

**FIVE MINUTE SERMON**

TWELFTH SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

**THE GOOD SAMARITAN**  
"Go and do thou in like manner." (St. Luke x. 37.)

How few of us, brethren, are really naturally of a self-sacrificing disposition! How few actually enjoy, for example, the offices of the sick room, or so much as a little visit of condolence to an afflicted friend!

That is why our Blessed Lord, in the Gospel, has given us the beautiful parable of the good Samaritan. Although a heretic and schismatic against the law of Moses, He is chosen as a model because He had a tender, compassionate heart, and was willing to put Himself to trouble and expense for His neighbor's welfare.

The corporal works of mercy, brethren, are the easiest of the ways to the love of God. People are fond of admiring the members of religious orders, who, for the love of God, serve the sick and the aged, the insane and the orphans; often forgetting that if this is good as a life work for them, it is not bad as an occasional practice of virtue for us living in the world. All around us there are shoulders bending under weary burdens and hearts breaking with insupportable cares; yes, even in one's own household. How often do men deny their wives the pleasure of their company; when Sunday comes, going off with any chance companions and leaving the poor mother to mind the children, to miss Mass, and sit lonely at home the living day!

How very often do young men think of taking anybody's sisters to some respectable place of amusement rather than their own sisters! I think that if a spirit thermometer were dipped into such men's hearts they would be found pretty near the freezing point.

But, brethren, the sick room—ah! that is the place on the road between Jerusalem and Jericho where men and women are oftenest found lying in the direst distress. Have you ever been very sick? If so, you know the value of a little good nursing. A man who was just recovering from a very dangerous sickness told me once that when his head was burning with the fever he would willingly have given a hundred thousand dollars for the cooling, restful relief he enjoyed every time the nurse rearranged the pillows for him.

And if you cannot be a regular nurse for the sick, there is no reason why you should not pay an occasional visit to the sick-room. You can spend a pleasant quarter of an hour in cheerful conversation. You can relieve some poor, weary watcher, so that she or he may get a little rest. You can take the ailing child from the worn out mother's arms and let her lie down and rest her stiffened limbs, or go to church to refresh her anxious soul. You can bring some little delicacy to soothe the sick person's palate. You can read some prayers beside the sick-bed morning or night; for we all know that in times of illness it is almost impossible to pray one's self. You can lend a hand to set things to rights, to cook a meal of victuals, or wash the dishes, or run an errand to the drug store or grocery; and ever and always you can say a word of comfort, of hope, of resignation to the divine will—words cheap to give but precious to receive.

And when at last death is come your presence may be of the deepest comfort. Then is the time to come forward promptly and help to lay out the Christian corpse; to sit up for a night beside that strange, silent guest in the coffin; and, when you find two or three gathered about it, to have the courage to lead in reciting the rosary for the soul's happy repose.

I know, brethren, that there are many kind hearts who zealously practice these lovely virtues. But there are others, especially among the men, who nearly quite forget them. And others still who do them grudgingly, and only after many entreaties. To obtain a kind act from an unwilling heart, and after encountering many excuses, is like blowing a dying fire; before you see the bright coals your face is pretty well covered with ashes and cinders.

Brethren, let us not be put to shame by the Samaritan. When confronted with persons suffering from poverty, sickness, death, or any misfortune, do like the Samaritan; forget all about their nationality, or acquaintance, or religion. Say something or do something in charity and for the love of God; your neighbor's deepest gratitude and God's sure reward will amply repay you.

**TEMPERANCE**

**ALCOHOL BARRED FROM NAVY**

Some doubt is cast by recent despatches from Washington as to whether the order banishing alcoholic drink from the Navy will go into effect in such sweeping fashion as was at first intended, says the Sacred Heart Review. It is now said that the President is not in favor of the order which reads: "The use or introduction for drinking purposes, of alcoholic liquors on board any naval vessels, or within any naval yard or station, is strictly prohibited, and commanding officers will be held directly responsible for the enforcement of this order." The significance and extent on the change which has taken place in popular views regarding alcohol, as indicated by this sweeping order of the secretary, can be appreciated only when one recalls the stories of naval experiences of past generations, when rum, brandy and whisky formed a part of the regular official rations, when liquor of some kind was served as a routine procedure, to officers and men before going into action, and when one of the chief characteristics of sailors, whether officers or seamen, was their ability to dispose of an amazing quantity of intoxicants. The development of scientific methods and the use of instruments of precision in warfare have made alcohol absolutely detrimental to the modern naval man. Sea fights in the past were won by brute handhood and physical endurance which could perhaps be stimulated, temporarily, at least, by large doses of alcohol. The modern warship is a floating laboratory of delicate and accurate machines. The gun pointer who directs a fourteen inch rifle on the modern man-of-war needs not only personal courage, but also absolute steadiness of nerve, clearness of vision and fine muscular coordination. All these things modern physiology has shown to be impaired by even small amounts of alcohol. The engineer who superintends the machinery at the heart of the modern battleship, the man at the wheel who directs its course and the captain or the executive officer on the bridge, as well as the most humble member of the crew, need at all times to be in a condition of maximum physical and mental efficiency. Intoxication in the naval officer today might easily be as disastrous as cowardice and treason. The Journal of the American Medical Association thinks that Surgeon-General Braisted's recommendations and Secretary Daniel's order are simply in line with our growing knowledge. The nation needs on its battleships to day the most capable, clear-headed, cool brained and steady-handed men, and these men are not found among the habitual or occasional users of alcohol in any form. Entirely aside from moral or sentimental reasons, and considered simply as a scientific regulation in the interest of efficiency, this order will recommend itself to the vast majority of the American people.

**HIS WORST ENEMY**

Liquor is passing out of the life of the railroad worker, declared a labor leader recently. "Trades' unionism is an education to the workers," he declared, "and with education comes

**A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM**

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Superintendent of Sunday School in Toronto Tells How He Cured Himself of Chronic Rheumatism After Suffering for Years.

55 DOVERCOURT ROAD, Oct., 1st, 1913.

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the knowledge that whisky is the worst enemy of the railroad man. The man who has taken a couple of drinks is no more fit to take up serious work around a railroad yard than a man who is out of his mind."

**WHAT IS LEFT?**

Take away the ceremonies and the ritual of the Catholic Church and what faith will be left in the hearts of its communicants? More than one minister has already asked that question. It has been answered for those in their own denominations. What did the Reformation do but endeavor to take away from the Christian religion its ceremonies and rituals? What else could it take since it denied the sacraments and most of necessity abolish those religious rites which were founded upon them. When it denied the Transubstantiation, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was no longer possible nor could the Sacred Host be raised in benediction over the multitudes.

What is left of the Christian religion after these ceremonies and rites of the Catholic Church have been done away with? Of religion, little is left. For that which inspired devotion, the Divine Presence, has departed from their churches. Nothing is there to draw the communicant to the church building but the Sunday sermon and no sermon can satisfy the cravings of a soul. Mas-

terial oratory may satisfy the intellect but it can not satisfy the longings of the spiritual man and religion is essentially of the spirit.

You have taken away the ceremonies of the Catholic Church. What have you left? Churches nearly deserted save by a few whose souls thirst but who know not where to find the fountain that can satisfy that thirst.—Chicago New World.

**WILL CALL UPON YOU**

SOME DAY A VISITOR WILL COME WHOM YOU CANNOT DENY

A merchant sat at his office desk. Various letters were spread before him. His whole being was absorbed in the intricacies of his business. A zealous friend of religion entered the office.

"I want to interest you a little in a new effort for the cause of Jesus Christ," said the good man.

"Sir, you must excuse me," replied the merchant. "I am too busy to attend to that subject now."

"But, sir, inquiry is on the increase among us," said his friend.

"Is it? I'm sorry, but I'm too busy at present to do anything."

"When shall I call again, sir?"

"I cannot tell; I'm busy every day. Excuse me, sir; I wish you a good morning."

Then bowing the intruder out of his office, he resumed the study of his papers.

The merchant had frequently repulsed the friends of humanity in this manner. No matter what the object, he was always too busy to listen to their claims. He had even told his priest that he was too busy to do anything but make money.

But one morning a disagreeable stranger who would not be denied, stepped very softly to his side, laying a cold, moist hand upon his brow, and saying, "Come home with me!"

The merchant laid down his pen, his head grew dizzy; his stomach felt faint and sick; he left the counting room, and went home, and retired to his bed chamber.

His unwelcome visitor followed him and took his place by his bedside, whispering ever and anon, "You must come with me."

A cold chill settled on the merchant's heart; specters of ships, notes, houses and lands flitted before his excited mind. His laboring pulse beat slower, his heart heaved heavily, thick films gathered over his eyes, his tongue refused to speak. Then the merchant knew that the name of the visitor was Death.

Humanity, mercy and religion had alike begged his indulgence, his means and his attention in vain; but when death came he was powerless—he was compelled to leave leisure to die.

Beware how you make yourself too busy to secure life's great end. When the excuse rises to your lips, and you are about to say you are too busy to do good, remember you cannot be too busy to die. "Prepare to-day to meet your God."—Brooklyn Tablet.

**WHAT SOCIALISM HAS ACCOMPLISHED**

After all these years since Socialism has been in ferment, what has it accomplished for the good of the laboring classes? Has even one family been benefitted by it? Has it anywhere given the means of production over to the laboring classes or anywhere changed the social order? Are the poor not poor any more? Has Eutopia been found? What has Socialism actually done? It has stirred up discontent, it has increased unhappiness, and it has excited covetousness. But, worse still, it has deprived its former members of belief in God and hope of heaven. This is the ruin it has wrought among its very own.

Life averages only thirty-three years for all of us. That is a short while to bother about food or raiment. What has earth to offer besides these? Only vanity of vanities and the grave. And for the mirage of a millennium as Socialism pictures it, is it worth while to give up religion, prayer, trust in Divine Providence, patience, brotherly love, and the expectation of an eternity of bliss?—Catholic Columbian.

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**THE JESUIT IN FACT AND IN FICTION**

The Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S. J., presents in the Nineteenth Century (June) two contrasting pictures—"The Jesuit in Fact, and the Jesuit in Fiction." He tells of Jesuit government, how a Jesuit is trained, and what he is trained for.

The society is not tethered to any one particular sphere of action. If its founder could have had his own way, he would have written no life-rule at all. As his parting words to his sons sent on foreign missions were: "Set the world on fire, grow in the love of God," so to those remaining at home he would like to have said: "Push forward, and let the interior law of charity be your rule of life and guide to perfection."

Were He living to day, I feel sure his advice to each one of his missionaries would be something like this: "Do what Christ Himself would have you do, were He living under our present day circumstances. Whatever you do, give God of your best." It was characteristic of him that when one day he saw a lay-brother sweeping a corridor somewhat carelessly in the Roman college, he stopped and asked the sweeper for whom he was doing the work. In confusion the brother replied: "I am doing it, Father, to please God." "Brother, dear," returned Father Ignatius, "as you are doing it for God, do it over again. If you were doing it for man, it would not be so much matter, but you must give God of your best always and everywhere."

To the end the soldier-saint kept his flag top-mast high "until his flying Squadron was ready to bear it for him to the uttermost parts of the earth." Any branch of the service was good enough for the true Jesuit—the missions at home or abroad, teaching in university or preparatory school, doing the greatest or the least service inquired of him. But Father Vaughan loves to think of him above all things as a foreign missionary, devoted to the service of pagan and savage. He says:

"Humanly speaking the life from what I have seen of it, would be all unendurable."

"And yet, without a single exception, I have found our Fathers delighting in it almost as much as did Father de Jogues himself, who when sent back to France after having been cruelly and horribly tortured by the Iroquois Indians, was restless till he got permission from his superiors to return to the red-skins, who finally tore him to death. Lately, I visited the American Jesuit Fathers

in far off Alaska. Not one of them from the last arrival up to the Perfect-Apostolic kept any kind of servant. I found them self-sacrificing, devoted and untiring in their sacred ministry. . . all doing whatever was asked of them by their devoted flocks."

"Crypto Jesuits," "Bogies and Scarecrows" Father Vaughan disposes of with keen humor, as he does also of the charges of vile and subtle doings.

"There are no plain clothes men among the Jesuits," he remarks, and he cites the case of the Fathers in Portugal whom the Lisbon press proclaimed were filling the coffers of the royalists with bags of gold. Driven from the country they came to London "some of them with their luggage-stowed away in their trouser pockets, while the only money they had for paying their taxes from the railway station was borrowed from us."

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