SIX

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

By REV. N. M. REDMONI FIFTH SUNDAY AFTER EASTER

DUTY OF PRAYER

nen, amen. I say to you, if you ask the anything in My Name, He will give it (John xvi. 23.)

It is evident from the Gospel, and from this being Rogation Week, that the subject for our thoughts to day should be prayer. "If you ask the Father anything in My Name, He will give it you." The Sacraments and Mass, the priest and the Church, are not always at hand to help us; but everyone, at any moment and anywhere, can pray. Prayer is the great means to help us to gain neaven. The Council of Trent says : The use of prayer is necessary for

our salvation." The simpleanswer of the Catechism tells us what prayer is: "The rais-ing up of our minds and hearts to

The raising up, the lifting us from this earth, where the tepid are allured by the false promises of an easy, worldly life, where even the good are often discouraged for want of taking a loftier view of life. Our surroundings have a great influence even upon the strongest-minded, and prayer lifts us up from these surround. ings, lest we become simply children of this world, and forget that we are children of God.

Yes, it is to God that prayer raises up: God, our Father, Who is watching us from heaven, proud of our endeavors, and inspiring us to be faithful-the God, Who is our end and our eternal reward.

And what does it raise up to God? Not our voice only, but the best and noblest of our nature - our mind, that we may know Him more and more; our will that we may centre all our intentions, interests upon Him; our heart, that there may be only one love, the motive of our life. "The love of Christ presseth us." (2 Cor. v. 14.)

This is prayer; but what does it do, what is its power, what does it accomplish? By prayer we honour God; influence Him so that, in spite of our sins and unworthiness, He listens to us, and grants our requests. Call upon Me in the day of trouble I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." (Ps. xlix. 15.) "You shall pray to Me, and I will hear you. You shall seek Me, and you shall find Me, when you shall seek Me with all your heart." (Jer. xxix. 12, 13.) When God placed man in this vale of miseries He bestowed upon his weakness-yea, upon his sinfulness-a power that appeals effectually to His mercy-the power of prayer! When a man sets himself to pray, and to pray earnestly, his very helplessness becomes a power. Our Lord has made use of extraordinary comparisons to show that everything is possible to him who prays.

And on ourselves, its power and influence is no less. Prayer enlight-ens and strengthens the will to make a pure intention, to seek only God's glory, to live for Him. And with that, it gives us a relish for the work of God, and a keenness in His service. This explains how to the Saints long hours of prayer seemed but a blissful moment. It tells us how cloisters were filled in the olden days, and the deserts peopled with those, who knew how to pray, to whom prayer had become their food, their breath, their very life.

Our past prayer would not have led us to think this—that prayer had such power and influence on God and our own souls. For this we have to blame ourselves: it is our own fault. Three things can spoil, even ruin our

raising up of our minds and hearts to God—how it transforms our poor soul, and how the good God has given it such power even over Himself. It is the cry of the children, and the Father cannot be deaf. "If you ask the Father anything in My Name, He will give it you.'

TEMPERANCE

HOW AN EVERY-SENSE DRUNK ARD CAME BACK

not?

My drinking began, where the drinking with so many men begins, drinking with so many men begins, in my own family. I dined fre-quently at my uncle's house, and especially on "occasions" wine was served to the adult members of the party. My feeling was what my father and mother could drink could certainly bring no harm to me! Shortly after that when I went to college, I had beer and biscuits. Why

My uncle invited me to dine with him at his hotel. Champagne was ordered, and I determined to decline any wine. As the waiter was about to fill my glass, and before I could raise my hand to stop him, my uncle checked him with a quizzical smile and said : "Don't give him any of that. It's too good stuff for boys." I finished my dinner in more or less sulky silence. No sooner was I in the street and master of my own actions than I made for the nearest bar-room /and swallowed several drinks in rapid succession, for no other reason than to satisfy my spleen, and prove to myself, if to no-body else on earth, that I was a

By the time I was thirty five I had ccustomed myself to a morning bracer;" one and then two, and later, several cocktails before then, meals: wine, beer, or whisky, and soda at table; a "nightcap," which rapidly increased in potency and amount, at bedtime; and an untold number of drinks of one sort or another at odd times during the day. Before I was forty I had settled down practically to "straight " whisky as

the only thing that would satisfy my craving and steady my nerves, and I was consuming anywhere from a quart to a quart and a half every twenty-four hours. I made a single heroic effort to cast

off my chains by stopping my stimul-ant abruptly, and within a few hours I developed alcoholic convulsions, followed by a terrific attack of delirum tremens. At no time through out this attack was it thought by my physicians that I could live from one our to the next. Yet here I am at my desk, mentally and morally sound. Why did I ever per nit myself to sink to the level which I have so freely admitted that I once I firmly believed that I was the victim of a disease and that my case was hopeless. I know better

I am not a fanatic on the subject of either drink, temperance or total abstinence. I have no particular quarrel with the man who can and does drink in moderation and with no apparent ill effect, except that I always shudder at the thought of what may be in store for that man if he should misjudge his own power of self-control, as I did in the early years of my life. A very definite pro portion of habitual drunkards can be saved from themselves and from the vice that grips them just as soon as their minds are divested of this pernicious notion that "disease" is at the root of their failing. If they can sober up " sufficiently to grasp this simple truth and idea ever so feebly. hope will creep into their hearts, and

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

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ful.

without

and art; the daring character of its

who exploit ex-priests on the lecture

platform. "Whenever," he said, anyone wants anything dirty done,

they get an old back-slidden preacher." When the forces of

bigotry wish to whip their followers into line they engage a Slattery or

Crowley to expose Romanism, or

they have an ex-nun like the Lowry

woman tell weird stories of convent

life. In his Lenten pastoral, Arch-bishop Moeller has touched upon

"By way of digression we desire to call attention to the notable differ-

morals or lead a better life.

brazen affrontery say and do.'

No Protestant ever became a Catho

ness, the vileness and the obscenity

ligent and fair-minded Protestants

this point as follows :

TRUE BUT IN PART A judge gave the motion picture

world somewhat of a shock when he asserted that pictures declared unfit for children were no more fit for their elders. This had reference particu-larly to certain films acknowledgedly of shady moral complexion which thus far have been given a permit on the condition that minors would not be allowed to view them. The judge is partially right in his

verdict, in as far as it refers to this ype of pictures. The immoral, or that on the border line, is no more for adult than for youthful eyes, and the limitations now imposed on its exhibition is no assurance that it will vork no evil. Beyond this, however, the judge's principle is unsound. There are pictures suited for grownups, but most assuredly not for chil dren. This can be said of almost all the films of to day. The exceptions are the travelogues, the news pictures and some few of similar nature. The story of the screen is almost

universally the romance. And, granting that it is clean, there is still the insuperable objection that it is not for the growing mind of a child that should have a child's thoughts and a child's interests. It opens fields that should be barred to children, but wherein the mature have right to wander within reason. There is, though, to-day, no restric

tion, only too frequently not even parental prohibition, to keep chil-dren out of the picture theaters where these films are shown. The conception seems to be that anything which municipal censors have passed, can contain nothing objectionable. But the censors are not cutting films to fit them perfectly for children's minds. If they were, there would be little of the original negative left. There is only censor for a child's amusement of this sort. That is the parent and the obligation rests heavily, even though recently, only on that shoul-der.—New World.

PROTESTANTISM

The Rev. Dr. Blank was once appealed to by a certain Protestant church in the far west, in which there was much commotion and division with regard to the point, whether in newly painting their church edifice, the color should be white or yellow. When the com-mittee had stated their case, and with an emphasis, not to say acrimony, which gave sad proof of the existence of a bitter feud upon the unimportant question, the Doctor quietly said: "I should advise you, upon the whole, to paint your church black. It is cheap, and a good color to wear, and eminently appropriate for a congregation of people that ought to go into mourning over such a foolish quarrel among its members. What Walter L. Judge says in The Pilgrim cannot but remind our readers of the manner in Melancthon, persuading the divided Protestants of his time to peace and unity, illustrated his arguments by parable of the wolves and the the dogs who were marching onward to fight one against another. "The wolves,", he says, "that they might the better know the strength of their adversary, sent forth a master wolf as their scout. The scout returns and tells the wolves that, indeed, the dogs were more in number, but yet they should not be discouraged, for he observed that the dogs were not one like another. A few mastiffs there were, but the most were only little curs that could only bark but not bite, and would be afraid of their



In language not very elegant, perhaps, but expressing considerable truth, Billy Sunday recently indir-ectly scorned anti-Catholic bigots

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CAN BE SAVED AND CURED OF DRINK

Good News to Mothers, Wives, Sisters

Good News to Mothers, Wives, Sisters To have seen one you love, going down this road to ruin, and to have heard him try to laugh and joke away your fears, while you watched the drink habit fasten on him ; is to have known suffering and to have borne a sorrow to which physical pain is nothing. And when at last he comes to that turn in the road that, sooner or later must come, and wakes to the fact that he is a slave to the drink you think every-thing will come right. He will fight the habit and you will help him escape it ; but he can not do it. Drink has under-mined his constitution, inflamed his stomach and nerves until the craving must be satisfied. And after you have hoped and then despaired more times than you can count you realize that he must be helped. The diseased condition of the stomach and nerves must be cured by something that will soothe the inflamed stomach and quiet the shaking nerves removing all tast for lines

cured by something that will soothe the inflamed stomach and quiet the shaking nerves, removing all taste for liquor. My marvellous remedy—Samaria Pre-scription—has done this for hundreds of cases in Canada. It can be given with or without the patient's knowledge as it is tasteless and odorless and quick-ly disolves in liquid or food. Read what it did for Mrs. G. of Vancouver: "I was as anying to got put headen

it did for Mrs. G. of Vancouver: "I was so anxious to get my husbane cured that I went up to Harrison's Drug Store and got your Remedy there. I had no trouble giving it without his knowledge. I greatly thank you for all the peace and happiness that it has brought already into my home. The cost was nothing according to what he would spend in drinking. The curse of drink was putting me into my grave, but now I feel happy. May the Lord be with you and help you in curing the evil. I don't want my name published." FREE_SEND NO MONEY

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Tepidity - that half-heartedness that we have in God's service. Prayers are hurried, prayers are shortened, prayers are many a time omitted, through sloth and love of ease. Those are not the prayers of which St. Hilary speaks when he says: "With the cries of our prayers we must fight against the devil.

Distractions are the second cause of the sterility of our prayers - distractions that come and steal away our thoughts before they rise up to God. How often have we addressed Almighty God with our thoughts wandering, and our affections choked with cares and jealousies! Negligent and wilful have been our distractions because we have not prepared our soul for the holy work of prayer. Should we not cleanse our minds and hearts of vain thoughts, let alone sinful ones, before entering into the presence of the Most High, as we do in prayer ?

And the third reason why so many prayers are unanswered is our sel-We only turn to God when we are driven. In fear, misery, ill-ness-oh, we can think of God, and selfishly cry for help. In health in God forgotten! He, therefore, often seems to be deaf to these prayers in order to show us our sefishness — that we are not honouring God, but London went mad over him. On one clamouring for something that we occasion, at a banquet, he had made need.

our weakness and sinfulness. The audibly said, in a drawling tone : misery of it all is that men will not come to Him that they may have grossah life. Come to God in prayer day Moore after day. Prayer is the daily bread of our souls. It is the manna from heaven. And as the Israelites could not lay by a store of manna, but were compelled to gather it morning Moo after morning, so we have every day to pray, "pray without ceasing," or "Of our souls will be weakened and joinder. starved and perish.

Thank God for this great means of he make a gentleman of you?"salvation. Realize what it is, the Sacred Heart Review.

from hope will come achievemen Habitual drunkenness is nothing more than a protracted dependence on a chemical crutch for mental and physical support. Many of us remember, when we

were learning to ride a bicycle or drive a car, how a wave of apprehension would sweep over us whenever we neared a pedestrian, an approaching vehicle, or a wayside telegraph pole, and impel us to head straight for him or it! Why was it? Just because we lacked confidence in ourselves. So it is with the confirmed alcoholic who is making an honest effort to "cut out" the whisky. He lacks confidence in himself. Every nerve in his body is crying for relief and he is afraid of himself and the weakness that is within him. Natur-ally he succumbs more quickly to the lure of whisky if he regards his case as hopeless because he thinks he has a "disease." If his "crutch" is at hand the temptation to use it is wellnigh irresistible. - Ladies Home Journal.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS

Tom Moore, the poet, was the son f a Dublin grocer. Without any

some brilliant witticisms. A snob, Prayer, then, is the great power thinking to humiliate him, leaned world, but time has wrought havoc over the table to the poet and quite with all its glittering hopes. How ' Pway, sir, wasn't your father a

Moore smilingly replied that he folded and revealed its liberal prin-

'Then, pway," continued the snob, why didn't he make a grossah of

Moore quite affably retorted. Wasn't your father a gentleman ?" "Of course he was," was the re-

"Then why," queried Moore, "didn't

age them, and that was, that the dogs marched as if they were more offended with themselves than with us, not keeping their ranks, but grinning and snarling and biting and tearing one another as if they would save us a labor; and therefore let us march on, resolutely, for our enemies are their own enemies, enemies to themselves and to their own peace; they bite and devour each other, and, therefore we shall certainly devour them." And so it is, and every careful observer of non-Catholic methods of propaganda has remarked it, that though a state be never so well provided with men, arms, ammunition, ships, walls, forts, aeroplanes, submarines, yet notwith-standing, if divisions and discussions and heart burnings get into that state. like a spreading gangrene, they will infect and weaken the whole, and like a breach made in the walls of a besieged city, they will let in the enemy to destroy it. Though there should be a kingdom of well-meaning Christians, if different interpretation of doctrine get within that kingdom, they will, like the worm in Jonah's gourd, eat up all the happi-

ness of it in one night. With much reason, The Pilgrim describes the non-Catholic present-day conditions as follows : "Great promise, indeed, was dis-played when the sixteenth century

first ushered Protestantism into the grand and inspiring seemed its philosophy when first it commanded the attention of the world and un-O Child in Me, leave not my House

ciples! Attractive as is everything new, more attractive by far in its pristine grandeur was this new religion. Like a kingly castle it rose aloft, so majestic, so grand, so beau-

tiful. Freedom from restraint and liberty of conscience and independ-ence of authority, democracy in church as well as in state, home rule and the star, and gladly pass together through the in religion as well as in politics,

enlightenment, progress in science

to accept anything tending to dis-credit the Catholic Church.-The own shadow. Another thing also he observed, which would much encour-Echo. THE CHILD IN ME She follows me about my House of Life (This happy little ghost of my dead youth ! She has no part in Time's relentless strife, She keeps her old simplicity and truth And laughs at grim mortality— This deathless child that stays with me-This happy little ghost of my dead youth ! My house of Life is weather-stained with years-(O Child in Me, I wonder why you stay?) Its windows are bedimmed with rain of tears-Its walls have lost their rose-its thatch is gray-One after one its guests depart— So dull a host is my old heart—

O Child in Me, I wonder why you stay!

For jealous Age, whose face I would forget,

Pulls the bright flower you give me from my hair

from my nair And powders it with snow—and yet —and yet

I love your dancing feet and jocund air

And have no taste for caps of lace To tie about my faded face: I love to wear your flower in my

of Clay

Until we pass together through its Door!

When lights are out, and Life has gone away.

And we depart to come again no more

Door!

-MAY RILEY SMITH



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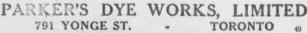
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