

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKET, O. S. B. SUNDAY WITHIN THE OCTAVE OF CORPUS CHRISTI

THE LOVE OF OUR LORD IN THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

"I have loved you with an everlasting love." (Jer. xxxi. 3.) Celebrating this great festival of Corpus Christi, our minds naturally turn to the love of Christ, in giving us Himself in the Holy Eucharist.

The love of Christ in giving us Himself! All other thoughts are dwarfed by this one—the love of Christ. Even that Divine love could no further go. To awaken gratitude and piety in our hearts, let us study and examine the love that prompted this gift, rather than the gift itself.

Love, if it could, would annihilate time and space, and always be with the one beloved. Even the pagans knew that "the property of friendship is to live with our friend." (Aristotle.) So true is this, that God Himself, when He would prove that He loved us, could do no other thing than this. "The Word was made Flesh and dwelt among us." (John i. 14.)

Under all the world's outward display, in the midst of its pomp and its wealth, how little there is likely to be of real supernatural merit; a measure of grain out of a mountain of chaff, a speck of gold in a desert of sand! Man fails to appreciate the supreme truth that only a pure motive can give the highest value to what they do.

Not so the strong and faithful love of Jesus Christ. He had this intention and desire of leaving us Himself in the Blessed Sacrament, ever present in His Mind, and no ingratitude could change His loving purpose. His love was strong and faithful, though the Pharisees said He had a devil, and was ambitious to be King; though repeatedly the Jews sought to stone and kill Him; though the rulers resolved to put Him to death, because He did many miracles; though He was not believed in by His own brethren; though, when He declared Himself the living Bread from heaven, many left Him, and His disciples murmured against Him; though they were planning His death the very night that He instituted this Blessed Sacrament; though one, whom He had just communicated with His own hands, went forth and betrayed Him; though another Apostle, that very night, denied Him; though all this, His love was strong and faithful.

Secondly, love is unselfish and disinterested, for real love is "wishing and doing good to another, not for our own, but for his sake." (Aristotle.) This definition needs no application. Why is our Blessed Saviour here present? For us and for our salvation. Who can doubt the disinterestedness of Jesus Christ, who beholds Him, day after day, the prisoner of love in the tabernacle? In solitude and in silence, He is waiting to listen to the complaints of the sorrowful, the petitions of the needy, to welcome back the penitent and the prodigal, or to be borne to the death-bed of the sinner, who may have disowned Him, perhaps for years.

And if on His festivals, if at Corpus Christi, He is honored with ceremonial and sacred rites, adored by earnest crowds, what is that? What is the best that the whole world can do, to the great Almighty God? Are there not legions of angels in heaven who worship Him unceasingly? Yet, such is His love, He chooses to be worshipped by us, that He may reward us for it. His greatest delight is to give us Himself in this Sacrament, yet how unselfish, for why is He delighted? Because it is our salvation.

The most winning aspect of love, however, is its modesty, and self-effacement. True love knows not repeated assurances: it cannot protest. The seat of love is the heart, and not the tongue.

Now, our Blessed Lord in the Gospel scarcely ever refers to His love in leaving us Himself. We find Him saying that love brought Him on earth, for He came "to seek and to save that which was lost." (Luke xix. 10.) He says He loved us to the end, and when about to die He said: "Greater love than this no man hath that a man lay down his life for his friends." (John xv. 13.) And yet to leave us Himself, says St. Thomas, was a mark of still greater love, but He never boasts of this. Moreover, He tells us how His Father loves us, and often what the Holy Ghost would do when He came, but no word about that mysterious attraction, which holy souls feel for His sacred Presence here. The only injunction that He left us was, "Do this for a commemoration of Me." (Luke xxii. 19.)

How humbly, briefly said, in memory of Me! And yet we know of all things He longed for most was to gain our love, our hearts. But He knew that if His very Presence, believed and acknowledged as it is, failed to draw men to Him, that precepts and entreaties would alike be in vain. He left, therefore, His modest, gentle, untiring love to plead for itself, to draw all men to itself.

These thoughts, on the love of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament, should awaken gratitude and piety in our hearts. That is what our Lord is asking for. It is not much. He once said: "If you love those who love you, what reward shall you have? Do not the publicans and heathens this?" (Matt. v. 46.) And yet, He is only asking you to love Him, and surely He hath loved us. Yet there is a reward for us, if we will—life eternal. Yea, and it will take us life eternal to pay Him back love for love; to thank Him and bless Him, for His strong and faithful love, for His unselfish love, for that silent, humble love, which we learned to realize all too late, in the Blessed Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist.

THE SPOUSE OF MARY

In our age of intense outward activity and outward display, the spiritual nature of man is apt to be overlooked and the purely material or intellectual side of our earthly existence to be unduly exalted. Yet it is the inner life of the soul that is of the highest importance.

Giants in the public eye, famous statesmen, inventors, and captains of industry, may be found dwarfed by the angel's rod. Only the man of prayer, the hidden though he be from the eyes of the world, shows forth a giant stature, a seraph in the sight of God. Not riches, nor knowledge, but grace and love are the true measure of our greatness.

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What better example of the worth of that inner life which the world despises or ignores than the great and saintly Spouse of Mary, who with such intensity and constancy of devotion, yet with such perfect simplicity and quietude of soul, cultivated the things of the spirit? Rightly, therefore, was he chosen for the Patron of the Inner Life, the guide and intercessor of all who would persevere with Him in the company of Mary and of Jesus.

United with God in all our actions, as Joseph was, we shall never be torn away from our central mooring by any outward temptation. Our anchor is sunk deep in the Heart of Christ, in the infinite Love of God.

St. Joseph was never exalted in the sight of men. He was not, like the favorite of Pharaoh, lifted on high in a royal chariot, arrayed in cloth of silk, with a chain of gold about his neck and the king's own ring upon his finger, that all might bow their knee before him. He was never the counsellor of earthly monarchs or the distributor of garnered harvests to the suppliant nations.

To all outward seeming, he was but the least of the descendants of David, a lowly craftsman of Nazareth, earning his bread in the sweat of his brow.

How uneventful to the eyes of men that life with Mary and with Jesus in their humble home! How apparently dull and monotonous that daily round of labor and of poverty! Yet how glorious the reality, which men did not perceive; how sublime the position held by him in the sight of Heaven! Who indeed could be compared with that Spouse of the Mother Immaculate, that Foster Father of the Word Incarnate, to whom Mary and Jesus were obedient on earth as now they fulfill his slightest wish in Heaven?

St. Joseph's greatness was not in outward semblance, but in reality and truth; not in the garish glory of the world, but in fidelity to the whisperings of the Holy Spirit; not in public prominence and honor, but in the constant union of his soul with God.

Though the least of men and the humblest, yet was he mightier than all the Herods and the Caesars. His power lay in the simplicity of his obedience, the purity of his intention, the might of his love and the strength of his prayer.

True! the world did not comprehend his virtues, nor can it understand them now. If it still continues to hasten after idle dreams and clutch at empty shadows, may we at least, as the children of Joseph and of Mary, not lose the gold to grasp the tinsel. Our greatness and our wealth must lie in the inner life of our soul with God.—Rev. Jos. Husslein in Our Sunday Visitor.

THE FOUR FUNNY GEORGES

From London comes the report that quite recently four of that city's masters of mirth, leading comedians—George Robey, George Grossmith, George Formby and George Mozart, the four funny Georges—have come into the Catholic Church, a fact which should go some way in dis-

abusing the mind of the popular belief that a man who "professes" a religion must necessarily be "a dull dog."—Buffalo Union and Times.

SATISFACTION FOR SIN

Sacramental satisfaction means reparation to God for sin. It is not enough for us to be our own accusers by confession; we must also be ready to execute justice on ourselves by making satisfaction. The catechism tells us that satisfaction is the doing of the penance given us by the priest. It means the punishment or penalty of some sort, which the priest, in his capacity as judge, gives to us, for the satisfaction of the justice of Almighty God, which is offended by sin.

It is absolutely necessary, in order to receive pardon, that the penitent should be ready to exact, and the will to perform, a penance. The disposition to make amends goes naturally with sorrow for sin. Satisfaction usually consists of some prayers, some good works, fasting, or humiliation, and should be performed as soon as possible, or at the stated time. The penitent himself is not at liberty to change the penance he has received, even by substituting a greater penance than the one imposed. No matter how great be the penance given to us, it bears but a small proportion to the malice of our sins. It is advisable that the penitent should not speak of the penance imposed upon him in the confessional.

It is very well for us to dwell frequently upon the solemn warnings that are contained in holy scripture, that we many not lose sight of our responsibilities. "The wages of sin is death." "Behold I come quickly, and my reward is with me to render to every man according to his works." (Apoc. xxii, 12.) By sin, we contract a debt to Almighty God. "One was brought to him that owed him 10,000 talents." (St. Matt. xviii, 24.) "A certain man had two debtors, and one owed him 500 pence, and the other 50." (St. Luke vii, 41.) In the Lord's prayer we say, "Forgive us our trespasses—that is, forgive us our debts, as we also forgive our debtors."

If men would look upon their sins as a debt, which they certainly have to pay some day, they would not be so careless in contracting them. Almighty God regards sin as a debt due to His justice, and only a pure motive can give the highest value to what they do. Without supernatural charity all our endeavors are sounding brass and tinkling cymbals.

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Our spiritual nourishment. FREQUENT COMMUNION MAKES FOR MORAL GROWTH AND PERFECTION. Holy Communion effects the most intimate union of our souls with Jesus, whose deified humanity becomes our spiritual nourishment and the cause of our moral growth and perfection, says Very Rev. J. R. Newell, O. P. Hence the wonderful fruits of frequent Communion displayed in the spiritual beauty and power of the Church. In an age of religious darkness and desolation the Catholic Church, by reason of the Holy Eucharist, shines before the

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world as the inspiring example of every high virtue of religious piety and social benevolence. She realizes in the lives of her children who communicate frequently the divine ideals of absolute faith and trust in God; of supernatural mastery of the passion; of courage and patience under every trial; of unalterable charity and an unshakable reliance on the divine pledge of a future glorious immortality.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE MODERN MOTHER

BY AN URSULINE RELIGIOUS

A clever teacher in one of our public schools once defined the modern American Mother as an institution especially designed to make the way of the transgressor hard, the transgressor very rarely being the Modern American Mother's "angel child," but very frequently the "angel child's" "barred the teacher! If the parent so spoken of does not prove so much a charlatan of the spirit as it is because, in the first place, a blessed majority of Catholic mothers are too busy to chasten anybody but their fortunate and numerous offspring; and, in the second place, because most parents, no matter what their drawbacks may be, have great confidence in nuns and their teachings.

It does not follow from this, however, that we call the "pupils' parents' problem" never intrudes itself into convent circles or that teaching Sisters do not have almost insuperable difficulties to overcome, arising, if not from parental interference or too great indulgence. The children coming from a great many Catholic homes are not wholly uncontrollable, as Catholic schools is due, not to any discipline they have had at home, but to the fact that they usually like the Sisters and are willing to please them, and besides have enough intelligence to recognize authority when they see it.

The choice of a school usually lies with the daughter after she has reached what seems to her mother the use of reason, but which anyone acquainted with facts would call the age of unreason—namely, 14. The worldly mother often prefers the convent for her daughter while she is still in the grades, because "the nuns are so refined, don't you know," and, attracted by the sisters' kindness, the child usually pleased to do what pleases the mother. When the school finished, then comes conflict. The mother, if worldly and ambitious (and what modern American mother is not?), wishes her daughter to enter the Public High School, because she thinks it offers exceptional advantages for her daughter's social career. As a rule the daughter looks at the matter as her mother does and leaves the convent just when she most needs its restraining influence. If she happens to prefer the convent, at the convent she stays, mother's preference for the High School notwithstanding.

HAVING HER OWN WAY Sometimes the child herself, passing through the first "boy craze," finds the convent stupid and unexciting, because she does not have there the opportunity for silly flirtations she might elsewhere have. In such cases the mother, not altogether blind to her daughter's good, may prefer that the convent training continue through the high school course, since she considers it "safer on the whole," to use her own expression. As a rule, the mother's preference is not regarded, the fourteen-year-old deciding the matter for herself by going to the high school.

Afterwards her constant reiteration of "Oh, I'm just crazy about high! We have the sweetest time! Why don't you girls go? You don't know what you're missing!" sometimes results next semester in the defection to the high school of two or three of her former classmates.

Many mothers lament their inability to control their children and the lament is often made in the children's presence. "Oh, I know Elsie wears her dresses too low," Sister, one mother says in deprecating answer to Sister's lifted eyebrows and sidelong glances at Elsie's display of collarbone, "but she just

orders her dressmaker around as she pleases and I can't do a thing with her. And she just won't study at night, so I tell her father it's no wonder her reports are so bad."

And Elsie smiles sweetly and bids her mother not to "tell tales out of school."

Sometimes the mother more actively interferes with school discipline. The sister in charge of school entertainments has given out the parts for, let us say, a Christmas play. Some fair dame reports at home that her histrionic talents had not been properly recognized, with the result that she comes to school next day armed with a note from her mother, who wants to know if "sister can't let Gwendolyn Alicia have the part of the angel instead of letting that Margaret Mary Murphy have it, because Gwendolyn Alicia has golden curls and blue eyes. And besides Gwendolyn Alicia has taken expression so long and Miss Billings says she is the most talented girl in her class—and will sister please phone?"

Now, sister can't very well tell the doting mother that her daughter might "take expression" for a hundred years and not be able to "express" as can Margaret Mary Murphy, who has never taken, or that Miss Billings is a deceitful cat who knows what side her bread is buttered, or that angels do not necessarily have "golden curls and blue eyes." Sister would like to say all this and more, but, being a religious and a lady, she suppresses the rising symptoms of an auburn head and a Celtic tongue and soothes the mother as best she may, and after the loss of a valuable half hour leaves the phone wondering if "some mothers will ever learn sense."

But there is a far more serious indictment against the modern mother than her lack of control over her children, bad though that is. By her teaching and example she fatally lowers her children's feeling of responsibility towards the duties of her married state. Her daughters hear her ridiculing or more often pitying the woman who has more than two or three children. They see her raising her hands in holy horror because Mrs. Schmidt, who lives in the alley back of them, has been wicked enough or foolish enough—the "wickedness" or the "foolishness" of the act depending upon just how "educated and cultured" the Modern American Mother may be—as she wonders "just how any woman who has more than two children can manage to raise them properly, and how she can reconcile her conscience to such a thing." With such an example before her eyes, we should like to ask our American mothers what they think their daughters are going to be. And we should like also to draw attention to the injustice of those Catholics who wonder why convents succeed in doing so little for girls "who have been with the nuns for years." The Modern American Parent, feminine gender, is sufficient answer to that.

MRS. MALONE AND THE CENSOR When Mrs. Malone got a letter from Pat, she started to read it aloud in her flat. "Deary Mary," it started; "I can't tell you much, and I'm somewhere in France, and I'm fightin' the Dutch, I'm chokin' wid news that I'd like to relate, but it's little a soldier's permitted t' state. Do ye mind Rod McPhee—well, he fell in ditch. An' busted an arm, but I can't tell ye which.

"An' Paddy O'Hara was caught in a flame An' rescued by—Faith, I can't tell ye his name. Last night I woke up with a terrible pain. I thought for awhile it would drive me insane. Oh, the sufferin'! I had was most-dreadful t' bear! I'm sorry my dear, but I can't tell ye where. The doctor he gave me a pill, but I find It's contrary to rules t' disclose here the kind.

"I've been t' the dentist an' had a tooth out, I'm sorry t' leave you so shrouded in doubt, But the best I can say is that one tooth is gone. The censor won't let me inform ye which one, I met a young fellow who knows ye right well, An' ye know him, too, but his name I can't tell. He's Irish, red-headed, an' there with th' blarney, His folks once knew your folks back home in Killarney."

"By gorry," said Mrs. Malone in her flat. "It's hard to make sense out av writin' like that. But I'll give him as good as he sends, that I will." So she went right to work with her ink well an' quill. An' she wrote, "I suppose ye're dead eager for news. You know when we left we were buyin' the shoes; Well, the baby has come, an' we're both doin' well. It's—Oh, but that's somethin' they won't let me tell."

—Edgar R. Guest.

How You Can Get More Money For Your WOOL

When I discovered many years ago the great difference between the amount of money the Farmer usually received from the peddler or small dealer for his wool, and the price at which the peddler or dealer sold the wool to us; I was amazed.

Of course nearly all the wool eventually comes to ourselves and a few large dealers—but the greater number of hands thro' which it has to travel the smaller the price the farmer receives as each one has to have a profit.

Consequently it seemed to me good business to deal directly with the farmer and pay him the much higher prices which we used to pay to the peddlers and middlemen—thus eliminating the peddler and middleman to a great degree.

By shipping direct to us the Farmer secures a very much higher price for his wool which in a good many cases means a profit instead of a loss to him.

The satisfaction expressed by the many Farmers who shipped their wool direct to us for many years is so great that I am encouraged to continue the same policy to a greater extent this year.

For over 30 years I have been buying wool and know the market from A to Z. Before selling your wool this season don't fail to write me first for prices, stating the number and breed of sheep you have.

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