

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

THE REV. F. P. HICKEY, O. S. B.
SEVENTH SUNDAY AFTER
PENTECOST

THE PROMISE OF SALVATION
"The grace of God, life everlasting." (I Cor. vi. 23.)

A promise made to us in an attraction that enraptures hope and leads us to make endeavor. But how often have we been promised and have been disappointed! Or again, promises have not been fulfilled, and there is no result. So a promise on which we can build our hopes, and which may urge us on to do our utmost, must be made by one whom we can trust, by one who has power to fulfil it; and it must be a promise of something well worth gaining. The greater the good that is offered, the more the promise is to be prized. And finally, the condition or the conditions imposed must be within our power of fulfillment.

Then what is the promise that the text alludes to? Life everlasting! We have it plain and unequivocal in Holy Writ. And this is the promise which God has promised us—life everlasting! (I John ii. 25). Test this promise, and see how wholeheartedly we can trust to it. First, it is the promise of one in whom we may confide—the God of Truth. Again, it is the promise of one who has the power to fulfill it—the Almighty. And it is a promise of infinite value, that will last for all eternity, without fail or change—life everlasting, which is the blessed vision of God and the participation in His glory and beatitude.

And how is this promise to be fulfilled? By our divine Saviour Jesus Christ. Witness the inspired words of God in the Scriptures: "According to the promise of life, which is in Christ Jesus" (2 Tim. i. 1); and again, "God according to His promise hath raised up to Israel a Saviour, Jesus" (Acts xiii. 23).

"For all the promises of God are in Him" (2 Cor. i. 20).

The Son of God, Jesus Christ, became Man and lived amongst us, showed us by example and taught us the way of salvation; He redeemed us by His sacred Passion and Death; He instituted His Church to be our guide and our safeguard, and made it infallible and imperishable by the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit. He instituted the Sacraments, and especially the Holy Eucharist through which we might receive grace and nourishment and strength. All this to prove to us that the promise was efficacious and attainable with power. Moreover, that the promise might always be before our minds, illuminating, filling them with hope, inflaming our souls to venture all, to do their utmost, His divine Presence dwells amongst us. In every church He has made His abode to dwell amidst the children of men.

All this is held out to us, and given to us by the promise of God through Jesus Christ our Lord. Can it be that this glorious and glorious promise has really been made to us? Look around: does mankind seem to believe it and understand it? That life everlasting is promised, is guaranteed to them? Is it their one thought, engrossing all their attention, inspiring their actions, their zeal? If life everlasting is promised us, can it be possible that the desire of money, position, comfort, or anything in this fleeting world can preoccupy our thoughts and prevent us from utterly disregarding and forgetting this promise of Almighty God?

Perhaps the condition to be fulfilled to gain the reward of the promise is entirely beyond our powers and our hopes. Can we believe for a moment that the just and faithful God would treat us so? No; according to His promise He has raised up a Saviour; so it is through Him, our Saviour Himself, that we can surely fulfil the conditions to make the promise effective. He is ready and longing to give us both the will and the power to do His blessed Will; for that is the condition—we must obey Him and do His holy Will, then there is eternal life for our reward. The Church prays: "O Almighty and eternal God, grant us an increase of faith, hope, and charity, and that we may deserve to obtain what Thou promisest, make us love what Thou commandest." It is because we have not the faith or hope in our hearts to cling to His promise that we have not the love to venture all in striving to gain "life everlasting."

God has promised us so much; cannot we find in our hearts to promise Him in return our obedience, our loyalty, our love? Let us not be smitten by the glamour of the vain promises of the world, so as to give our time, our activity, our souls to seek to gain them. Rather with the faith of St. Peter, let us cry out: "Lord, Thou hast the words of life—to whom shall we go?" Aye, indeed, to whom shall we go, when we feel that this short life is drawing to a close, when death is drawing nigh? What promises will avail us then, except the one divine promise of eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord?

Everything will slip from our grasp then; we shall have to leave and part from all. What consolation will it then be, that we have trusted in the promise of God—the faithful God—Who will give us life

everlasting through His Son, our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ?

MY TWO FRIENDS AND THE KU KLUX

Myles Connolly in America

Shaking one's fist and shouting at the Ku Klux is a rather nonsensical business. No one of any sense whatsoever needs any enlightenment about its purposes. And anyone who is so ignorant and bigoted as to subscribe to those purposes is beyond and in large measure, beneath persuasion.

Much of this fist-shaking and shouting is a reaction from surprise which in itself is a most surprising phenomenon. Some of our brethren, it seems, have just discovered bigotry. Just recently have they found that to believe Catholic truth is to offer oneself to an enmity as solid and obdurate as granite, though like granite it may be softly clothed in grass or flowers of special cultivation.

This, one is led to think, is an anti-age. As there is something in man that impels him to believe something, if only untrue, so there is something that moves him to favor something if only disfavor. It is this urge that moves a man to preach about apes and eugenics, poetry and Prohibition. When the man has the "propaganda twist" he must be inflicting his ideas on his neighbors. When it happens that he has no ideas to inflict he becomes simply an anti. And as this last condition nowadays is most common we have an anti-age. The anti, out for game, very naturally likes an unmistakable target, unblurred and shinningly visible. And when he is out for religious game, particularly if he has the urge of prior prejudices, he aims for the Catholic and Catholicism.

It is said that whatever vigor an inevitably disintegrating Protestantism has today is the vigor that is born of anti-Catholicism. The Protestants I know, at least, don't believe much in their institutions, they don't believe much in Christ, but in some way or other, smug or vigorous, they do believe in anti-Catholicism. It is no falsehood to say that all Protestantism has left is its protest.

That some should have discovered bigotry only with the arrival of the Ku Klux is, as was said, a surprising phenomenon. The Klan has an excellent feature in that it is obvious. Some who have felt, all their lives, the working of secret influence, subtle as whispers, insidious as a poison breath, have looked upon the Klan not without a feeling of satisfaction. It seemed as if at last the hidden hand had shown itself. This, of course, is not altogether true. The hood is still a mask. The society is in secret. But, at least, there is something concrete. It becomes clear, for one thing, that Protestantism, in some of its forms, is more violently eager for a union of Church and State than Rome ever was. And it becomes clear, for another, that there is still in America a militant bigotry.

I suppose all this is a rude shock to those who have entertained themselves with the fancy that the New Jerusalem had arrived in America. There is still intolerance. There is still, seen or unseen, a dark, deep hatred. It is good to know these things. It jolts one out of that quietude that is misleading and dehumanizing. It brings one to one's feet with a jolt. Suddenly comes the realization that truth and trouble somehow go together. What others seek to destroy may be worth possession and worth defense. Suddenly comes the vision that what is worth hating so intensely may well be worth loving intensely, may well, indeed, be worth fighting for.

I know two men, young men. There is scarcely a year's difference in their ages. Both are fairly successful. The younger of the two, a Catholic college man, is something of a poet, independent in a quiet way, never arguing to convince himself, and looking serenely out on the world with a calm joy at the wonder of life, and, withal, a gentle cynicism which he applies exclusively to those who worship wealth or power or publicity. He talks a great deal and well, though he talks about a large number of things. When he talks of matters near to his heart he talks with an astonishing earnestness that in no way clouds the clarity of his vision. He has the air of an aristocrat about him. It is entirely unconscious, as it should be, and is due, I imagine, not so much to birth as to the fact that he believes in chastity and humility, and that he prefers the spiritual lineage of brave and sensible Saints to a long list of indigenous ancestors, and that he would rather have the friendship of Christ than membership in any popularly conceived smart set. He gives one the idea that he is ever remembering that faith is a gift and is always gay and grateful about it. One could never call his beliefs obtrusive. They are part of him, like his chin, and there morning, noon and night. He never compromises in matters of religion, not because he considers compromise a weak policy, but because he has not even a faint idea of what such compromise means. He grants many favors, but accepts few, and those few small ones. Whatever success he has achieved he has achieved, in some measure,

because he works hard, but mostly because he was born with a great amount of intelligence. He appears to know this, for whenever he says or does anything especially remarkable he blinks and looks about him as if it were said or done by the grace of God. I know this, for I heard him remark so once in a rather whimsical way.

The other man is also a Catholic, a graduate of one of our large, liberal universities. He is extraordinarily entertaining, largely because of his agile mind and facile wit. He is likeable, and is without wile, without deceit. There is little doubt that he will, one of these days, hold a high place in the city. Everybody is his friend. And he deserves friendship, for he lives a good life, buoyant and merry enough, but honest and open. He makes money rapidly, and, apparently, with ease. And he is charitable with it. He is much more attractive and amiable than his younger friend. But he has one trait that I, especially, dislike, "broad-mindedness." He preaches broad-mindedness. He carries it about with him constantly. He has the idea in his head that we are doing grave injustice to his non-Catholic friends. He tells us we are unduly suspicious, and that most of our wrongs are but offspring of our suspicions. His is not the broad-mindedness of wide sympathy and genuine consideration of others. It is that destructive broad-mindedness that would smother all at angles and eradicate all lines till life's philosophy would be no philosophy, and life's point of view would be all points of view or none at all, which is the same thing. It is the broad-mindedness that seeks to avoid a living religious belief. In business this man is positive. He stands for his firm, as opposed to rivals, for his interests as opposed to another's. But in religion he seeks negation. He does not want any religious realities sticking up over life's landscape. They spoil the level effect. His constant apprehension lest some overzealous Catholic ruffle the delicacy and equanimity of his Protestant friends is an exasperating thing.

It is interesting to see these two together, as they are very often at lunch. The older man is usually expostulating about intolerance and vulgarity. And the younger listens serenely and smiles. As a rule he doesn't offer an opinion one way or the other. He seems not to care. Once in a while he will remark merely that the price of fine sensibility is the jarring they get, or words to that effect. And once I heard him remark that an ounce of primitive enthusiasm was worth a ton of delicately toned refinement. But the other day he appeared to be more interested than usual. "Broad-mindedness," he was saying, "is divine—but broad-mindedness in your practice is suicidal. It is simply an attention. Your elastic intellect is stretching daily and one of these days I should not be surprised to see it vanish in vapor. Like that!" He drew his hands apart as if he were stretching rubber. They both laughed.

The older man quickly recovered his seriousness. It was evident he was worked up about something. It appears that the Klan has just made a dent in his consciousness. He has discovered bigotry. He recognizes it now because it is clothed, as he thinks it must be, in vulgarity and violence. He is particularly wroth at the togery and trappings. I heard the younger man smilingly explain that a hood was more obvious than a hood, that hoods, at any rate, proclaimed a purpose and allowed villainy some concrete illustration. I heard him also remark that man has a dislike of the obvious and a love for ritual, and if you strip his churches bare and make them barren vaults he turns about to fantastic lodges with high ceremonialism and loud regalia. He tried some striking sentences about substituting torches for candles, but they were lost on the other who was busy with a different thought. Finally it came out: "But what are you going to do about it?" he asked in some fervor, "they're spreading. They're growing in numbers. They're"

The other was not the least bit disturbed. He seemed rather to enjoy the prospect of the growing numbers. He laughed heartily. It was a far day since he had seen his friend so excited about the Church. And he said, somewhat as if he were lecturing a youngster: "Grow yourself. Opposition breeds opposition. Grow serenely, grow independently. Your own strength is your best offense. Grow in your own mind, in your own heart, in your own faith. Walk with your head up, proud of your knighthood, secure in your truth. You don't have to impress others. Your effort may make them suspicious of your strength. You don't have to meddle with anybody. And if anyone insists on meddling with you, stand it for a while, and then!" He laughed softly at his friend as if he welcomed the battle the other dimly dreaded, and quoted with some vigor: "Likelier across these flats afar, These sulky levels smooth and free, The drums shall crash a waltz of war And Death shall dance with Liberty; Likelier the barricades shall blaze, Llaughter below and smoke above, And death and hate and hell declare That men have found a thing to love."

Being something of a poet he grew in enthusiasm with the verses



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and at the last line his voice could be heard about the room. He smiled at his own exuberance, a negligent, happy smile, and then went on: "But as far as wasting your energy is concerned, as far as shaking your fists and shouting, I'll tell you a story. I asked a New England author the other day why he didn't attack certain enemies who were attacking him in the press. And he replied: 'When you go out shooting bears, you get good skins and a heap of glory. But when you go out shooting skunks all you get is the—'

His delicately refined listener objected with a slight grimace to the word, so I shall not write it here. But everybody knows what one gets from a skunk. And as far as the moral is concerned I am inclined to believe the author and my young friend were right. At any rate, I was both interested and amused.

DEADLY CORROSIVES

A magistrate in New York was horrified because a circulating library had placed a particularly loathsome book in the hands of his daughter. The girl handed the book to her mother, who in turn passed it to the judge, who with all his experience on the bench was startled that such a salacious work should be allowed to circulate. He



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was aroused to the need of action against an intolerable condition when he found that the publishers of the book had been brought to court and exonerated.

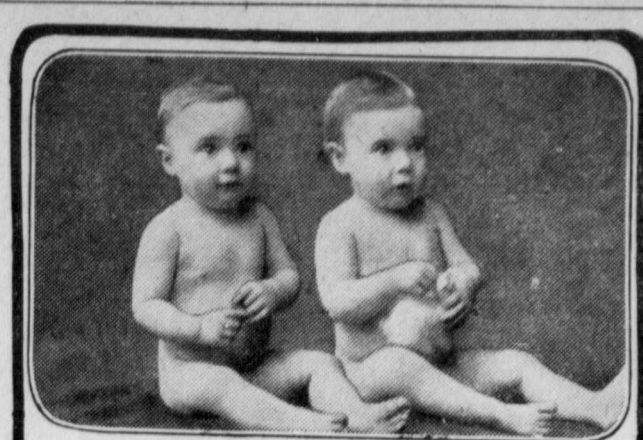
At a meeting of the Catholic Writer's Guild recently, a speaker made the statement that the country is being cursed with a flood of indecent and immoral literature at the present day. There is no more deadly corrosive on earth to destroy moral principles than a bad book. We print a poison label, on dangerous drugs and keep them out of the hands of children. Yet books containing mental and moral poison are allowed to enter homes bearing alluring advertisements on the cover in lieu of a poison label.

The horrified judge is but a type of numberless parents in the land who are rightly concerned about the bad books their growing children are allowed to receive, and who are demanding some check on publishers from issuing and libraries from circulating filthy literature. Yet when anyone speaks out against bad books, he is immediately denounced as a bigot, a Puritan, or reformer, who wants to bring back the blue laws.

Those who object to salacious books are not bigots, or reformers, or Puritans. They are parents who are justly concerned about their children's mental and moral welfare, good writers who deplore the pestilential output of the evil press, and good men and women in every rank of life who are horrified at such a wanton disregard of moral principles on the part of some publishers, and who demand that this outrageous corruption of our youth be stopped.

The Church finds it necessary to have an index of books that Catholics are forbidden to read. This is designed to protect Catholics from just such literature against which right-minded people today are objecting so strenuously. Though much maligned by the unsympathetic and the hostile, it serves a worthy purpose wisely and consideredly.

Under books forbidden by the general prohibition of the Index are books against morals, in which category may be classed some of the so-called best sellers of the day that find their way into the hands of our youth. While we are awaiting more stringent legislation which must surely come in obedience to the maxim that "excess leads to prohibition," parents should watch with more than ordinary caution the books that come into the home.—The Pilot.



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The Home Bank of Canada

ANNUAL REPORT
Statement of the Result of the Business of the Bank for the Year ending May 31st, 1923.

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT

Balance Profit and Loss Account, May 31st, 1922	\$125,784.31
Net Profits for the year after deducting charges of management, interest due depositors, payment of all municipal taxes and rebate of interest on unamortized bills	232,539.17
	\$357,623.48

CAPITAL PROFIT ACCOUNT

Premium on Capital Stock received during the year	178.84
	\$357,802.32

GENERAL STATEMENT 31st MAY, 1923

TO THE PUBLIC:	
Notes of the Bank in circulation	\$ 1,616,640.00
Deposits not bearing interest	2,598,717.43
Deposits bearing interest, including interest accrued to date of Statement	17,387,032.54
Deposits by and balance due to Dominion Government	321,432.93
Balance due to other Banks in Canada	2,144.78
Balance due to Banks and Banking Correspondents in the United Kingdom	133,796.68
Balance due to Banks and Banking Correspondents elsewhere than in Canada and the United Kingdom	1,045,950.73
Liabilities not included under the foregoing	25,174.32
	\$25,298,595.83
TO THE SHAREHOLDERS:	
Capital (subscribed \$2,000,000) paid up	\$1,990,474.79
Ret Account	550,000.00
Dividends unclaimed	2,043.33
Dividend No. 66 (quarterly) being at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, payable June 1st, 1923	31,307.24
Balance of Profit and Loss Account	72,781.01
	2,619,596.37
	\$27,918,092.20

ASSETS

Gold and other current coin	\$ 238,085.51
Dominion Government Notes	2,618,098.23
Deposit with the Minister of Finance as security for note circulation	\$2,837,088.70
Notes of other Banks	100,000.00
Cheques on other Banks	201,836.90
Balance due by other Banks in Canada	1,867,636.62
Real Estate other than Bank Premises	87,258.53
Mortgages on Real Estate sold by the Bank	106,230.19
Bank Premises at not more than cost, less amounts written off	433,196.63
Other Assets not included under the foregoing	143,381.75
	16,730,259.13
	\$27,918,092.20

H. J. DALY, President. J. COOPER MASON, General Manager.

AUDITOR'S REPORT TO THE SHAREHOLDERS

In accordance with sub-sections 19 and 20 of section 56 of the Bank Act, 1915, I beg to report as follows: The foregoing balance sheet has been examined with the books and vouchers at the Head Office, and with the certified returns from the Branches, and in accordance therewith, I have obtained all needed information from the officers of the Bank and, in my opinion, the transactions coming under my notice have been within the powers of the Bank. The cash has been checked and the securities of the Bank verified, at its chief office, both on the 31st of May, 1923, and also at another time during the year. The cash and securities of one of the Branches have also been checked, and in each case they have agreed with the entries in the books of the Bank with regard thereto. In my opinion, the above balance sheet is properly drawn up so as to show a true and correct view of the state of the Bank's affairs, according to the best of my information and the explanations given to me, and as shown by the books of the Bank.

SYDNEY H. JONES, Auditor.

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