.

One market day at Innsbruck I was dining, and there were a party of farmers at another table having their dinner. The church bell rang the Angelus. They all rose up and standing reverently, the eldest man in the party began the prayer and the rest responded. And the women shopping were standing still in the market, and those at the booths selling, stood also with folded hands, and the men had their hats off, and instead of the buzz of bargaining, rose the murmur of prayer from all that great throng.—St. Anthony's Monthly.

BLESSES INDIAN CHIEF AND TRIBE.

His Holiness Pope Pius X., has recently imparted through Very Rev. Joseph Soutergath of Columbus, the Apostolic Benediction to the Chief and members of an Indian tribe in British Columbia. A mission has been established among the Indians at Nootka, B. C. and Rev. Father Stern, a former pupil and graduate of the Josephinum, is in charge of it.

On the occasion of the Peter's Pence collection by the Walsensford, the Indians of this mission, voluntarily made a subscription among themselves and gave it to their beloved pastor, Father Stern, with the request that it will be forwarded with the rest to the Holy Father at Rome. Dr Soentgen on the occasion of his recent audience with the Pope, made a special presentation of this small offering from the faithful red men of far away British Columbia. The Holy Father expressed his pleasure at this proof of their generosity and then imparted in his own handwriting to the Indian chief and his tribe, the Apostolic Benediction.

Father Stern's mission in British Columbia is an arduous labor, but he is meeting with much success, and this welcome incident will give him and his charges renewed encouragement and inspiration.—Catholic Columbian.

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

A kind word, an encouraging word is not much, but it means a great deal. It has saved many a soul from defeat. It has strengthened many a heart made weak by long vigil and constant striving. Let us not be negligent with the encouraging word to those who, we know, are doing their best in God's service. Their place may be humble and obscure; all the more reason why they may grow discouraged and disheartened, all the more reason why they need a word of cheer and appreciation will be grateful to them. It is for the good of the cause that such cheer be given.

It is God's interests that are served by such words of encouragement. The Rev. John Talbot Smith, L.H. D., in a recent sermon said something in this connection the truth of which is apparent. He said:

LOOK FOR THE LINKS

Only The Genuine "1900 Gravity" Washer Has Them



Examine the Links in the illustration, then you have the REASON WHY the 1900 Gravity Washer is the easiest running Washer on the Market. Now no other machine can have these Links as they are fully protected by my own patent, nor is there any other device as efficient. Just a little power from your hand to give the machine a start and the links do the rest.

YOU CAN TRY IT FREE. I will send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer to your home ABSOLUTELY FREE—not only that, but will pay the freight also. Write me at once—today—for full particulars of this remarkable offer. Cut out this Coupon and Mail Today.

A Few Facts Worth Considering: You are getting older every day and a Policy of Life Insurance will cost you less now than at any future time. The policy which you intend to take later on is not protecting your family now, and death often comes when least expected. Life does not improve with age, you may be insurable now, but may not be so next week. The financial position of the North American Life is unexcelled, affording the best security for policy-holders. It will be to your advantage to procure a policy at once from The North American Life Assurance Company "Solid as the Continent" HOME OFFICE - - - TORONTO

Standard Catholic Literature Father Sheehan's Works Geoffrey Austin \$ 1.25 Triumph of Failure 1.50 My New Curate 1.50 Luke Delmege 1.50 Glenanaar 1.50 Father John Talbot Smith's Works Brother Aarais \$ 1.25 A Woman of Culture 1.25 Saranac 1.25 His Honor the Mayor 1.25 The Art of Disappearing 1.25 Catholic Record, London, Canada

One Year's Growth The strength of a bank is tested by its ability to successfully weather financial storms. The strength of a Life Company is tested by its ability to grow in "hard times." Last year the New Business of

The Mutual Life OF CANADA. amounted to \$7,081,402—a gain over 1906 of \$1,577,855 bringing up the total insurance in force to \$51,091,818—a gain over 1906 of \$4,170,140, and yet the operating expenses were just about the same as last year. The Company also made substantial gains over 1906—in Assets, \$1,271,255; in Reserves, \$906,221; in Income \$171,147 and in surplus \$300,341.

London Mutual Fire INSURANCE CO. OF CANADA. ESTABLISHED 1859 Assets \$247,410 88 Liabilities (including re-insurance) Reserve \$31,000 250 236,410 63 Surplus 11,000 250 Security for Policy holders 862,000 90

KYRIALE sen Ordinarium Missae. Ad Exemplar Editionis Vaticanae Concinnatum Cantum Gregorianum Transcript et Modulationibus Ornavit Julius Bas Ad Norman Ediditibus Rhythmicis et Solismenstibus monachis Exaratibus Price \$2.50 The Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA

MENEELY & CO. WATERLOO, ONT. (West Trust) The Old Reliable CHURCH, MENEELY, Foundry, CHIME, SCHOOL BELLS Established nearly 100 years ago. & OTHER