ERV. F. P. HICKEY, O. S. B. TENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

ENEMIES OF THE CHURCH: THE

The arch-enemy of the Church and of the souls of men, my dear breth-ren, is the devil. He is the instiga-tor, whereby the world is full of wickedness and turns against God : the cause of that fall, the result of which is the flesh lusteth against the spirit.

The greatest mistake in warfare is to undervalue, to hold your enemy too cheaply. To have any chance of escaping the wiles of the devil we must study and realize the depth of his malice, his craft, his powers, and how he even manages to make men do his work for him. In the struggle for heaven leave nothing to hance; study your enemy, watch tis stratagems, calculate his his etrength, and plan how to avoid de-

Lord. The evil spirit was cast out devil" of heaven for pride and disobedi-warne ence; and it is another hell to him to see men restored to the favour of God, and his own former glorious position in heaven occupied by them. He hates our Holy Redeemer, and he endeavours to ruin our souls to spite Him. He gloats over the waste of the sufferings of our Lord, the shedthe mercy of God, powerless to save wilful, obstinate sinners. So when ding of His Precious Blood in vain, the mercy of God, powerless to save

knows no bounds.

But he can dissemble. His craft is more to be feared than his power. If our souls felt the breath hatred and malignity, we should draw back terrified, and seek pro-tection from our Lord. But instead, he lays our allurements, pleasures, for the souls of men since Creation he should be clever, and, alas! he is. We are only children in his hands children, fond and foolish, and easily

duped.
And his powers are far beyond ours. He is a spirit. He knows no weariness, never relaxes; his knowledge and his experience are masterchained up, to a certain degree, since the coming of our Lord. If we keep far from him, we are safe. If we We have been careless, venthe enemy of our good God.

the souls of men? To mention a

Those who indulge in bad talk, who sully the innocence of young souls, and corrupt them by foul and immodest conversation, lewd jokes and songs. And where is the workroom, shop or yard where men-yea, and women-are not found doing

Those, again, who pass from hand to hand bad books and pictures, teaching wickedness in its most degrading forms. And what about those who write or sell such books? Knowledge is a good thing, and reading too, but not impure knowledge and reading. In the Apocalypse of St. John we read of the woman "having a golden cup in her hand"—that is, education—but, alas! it was "full of abomination and (Was "full of abomination") of abomination and filthiness." (Apoc. xvii. 4.) Foul talk, bad books, are the devil's agents.

But there are some who, as St. Paul says, "give place to the devil" worse than this. They bring him into the home, they let him live amongst their children, and only into the home, they let him live amongst their children, and only laugh when they learn his ways and wickedness. Bad parents, remember our Lord's words; you will do so for ever, unless you do so now and repert. "But he that shall scandalize one of these little ones that believe in Me, it were better for him that a millstone should be hanged about his neck, and that he should be drowned in the depth of the sea." (Matt. xviii. 6.) Bad parents, who teach their children evil by evil talk, drunkenness, quarrelling, neglecting Mass, despising the laws of the Church, talking against the priest—what are they but the murderers of those very souls which God has given to their keeping to bring up

FIVE MINUTE SERMON and save? In very truth, are they Christian teaching. With the Hun not the friends and tools of the at the gate in good earnest now, she devil? No man likes to be made a tool of for another man's gain and end. The devil's taunts will not cease for all eternity, when once these dupes, these tools, have lost their own souls, and perhaps ruined

their children.
We see, then, the enemy; the reason why he hates us with so much malice; his craft, his powers; the depth of degradation to which he drags us, making us his tools, making us ruin ourselves and the souls of

those most dear to us.
Seeing all this, let us be on our guard and resist the evil one. sist the devil, and he will fly from you," says St. James (iv. 7.) Prayer is the weapon. "Our help is in the Name of the Lord." (Ps. cxxiii. 8) is the weapon.

"That you may be able to stand against the deceits of the devil . . by all prayer and supplication, pray ing at all times." (Ephes. vi. 11, 18.

My dear brethren, no half-hearted resistance will do. It is not a matter of compromise or give-and-take. The devil means our ruin, in order goeth about seeking whom he may devour, whom resist ye, strong in faith." (I Pet. v. 8.) devil to dishonour Jesus Christ, and he e may will never be content with less. It "Brethren, be strengthened in the Lord and in the Why should the devil hate us, and might of His power: put you on the seek to ruin our souls? Out of armour of God. that you may be able intred and spite to Jesus Christ our to stand against the deceits of the devil" (ut supra.) Our Lord has warned us "Satan hath desired to

DRAWING DOWN VENGEANCE

The infidels of France have don

we repent, when we try our best to keep good, his malice against us knows no bounds.

up to this moment. The legislation passed to make the war orphans wards of the State, and to exclude Christianity from their education was a direct slap at God's face. Behind our defeats and humiliations in this War there are causes which hardly anyone in the world but the Pope has had the light to see or the courage to name. God has often octore our path. We do not see the viper amongst the flowers! He is the father of lies; he is subtle to a degree far beyond our page interest. which they have forgotten Him. What has the world adored, these fifty years since the last important European war? God? No, but the works of men's own hands; and the works of their own hands are crush-We need not speak of the sins of the world. Those sins are myriad. Think of the sins of London, Berlin, ful. But, thank God! his powers have been curtailed, and he has been that would reach around the Earth. Does God take no notice? Popular opinion, outside the Catholic Church. venture near, we shall be caught in his snares, or fascinated by his wiles. So, if we fall into sin and lead a wicked life, we cannot plead petted children; and that when they wiles. So, if we fall into sin and lead a wicked life, we cannot plead as an excuse, that it is all the devil's die, they will go, if they go any-doing. We have been careless, ven where, straight into His loving arms; turesome, curious, or disobedient, or else we should not have fallen. We have not been afraid of him; we have not have have not h have not been afraid of him; we have not hated him as we should— gives all and asks nothing; Who has he enemy of our good God.
Surely no one can be friends with favor; that He is all love and no the devil! No one would own that anger; that He is all forgiveness and much, but many by their lives show no punishment; that He is all mercy much, but many by their lives show no punishment; that He is all mercy they certainly are not at warfare with him. They let themselves be decayed by him as Fradid What he the Catholic Church with him. They let themselves be deceived by him, as Eve did. They what he thinks, and this is about the mothers, doing?" This was in the average answer you will get. The control of the average answer you will get. The control of the average answer you will get. The control of the mothers, doing? This was in the average answer you will get. The control of the mothers, doing? This was in the average answer you will get. The control of the mothers and, above all, what he thinks, and this is about the mothers, doing? This was in the average answer you will get. The control of the mothers, doing? This was in the average answer you will get. The control of the mothers and above all, what he thinks, and this is about the mothers, doing? This was in the average answer you will get. The control of go about doing his work. Many a has finished by cutting out hell. man will resent this. But it is true, Why not? There is no more logic man will resent this. But it is true, my dear brethren. The devil has an army of workers, besides the evil spirits, that were banished with him spirits, that w Who, then, are the workers—the thing to an unperdocable in God. They the doctors with the doctors with the doctors. co-operators with the devil? Who are his secret assassins, murdering the hardest sin to commit without not help them any to have their the hardest sin to commit without wilful fault; for there is in every man born some glimmer of the truth of God's existence. Now amongst European infidels, freethinkers, non-Church going Englishmers, non-Church going Englishmen; the masonic or Socialistic Frenchman; the multitudes in the Empire and in the allied countries and elsewhere in ing young women in places where Europe, and in North America who they should not be unless accompanhave fed on the poison of infidelity; amongst these there is a rotten and poisonous philosophy which dares to suggest that there is no God; and dares to frame laws and to rule at for our old-fashioned notions in suggesting that mother or Aunt dares to frame laws and to rule Mary should accompany girls in the States as though they had established the truth of that devil's proposition. Either God cares about this: or He does not. If He does not; if that is merely in His eyes, some more playful gamboling of His children whom He means to forgive whatever they do, then, of course, Benedict XV. is a and that is good for them. It is dreamer when He asks the world to give God His place as the essential of empty-headed busybodies who condition for peace, present and future peace. But if He does care, minute they have, nor does it help then He may permit Germany to be them to have young women follow-to the Allies what Babylon was to the Jews, He did not love Babylon uine, though misguided, desire to

at the gate in good earnest now, she turns her face still unrepentant and unashamed in defiance to her God.—

HEAVEN WITHIN

Did you ever notice those heavy fogs that cover land and sea during the days of April and May? When it snows and rains alternately, and it netimes looks as though half the night still hung in midair at noon? We look up with a sigh and a long-ing for better days, and we wonder whether God Himself is hesitating or has forgotten about sending us another Spring. Cold and dreary winter days just poke and drag along, like an evil tongued or foul-mouthed visitor. visitor, who prolongs the unwelcome call for hours beyond the limit. Such things might provoke and disgust even the more human saints Of course, those who are phlegmatic enough would hardly permit them-selves to be disturbed by such a thing as bad weather, but these will miss the keen sense of joy which the livelier temperaments feel, when a strong wind turns up suddenly, and drives away the heavy clouds and dismal fogs.

What a pleasure and joy enlivens

our very beings when things bright-en up and a clear blue sky begins to smile at us. How the warm spring sun transfigures the hilltops and floods the valleys with light and cheer; our hearts beat faster and we feel as though new life were coursing through our veins.

The little blades of grass lift up their drooping heads and dry their tears; the buds begin to swell on tree and shrub; a fresh perfume permeates the air, and everything seems to be in a hurry to make up for lost time. All Nature is one vast, immense temple in which countless angels are running to and fro, decorating whatever they lay hands on, in pre-paration for the Lord's great holiday

that we call Spring. So much for the outside. Something similar, but far grander, takes place within; when a frozen, sin-laden heart begins to thaw and new life unfurls its tender shoots. What a sight the very rosy dawn of spring-time in the heart of a converted sinner must be. No wonder that even the angels rejoice at the sight of such change. There's the ever welcome and prayed for return of a fam-ished prodigal to the wealth and joy of his Father's mansions; there are the biting frosts and festering sores soothed and healed by the love of a Brother, whose heart he broke on Calvary; there's the gloom of lowering clouds and heavy mists, dis-persed by the gentle breathings of a Spirit that fill the deepst depths of heart and soul with heavenly peace and gladness!

That inspired exclamation of St. Augustine, in which he proclaims and portrays the peace he found, is the life story of every heart-

Thou hast created us, O Lord, for And restless is the heart, until it

A VITAL QUESTION

pectator, London, wanted to know What are the fathers and, above all, where they would encounter men in

to incite young girls to write to the boys in service to "adopt" them and to "mother" them that it is not surprising to find even ordinarily retiring young women in places where Two of the twenty-eight said they

ied by a chaperon.

We run the risk of being laughed Mary should accompany girls in the teens even if they are truly calling Lord is making the Blessed Sacra to see their brothers or cousins. The public does not know of the re-lationship and is not inclined to be

The boys in uniform deserve everything that can be done for them

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according to his wont before the war. As to the chair. Perhaps it is as well not to investigate that charge.

But, to return to The Spectator's young girls doing, to allow their daughters to frequent the gathering places of soldiers and sailors? The War is forcing us to go back to some good old practises; thrift has returned to the home and discipline is being restored to its former place in the family life. There could be no more salutary use of it than to restrain the wandering feet and fancies of misses in their teens who are perilously ignorant of the distinction between the use and abuse of liberty.—Sacred Heart Review.

AN IRISH MOTHER'S HEART

There is beauty in her mountains and a charm in Erin's hills. A glory in her inland lakes, a music But your inlaid lake and mountain

your charm can ne'er impart An image of the beauty in an Irish mother's heart.

I've heard your thrushes singing 'neath the whitened hawthorn

And the Shannon's joyous music rolling onward to the sea, But a sweeter singing haunts me as I sit from men apart, Tis the love song of my childhood from an Irish mother's heart. What seek ye, sons of Erin, roving

sadly o'er the earth. In the heap of gold that glitters or in stones of priceless worth? Sure you'll never find a jewel in the big world's busy mart

Like the one you left behind you in an Irish mother's heart. -JOSEPH S. HOGAN, S. J.

APPALLING IGNORANCE OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE

An Eastern college professor recently experimented with public school children by presenting to them a picture of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper" for the purpose of finding out how familiar they were with the central figure and personality of Our Lord. Professor Fred Newton Scott discovered an appaling ignorance of religious knowledge

similar experiment with the primary grade of Catholic children at the Cathedral school of New York and gives the following consoling infor-

" Not one child failed to recognize the picture as a representation of Our Lord and His Apostles. Each one pointed out the figure of Christ. were 'eating,' but gave no further explanation. Twenty-six said they were eating the Last Supper. Twenty one said, 'Our Lord is changing the bread and wine into His ment.' Another said 'Our Lord is giving the Apostles Holy Communion.' One boy, aged eight, attempted to quote from memory the words of institution, saying: 'Jesus took bread and gave it to His disciples, and said This is My Body. And then He took he chalice and said, This is My lood. One little girl, aged seven, aid it was a 'picture of the Last Supper on Holy Thursday.' Eight children failed to recognize the Apos-tles individually. Twenty pointed out St. John, and fifteen identified

PILATE, THE PROTOTYPE OF DOUBTERS AND SCOFFERS

Rev. H. C. Hengell in Our Sunday Visitor Nearly nineteen hundred years ago
Jesus Christ, on trial before Pilate,
solemnly proclaimed, "For this came
I into the world: that I should give
testimony to the truth" (John 18, 37)
With a sneer Pilate asked, "What is
truth?" Then he left the country country. truth?" Then he left the court room at once without waiting for the answer.

This scene between Christ and Pilate well typifies the constant conflict between Christianity and doubt. Despite the sarcasm and ridicule of many modern Pilates, Christianity still confronts the world of doubt and bears solemn witness to truth. What The truth about religion, the truth about man's relation to God. The truth about man's origin, fall redemption and supernatural destiny. The truth about his only safe guide, the Catholic Church.

Christianity is the greatest, the mightiest, the most constant phenomenon of European and American history. It is the biggest, the most absorbing idea that has ever con-fronted the human mind. No human theories or systems of philosophy op-posed to Christianity have ever become lasting or popular among active and aggressive peoples and Doing so might start a "drive" for nations. Christ is a bigger fact in chairs as a vital need of the boys. bistory than all the world's systems But, to return to The Spectator's question: "What are the fathers and, above all, the mothers, of those in a stanza of "In Memorian"

"Our little systems have their day, They have their day and cease to be. They are but broken lights of Thee And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.'

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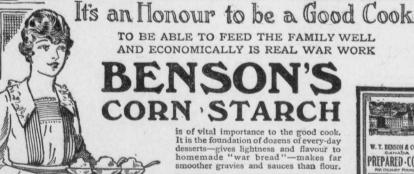


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