

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By Rev. N. M. REDMOND
 TWENTY THIRD SUNDAY AFTER
 PENTECOST

A LIVELY FAITH THE GREAT WANT
 OF THE AGE

"For she said within herself: If I shall touch only His garment, I shall be healed." (Matt. ix. 21.)

Our text is singularly expressive of that for want of which the Christian world of to-day languishes. It expresses a lively, simple faith, so little felt in the world of to-day. May we not with truth say, that Christianity can point to the want of this as the great source of all the evils with which it is infested. How universal is the reign of Satan and Sin among Christians; how few, comparatively speaking, with a becoming Christian earnestness; give themselves to that business on which their eternity depends! Why is this so? Is it for want of faith in the truths taught by our holy mother the Church? Emphatically no. Far is it from them even to question any one of the divine truths taught by the Church. The mere thought of such a departed would fill them with horror because of its ungodly consequences. How shall we account, then, for the evils that sadly abound in their midst? Ah, dear people, this source is to be found in the deplorable fact that, their faith though whole, is lulled asleep, or is, perhaps quite dead. A sleeping faith, much less a dead faith, has little, if any effect upon their lives, and places little or no restraint upon their passions. Only the faith that is fully awake; only the faith that is full of life, can wield a truly Christian influence over the life of a man, and compel his passions to obey the promptings of Christian propriety. The secret, therefore, of the fervor and earnestness of some, and the spiritual sloth and general laxity of others in the same parish, in the same congregation, is a lively faith in the former, and the deplorable want of it in the latter. Hence, to argue from particular instances to general ones, we must say the same of the whole Christian world.

Nothing, indeed, of glory in the lives of her children in the past would the Church have to point to, were it not for the lively, simple faith which actuated them. A source of tears rather than one of joy would their lives, like those of many of the same household, be to her without this sterling and all-vivifying virtue. So is it in the present. Those of her children that are constantly actuated by a lively, simple faith are her joy, her great consolation, but those that want it are her disgrace. So, too, shall it be in the future. Without virtue a man's life becomes daily more and more estranged from things divine, lives oblivious of them, and never once sees them in their true, attractive light. Hence, no salutary influence whatever have they on his moral conduct. This virtue is the source of all good to a man's soul; the want of it is the source of all his evils. The soul actuated by a lively faith is ever mindful of God's divine presence; is diligently watchful, fervently prayerful, ardent in hope, and burning with divine love. Her horror for sin is such as becomes a truly God-fearing and God-loving soul in her the legions of hell have an unconquerable foe; her shield is proof against their fiery darts; her helmet is impenetrable; her sword of the spirit is two-edged, and, by consequence, the terror of her enemies. O, dear people, it should be the effort of our lives to acquire this virtue. This is that heavenly wisdom with which all good things will come to us. It should be the object of our most heartfelt desires, of our most earnest seeking, and our most fervent prayers. But mark this and ever be mindful of it. By far the most effectual means of acquiring a lively faith, is to seriously think, and think frequently on divine truths. To this end, all should religiously avail themselves of the instructions and sermons possible for them to hear. They should devotedly listen to what is said, and allow it to sink deep into their souls as food for after, as well as present, serious thoughts and considerations. All who may be prevented because of unavoidable circumstances from hearing frequent instructions and sermons, should have recourse to religious books, which should never be wanting in any Christian home. They should maturely think on what they read, and thus give it time to take deep root in their souls. Family reading, especially on Sundays, and particularly for those who cannot hear sermons and instructions frequently, cannot be too highly recommended, or too strongly insisted upon as the duty of heads of families. When seriously considered, the great Christian truths relating to God and eternity are admirably soul-moving. They fire us with a holy zeal for our sanctification, rarely, if ever, otherwise attained. Every age had its good Christians and bad ones, its saints and sinners; every parish had them, and every parish has them to-day. The former have been in the past and are to-day a source of great joy to the priest; the latter have been and are the great grief of his life. The fundamental cause of their different lives is that the good Christian thinks himself into a lively faith, but the bad one does not; the good Christian's life abounds with the rich fruit of a lively faith, but the bad Christian's life is deplorably barren for want of such faith. Let us ever seek, pray, and think for this heavenly wisdom—a lively faith.

TEMPERANCE

ought to be abstainers

Certainly all doctors should be teetotalers, for alcohol in any dose, however small, is a narcotic poison, and the nation would greatly benefit by increased efficiency of medical service if all doctors were total abstainers, just as the public would enjoy a notable freedom from accidents if taxi drivers and motorists of all sorts and conditions were also teetotalers. As regards the custom which still lingers, oddly enough, of using alcohol as a drug, there is no question that no doctor should use the products of the liquor trade; or speak of them, as though they were "tonics" for they are not. Innumerable victims have not unjustly attributed their fatal misfortune to advice given by a doctor in his haste.

If alcohol is to be used as a drug, it ought to be employed like other narcotic drugs, namely, in measured quantities, in combination, and in a prescription of limited period. But no doctor can or should be restricted by law in any way in his choice of a remedy.

If he assumes the grave responsibility of advising any one to take a drug, he must certainly have the whole pharmacopoeia from which to choose. No one who has closely investigated the action of alcohol in recent years prescribes alcohol. It is rapidly disappearing from both hospital and private practice. This great improvement and progressive advance in medical work is the outcome of our better recognition, not only of its invariably adverse effects, but also of the unreasonableness of using a very bad drug when there are so many infinitely better ones to hand. When to this scientific position we add the immense losses caused to the nation by this drug, every one will feel relief when it is abolished by civilization. — Sir Victor Horsley, M. D., in the Daily Citizen.

SOME OF CHICAGO'S DRINK WRECKAGE

The general superintendent of United Charities in Chicago, Eugene T. Lies, in a letter to the Chicago Post, (Feb. 14) showed that intemperance was the cause of poverty in one case in every nineteen dealt with by the United Charities (1,150 out of 22,105 cases.)

"Further," says Mr. Lies, "the 1,150 instances of intemperance means simply the number of clear cases of hard drinkers easily discovered by United Charities' field workers in the families dealt with. It does not mean that this necessarily covered all the intemperate persons in these families, for all these are not in the homes waiting to be counted when our workers get there, nor are they all reported freely and voluntarily by the members of the family actually seen by the workers."

"Besides the many more hard drinkers whom we did not discover with the naked eye, there were doubtless hundreds of other persons in these families who were spending altogether too much money for intoxicating liquors, which, if applied to the food, shelter and clothing needs of their wives and children, would have kept them in more comfortable condition."

"Finally, without a doubt also, many of the other unfortunate circumstances and disabilities discovered last year by our charity visitors were bound up with the drink evil. Just how much we can not say. On this point we are conservative. But authorities a plenty would point out that at least some of the 4,031 cases of 'acute illness,' some of the 1,356 instances of chronic physical disability,' of the 132 cases of epilepsy, 653 instances of insanity and feeble-mindedness and other misfortunes were attributable partly to drink either in the individuals themselves or in their progenitors."

A CANDLE TO SAINT ANNE

"Last night I had an adventure," said Morris, the veteran journalist, who has wandered all over the country, a free lance of the press, now a reporter for some great metropolitan daily, again an editor of a little country weekly, then a special correspondent in war time, or engaged in gathering material for magazines, a trafficker in words, keen of mind, facile of pen. "Not a strange experience, at least of late, for to me life has become a book of romance; and a sense of adventure is with me constantly, like the smell of the salt sea as you march over the sand dunes of Monterey or the cranberry bogs of Cape Cod. But first of all, I must go back to where we started; to do this is the great secret of all true stories. It is the secret of the story of the human soul, which is the most fascinating romance in the universe."

"I belong to the most romantic of all professions, and the most sordid and material. But that is another side of it. All my life I have sought for adventure, for the enrichment and strengthening of soul that comes from the stimulation of new and vital interests, thrilling events, fresh experiences. I sought the ever receding, ever-dawning horizon of a life, not static but dynamic. Anything and everything but the otiose, the formal and unchanging! Like an Athenian of old, I was devoured by the thirst for new things, yet despite exceptional opportunities

FAMILY DOCTOR'S GOOD ADVICE

To Go On Taking "Fruit-a-lives" Because They Did Her Good

Rochos, P. Q., JAN. 14th, 1915.

"I suffered for many years with terrible indigestion and constipation. I had frequent dizzy spells and became greatly run down. A neighbor advised me to try 'Fruit-a-lives'. I did so and to the surprise of my doctor, I began to improve, and he advised me to go on with 'Fruit-a-lives'."

"I consider that I owe my life to 'Fruit-a-lives' and I want to say to those who suffer from indigestion, Constipation or Headaches—try Fruit-a-lives and you will get well!" CORINE GAUDREAU, 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

given me by my profession, the skies were growing leaden, the color was washing out of all flowers, the tedium of existence was upon me, as the tide of time began to break upon the fatal shoals of my fortieth year." Morris ran a stubby finger through the graying fringe of hair that rings his bald skull—and romance began to be a discredit—fable, adventure was impossible. Every door I opened, with the hope that on the other side there might be a trail leading toward new lands, shut me within windowless walls; every path I have tried ended in a *cul-de-sac*. So it was with the door marked 'Socialism,' which was to have given me entrance into a new life of service and song. So it was with the door bearing the legend, 'Art for Art's Sake.' Within, there were sights and sounds which when their false magic ebbed were not what decent people could safely hear or see. Then too there was the dusky path at the beginning of which was a sign, 'Occultism.' There were indeed many adventures to be found even a short distance adown that trail; but these adventures belong to that book of which some English writer speaks, Arthur Machen, I believe, 'Memoirs to Prove the Existence of the Devil.' I was forced to withdraw from all these paths and doors, at last, as you know, God opened to me the door of His Church.

"Then a strange thing happened; strange I mean to me; not at all to the Church, which for twenty centuries has been opening its door to all sorts and conditions of men, and which is not easy to surprise. This strange thing was that instead of reaching the climax of my adventure in life, as I somehow expected, I had reached only the beginning of a wonderful, living book of romance. New things crowded in on all sides. Fresh interests clamored for attention. Instead of settling down into a rut, in place of accepting the cut-and-dried, and becoming a cog in a formal and unchanging mechanism, as so many of my friends assured me would be my fate, all kinds of discoveries and explorations were awaiting me. Perhaps a man who comes late into the Faith, has the special blessing given him of returning in part to his childhood, of seeing things with the light of dawn upon them, and he finds all things in his new House splendidly strange, and wondrous and beautiful. To those born and brought up in that great House no doubt matters proceed more calmly; but I know that for me to enter a new church for the first time is a fascinating adventure, or to visit a seminary, a monastery, a chapel in a Catholic cemetery. Shall I ever forget my first retreat in a Jesuit novitiate, or a clothing ceremony among the Carmelites? I hope and trust not; and all these adventures are but types of those inward voyages of adventure which a passage of St. Teresa will open up for the soul, or the words of some liturgical prayer. There is no end to it; of course not, for it is a foretaste of eternity."

"But the candle to Saint Anne?"

"I am coming to it, fast. There is a local shrine, as you are doubtless aware, erected in honor of St. Anne, the mother of Our Lady. It is in a little church out near the sand dunes not far from the Golden Gate, above which the Franciscan Father Palou began the story of San Francisco with a sign of the cross, like a tale of medieval chivalry, or a prayer, when he planted the Cross on Suro Heights one hundred and fifty years ago, at a time when Washington was fighting King George on the other side of the unexplored continent. Every year there is a novena to St. Anne in this church, and at the foot of her image there is a pile of crutches and leg-irons left by children who once were cripples. The church cannot begin to hold the people who throng to the novena. It is a noble sight. Like the rosary procession of the Dominicans, like the wonderful pilgrimage of the Third Order of St. Francis to the grave of Serra a few years ago, like many another sign, it testifies to the strength of Catholicism in California, a land, I like to dream, that some day will be the Ireland, the France, the Italy of the New World in its frank, abounding testimonies to the Faith. It is also a land of paganism, the new paganism but that is another story."

"I happened to be present on the last night of the novena. A Dominican Father preached, after the prayers; Benediction was to follow, that ineffably beautiful rite. The church blazed with lights; hundreds of candles were burning on the altars and before the shrine, while electric lights supplemented their golden glow with a white flood of brilliancy. How the people prayed! How they vibrated to the words of the preacher! Faith filled them; faith thrilled them; faith lifted their minds and hearts toward Almighty God. Then, all of a sudden, the electric lights went out, producing a queer, silent shock in all of us, a sense of uneasy surprise, even a sort of fear. For the preacher had told us in his heart-breaking eulogy of the raging world without the sanctuary: the battlefields of Europe and Asia, the desolated and violated holy places of Mexico, the unrest and the poverty and the crime and the ungodliness of our own dear land, and, as he spoke, our thoughts were busy with the horror of a few days before, when the anarchist's bomb exploded in the 'preparations parade' on Market Street. It was like a sort of omen, the dying of the light. But that feeling quickly fled. 'Had we been in almost any other place than this, we might have been in darkness, plunged in fright, perhaps rushing each other in panic. But the candles to St. Anne, the candles burning before the Lord of St. Anne, our Lord as well, these candles were still burning; these candles, lighted in the catacombs, that had burned down twenty centuries of time before the door to eternity! And how much more beautiful was this light! How much more living! Electric light is cold and unfeeling and unchanging, like death, and selfishness, and pride of intellect; but candles are warm, and quick, and neck, constant as love. They burned in their glory and their golden peace. Fled was the garish artificial glare. Marvelously efficient, no doubt, is electricity; but how dispensable, how uninspiring! How little the Church really needs it! Now I understand the edict from Rome which banishes it from the altar. How impossible to use an electric bulb as a figure of sanctity, as a symbol of a soul; but how natural to use candles in imaging the saints! Mary herself was a candle spent for Christ, a holy woman has written; and the spirits of the just upon earth burn themselves out upon the altar of service to the Lord. 'Then, in the midst of the soft and shimmering beauty of the sacred glow, the 'O Salutaris Hostia' was sung and the living God shone upon His adoring worshippers; and I, the wanderer who had found my home, thanked Him as I bowed my head for all His goodness, mindful too that among the candles there burned one for me, in honor of St. Anne, mother of Mary, through whom we reach Christ.' — Michael Williams in America."

WHAT RELIGION HELPS

Mr. Ian Malcolm, M. P., speaking at the annual congress of the General Association of Church School Managers and Teachers at Brighton, England, emphasized the need and value of definite religious instruction by reference to what is happening in France:

War, he said, does one of two things to a man, either it deepens his religious sense or it expels it altogether. Which it does depends enormously upon early training. He had noticed the occurrence of both of these phenomena in the French Army since the beginning of the war, and among French people behind the lines, but immeasurably the greater number of the cases that he had heard of had been of men deepened in their convictions, or returned, perhaps after long desertion, to the colors of Christ. Before August, 1914, France as a nation seemed to be straying very far from the fold of the Church.

But the war had changed all that, changed it for good. Now there were quite 40,000 priests serving in the trenches; Mass was celebrated daily under fire, in forests or dug-outs or stables, in all parts of the line; the churches in the rear were never empty; the cathedrals and churches in all parts of France are now filled which used to be practically deserted. There was no mistaking the signs of the times in France; there was a tremendous religious revival, for the French have realized that glory to God comes before peace on earth. He had seen regiments and battalions bowed in worship, silent, shrouded congregations at all hours, prostrate in prayer and intercession. They were not moved to such devotions by any ethical, indeterminate, undenominational, new-fangled theories of a higher life. No, they were just practicing the religion taught them by their mothers and their village priests in their childhood—a religion based upon the most definite, the most dogmatic principles of the Incarnation and the Atonement; that was what they wanted in time of trouble. No shadowy substitutes, or short cuts, or compromises could give them the courage that they needed in the trenches or in the home; so, under the thunder of the guns or stunned with grief, they turned again, like children to their mother's knee, and clasped in faith the outstretched hand of the Man of Sorrows.

If you do not desire much, little will seem much to you, for small wants give poverty the power of wealth.—Democritus.

You can be sure of being nourished if you take BOVRIL

Bovril has the peculiar power of enabling people to get from their food nourishment which they cannot obtain in any other way. Unless your system crushes the gold of nourishment out of the ore of food you cannot get strong or keep strong, however much you eat.

Until your food has become part of your muscle, flesh and bone, it cannot assist in that process of rebuilding the body which is essential to good health. If your food does not nourish, however you vary your diet; if you are not strong enough to resist illness, or if you cannot get strong after illness, you will find a magical change if you add Bovril to your diet.

this is the Reason

In the remarkable experiments reported to the British Medical Association, an amount of Bovril corresponding to the small dark circle added to the diet, produced an increase in weight, flesh and muscle, corresponding to the large light circle, showing Body-Building Power of Bovril to be to no times amount taken.

Body-Building Power of BOVRIL taken

it must be Bovril

THERMOGENE CURATIVE WADDING

—will quickly dispel that racking neuralgia pain. It warms, soothes and comforts.

Your druggist has it.

THE man who buys Hosiery finds exactly what he wants in Penmans. Liberal weight, even knit, smooth and rich. Nothing so satisfying to those pampered members, the feet, —look right, feel right and priced right. The name is—

Penmans

Buy Matches

As you would any other household commodity—with an eye to full value!

When you Buy EDDY'S Matches you receive a Generously-Filled Box of Sure, Safe, Lights.

Ask for EDDY'S "Silent Parlor" Matches

Hand Knitting Yarn

Made from pure Canadian Wool, thoroughly scoured, smooth and even, a pleasure to knit, a comfort to wear. We have been manufacturing Yarn for over forty years. Every skein bears a label with HORN BROS. name and guarantee on it. Ask your dealer for HORN BROS. Yarn and Blankets. ESTABLISHED 1870.

The Horn Bros. Woolen Co. Ltd. LINDSAY, ONT.

O-Cedar Polish

(Made in Canada)

Woodwork cannot be beautiful unless clean. O-Cedar cleans and polishes at the same operation. It removes the dirt and then puts on the high hard O-Cedar lustre. If you are not delighted with results, your dealer will refund your money.

FROM YOUR DEALER, 25c. to \$3

Channell Chemical Co., Ltd. Toronto, Can.

SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE

A Sad Letter From a Lady whose Husband was Dissipated

How She Cured Him with a Secret Remedy

"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvellous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him what I had done, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I hereby advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial."

FREE—SEND NO MONEY

I will send free trial package and booklet giving full particulars, testimonials, etc., to any sufferer or friend who wishes to help. Write it day. Plain sealed package. Correspondence sacredly confidential.

E. R. HERD, Samaria Remedy Co. 1421 Mutual Street Toronto, Canada