FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

SUNDAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF ASCENSION

What would this world be without love? It certainly would not be a fit place in which to live. God Himself is love. He made the world through love, and so created man that he processes a heart that is that he possesses a heart that is governed by love. As a conse-quence, all that is accomplished by man may be said to be done through

This love, however is not always such as God instilled into the heart of man. It is abused very often, and springs from motives that are sinful. The pure love of God, of our neighbor, and of our self is supplanted in the hearts of many by a degrading unphedied sensing a degrading, unchecked, sensual love. Man guilty of this becomes worse than the animals. His higher nature does not play its part in his life; its very dictates are absolutely

disregarded.

What is the love recommended by Peter? Primarily, it is love for God
—that love which makes man a true child of God. It is love for our Maker, our Preserver, and our final Reward when life is over. Through this love—pure and elevating—man recognizes God for what He is; in all God's actions toward him, he sees the love of a kind parent for a child. Through this love he serves God—professing that he owes this service to God, because of the fact that God created him. St. Peter had in mind this greatest of all love when he told his people to have

love above all things. In the second place, St.
Peter intended to include a
well ordered love of self.
Through it we recognize our dignity as human beings endowed by God with some of His greatest gifts nay, made to His very image and likeness. He did not, however, intend that love of self which is inordinate and is generally called vanity. A proper love of self is rather an upholding of the dignity of the human race; and through it we should make every effort to develop the gifts God gave us, and become true, real specimens of perfect

St. Peter, however, adapting his St. Peter, however, adapting his Epistle to the needs of his people, spoke principally of love for the neighbor—that love which is so difficult in many instances, and which demands so many personal sacrifices of us. It can be asserted with all truth that he who loves his neighbor as God recommends is as neighbor as God recommends is as near being a perfect man as the world can produce. And where we see such a man, we need not hesitate to conclude that he loves God above all things, and loves himself in a manner pleasing to God. Were this not so, he could not love his neighbor as himself, for it is only the love of God that will urge him on in the face of the unworthiness and ingratitude of so many—and give him the strength to love his neigh-bor. He must love himself ordinately, otherwise he would yield to what passion, and often seems almost to be walking visibly among her children, and on Christmas Eve every Irish door stands be the love of God. Otherwise it loses its purity; and, whereas it may be a love that is not sinfulnay, even to be recommended—it would not, however, be the love that God demands of us.

M. Zola had promised to visit the girl afterwards in Paris where she lived, but he did not keep his promise. In reply to the question, open by way of welcome to her who open by way of welcome to her who open by way of welcome to her who open by among her children, and on Christmas Eve every Irish door stands open by way of welcome to her who open by way of welcome to her who open by way of welcome to her who open by among her children, and on Christmas Eve every Irish door stands open by way of welcome to her who open by way of welcome to her who open by way of the reply to the question, "Well, did M. Zola go to see you in Paris, as he promise. In reply to the question, "Well, did M. Zola go to see you in Paris, as he promise. In reply to the question, "Well, did M. Zola go to see you in Paris, as he promise. In reply to the question, "Well, did M. Zola go to see you in Paris, as he promise. In reply to the question, "Well, did M. Zola go to see you in Paris, as he promise. In reply to the question, "Well, did M. Zola go to see you in Paris, as he promise. In reply to the question, "Well, did M. Zola go to see you in Paris, as he promise. In reply to the question, "Well, did M. Zola go to see you in Paris, as he promise. In reply to the question, "Well, did M. Zola go to see you in this night found so many doors closed against her in Bethlehem.

But if other evidence of the strength of their devotion were wanting there is always the Irish love for the purity, Mary's virtue.

How much the world neglects this threefold love! And even when it threefold love! And even when it is not altogether absent from the lives of many, how very often it is stripped of its perfecting and beautifying qualities! There is the class of people who say that they love God; and so they do love Him, to a certain extent. But how little this love seems to influence their lives, and how slightly they seem to be interested in it! As a rule, they attend church on Sunrule, they attend church on Sundays, recite a few prayers perhaps at night, but nothing more. This love does not help them to bear the misfortunes and sufferings of life. They give way to human grief, and do not conform to God's will. Where such is the case, the pure love of God is not strong in their

When we consider self-love, we are shocked at the pride and vanity of such great numbers of people. What is the motive behind the use of all the artificial makeup we see about us? What is it that urges people to become slaves of style, Marie Lebranchu, hitherto stretched their very demeanor.

As regards love for our neighbor, there is also much to be desired. great doctors. there is also much to be desired. There are thousands of causes existing today that destroy this part of the virtue of charity. It is the falsehood that is circulated; it is the insult that is offered; it is the jealousy that exists in the heart—yes, it is even the suspicion that we have of another. One of the most powerful weapons against charity in this respect is the tongue of the gossiper. It may be counted today among the causes most de-

who now know no love.

IRELAND'S LOVE FOR MARY

In Ireland, where the ages of faith have never come to an end, the entire country may be said to be a shrine of Mary. The fire that Patrick kindled on the Hill of Slane has not only never flickered nor gone out, but with the centuries it has only gained in intensity. The Faith took root in Ireland without persecution or bloodshed, but it has been kept only at a price of a prolonged martyrdom, and the Irish love for Mary has no small share in their perseverance.

When the Irish received Christ they received His Mother, even as John received her and the two heve

they received His Mother, even as John received her, and the two have never been separated in their hearts. "God and Mary save you" is the greeting to one another, "God and Mary go with you," their farewell, "Mr got the previous night, he had on the previous night. "God and Mary go with you," their farewell, "My soul to God and Mary," pray the dying in their last hour, "May God and His Mother protect you and may you never know want," is the beggar's

blessing.

Here as elsewhere she has her churches and her holy wells, but here every house may be called her sanctuary. Every home has an altar in her honor, and from innumerable Irish hearths through the innumerable long years has gone up night after night the sound of the rosary, the "blessed beads."

The Irish beads are worn thin from use. "Aye, I'm at the beads," said an old woman to the author of "Down West," "They're me whole dependence, till sometimes I do wonder if it's not too free I'm makin', takin' the attention of the Blessed Mother so often from her Son."

Every church has its angelus bell, and at its sound all activity ceases; the men at work in the fields, the women in the house, the children at their play, fall on their knees and greet Mary with Gabriel's greeting. "Mary of the graces" is invoked at rising and on going to rest, on sitting down to meals and when covering the fire for the night. Children are lulled to sleep to the sound of her name and committed to the protection of her mantle of

All the poetry and tenderness of the Celtic nature are infused into the Irish names for her. She is Myden dheelish the darling Virgin, Myden dheelish the darling Virgin, the Banner of Peace, the Blossom of the Patriarchs, the Palace of Christ, the Ladder of Heaven. Her own name of Mary they hold so sacred that in the form of Muire it is reserved for her alone. At least one daughter in every family is baptized in her honor, Maire, but none save sinless Mary is called Muire.

The Month of May in Ireland witnesses such an outburst of fervent devotion to Mary that she seems almost to be walking visibly among her children, and on Christ-

love for the purity, Mary's virtue, as manifested in the multitude of chaste wives, of consecrated virgins, and the cohorts of her sworn Knights, the priests of Irish blood, the glory of the Church of her Son.

—The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacra-

INFIDEL DISHONESTY

In his recently published mono graph on "The Logic of Lourdes," the Rev. John J. Clifford, S. J. furnishes a striking instance of the dishonesty to which infidel writers sometimes have recourse in order to discredit the supernatural claims of the Catholic Church. In this case

the Catholic Church. In this case the infidel writer is the well-known novelist M. Zola. In his book on "Lourdes," Zola describes the miraculous cure, at that famed shrine of our Blessed Lady, of a young woman named Marie Lebranchu. In a realistic manner he pictures the patient prior to the cure:

people to become slaves of style, even when it is contrary to Christian modesty? What is it that causes many to parade the streets, while their home or family is neglected? The answer to all these questions is the same—inordinate love for self. These people, too, are conscious of all this. It is seldom that they do not show it in their very demeanor.

Marie Lebranchu, hitherto stretched out, scarce breathing, like a corpse, had just raised herself up; she was creature of over thirty, with a round ravaged face, which her fuzzy hair and flaming eyes rendered almost pretty. She had reached the third stage of consumption. For five years past she had been making the rounds of the hospitals of Paris. five years past she had been making the rounds of the hospitals of Paris,

structive of brotherly love. It is only on the judgment day that it will be fully known how much the gossip-bearer has done.

These words of St. Peter, "Above all things have a constant, mutual charity," could not be spoken at a more opportune time than today. Let the guilty one heed them and mend his ways, for if he continues along his sinful path, his place in the other world will be among those who now know no love.

eat. A stifling sensation made her pause and she became livid."

"This is the picture," says Father ("This is above la say ou or I," Mhat to do wi

fairly topsy-turvy by the arrival of La Grivotte (M. Zola's name for Marie) who swept in like a whirlwind almost dancing with delight and shouting in a full voice, 'I am

cured, I am cured.'
"And forthwith she began relate that they had first of all refused to bathe her, and she had been obliged to insist and beg and sob in order to prevail upon them to do so. And then it had all happened as she had previously said it would. She had not been immersed in the icy waters for three minutes-all perspiring as she was, with her consumptive rattle, before she had felt strength return-ing to her like a whip stroke lashing

on the carriage seat, coughing and spitting blood, with her face of ashen hue? He could not recognize her as she now stood there, erect and slender, her cheeks rosy, her eyes sparkling and buoyed up by a determination to live, a joy in liv

ing already."
These two pen-pictures of the girl, one before and the other after the bath, are both faithful to facts. But M. Zola, the infidel, was unwilling to draw from them the inevitable inference. On the contrary, he attempts to discredit the miracle by a dishonest piece of fiction. Describing the girl on her return trip, as the train drew near to Bordeaux, he injects this dramatic but mendacions incident

"Sister Hyacinthe turned quickly and caught La Grivotte in her arms. A frightful fit of coughing, however, prostrated the unhappy creature upon the seat and for five minutes she continued stifling, shaken by such an attack that her poor body seemed to be cracking and reading. Then a red thread oozed from between her lips and at last she spat up blood by the throatful. Her ailment had returned to her with brutel force victorium. her with brutal force, victorious

"Dramatic indeed," says Father Clifford, "but a lie made out of whole cloth. The facts are quite the reverse. A year later the girl journeyed back to the grotto to return thanks for her cure. She presented herself at the medical office. The following is the official report:

report:
"After a first bath in the piscina (last year) Marie Lebranchu felt suddenly well. At the examination made at the medical office with the greatest care, no trace could be found of the serious disease from which she had suffered. Since then the cure has been permanent in spite of an attack of influenza from the winter.

M. Zola had promised to visit the

hospital to die."
When Dr. Boissarie, president of the Medical Bureau, taking the novelist to task for his lie, said : "How did you dare to make Marie Lebranchu die? You know very well that she



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