

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. F. PEPPERT

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT

"When shall we buy bread that these may eat?" (John vi, 5)

A great multitude was following Jesus, because they had seen the miracles that He wrought on the sick. These words show us why the Church has selected this Gospel to be read during Lent. This holy season should encourage us to follow Jesus with zeal, to cling to Him without wavering, and to be loyal to Him always. The miracle of the feeding of the five thousand ought to quicken and strengthen our zeal. The events leading up to this wonderful occurrence were the following: Our Lord had sent out His disciples two and two, that they might preach the Kingdom of Heaven and the coming of the Redeemer. On their return they reported to Him what they had done. About the same time Herod began to be suspicious regarding Jesus, of whose teaching and deeds he had heard. St. Luke says: "Now Herod, the tetrarch, heard of all things that were done by Him, and he was in doubt because it was said by some that John was risen from the dead, and by other some that Elias had appeared, and by others that one of the ancient prophets had arisen. And Herod said: 'John I have beheaded, but who is this of whom I hear such things?' and he sought to see Him. And the Apostles, when they were returned, told Him all they had done" (Luke ix, 7-10). Our Lord knew well what Herod meant by wanting to see Him, and, to avoid this danger, and also to give His disciples some rest after their journey, He crossed by boat from the west to the east side of the Sea of Galilee, and went into a desert region. The multitude, however, having witnessed His miracles and heard His teaching, followed with dismay the departure of Him whom they revered so much; and sorrowfully looked at the boat that was conveying Him across the lake. In human existence weeping and lamentation are of no use at all, if we do not steadily resolve to acquire that which we cannot see absent without grief. If these people had stood weeping on the shore, and had gone home dependent, after Jesus had passed out of their sight, their zeal would not have been of the right sort, and would never have enabled them to find Him. Our resolutions are often of this kind; we see that Jesus is no longer beside us, we are in a state of sin calculated to drive Him still further from us, and our resolutions are nothing but mere wishes to be reunited with Him, mere lamentation over our faults. Because we talk a great deal of Jesus and His love we flatter ourselves that we possess really pious zeal; but unless we follow the example of the multitude by the Lake of Galilee, our zeal is unprofitable. They looked after Him, not simply mourning His departure, but in order to see in what direction He was going. Having watched the boat start, they guessed where He would land, and then they made haste to go round the lake. Thus they set us a good example of zeal for Jesus. We ought first to ask: "Where is He? where shall we find Him, in what good work? in what act of self-denial?" And when once we know where He is, in this duty or in that action, or that He demands this or that of us, then let us press forward and follow Him. That is not the time to ask whether it is convenient to us or not—whether it is easy or difficult, our business is to overtake Him. The multitudes of old forgot the necessities of life in their anxiety to see with Him; and we, too, ought to set aside all earthly advantages, all worldly considerations, if it is a question of being near Him, of clinging to Him and of being faithful. This true zeal for Jesus Christ, and if we possess it we may be sure that He will never forsake us, but will care for us tenderly.

TEMPERANCE

BUSINESS AND DRINK

Trade papers are commenting on the remarkable change in business circles with regard to drinking. Guzzling booze is neither encouraged nor tolerated as in the past. Business men are cutting it out. The number of total abstainers is on the increase. The number of moderate drinkers is declining. Up-to-date business men do not consider it good form to line up at the bar. To be a good fellow it is not necessary to "set 'em up." On the contrary, the business man who drinks a business standpoint, for to conduct a successful business a man requires that all his faculties be at their best, and the drinking man dulls his mind and in the end loses out. Concerning the passing of the travelling salesman with the whiskey breath and the habit of wanting to treat everybody he meets, the Mail Order Journal has this to say: "Gone forever is the swaggering joke telling salesman—he with the whiskey breath and the cigarette-stained fingers. His place has been taken by the clear-cut, business-like gentleman, who makes his sales, not by treating, joking, and story telling, but by salesmanship, or brains intelligently applied. The change is, of course, a credit to the craft, due to the inroads of advanced education. It was not many years ago that a salesman to be successful must be a good story teller, a moderate drinker, and a good liar. Now he needs politeness, deportment and tact. "The former type, in truth, did not drink because they liked it, but because it was a tool of the trade. Some drank, it is true, like the Chinaman who exclaimed after he had bought a quart of fiery, exorable cheap whiskey: 'Me no drinks for drinks; no drinks for drinks.' Most salesman did not drink for pleasure; they drank for business, but in the words of Rev. Jasper, 'The world do move.' Civilization has caused this class to be tabooed in all good business circles, and the man who dissipates soon finds himself on the scrap-heap of men. To-day few men who sell whiskey ever drink. This proves conclusively it need not be a drinker that sells the goods but a thinker."

THEY STILL SELL IT

There recently appeared in the papers the biography of a noted petty criminal who has spent forty years in prison. "The wages of sin are mighty small," said the aged man as he sat bent and miserable in the court. "I have spent more than forty years of my life in prison, but the total value of all I have stolen will not reach \$100. The devil must be a mighty mean paymaster to give a man no more than that for forty years of service. But the wages of sin are always small even when they look large. Jesus was offered the whole world for a single bending of His knee, but the wages were too small for Him; yet these were the highest wages Satan ever offered and usually he promises only a petty pittance of the world and then often refuses to give that to his deluded victims. When asked the cause of his criminal life this man answered, 'Booze. As soon as I get out of jail I beat it for the saloon. I might as well walk right back to the police station. During the forty years I have been locked up I have thought of an epitaph that I would like to have placed upon the headstone of

fact it appears impossible for him to escape from his difficulties and troubles. Moreover, it frequently happens that external misfortunes are accompanied by inward desolation; Jesus seems to have forsaken him. Yet this intense sense of helplessness in many cases is the precursor of wonderful help. Just when all seems lost, our Lord's voice rings out unexpectedly: 'Sit down, ye who are weighed down by misery,'—and He comes to give them strength and power. Jesus said: 'Make the men sit down,' and there was much grass in the place. We often hear that many who are faithful to Him die in misery without ever experiencing His wonderful help. Has He, therefore, really forsaken them? Is earthly happiness the highest form of help? The place where the weary multitude sat down reminds us of that far more glorious abode where those who follow Jesus loyally will some day have their rest. Is earthly misery the most intense that can befall us? Do our Lord's promises all apply to this world? Those crowds of Jews, eager for knowledge, sat on the grass, whilst He stood before them as their Provider, from whom they received food and nourishment. How vividly does this scene represent the glorious future, when all the elect, gathered together as one great family, will rest round Jesus in His Kingdom, receiving from Him the bread of everlasting life and unending happiness. Then all will be made good, then He will repay with unspeakable bliss for all that we have suffered for His sake. Therefore let us often renew our resolution to seek Him with holy zeal, and to be faithful to Him until the end; then we shall often experience His wonderful help even in this world, and when in His incomprehensible wisdom He sees fit to withdraw this help, we ought to know that our souls, now hungering after righteousness and thirsting after rest and consolation, will be crowned with all joy in His eternal Kingdom. Amen.

ANY DYSPETIC CAN GET WELL

By Taking "Fruit-a-tives" Says Capt. Swan

Life is very miserable to those who suffer with indigestion, Dyspepsia, Sour Stomach and Bilelessness. This letter from Captain Swan (one of the best known skippers on the Great Lakes) tells how to get quick relief from Stomach Trouble. FORT BURWELL, ONT., May 28, 1913. "A man has a poor chance of living and enjoying life when he cannot eat. That was what was wrong with me. Loss of appetite and indigestion was brought on by Constipation. I have had trouble with these diseases for years. I lost a great deal of flesh and suffered constantly. For the last couple of years, I have taken 'Fruit-a-tives' and have been so pleased with the results that I have recommended them on many occasions to friends and acquaintances. I am sure that 'Fruit-a-tives' have helped me greatly. By following the diet rules and taking 'Fruit-a-tives' according to directions, any person with Dyspepsia will get benefit." H. SWAN "Fruit-a-tives" are sold by all dealers at 50c. a box 6 for \$2.50, or trial size 25c. or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

my grave—if I am lucky enough to have a headstone. Here it is: 'Here lies "Snake Murphy." He was in jail forty years. Cheap booze kept him there. They still sell it.' What a commentary is that last sentence on our divinity? It sums up the whole inquiry of our attitude and action towards the liquor traffic. Russia has stopped selling it. Where do we come in on the scale of civilization?—Presbyterian Banner.

CARDINAL MERCIER

London Free Press, Jan. 18, 1915

When I came out of Flanders I brought with me a collar of Mechlin lace. Subsequently that collar had a history. It was brought as a present for a dear friend. But I gave it to her in an evil hour. How well I remember: The tissue-paper that wrapped the fragile work of some Flemish peasant girl's hand had scarcely been unrolled; my friend was yet in her first ecstasies over the beauty of the design and the fineness of the thread, when the telephone rang. His message was a message of sickness and sorrow. In the hurry that followed, the lace in its paper wrappings was gathered up carelessly, and we suppose, burnt. In any event it disappeared. I never saw it again. And ever since I have had a remembrance in my mind that associates Mechlin with tragedy. Tragedy, little did I realize the tragedy that was to be!

You know, of course, that Mechlin is the Flemish for Malines. That is the disadvantage of having a dual language in a country; one is so apt to get things and places mixed. In Belgium as you are aware, therefore quite naturally Malines is the name most impressed upon the mind of the tourist. But Mechlin is the word beloved of the peasant. And then it goes without saying, there are a great number of people who use both names indifferently. To us over here, since the "Little Kingdom" has been swept by war, Malines has been the name in all those terrible cable dispatches—and the blood-stained Malines, the place will remain for us for all time.

How clearly I recall the spring morning on which I saw Malines. I was on my way from Brussels to Antwerp and Malines is just halfway. How well I remember the grassy plain through which the River Senna wanders as how as we crossed the Senna into the valley of the River Dyle, the huge tower of the Cathedral of Malines struck like a titan exclamation point into the sky. I remember the cosy farms. I remember that all the trees were freshly budded or broken into leaf. I remember sturdy Flemish boys and girls loitering along the roads, their hands filled with primroses and violets. I remember that as I looked at them, Browning's beautiful lines came:

"The year's at the spring, God's in His heaven, All's right with the world!"

Even now the thought of that spring morning and the recollection that those lines flashed upon my mind with an especial meaning at that moment is grateful to my heart. Something of all this desolation and sadness is blotted out by it.

When Mons. Victor Xesux, barrister-at-law and past president of the Antwerp Bar Association, spoke in London the other day, his listeners must have been impressed by the

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ominous reticence; the veil of silence as it were, which he threw over the fate of Belgian priests and nuns. And yet reticent as he was, Mons. Xesux gave us a hint of unspeakable things. He said in part: 'Belgium is a Catholic country, that is why the Germans have trained their cannon on her churches; that is why priests and nuns have been . . . Then the veil fell. Either he would not or he could not go on.

One of the most beautiful churches in the world was the Cathedral of St. Rombold at Malines; exquisite thirteenth century Gothic, with a Gothic tower 824 feet high and a chime of bells reckoned the finest and the most complete in Belgium. All is gone. A few shattered walls; some broken fragments of lace-like work; a jumbled heap of cracked and shivered bronze that once was bells. The bell is the Soul of Flanders; that Soul is silent.

One of the most beloved priests of modern times was the Archbishop of Malines, now Cardinal Mercier; a man so simple, so kind, so human, that only the good bishop in Hugo's 'Les Miserables' is perhaps comparable to him. That priest is now in the hands of the Germans; his church a ruin; his house desolate, himself a prisoner. Well it is for the purpose of incorporating a character-sketch of Cardinal Mercier, written by a war correspondent to The London Weekly Despatch, that I write this article. (Given elsewhere in full in this issue.)

Ah, it is only to shut one's eyes to see again the spring sun shine on that glorious tower; only to listen with the inward ear to hear those sweet bells chime. And looking and listening, one realizes that though church and chime are gone the spirit of them and of what they have accomplished for the character of the Belgian people remains ineffaceable.

And the spirit of Cardinal Mercier and what he means, shut away at this hour though he is from those who need him, that spirit also lingers. It hovers over Malines and over his people. It encourages them to the new patriotism, the patriotism of patience—patience against the day when the sun will shine once more for Belgium. FANFAN.

THE IRISH GUARDS SAY THE BEADS WHILE GOING INTO ACTION.

The rain was falling, and pools of blood Marked the spots where the fallen lay, And thro' it all the grim guns roared, And the tramp of feet made the great field sway.

The Guards rushed forward with faces set, And eyes that saw only the foe man's breast A mark for the whizzing bullets swift

A spot where the bayonet points might rest.

He staggered back with a half-choked cry, And as they raised him with gentle care, The keen blue eyes were flaring fast, But the grey lips moved as tho' in prayer.

His hand was clasped on his wounded breast, But as they drew it gently away, He caught in his fingers a rosary worn.

And, "Hail Mary!" they heard him say.

He raised his head with the old swift smile; "I've got to say it before I go—Sure, Mother made me promise I would—"

"Our Father," he murmured low.

The guns still roared and the men sprang forth And rushed at the foe with grim eyes wet, But their lips were moving in silent prayer, And they wondered if he had finished yet.

Back to the trenches a moment more, To the white-faced man with the staring eyes, In his fingers the old worn rosary twined

But the prayer had been finished beyond the skies.

No matter how fierce the fight may be, No matter how thick the bullets rain While the foe man fall at their very feet, That prayer is murmured thro' all the pain! —A. M. POLEY

CATHOLICS RESIST ATTACKS

THOSE DIRECTED AT KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS ARE UN-AMERICAN, PRIEST SAYS

At the annual Mass for the departed members of the Knights of Columbus, celebrated recently at St. Patrick's Cathedral, the Rev. Father Thomas A. Thornton, rector of St. Columba's Church, protested vigorously against the political attacks that are being made against the Knights of Columbus and Catholics generally. He said that if successful they would reduce American Catholics to the status of tribute-paying aliens and would annul the work of Washington.

"The logical result," he said, "will be the tearing down of the Stars and Stripes, the glorious standard of free-

dom and equal rights which now floats throughout the length and breadth of our great nation, and the hoisting in its place of the black flag of intolerance."

Father Thornton affirmed the absolute loyalty of American Catholics and praised the achievements of the Knights of Columbus in promoting charity, morality and education.—N. Y. Times.

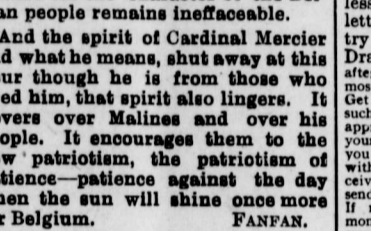
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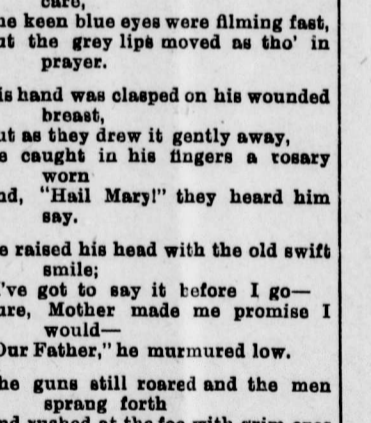
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