FIVE-MINUTE SERMON

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER PENTE-COST

THE OCCASIONS OF SIN

se sober and watch; because your adversary the il. as a roaring lion, goeth about seeking whom may devour."—(I. St. Peter v. 8.)

A good business season is this, my brethren, for our adversary the devil. He may now modify his roar and limit his search, for the season itself, with its many temptations in the form of amusements, will accomplish no small share of his mean and villianous work.

Do not misunderstand me. Our religion is not stiff-necked, nor does it exact long faces. Recreation is necessary for some, it is good for all, and many of the amusements it affords are harmless and innocent in themselves; but while seeking what rest and enjoyment we can for our bodies, we must remember never to do so at the expense of our souls.

ur souls.
The Apostle in to-day's epistle would e-m to give us, in two words, a golden ule whereby to govern our conduct and stely guide us in all our recreations—Be sober and watch." Excess in any-"Be sober and watch." Excess in any-thing is never praise worthy, and always defeats the very good it was intended to secure. Sobriety should be practised in all things—in our eating and in our drinking, in our work as well as in our play. It is the balance-wheel govern-ing the mental and physical powers of

ing the mental and physical powers of the whole man.

But mark well, brethren, that sobrlety is not sufficient in itself, for the Apostle wares us not only to be sober but to watch. Vain is the boast of the man armed with a pledge, or fortified with a firm resolve that makes for sobriety, who does not watch, and who fancies that he is strong enough with that shield alone to risk the strongest tempta-tions.

Watchfulness has to be employed, particularly during this season, given up as it is to so much relaxation: and this watchfulness is to be observed by all,

watchtulness is to be observed by all, at the fashionable quarters of the rich, as well as at the resorts of the poor.

The toilers have little, indeed, to amuse them in this life, and God forbid that they should be deprived of the few enjoyments they are able to secure!—but in the same breath I say: Better they should die from want of recreation than that they should secure it at the expense of their souls, at some of the vile places at which it is offered.

Understand this well, my brethren,

vile places at which it is offered.

Understand this well, my brethren, that there are some places of amusement very dangerous and forbidden to Christian people. The Sunday excursion, which means the descration of God's day in dancing and drinking and carousing, is undoubtedly both scandalous and dangerous. It robs God of the special worship due to Him; it only offers to man opportunities of debating himself.

You, who work all the week and who

Now who work all the week and who have Suaday alone for rest, demand, and may well demand, relaxation and recreation; then take it and God bless you in it; but take it in sobriety and watchfulness, take it with your families about you, and take it only after you have fulfilled the positive law of worshipping God by hearing Holy Mass.

Another forbidden amusement and one of the curses of our city is the Saturday night picnic. Beware of it! It is the haunt of our adversary the devil. Let our Catholic young girls shun such places if they value their virtue, for the serpent lies hidden in the very grass they tread. Many an innocent girl has made her first false step at these night picnics: and, in sorrow we have to confess it, many a girl has learned at these resorts to drink in public, without a blush, her first intoxicating glass.

Fathers and mothers, if you really love your daughters you should move heaven and earth to keep them from such occasions of sin and ruin. You should be willing to make any sacrifice,

should be willing to make any sacrifice, to put yoursef to any expense, to supply them with suitable and wholesome rec-

And what shall I say of the Catholic young man who visits such places? I am that the phantom may be extinguished which gibbers instead of me. I wish to be known as a living man, not percentage of the encouraging and supporting resorts that tend to degrade women and brutalize men. Young men, this is not a profitable trade you are engaged in, even if you look at it from a natural standpoint. The chances are against you at these resorts; you will be neither sober nor watchful, and the result will be the stand to be known as a living man, not as a scarcerow which is dressed up and power."

It is no slight testimony to the great Cardinal's versatility of mind that he who had been for so many avears occupied with the graver phases of literature should, having turned his hand to fiction, meet with success in that field also. But there were certain qualities of his, a wonderful and sympathetic nor watchful, and the result will be ruinous to your best interests, both spiritual and temporal.

LIFE, DEATH, AND THE "TITANIC"

The sinking of the "Titanic" will probably remain for all of us the saddest and most terrible recollection in the world-history of our time.

We feel the pity of it and realize the terror and despair of those two hours on the wreck more than we did that of the sufferers in the far greater holocaust of Messina, or than we could of any shock and slaughter of battle. But one feature of the disaster—the help and hope which our Religion gave the victims one reature of the disaster—the neip and hope which our Religion gave the victims—brings us other emotions nearly as intense—blending with our sorrow a humble thankfulness that even in the hour when Providence seemed most rehumble thankfulness that even in the hour when Providence seemed most regardless of man's life and sufferings in permitting such a catastrophe, He had provided for them the means of sacramental grace and an organiser of prayer. And is it merely national pride, or is it loyalty to our country's Faith that make us glow to think that our Irish boys and girls were able to teach their poor fellow-passengers who were born out of our inheritance, the one knowledge and art that could avail them in that extremity, and give them them in that extremity, and give them a medium of intercession with the Power

them in that extremity, and give them a medium of intercession with the Power that controlled their fate?
Was not everyone's first thought on reading of the accident—how did they face death? Was there any priest on board to give absolution and to lead their prayers for mercy? It did not need the presence or the exhortation of a priest to turn our Irish kinsmen's thoughts to God in that moment of utter helplessness; but how merciful that one, whose mind and language they

knew, was amongst them with hand up-lifted in sacramental power, responsive to their heart's act of sorrow and sub-jection, to draw down pardon and with voice to make the prayers of all confi-dent and persistent enough to win a

hearing.

The survivors have told how so The survivors have told how some of the rich women, hurrying from their cabins, looked strangely at the Irish girls kneeling in prayer on the deck. Perhaps the unfortunate, ignorant creatures, despite their veneering of accomplishments, had never learned or had forgotten in the obscurantist atmosphere of fashionable society, the elementary truths of life and death with which the simplest of the emigrants were familiar.

entary truths of life and death with which the simplest of the emigrants were familiar.

I think we all felt a strange thrill of tenderness, like a tear-drop at the heart, when we read that the Protestants and even the poor Jews joined in our people's prayer. We would not exult over the failure of their own systems to satisfy their soul's needs, but rejuce at their coming into the household in, perhaps, a baptism of deaire, and sharing the consolation, and we hope the means of plentiful redemption that our religion supplies.

It was natural that the Catholics' appeal for help should find utterance in the Rosary, and that it was to the Queen of Heaven, to whom our race has inherited such devotion and trust, that the last call went up. Surely she hearkened to that agonised cry as the deck sank under them: "pray for us now at the hour of our death."

We lament the young lives cut short, the husbands and children lost, the useful and kindly men and women who would have helped for years to come in the world's work. But surely no one—hardly his own relatives—can regret Father Byles' death. What long, happy

the world's work. But surely no one—hardly his own relatives—can regret Father Byles' death. What long, happy life of fruitful service to his fellow-Christians could equal the glorious privilege (though bought at a price that all of us would shrink from) of bringing absolution and hope to those hundreds in the terrors of such a death, receiving all of good will into the communion of the Church and kindling faith and sorrow and prayer in hearts that, perhaps, had been cold for years, shouting their cry to Heaven as the vessel sank and going down with them into the waters to lead their souls to what we hope was a judgment seat of mercy.

MOCHTA.

THE LITERARY ART OF NEWMAN

What is it in Cardinal Newman's "Apologia" that appeals so strongly that we read and reread, each time with increased interest and admiration? I had often asked myself the question, and came to the conclusion that its answer would contain the secret of literature. ary art in the works of the greatest master of English prose.

It is not often that a writer so attains

It is not often that a writer so attains his ideal that in his own expression of what he thinks to be the principles of good authorabip critics find the best description of his work. Is it possible to find a better characterization of a literary artist such as Cardinal Newman was, than that which he himself has formulated? "He writes passionately because he feels keenly; forcibly because he conceives vividly; he sees too clearly to be vague; he is too serious to be otiose; he can analyze his subject, and, therefore, he is rich; he has a firm hold upon it, and, therefore, he is luminous.

* * * His page is the lucid mirror of his mind and life."

Newman might here be describing

serpent lies hidden in the very grass they tread. Many an innocent girl has made her first false step at these night picules: and, in sorrow we have to contess it, many a girl has learned at these resorts to drink in public, without alinsh, her first intoxicating glass.

Fathers and mothers, if you really love your daughters you should move heaven and earth to keep them from such occasions of sin and ruin. You should be willing to make any sacrifice, op put yoursel to any expense, to supply them with suitable and wholesome recreation.

And what shall I say of the Catholic Young man who visits such places? I

his associates of the Oratory, and to "all those others, of great name and high example who were my thorough friends and showed me true attachment in times long past"?

Cardinal Newman's splendid mastery of his art becomes more and more apparent as we study his works more deeply. Read one of the sermons attentively. Perhaps it will not impress you as possessing any remarkable literary excellence. "Good, clear writing," you may say, "but I don't see where all the artistry comes in." And this expresses the very essence of the master's workmanship, that no hint of the workshop clings about the finished product. It all seems so easy and natural; there is chings about the innished product. It all seems so easy and natural; there is no suggestion of the time and labor it took to condense and clarify the thought; to find just the right words to

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express the author's meaning with simplicity, with admirable force and limpid clearness. Take a single paragraph of the Essays or Sermons and try to rewrite the subject matter. You will have much to do to express even all the thought, and when it comes to reproducing the conciseness and simplicity, strength and perspective, you will realize something of Newman's literary art. In a letter to Rev. John Hayes, Vicar of Colebrookdale, he gives us a peep into his workshop, and some idea of the labor and craftsmanship which he employed before the attainment of his inimitable style." . . . It is simply the fact that I have been obliged to take great pains with everything I have written, and I often write chapters over and over again, besides innumerable corrections and interlinear additions, I am not stating this as a merit, only some persons write their best first and I very seldom do; but I don't get any better for practice. I am obliged to correct and rewrite as I was thirty years ago. . . . But my one and single desire and aim has been to do what is so difficult—viz. to express clearly and exactly my meaning; this has been the motive principle of all my corrections and rewritings."

In this letter he acknowledges his inexpress the author's meaning with simplic

writings."
In this letter he acknowledges his in-In this letter he acknowledges his indebtedness to Cicero, the sole pattern
of his literary style. In studying Cardinal Newman's life and in reading the
sermons which convey so much directness of purpose and intenseness of conviction, we are able to appreciate in
some measure his power as a preacher.
"He spoke to men of their own souls, of
their hopes, fears, duties, responsibilities, striving to bring them face to face
with realities which they had, perhaps,
never previously recognized. Things never previously recognized. Things which men had been familiar with from childhood became, under his wonderful powers, new and awful, so that his hearers went away from his feet marvel-

truthfulness, fearlessness and simplicity of the writer. It fascinates because it is the revelation of a great soul. The personal quality so characteristic of Cardinal Newman pervades the work, but without the slightest shadow of egotism; and what could be more tender and touching than the words in which he dedicates this history of himself to his associates of the Oratory, and to "all those others, of great name and high example who were my thorough friends and showed me true attachment in times long past"?

Cardinal Newman's splendid mastery of his art becomes more and more apoor the end of the production of seventy years ago in England. Howfest, turns upon the religious questions of seventy years ago in England. However, the novel is well worth the reading since it is "a description of the course of thought and state of mind which issues in conviction of the divine origin of the Catholic religion." It abounds

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bought the two bottles of Egyptian Liniment that cured his injured horse. In a grateful letter he says:

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in vivid touches and in examples of the author's power of visualization, the latter being shown especially in the description of the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at the Passionist

monastery.

Newman knew his characters thoroughly and he possessed the power to make clear to his readers what lies beyond externals; and that is one great secret of his literary art. In "Callista" we come to know the Greek girl not only as she looks and speaks and acts, but the author shows us, as it were, her very heart and soul and allows us to look upon their inmost secrets. Callists has been seeking the highest and beat, and now, having found one who professes to hold the most sublime doctrines and who might have been her teacher, she sees might have been her teacher, she sees how little they restrain or guide him, how they are hardly valued as much as now little they restrain or guide him, how they are hardly valued as much as his poor earthly passion. A scene for a master's hand and one almost unparalleled for its strength and beauty is that in which Callista reproaches. Agellius for having placed her before his God, and a master's hand has transcribed it. What surprise, remorse and humiliation came upon Agellius, when he heard the words: "Agellius, when I first heard you were a Christian, how my heart beat! Your words, your manner, your looks, were altogether different from others who came near me and I hoped that from you I might have learned more of that strange strength which my nature needs; but, oh my disappointment, when I first saw in you indications that you were thinking of me only as others think, and felt toward me as others may feel; that you were aiming at the same and it is not a strength and the same as the same and the same and the same and the same as the same and the same and the same as the same as the same and the same as th only as others trink, and left toward me as others may feel; that you were aiming at me, not at your God; that you had much to tell of yourself, but nothing of Him! Time was when I might have been led to worship you, Agellius; you have hindered it by worshipping

ficient in a sense of humor can never at-tain a high spirituality. The same is true of literary art. Cardinal Newman's humor is light and delicate, more apt to

bumor is light and delicate, more apt to provoke a smile than a laugh; it is but a touch here and there, a description of a character or a word of comment upon some thoroughly human absurdity or inconsistency, but we remember it and like him better for it.

As a poet Cardinal Newman is probably beat known by his "Lead, Kindly Light," which was written June 16, 1833, when, in his Mediterranean voyage, the ship was lying becalmed in the Straits of Bonifacio. It seems little short of inspired, and has found an echo in many hearts that have yearned for something more lasting than the Anglican creed could supply. There is something on mystery about it, too: those last two lines, what do they mean? Newman himself could not explain. Long afterwards he wrote in answer to Doctor Greenhill's inquiry as to the exact meaning of the last two lines in "Lead, Kindly Light." "You distant me have a second ing of the last two lines in "Lead, Kindly Light:" "You flatter me by your ques-tion, but I think it was Keble who, when tion, but I think it was Keble who, when asked in his own case, answered that poets are not bound to be critics, or to give a sense to what they had written; and though I am not, like him, a poet, at least I may plead that I am not bound to remember my own meaning, whatever it was, at the end of almost fifty years. Anyhow, there must be a statute of limitations for writers of verse, as it would be quite a tyranny if, in an art which is the expression, not of truth, but of imagination and senti-

ment, one were obliged to be ready for examination on the transient states of the mind which come upon one when homesick or seasick, or in any other way sensitive or excited."

Surely it is the achievement of genius to bring before us so convincingly the feelings of the soul at death and before the judgment seat of God, as Cardinal Newman has done in the "Dream of Gerontius." A passage such as the sollicquy of the newly disembodied spirit has seldom or never been equaled in literature.

" What is this severance? This silence pour a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul:
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet Hath something too of sternness and o

Hath something too of sternness and of pain.

For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring

By a strange introversion, and perforce I now begin to feed upon myself,

Because I have naught else to feed upon."

Gerontius is still con Gerontius is still conscious of the union and symmetry of soul and body that makes him man, yet he cannot bring home to his sense by trial that he has the power to move, and assure himself that he has a body still. He knows, but knows not how he knows, that the vast universe where he once dwelt is quitting him or he is quitting it. He questions whether it is he or the world that, rushing on the wings of light, has made the severance by length-ening out the measurements of space, or whether he is traversing infinity by endless subdivision and hurrying back from finite toward infinitesimal. Soon he experiences other wonders:

"Another marvel: someone has me fast Within his ample palm: 'tis not a grasp Such as they use on earth, but all around
Over the surface of my subtle being,

As though I were a sphere, and capable
To be accessed thus a uniform
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
Self-moving, but borne forward on my

way.
And hark I I hear a singing; yet in sooth I cannot of that music rightly say
Whether I hear or touch or taste the

Oh, what a heart-subduing melody !"

A remarkable feature of the poem is the introduction of a portion of the Church service read over a dying per-son. The author has translated it into English and placed it in a beautiful set-

English and placed it in a beautiful setting.

In the scene before the judgment seat, vastly different effects that add to the artistry of the poem are secured by the use of appropriate onomatopreic words. When we compare the songs of the angels and of the demons we are struck by the contrast between the very sounds of the verses. The angels' songs are smooth, flowing and musical; the cries of the demons are rough, harsh and dissmooth, flowing and musical; the cries of the demons are rough, harsh and dissonant. This poem, to which Sir Edward Elgar has given a beautiful musical in acquidated one of the

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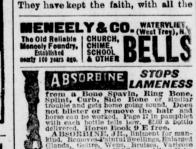
TORONTO

and something far beyond." And here, indeed, is the secret of Newman's literary art, for, taking also into consideration Carlyle's definition of genius as an ion Carlyle's definition of genius as an immense capacity for taking pains, we may say with Buffon, "Le style est I'homme même." Cardinal Newman's very self is revealed in his writings: his earneatness and tenderness, his clearness of intellectual perception, his singleness of heart and purpose. He has left a precious heritage to those who read and write the English language. He has done much for all Christians, and yet more for us who are of the Faith, for he truly fulfilled the mission that was given him, to be "an interpreter of the mind of the Church to the English-speaking world."—Joanna Lyons, in The Labarum (Mt. St. Joseph College).

What Knownothingism did for One

There is a little town called Red Hill There is a little town called Red Hill in Texas, which has been the beneficiary of the Catholic Church Extension Society, by the building of a little chapel there. Catholicity in Red Hill has a peculiar history. During the Knownothing movement an attempt was made to form a branch of the organization in that community. The principal man, of course, was consulted, and asked ts head the movement. He read the literature offered and took the matter under consideration. Noticing that the whole movement was directed against the Catholic Church, which was described to him as almost the root of all the Catholic Church, which was described to him as almost the root of all evil, he made up his mind that, in order to decide honestly, he would have to satisfy himself that the charges against the Church were true, so he began a systematic study of the Church from all

The result was disastrous to the branch of Knownothingism. He enterbranch of Knownothingism. He cheered the Catholic Church. He became a
most devoted member and succeeded in
converting nearly all of his neighbors.
The mission at Red Hill is made up of
the descendants of these converts.
They have kept the faith, with all the



fervor of converts. They have kept the faith, without even having a chapel of their own until the Catholic Church Exsion Society at the request of Bishop Lynch and the pastor of the district, stepped in and made a chapel possible. It is now up to Red Hill to grow to its faith, and the Bishop thinks it surely will. The Clean White Light

fervor of converts. They have kept the

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