

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By REV. N. M. REDMOND
SECOND SUNDAY OF ADVENT

PRIDE AND HUMILITY—THEIR EFFECTS
CONTRASTED

"And blessed is he that shall not be scandalized in me." (Matt. xi, 6.)

Disobedience, the offspring of pride which rose in the heart of the first Adam the moment he consented to the seduction of the serpent, brought God's curse upon the children of men. But humility, the virtue of virtues, which Christ, the second Adam, brought to earth, has for all who will learn it of Him, God's blessing: "Learn of Me, for I am meek and humble of heart." Alas, how many cling to the pride of the first Adam, and are scandalized at the humility of our blessed Saviour! Why should any allow the curse of pride to hang heavily upon them who profess to be followers of the humble Jesus? Humility is the virtue that must necessarily rest beneath all the others which, as Christians, they are bound to practice. Without it in some degree, at least, they can lay no claim to Christian virtue. Its paramount importance then, if we would not have our Christianity to be a failure, must be apparent. But how shall we best conquer that pride which we inherit, which seems almost a part of our nature? How shall we most successfully reach out for that virtue, which of all virtues is the most necessary for our salvation?

The very best way to conquer a vice, it would seem, is to nourish for it a most intense hatred, and the most sure means of success in this, undoubtedly is, to acquire a knowledge of its malignity and consequences. As Christians we should hate all vice, but as pride is truly called the father and king of vice, it behooves us to turn against this monstrous source of all our ills, the whole force of our hatred. "From it all perdition took its beginning." After accomplishing its accursed work in the great ante-chamber of heaven, it blasted all the supernatural good in man. It entailed upon the whole human race, save the mother of God, the two universal curses of sin and of death, together with their concomitant and consequent miseries. Pride is necessarily hateful to God. Neither person nor place diminishes its odiousness in His sight. It is not less odious to Him in man on earth, than it was in Lucifer in the great ante-chamber of heaven. God in His hatred of vice respects not the person nor his location. O man! soul bowed by pride the father of your vices. How must it be with your unfortunate soul? If this accursed vice in the twinkling of an eye, with the rapidity of a lightning flash blasted all the celestial beauty of the rebel angels, changed them into hideous monsters and buried them forever in hell's caverns; if it entailed such untold misery upon the whole human family, what, I ask, must be its effects on your soul? Great God, how hateful in your sight is the soul of the man who is a very slave to pride! "Every proud man is an abomination to the Lord."

If pride sinks a man into the lowest depths of vice, humility carries him to the highest flights of virtue; if pride precipitated the angels from heaven to hell, humility raises men from earth to heaven. O favorite of heaven, life-long companion of our blessed Saviour! What cannot thou not effect in the soul that learns thee from the sacred heart of Him who brought thee to earth! Humility keeps pace with our self-knowledge. O man, know thyself, and thou wilt possess this precious jewel. Ask the spirit of light to assist thee. Then turn over the leaves of the volume of your life, and read of thy numerous sins with their different species and varied gravity, of thy errors, fears, and caprices, of thy anxieties and petty cares. Aim then in vain to count but one good work of supernatural value that of yourself you have ever performed. Oh, dear people, what food for humiliating thought our past lives furnish! Oh that, like so many truly humble souls, we would be ever faithful in its application. Is our present everyday life, when viewed in the light of the Holy Spirit, less humiliating? Do we not every hour give evidence of our great lack of virtue by our numerous defects? Or, if we should be the agents of some good works, are we not so by God's grace? "What have we that we have not received? And if we have received, why do we glory as if we had not received?" Oh, dear people, if we will preserve ourselves from the odious vice of pride, we must keep our eyes wide open to our defects, past and present, and carefully closed to all the seeming, or real good of which we are the agents. We can view as often as we will the good of our neighbor, but never without loss can we rest our thoughts upon that which may be in ourselves. It will be of no little help to frequently contemplate the contrast between our neighbor's good and our defects. The memory of our sins should be the sword with which in the most flattering circumstances we will slay the enemy at sight. The recollection of our most humiliating sins, or deformity, will prove of great value when the temptation is at its highest. If true excellence abides in man; we may safely look for it in those who preserve a Christlike humility in the midst of honors that redound to them, because of rank, position, or talents. To be truly humble in the midst of honors is to

command the dignity of dignities. Never should we forget that the great Master from whom we are to learn true humility is our blessed Saviour, who, to teach us, became little among us. "Yea, as a worm and no man, the reproach of men, and the outcast of the people."

Since, therefore, the malignity and consequences of pride are so much to be dreaded, and humility is so indispensable; since without humility we can have no true virtue, and without virtue we can never enter heaven, does it not become us to make every effort to acquire this virtue? Oh, let the meek and humble Jesus be, henceforth, the model of our lives!

TEMPERANCE

THE SALOON AND WOMAN SUFFRAGE

The woman suffrage movement, for good or for ill, has cleared the cities of the coast of social centers of a very undesirable kind: for prohibition in the States of Oregon and Washington is duly accredited to them. That saloons are social centers, there is no denying. That they had some attractive features is attested by their popularity. That in their long reign they inspired even one of their habitués with a noble thought or aspiration is more than doubtful. They are gone now and the controlling of the sale of liquor is up to the State. It is a big job, but not an impossible one; and with the women, the mothers of boys of the country, to jack up the officers, we may look for the accomplishment of a good work well begun. And it is to the everlasting glory of women that they first move in the political world was to fling the protecting arms of their new and hard-won power around their boys.

In the meantime the saloon is gone with its red lights, and its red curtains, and its wretched, and its free and easy manners, and its drinks that broke down the barriers between strangers and turned the shyness of boys into a delightful bravado, and made the ward-heeler the bosom friend of every man that had a vote. It is gone and its place is being filled in the streets by butcher shops, grocery stores and banks that its departure made possible. But where is the institution to fill up the void made in the social life of its patrons? Perhaps you will answer, "They will now spend their evenings and other spare time at home." But what of the thousands who have no home, and what of the thousands who have cheerless, loveless homes? The public libraries will take a few. The Y. M. C. A. will take a few more, and the different parish societies will also lend their aid but what about the men who can't change their heavy working shoes because they have no others; who can't doff their overalls for the same reason? Marble pillars and tiled floors and floods of electric light are not inviting to them; they must, indeed, forego the social glass, but why must they also forego all the little comforts that went with it? The saloon man furnished them free, a clubroom according to their tastes, while at the same time he collected rich bounty at the bar, for all these accommodations. The Catholic Church has always been alive to the wants of humanity, whether spiritual or corporal, and we may hope to see, as the saloon disappears, small clubs established in public places, unconventional, warm and kindly in atmosphere as it was, but without its deadly poison, its lure to forbidden things, and its atmosphere of intrigue and crime.—Catholic Bulletin, St. Paul.

CATHOLIC FAITH IN MEDIEVAL WALES

Three years ago (says the London Universe) Mr. De Hirsch-Davies, who had until then been an Anglican clergyman in North Wales, was received into the Catholic Church. He had long devoted himself to Welsh historical studies, and had already published a popular history of the Church in Wales, which although written from the Anglican standpoint, was marked throughout with singular fairness and candor. It would seem that, as has been the case with so many original workers in historical research, it was his study of the past that led him to the Catholic Church. Those who were present at the National Catholic Congress held at Cardiff on the eve of the war will remember the remarkable paper which Mr. De Hirsch-Davies read on the Catholic Church in Medieval Wales. It is not too much to say that to all who heard it, it was something like a revelation. From his rich stores of knowledge the writer brought forward an abundance of striking evidence to show that the faith of Wales in the centuries before the Reformation and the religious life of its people were identical with that of the Catholic Church of today. The present work is an expansion of the paper read at Cardiff, and is one of the most valuable contributions which has been made to our Catholic historical literature in recent years. There is probably no other living writer who could have produced it, for Mr. Hirsch-Davies is a perfect master of the Welsh language, and able to deal not merely

with printed, but also with as yet unpublished original materials for Welsh history.

Except to a comparatively few expert students of the subject, the book will have all the interest of the records of a discovery. The old fiction that Celtic Christianity was not Catholic, and the wild theory that the old religion of Wales was a kind of early Puritanism, has long since been rejected by all competent authorities. But it takes some time for the results of scientific historical research to filter down to the general popular knowledge, and the exploded legend of an early Welsh Church which differed from that of the rest of Christendom in doctrine and practice is still to be found repeated in many of our popular histories. The general ignorance and neglect of Welsh history among Englishmen tends to keep the old fable alive. The evidence accumulated in Mr. De Hirsch-Davies' book makes one wonder how it ever found acceptance anywhere.

The sources upon which Mr. De Hirsch-Davies draws are the old Welsh laws and collections of charters, the monastic records, and above all the bardic literature which century after century reflects the life of the people. Of this he tells us: "Welsh bardic literature in particular from the eleventh to the sixteenth century is full to overflowing of the most definite and spontaneous testimony to the religious faith of our forefathers. The Sacrifice of the Mass, the invocation of saints, the doctrine of Purgatory, auricular confession, penance, fasting, the cult of the Blessed Virgin Mary, extreme unction, the supreme authority of the See of Peter—these are the constant and essential elements in the religious as well as the secular poetry of medieval Wales."

Our author, documents in hand, shows us what the Catholic life of old Wales was in pre-Reformation days. He goes beyond the strict limits of his subject (and one is glad that he has done so) in the pages of which he tells how the Welsh people, deprived of priests and sacraments, gradually drifted away from the Church. They absolutely refused to accept the new official Protestantism. They called it the "Saxon religion." One cannot doubt but that if means had been taken to supply priests to the scattered folk of Wales they would have clung to the faith as firmly as their brother Celts of Ireland. The frequent literature of the post-Reformation period is full of laments for the past. In the darkness of the Cromwellian regime a Welsh poet in pathetic verse predicts that the old faith will yet be that of Wales. "We shall have our world happy again," he says.

"The Old Faith will come back again, And Bishops will elevate the Host! When the Holy Catholic Faith is here And the priests in his vestments."

When we hear the music of the Mass, And the Church again in her privilege, Then through the blessed Communion of the saints, Our world will be happy again." Even in this desolate time, Wales had her missionary priests—though all too few—and her martyrs. Far on into the seventeenth century many of the people still clung to the faith of their fathers. It was not till the following century that Protestantism began to make any great progress, and then the revolt against the "Saxon religion" of the State Establishment made the people largely dissenters.

One hopes that Mr. De Hirsch-Davies will give us later on the story of Wales in the days of the penal laws. Meanwhile his work on its earlier history is a most valuable and timely contribution to our propagandist literature. Its first appeal is to Welshmen, showing them that the Catholic faith is the faith of their fathers, the faith they all professed before the "Saxon religion" was invented. But it has even a wider appeal, for indirectly it supplies one more witness against the Anglican fiction of "continuity" and the whole theory of national religions.—St. Paul Bulletin.

CHAPELS?

Webster defines a chapel "a subordinate place of worship." But, it seems, in our over-civilized country words have no more any fixed meaning, or else "ideas are changing." Let us quote two recent instances. In the New York city hall there has been inaugurated a marriage chapel. It is described as a comfortable little room a few feet away from the clerk's office; the room is generously filled with flowers; a heavy red plush carpet covers the floor; the city clerk stands behind a mahogany table and joins the lovers in wedlock—and the "obey" is not mentioned! What sense is there in calling this a chapel, where there is no God, no cross, no priest, no blessing? And see how consistently they are doing what they profess Catholics of. A few months ago, the mayor of that same city of New York rather pompously declared: "We hold that the Government shall not lay its hands on the sacred altar of the Church, and that conversely the Church must not lay its hands on the sacred altar of the Government." In Chicago, at the Northwestern university, in Willard hall, the center of co-ed activity, there is a chapel devoted hitherto to prayer-meetings and gatherings of the Y. W. C. A. In charge of the

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women's division is Dean Mary Ross Potter, who on November 3 made the following startling announcement: "I have had the floors of Willard hall waxed. Hereafter there will be dancing every Friday and Saturday nights for the young women who receive their callers here. A victrola has been installed, and there will be refreshments." "Gee," said one of the co-eds "if the Methodists of the fifties only knew!" But the dean quietly replied: "Dancing in the chapel may sound startling, but you know ideas are changing." That settles it. Poor Webster!—Denver Register.

A TRIBUTE

FROM A NEW METHODIST BISHOP CONCERNING THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Among the new Bishops recently elected by the Methodist General Conference to the episcopacy in that denomination, is Rev. Charles B. Mitchell, whose father was a well-known "circuit-rider" in the early days of Kansas history. Bishop Mitchell, a few days before his elevation to the episcopacy, had this to say concerning the Catholic Church:

"I like the Roman Catholic Church because it stands so immovably in its allegiance to Jesus Christ as very God. None of its leaders ever questioned the Deity of Jesus."

"I also like it because it believes in the religious training of its children, and, at great sacrifice of time and money, does it."

"I like it because it stands for the purity of the home life and the sanctity of the marriage vows. Thank God for that Church's strong and clear protest against the cheap divorce mills which disgrace our American civilization. I honor that Church for what it is doing in the building and maintenance of hospitals and asylums. I honor it for its defence of the Bible, and an almost ready to condone its futile battle against 'Modernism,' for it is so tremendously in earnest to stem the tide of a godless materialism."

"I especially thank God for the stand that Church takes in this land against anarchy on one hand and an impossible Socialism on the other. When I think of the seething masses of foreigners of a certain type in our cities, which we Protestants never produced, and thus at least, have been unable to touch, I thank God for a Christian Church which does touch them, and exerts its potent influence over them in such ways as to keep them from the wild vagaries of the impractical Socialist, and also from the destructive tendencies of the wild-eyed anarchist. I go to sleep every night with a firmer feeling of security, because we have in this city a branch of the Christian Church known as the Roman Catholic Church."—The Missionary.

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Granny's Visits
No. 4

Granny Visits a Church Gathering

Everybody loved Granny.

She was invited to address a social gathering of the Young People's Club at her church.

It was with a smile that she stepped to the platform, carrying a rolled-up flag in her hand.

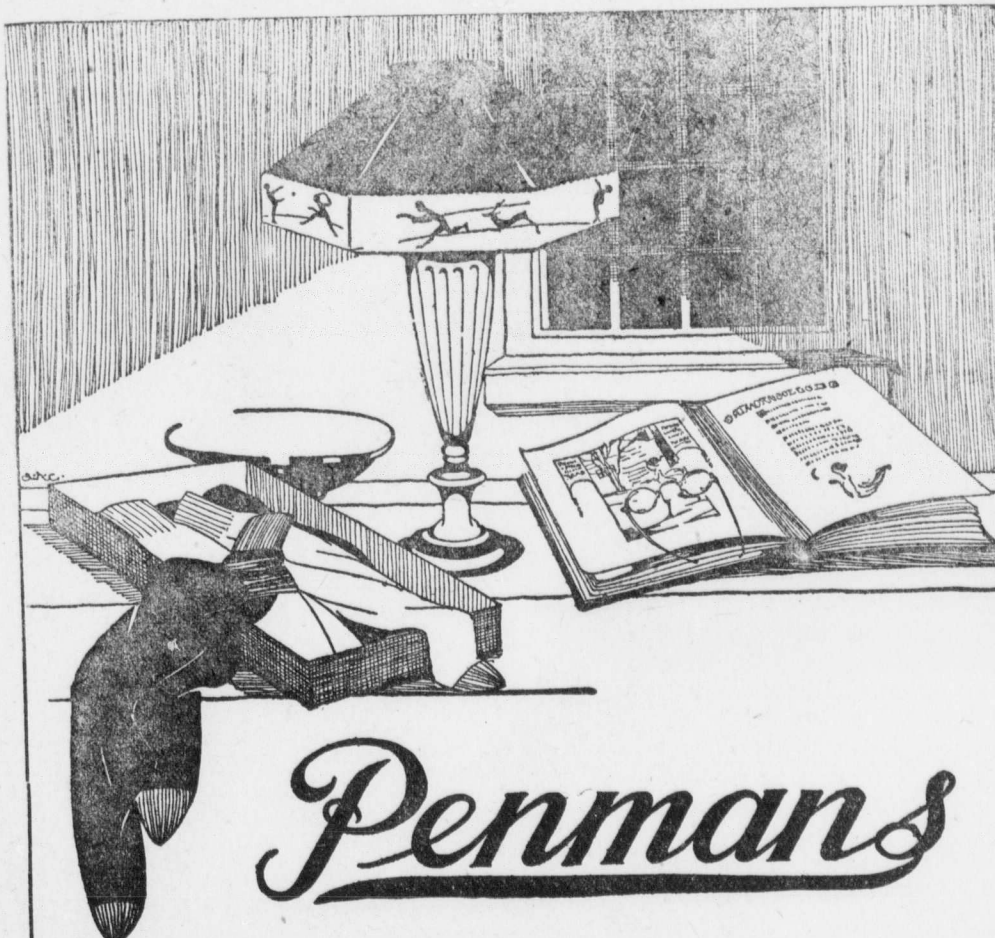
"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen," she said, "I am going to speak to you about home cooking, for that's my favorite topic."

After a short and extremely interesting talk on the advantages of home baking, she concluded by saying: "Boys," smiling on the men before her, "do you want to save, do you want to make it easier for your wives and mothers? Girls," she continued, "do you want to grow in favor with the men, do you want your children to be healthy and strong? You do? Then home baking is the 'first aid.'"

"At some time or other you have all apparently enjoyed my bread and cakes. Now here is the secret of my success," and smilingly she unfurled the flag, showing in large white letters on a red background, "ALWAYS USE HUNT'S DIAMOND FLOUR."

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