

## FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUT, D. D.

## FOURTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

## THE NEEDS OF MAN

"Therefore I say to you, be not solicitous for your life, what you shall eat, nor for your body, what you shall put on." (Matt. vi. 25)

There are two needs to be supplied in man: there is the necessary need and there is the need of taste. The necessary need includes many things. Some of these are mentioned in the text—food to keep life, clothing to cover the body. Many of these needs are absolutely necessary, others are essential but not absolutely so. Again, some of these needs are not necessary, but are the need for air in order to breathe and live; others were brought about by man, such as the need for a certain kind of clothing to use in a particular country or when entering into the presence of certain worldly monarchs.

God recognizes these needs existing in man; and, in the Gospel of this Sunday, mentions the need of some of them. The intention of Our Lord, in these passages of the Gospel, is to teach us to be more solicitous about the welfare of our soul than the care of our body. Christ says that we must "seek first the kingdom of God and His justice and then all things else will be added unto us." He adduces examples to show that God has provided for the needs of man, and will provide for our needs. As an argument from less to greater, He reminds us that the birds of the air are able to live without labor, and that the lilies of the field are clothed in all their beauty by Him. If, therefore, God is so solicitous of these irrational and inanimate things, how much more will He, in this respect, care for rational man when he is principally occupied about the salvation of his soul?

God does not make mention of the need which we have termed "of taste," though we may find a distant allusion made to it when He speaks of the beauty in which the lilies of the field are arrayed—a beauty far surpassing that of Solomon decked in the most beautiful of his robes. We reasonably may say that this need is a creation of man, and, like most of man's creations, has become exaggerated. The Gospel of today seems to offer an open condemnation of this need "of taste" as it exists around us at the present time. Real needs God does not condemn; nay, in His providence He provides for them, or helps us to obtain them. But artificial needs—needs that are ours by nature—He offers no assurance that He will aid us to satisfy. In fact, when these needs are not in conformity with true Christian ideals, they virtually constitute sin.

Now, we are wont to lament the fact that there is so much misery among men; that there is so much dishonesty; that there is so much pretense. It would appear that much of this evil is due to the fact that people are endeavoring to satisfy a need that is not necessary. There are numerous examples around us. How many convicts behind prison bars are there today because they tried to live up to a standard they imagined their position in life demanded, not in righteousness but in material things! In other words, they were living beyond their means. They can not be excused for doing this, for did not this false need lead them to their dishonest acts? But why this need? No lawful reason can be assigned for it. It is a false need created by man, or by a certain class of society to which he belongs.

But, to come down to more simple things in life: What is ordinary society in this country demanding of people today? Are its requirements such as they always can satisfy justly and honestly? Far from it. We need only mention a few. Every season or every half season will bring its new styles. It is practically a necessity that people conform to them. If they fail, we know the result. They are like the guests in the Gospel, who came to the wedding feast not in robes of festive garments, but in like manner society treats those who do not conform to the decrees of fashion. No doubt if many of the modern "palace dwellers" and "chariot drivers" would change the "demands" of society, they would do more good for the suffering part of humanity than they accomplish now, by sitting pompously at meetings directed towards charity, or by driving the most costly of automobiles to the doors of the poor, or by having their names appear as great philanthropists in big headlines of the daily papers. New conditions must be created before humanity will be benefited. Of course, many people, especially charity workers, are in good faith and are doing their best. This we must admit, and we admire them for it. But good faith alone will not change things materially, or really better the condition of mankind.

Some may be inclined to think that these conditions have come about naturally; but this can not be true. God created a world abounding in all things necessary to sustain life, and, while He said there always would be poor, He never intended nor had He any intention of saying, that some were to starve. It is man's duty, and we may venture to say that it is the most efficacious and meritorious way of practicing charity, to create such condi-

tions as will lessen the number of the poor, and will provide for the destitute who still remain. Fortunately, America can offer the world a great example in this respect. It is a fact that within the limits of our great country, practically all who make an effort can be more or less comfortable. But even this struggle for comfort has created many a need, which, if unsatisfied, has caused suffering or, at least, much embarrassment.

The Christian may feel sure that his real needs will, with his co-operation, be provided for by God, if he serves Him properly. Needs other than the real ones, however, man has no assurance he will be able to satisfy. If he tries to keep pace with certain elements in the world, he may succeed or he may not. Often, if he so desires, he may try to provide for the needs of his position; but if he finds that he is unable to do so by lawful means, let him make the sacrifice and take a more humble rank. God will exalt him and will bless him more than if he had kept pace with those of his social class. To strive to satisfy every need in life is a great distraction and draws one from God.

## A MINSTREL'S FATE

Eugene Weate in America

In the face of all that follows hereinafter I wish to record at the outset that I am something of a vocalist. I sing each morning as I shave. True, there have been times when I did not sing in the morning. But, then, neither did I shave. I venture the suggestion that in these prohibition days there are very many folk who neither shave nor sing in the morning following the night before. But, usually, I sing in the morning.

I know a song which I warble occasionally and which is called "Come Back to Erin, Mavourneen." Once, in Ireland, I knew a young lady in the parish of Cloone, in Leitrim, who sailed away to America, "of a bright summer's morning," and I learned the song in her honor. During the War I committed to memory the first and fourth stanzas of the "Star Spangled Banner," and was nearly arrested in Liverpool for persisting in singing in a loud voice the lines about the "tyrant" and the "conquer we must, for our cause it is just." The Liverpool police did not take kindly either to the song or my rendition of it.

I have a number of hymns in my repertoire. I know "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht," the "Dies Irae," "Great and Glorious St. Patrick," and "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." But the one that I like best of all is a hymn which I learned as a lad at school, in Philadelphia:

'Tis the month of our Mother,  
The blessed and beautiful days,  
When our lips and our spirits  
Are glowing with love and with praise.

All hail to dear Mary,  
The Guardian of our way,  
To the fairest of queens  
Be the fairest of seasons, sweet May!

It is to speak of hymns in general and, specifically, of this particular hymn that I now concern myself. My little lad, age six, complains that the hymns he learns from the good nuns at his school are "no good." Master Freddy, who lives down the street, and who attends the local Public school, has learned two or three hymns that are much more attractive to the youngster who is heir to one-sixth of my fame and fortune. The upshot of it all is that, with my approval and the visé of his mother, my lad pleads to take on at the Public school next Monday and get to learn a "lot of hymns that are fine ones."

We have held several conferences in the matter without reaching an agreement. He has been persistent and recently startled me by the rendition of one of the hymns, which, he says, are inferior in quality and tone. I am chagrined and disappointed and heart-broken. But, then, he was never in jail and never sentenced to be shot as a traitor. I was, and thereby hangs a tale.

It was during the Bela Kun regime in Hungary, I was arrested for propaganda, tried by a make-believe military court and sentenced to be shot, all in a period of less than twenty-four hours. I had been friendly with a group of counter-revolutionists who were striving heroically to stave off the frightful menace of Communism that threatened destruction throughout the land of the ancient Magyars. It goes without saying that, when the full realization of my predicament dawned upon me I was a thoroughly discouraged, dejected and disappointed Yankee. On a day yet to be named, along with my friend Kristicz, Baron Perenyi and a few others, I was to stand before a firing squad of the "Lenin Boys" and with never a sound of trumpet or the blare of brass, I, the American progeny of Irish immigrant parents, a Philadelphian by birth, a New Yorker by accent and affection, and a Hungarian patriot by conviction, was to die in the ancient city of Buda. I wish to record here and now that all my fellow prisoners were exceedingly kind to me. I was given to eat of the best they had—fine, old cheese and half-rotten figs which had been smuggled into the jail despite the watchful eyes of a hundred guards. Between the leaves of old books they sent me fine cigarette tobacco; a medal of

our Blessed Lady—the Patroness of all Hungary; a Magyar "Prayer for the Dying" and, strangest of all, a copy of Robert Emmet's "Speech From the Dock." For a long while I wondered about all these things, especially the oration of the great Irish patriot. I did not know then what I know now and so it was that I wondered.

One night, on an opportune occasion, a committee of bright young patriots who were not under sentence to be shot, informed me that I had nothing to fear but "much cause for great joy." They swore with their right hands over their hearts that, come what might, just as soon as things quieted down after my execution, poor as they were, they would erect a monument to my memory in the public park in Budapest directly opposite the statue of George Washington. It was a fine thought, and I am frank to confess that I was comforted. Kristicz growled a bit because no monument had been promised to his memory; but the old Baron waxed eloquent in his description of the great parade, the crowds, the speeches and the music which would mark the day when my monument was to be unveiled. My wife was to be brought over to Budapest from the Bronx for the occasion. She was to occupy the seat of honor on the reviewing stand, "up beside the King," who, by that time, would have been reestablished in his kingly residence on the shores of the dirty-brown Danube.

As day after day came and went and we had no word of our execution, I began to brighten up. Rumors reached us that the Italian Minister had interested himself in our behalf and we took on a new hope. I began to shave again. And then I began to sing. It was early May and the gorgeous sunlight streamed through the little window of our cell and roused us from our sickening dependency. My cell mates were two labor-union officials who were pagans. One day it occurred to me to have them join me in my urgent appeals to the Mother of God for aid. They were good fellows and after I had told them, in my style of German, all about her, I taught them to sing quietly and distinctly:

'Tis the month of our Mother,  
The blessed and beautiful days.

After a week's practice "we had it down pat." Then, we decided that we ought to stand up when addressing the Blessed Virgin, and so, for hours at a time, we stood with our faces toward the window singing this beautiful hymn. Though it is not much to boast about, I think I ought to say in justice to myself that, of the trio, mine was easily the best voice. The others were terrible. But they sang lustily and they meant it, too. A dozen times, we were threatened by the guards with decapitation, but we kept on, unquelled and undaunted.

All hail to dear Mary,  
The Guardian of our way,—  
To the fairest of queens—  
To the fairest of queens—

We had gotten this far early one morning when one of the officers of the jail opened the cell door, called out my name and commanded me to follow him. My cell mates were ordered to remain behind. There was a good deal of excited jabbering in the Hungarian language which, because I did not understand it, filled me with great fear. But, when the guard motioned to me to gather up my belongings, my heart leaped with joy. It was clear that I was not to be executed, at least not immediately, else why take my baggage with me? I was given little opportunity to take leave of my mates. I was rushed to the prison office where I met a gentleman who spoke with a rich Irish accent. He hurriedly directed me to sign certain papers which were spread out on the official's desk. This I did, and in less time than it takes to tell it, I was outside the prison walls, a free man.

I was highly excited and not a little bewildered. I asked a hundred questions to all of which my friend smiled. He kept saying over and over "Never mind, now, never mind." It was at this point that I of him until we stopped in front of the Budapest Ritz, where I used to live before I ran afoul of the Communists.

We indulged ourselves to the extent of a very excellent breakfast of sausage and coffee, after which, in the parlance of the journalistic cult, the story "broke." My friend was an Irishman and a sort of soldier of fortune. He had an overfondness for strong drink, which had gotten him into trouble with his people and resulted in his leaving Ireland to wander about the Continent. Shortly after the War he had secured a job as a translator in the make-shift Foreign Office of the Hungarian Government and, later, when the Transylvanian Jew took over the affairs of government in Hungary, he volunteered his services with the Communists. I was anxious to have him explain his interest in me, but he was reluctant to do so. He evaded my questioning until, like an inspiration, I gave him a goodly portion of Hungarian wine.

I made bold to suggest at the outset of this tale that I was and am something of a vocalist, and that I make it a practise to sing when I shave. My benefactor, while on a visit to the jail in which I languished, had heard me sing. He inquired about me and then

came back to hear me sing again. The occasion of his second visit was a bright May morning, when the sunlight streamed through the lone window of our cell. I was shaving and as I shaved I sang:

'Tis the month of our Mother,  
The blessed and beautiful days.

This old reprobate knew the hymn well. He had learned it at home, when a lad in Ireland. He was pretty far gone when I met him, but not entirely so. And the hymn to the Mother of God, "the Guardian of our way," touched his heart. He told me the old familiar words kept ringing in his ears and gave him no peace at all until he sought out the Dictator and obtained his order for my release.

And tonight, my little lad with his tousled head and the brown-black saucer-like eyes, in an effort to show me the poor quality of the hymns taught at his school, stood five feet in front of me and sang: " 'Tis the month of our Mother—"

## CHRIST'S MEANING

"The world," says Father Faber, "is a hard place to live in and at the same time avoid the spirit of it." Personal experience has attested to the truth of this statement. Men call themselves Christians, followers of the Poor Man of Nazareth who was poorer still on Calvary and in the tomb. And yet they are frequently found to compromise on some of the fundamental principles which Christ taught.

A merely conscientious man, says an ascetical writer, may be intellectually convinced that he ought to aim at perfection, but the chances are immensely against his succeeding, and for this reason, that he has not sufficient momentum. His impulse dies out, and he stops short of the aim.

Doing what is right because it is right is a maxim cherished by ordinary good people of the world. But the man who calls himself a Christian cannot stop here. He must go a step further in his service; it must come from the heart as well as from the lips or the hands.

When the old anchoress, Juliana of Norwich, held in her palm the little acorn, seemingly insignificant in the scheme of the Universe, she understood its message to the souls of men: "Wit well: Love was His meaning."

Love was his meaning. In all that Christ did, in all that He shall ever do for men, love is His meaning. But to St. Margaret Mary He complained that this love of His Sacred Heart for men was often unrequited, was unsatisfied. And surely He could not do more than He has done for the souls dear to Him.

When travelers in foreign lands gaze with wonder and admiration upon the glorious monuments of antiquity, they cry out in amazement and stupefaction at the handiwork of man. When men contemplate some brilliant thoroughfare at night, marvelously illuminated with electricity in every conceivable figure and design, they exult in the triumph and progress of science in this our age. It impresses them far more, they understand it better than they understand the stately heavens lighted by millions of glittering gems disporting amid the fields of boundless ether. And when the sky grows dark and lightning flashes across the great and awful spaces, men shudder in fear of the mighty unleashed elements . . . they do not see in all this a symbol of the power and might of the Creator.

Were we to ask them the meaning of all this, they would be puzzled to understand us. For there is



Wash Figured Silks in LUX

You need have no fear if you wash your delicately-coloured silks in Lux.

The sheerest silk will keep its lustre and the most delicate colours will remain clear, even after many washings in the pure, mild Lux suds.

Sold only in sealed packets—dustproof!

**LUX**  
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED  
TORONTO

but one reply to all such queries: "Love was His meaning." Out of love for man God created all these marvels and, strange to say, all are obedient to Him save man alone.

There are many men, good men, who pass and repass the church doors, knowing in a vague indefinite sort of way that Christ is tabernacled within, and there invites Him. Own to come unto Him. On Sundays they assist at Mass. Dimly they know that He is there, but they have nothing intimate to say to Him. Nay, they do not even know what to say or how to say it. Glibly they discuss political issues, business interests, they may be known as brilliant conversationalists. But they are dumb men before their God.

They listen to sermons, but they are distracted with the visions of the world the while. They are thinking of what they are going to do tomorrow or next week, or that the preacher has the gift of eloquence. But the message falls on deaf ears. Intellectual conviction may be a very good thing. But man can never find true happiness or peace of soul or the solution of his problems in the intellect alone. It is only when he carries all his interest to the Divine Heart of his God and there treats familiarly with Him, that love will be engendered in his hitherto barren soul, that he shall taste and see how much sweeter is such intercourse than that offered by the world.

By constant association men become endeared to one another. There is no such thing as friendship that comes after a moment or an hour. To be true and lasting, friendship must take root and increase in frequent and loving intercourse, one with another. When men realize that Christ is the best, the truest Friend, that He is ever ready for any exigency in our poor human lives, they will do right, they will perform heroic actions, they will labor and suffer for the highest of all motives and not because it is the best and most convenient policy to pursue. Then in all that comes they will see God's hand, and when false friends, like those of Job, try to persuade them that these things are evils they will know better, realizing that "Love was His meaning."—The Pilot.

The cross of the earth the meek do not inherit; but all the true joys, the wisdom, the peace, and independence, which earth can bestow are assured to the meek as in their meekness inherent.

—Henry Taylor.

Agents Wanted  
Exceptional opportunity to add to your income, selling B. & E. Silk Hosiery. Your pay daily. No collecting or delivering. Write Dept. No. 1. B. & E. Manufacturing Co., London, Ont.

**Wonderful Egyptian Remedy "Samar" Prescription**  
science has proved is a disease and not a habit and must be treated as such. Prohibition legislation does not help the unfortunate. "Samar" may be given in Tea, Coffee, or any liquid food. Send stamp for trial treatment.  
**SAMARIA REMEDY CO.**  
52 ROSE AVE. TORONTO, ONT.

Make it a Point to Say  
**O'Keefe's**  
**DRY GINGER ALE**  
Unequalled for flavour and zest  
SOLD EVERYWHERE

**Cunard**  
MEANS SERVICE

Great oil-burning, twin-screw and triple screw turbine steamers, heralding all that is new and progressive in ship-building and equipment—that is the Cunard Line—that, plus the thoughtful, attentive service of specially trained employees.

The Cunard Canadian passenger accommodations are unsurpassed—wide protected decks, superb lounges and dining rooms, children's play rooms, perfectly appointed bedrooms, some with bedsteads and hot and cold running water and private bathrooms—cabins designed by master hands.

Add to the pleasure that such luxurious equipment affords, the delights of the trip down the mighty St. Lawrence from Montreal or Quebec to the sea, the opportunity to view some of the most magnificent scenery in the world—and it is easy to understand why the Cunard Canadian service is the choice of experienced travellers.

**Cunard Canadian steamers carry portable Altars for the celebration of Mass.**

Channel steamers call at Cherbourg, affording a quick connection for French and Italian points.

For rates and sailing dates, see the Cunard Agent in your town, or write to

**The Robert Reford Co., Limited**  
General Agents  
Montreal, Toronto, Quebec, St. John, N.B., Halifax  
For Pleasure and Luxurious Comfort  
Travel Cunard-Canadian Route

**Is your child full of life?**



It is not only delicate children who need Virol in their school days. The active boy or girl who works hard to get to the top of the form—who enters keenly into every game and is "on the go from morning till night"—is not this the very child who takes most out of himself, and therefore needs the extra strength that Virol gives?

**VIROL fortifies body & brain**

Virol feeds the blood on which the whole vitality of that growing body and active brain depends. Virol supplies the essential food substances—so often lacking in ordinary diet—which enable the body to transform food into living tissue.

Build up the constitution of your children by giving them Virol regularly.

**VIROL**

VIROL is used by Doctors' orders in over 3,000 Hospitals and Institutions

Sole Importers:  
BOYAL, LTD., 6201, PARK AVENUE, MONTREAL.  
45, JARVIS STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO.  
108, PRINCES ST., WINNIPEG, MAN.

Agents Wanted

Exceptional opportunity to add to your income, selling B. & E. Silk Hosiery. Your pay daily. No collecting or delivering. Write Dept. No. 1. B. & E. Manufacturing Co., London, Ont.



**"Atlast—a Real Job and Real Money!"**

"And if only I'd started earlier, I could have had them five years ago. I didn't realize at first what spare time study would do for a man. Taking up the I.C.S. course marked the real beginning of my success. In three months I received my first promotion. But I kept right on studying and I've been climbing ever since. Every mail brings letters from some of the two million students of the International Correspondence Schools telling of advancements and increased salaries won through spare time study. How much longer are you going to wait before taking the step that is bound to bring you more money? Isn't it better to start now than to wait five years and then realize what the delay has cost you?"

One hour after supper each night spent with the I.C.S. in the quiet of your own home will prepare you for the position you want in the work you like best. Yes, it will! Put it up to us to prove it. Without cost, without obligation, just mark and mail this coupon.

TEAR OUT HERE

**INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS CANADIAN, LIMITED**

Department 1557 C, Montreal, Canada

Without cost or obligation, please send me full information about the subject before which I have marked the list below:

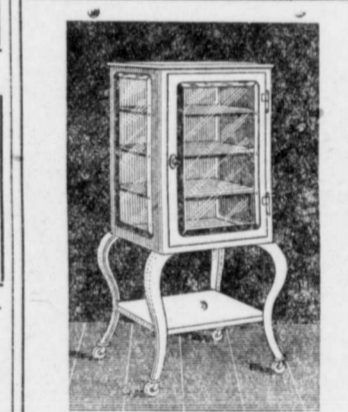
**BUSINESS TRAINING DEPARTMENT**

Business Management, Industrial Management, Personnel Organization, Training of Supervisors, Buying & Selling Law, Accounting, Bookkeeping, Office Management, Private Secretary, French, Bookkeeping, Advertising, Letter Writing, Foreign Trade, Shorthand, Typing, Common Law, High School Subjects, Cartography.

**TECHNICAL AND INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT**

Electrical Engineering, Mechanical Engineering, Civil Engineering, Chemical Engineering, Mining Engineering, Textile Engineering, Shipbuilding, Architecture, Drafting, Surveying, and Mapping, Steam and Marine Engines, Automobiles, and Motors, Mathematics.

Name, Street, City, Occupation, If name of Church you want to use on the above list, please explain your needs in a letter.



We Manufacture a Full Line of  
**Steel Hospital Furniture**  
and guarantee satisfaction in quality and workmanship. All our goods are made in Canada by hand. Ask for catalogue.  
**The Metal Craft Co. Ltd.**  
GRIMSBY, ONT.

**McCausland Windows**  
Church Painting and Decorating.  
Designs and Estimates on request  
ROBERT - McCAUSLAND - LIMITED  
141-143 SPADINA AVE. TORONTO

**Most Rev. Dr. Butler's Catechism Revised**

Not yet a year since its first appearance, and already in constant demand everywhere. Here are some of the comments offered:

**Most Rev. Patrick Delaney, D.D.**  
Archbishop of Hobart: "Unquestionably superior to anything in the English language. I have decided to adopt it for the schools of this diocese."

**Most Rev. Michael Sheehan, D.D.**  
Coadjutor Archbishop of Sydney: "It is far in advance of all others that I am acquainted with, and will probably be without any serious rival for a considerable time to come."

**Most Rev. Henry J. O'Leary, D.D.**  
Archbishop of Edmonton: "We are using it in some of our institutions here. It gives splendid satisfaction to both pastors and teachers."

**Rt. Rev. Alexander MacDonald, D.D.**  
Bishop of Victoria: "You have done a work of great value in simplifying the Catechism. MacGillivray to babies and bread to the little ones."

**Rev. M. Cline**  
Pastor, Holy Name Church, Toronto: "Should the ideal Catechism ever be written, you will have made a large contribution to it. It is the best I have so far seen."

**Sisters of St. Joseph, Toronto:** "Many of our Sisters are using it, and they are unanimous in the opinion that by its use the truth can be brought home to the child mind more readily and more effectively than by the use of any other Catechism they have seen."

Order from your local dealer or from the Publishers  
**D. & J. Sadlier & Co. Reg'd.**  
13 Notre Dame St. West  
Montreal