

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. F. P. HICKEY, O. S. B. TWENTY-SECOND SUNDAY AFTER PENTECOST

THE CARE OF OUR SOULS

"To God the things that are God's." (Matt. xxiii, 23.)

The answer of Our Blessed Lord to the Pharisees, tempting Him to speak disloyally of Caesar, is full of wisdom, which grows upon us as we think of it. He easily confutes their wiles, simply by saying: "Render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's," but He added: "And to God the things that are God's." Which of us can say we are the faithful servant who has done that?

"The things that are God's?" What have we that is not from God? He has given us our living body with its faculties and senses, our will, memory, and understanding, our immortal soul made after His own image and likeness. And when we have defiled and ruined the soul, He has given us plentiful Redemption, His Sacraments, His Church, the title-deeds of Heaven.

And we have to render service to God with all and for all these favours and graces. That is the work of our life. We have to know Him, love Him, serve Him. Our mind and heart and soul to be all His. Our whole being to be impregnated with this one thought, "All for God, and God alone."

And when do we do all this. What a humiliation to own it! To Him, Who gives us our lives, we render one short hour or half-hour on a Sunday, even if we are regular at that. We render Him two or three minutes at night; but perhaps in our hurry, only the sign of the cross in the morning! And our thoughts and affections? Alas! many a time, for a day together, not one thought of Heaven, or the cross, or the tabernacle. And even when we do pray, do we render homage to Him with heart and soul, though it is He, Who gave us our heart and soul wherewith to love Him?

How can we account for it that so many of us are like this? We do not mean to rebel against God. We know our duty. Every child can answer rightly, "Of which must you take most care, of your body or of your soul?" "Of my soul." To see still more plainly how little we do for God contrast it with the waste of time, and the interest, love, and labour squandered over things that are useless. Let Caesar stand for the devil, the world, the flesh, our predominant passion, and what have they all given to you? Render to them what they have bestowed upon you. But do not steal and give to them God's time, that He has given you, and God's other gifts, your will and memory, your heart, your precious immortal soul itself!

Alas! that is what so many do. Half an hour's Mass a week begrudged to God; to our passions and pleasures and greed, six days a week, long and late hours are not enough? We steal most of the Sunday, the Lord's Day, from Him too. To pray, to raise up our minds and hearts to God, we find dry and monotonous and weary; but to gossip, to indulge in idle and often filthy talk, long hours seem only minutes; closing time in the public-house comes all too soon, but the shortest of sermons we find too long in the house of God.

And is it true that we, with our intelligence, our faith, our immortal souls, have so demeaned ourselves as to be content with such a foolish, selfish life? Money, or drink, or pride, or envy, or unbridled love—these are the idols that we have set up? Are we to render to them our life and our very souls?

Enough of this, my dear brethren, we are ashamed of having thus been led astray from Almighty God, and wasting His precious gifts.

Let us be practical. Our soul is the centre of all God's gifts and blessings to us. If we save our soul we do indeed "render to God the things that are God's." How, then, can we make sure of that? We must take care of it; it is precious and immortal.

We are clever enough about our bodies, let us take a lesson from the care he bestow upon them. What are the chief cares we bestow upon our bodies? Food, clothing, and medicine when we ail. And what thought we give to these things, how anxious we are about them. When we mention food we include drink, and to indulge in that and in high living, to gratify the appetite and lust of one man, how many a family has been ruined and how many children made destitute!

And clothing; it is right to be well clothed, but think of the hours spent through vanity in devising, in heart-burnings and jealousies, the debts and petty thefts, all incurred for fine clothes.

And medicine and care when sickness comes upon us. What pain and operations will men undergo even for appearance's sake, let alone to stretch out the little span of life.

Contrast, then, the body, my dear brethren, cared for so anxiously, and our immortal soul, that we let starve and go naked before the eyes of God, and let die and rot in sin, and the heavenly Physician only waiting to be asked, and our soul would be healed!

Yes, the food of our soul is holy prayer, that brings down the manna of grace to feed our soul. And the food above all, without cost or price, is the Blessed Sacrament of the altar. Here in our Father's house the table is always laid, the cloth spread, the

heavenly Bread ready for the children, if they would only come. Starved like the prodigal, yet no, they will not come where there is bread enough and to spare.

And our souls are naked too, and we care not. Good works and virtuous actions are the clothing of the soul, and God's grace a garment. And our souls are sick unto death. Here is the tribunal of Penance, and there we know we can be healed. The good Lord is waiting for us to come and be healed. And how many will not!

"To God the things that are God's." And are we keeping our poor soul back from God? Starving it, letting it go naked, watching it dying, and never seeking a remedy? The care that we have lavished on our body, will condemn us at the Judgment, contrasted with the want of care, the neglect of our souls. That soul is God's, created by Him, purchased by Him with His Blood; then cherish it and love it, and loyally render it back to Him, Who gave it to you.

TEMPERANCE

DRINK AND BE SOBER

Vance Thompson, who has written a stirring and impressive indictment of alcohol under the ironical title, "Drink and Be Sober," says: "Alcohol is a curious thing. It is often as erratic in its manifestations as electricity. Its ordinary way of work is to degenerate the man making for general organic degeneracy, with progressive waning of the intellectual faculties. Now and then it has another way. Instead of slowly murdering its man, it attacks him furiously at intervals. Now and then, at an unforeseen moment, out of the blue a drink storm beats upon him and sweeps him away from his usual moorings. . . . The best man who drinks is never sure that crime may not get him; that when his moral discrimination is put to sleep by the drug a strange new criminality may start up in him. The chance is one in a hundred. If it be only one in a thousand it is a bad chance to take, and it is on the edge of this peril that one finds the most awful and the most sad tragedies of life.

One such adventure in life haunts me. The youth I loved most was an undergraduate at one of the English universities. Destiny had given him birth in a famous English family—near the head of it. . . . Once, I remember, we had wandered far afield debating the old Utopian idea, and a winter night shut down on us. We went into a little wayside inn for dinner and took what we could get. It was an alehouse and there was no wine to be had. And I remember his pathetic exclamation, "How can a gentleman dine without a half pint of claret?"

Now, in the horoscope of this grave and gentle lad was the maddest night ever written by the stars. I did not witness it. I was not even in England, but what happened I know, and I know the end. He had been studying hard and late and in the afternoon he rode out for an hour or so—those were the days when youth took its pleasure on a horse and he came back and dressed to dine in town with some friends. There you have him at a trifle before 8 o'clock. He had never been drunk in his life; he was the half pint of claret sort of a man; the man who wets his pipe with a glass or two of whiskey and soda; a clean-mannered man who would as soon think of drinking to excess as of rolling in the kennel like a dog.

Where we went that evening I do not know. The bolt from the blue struck him. At 10 o'clock he was a drink-mad maniac, scouring the streets of the town with an American revolver—Heaven knows where he got it—have forgotten—in his hand, and five minutes later he shot and killed a constable who expostulated with him in the kindly British way. They hanged that boy. In spite of the mighty weight of his family name, in spite of his dazed defense, in spite of the evident madness of that drink storm, they hanged him on a gallows. "I don't remember anything about it" was all he could say. How could he? Science would have made clear to day that he was in an alcoholic trance. When he went out to kill, the real man in him—the man I knew and loved, the dreamer of Utopia—was deaf and blind. I do not care to write any more about this boy's life and death, only this: No man who plays with the lawless force of alcohol knows when or where the bolt from the blue will strike. No man knows. For inexorably as a triangle is imbedded in a circle there is hidden in alcohol the swift potentiality of crime.—The Tablet.

PARSON CONVERTED BY "LITTLE FLOWER"

An Irish lady, residing in France, has written to a friend in Dublin as follows: "I was at the funeral, not long ago, of the ex-parson, Mr. Grant, whom it is generally believed, was converted to Catholicity through the intercession of the Little Flower, some years since. He lived in the house in which Sister Teresa was born. It is always crowded with priests, soldiers, and men and women of every class. The room in which the holy nun was born is now a chapel. The Requiem Office and High Mass for dear old Mr. Grant were held in the Cathedral at ALENCON, where Sister Teresa was baptized. His last words were: 'Little Teresa lead me to God.' Mrs. Grant

THE BLESSING OF A HEALTHY BODY

Has Not Had An Hour's Sickness Since Taking "FRUIT-A-TIVES"



MR. MARRIOTT, 73 Lees Ave., Ottawa, Ont., August 9th, 1915.

"I think it my duty to tell you what 'Fruit-a-tives' has done for me. Three years ago, I began to feel run-down and tired, and suffered very much from Liver and Kidney Trouble. Having read of 'Fruit-a-tives', I thought I would try them. The result was surprising. During the 3 1/2 years past, I have taken them regularly and would not change for anything. I have not had an hour's sickness since I commenced using 'Fruit-a-tives', and I know now what I haven't known for a good many years—that is, the blessing of a healthy body and clear thinking brain."

WALTER J. MARRIOTT.

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continues to live on in the Maison de Sœur Therese. She has just returned from the National Pilgrimage to Lourdes, which was an enormous affair. Readers of the life of the Little Flower are familiar with the story of Mr. Grant's remarkable conversion from Presbyterianism to the Church.

THE TERM CATHOLIC

In an article on the use of the word "Roman" Catholic in connection with the forthcoming census in New Zealand, the New Zealand Tablet remarks:

"Judging by the practice of standard writers—such as Macaulay, Edmund Burke, James Martineau, Lecky, Ruskin, Tennyson, etc.—literary usage is quite agreed that the term is the peculiar designation of the church or religious body which has for its visible head on earth the Pope or Bishop who sits upon the Chair of St. Peter in Rome. The extent to which this age long term 'Catholic' is embodied and embedded in general literature is admirably illustrated in the following extract from an American contemporary: 'There can be no possible misunderstanding when people speak of "Catholic Emancipation," or when Tennyson in "Queen Mary" makes Elizabeth refer to Philip of Spain as "The proud Catholic prince"; or when Ruskin, in "Fors Clavigera," writes concerning these Arabian knights of Venice and the Catholic Church; or when Leigh Hunt says in his autobiography that "Dante's heaven is the sublimation of a Catholic church"; or when Carlyle says that "the ideas and feelings of a man's moral nature have never found so perfect an expression in form as they found in the noble cathedrals of Catholicism"; or when Lecky, in his "Rationalism in Europe," says that "the Catholic reverence of the Virgin has done much to elevate and purify the ideal woman, and to soften the manners of men"; or when Hawthorne says, "I have always envied the Catholics their faith in that sweet, sacred Virgin Mother," or when we say that Belgium is a Catholic country or when Berchellier's dictionary says that in French "the word Catholic is used only in connection with the Church in communion with Rome"; or when the Turkish Government distinguishes between the Orthodox and the Catholics. In the word the world has fixed the use of the word "Catholic" to suit itself; and, as that use happens to be in accord with the true meaning, it is useless to attempt to change it.' We may add that in colloquial speech, not least in literary English, the term 'Catholic' is used with the same exclusive application to the Church which is in communion with Rome. 'Are you a Romanist?' asked the land agent of Mr. Dooley. 'A which?' said he. 'Are you a Roman Catholic?' 'No, thank God, I'm a Chicago Catholic.' 'This the same thing,' said the agent.

"No creed outside the Roman obedience" claims the exclusive right to the word 'Catholic.' When others apply it to themselves at all it supposes the acceptance of a 'branch' theory or other form of church polity which is opposed to the words of the New Testament and contradicted by all ecclesiastical history and tradition. Moreover, the official title of none of them is 'the Catholic Church.' It is (as in the Coronation Church) 'The Protestant Religion as by Law Established'; or 'The Church of Scotland'; or 'The Free Church of Scotland'; or 'The Protestant Episcopal Church'; or 'The Methodist Church';

or 'The Freewill Baptists'; and so on. In the ordinary and long-fixed usage of the words, the overwhelming body of Christian people understand by designation 'Catholic Church' the Church of Rome and no other. The word 'Roman' is not used as an identifying prefix, and therefore, outside legal formalities its use is unnecessary. When Catholics employ the superlative word 'Roman' in reference to themselves, they do so either in accordance with official requirements or merely to emphasize the Roman headship of the Church. People outside our fold sometimes use the term 'Roman' in this connection by way of denial that the Church in communion with the Pope is the one and only universal Church. Apart, therefore, from legal requirements, Catholics should ever call their Church by her unique and long-conserved title, 'The Catholic Church'; and should avoid bestowing upon her a designation which is not of our creation, and which is nowhere recognized in her official formula. —The Advocate.

THE ONE COMMON CAUSE

WHOLE ENGLISH-SPEAKING WORLD FIGHTING FOR THE SAME IDEALS AND THE SAME COMMON PURPOSE

(G. G. Sneed-Cox in the Dublin Review)

For the first time in its history the whole English-speaking world is fighting in a common cause. Great Britain and the United States, and all the free Dominions ringed round the earth, are in arms for the same ideals, and have been brought into the battle under the same compulsion. That is the greatest event in all history for speakers of English and for the men who think as Shakespeare wrote.

When Austria, nine years ago violating the Treaty of Berlin, suddenly annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, the German Michael stood by her side "in shining armour" to threaten anyone who might wish to interfere with the wrongdoer. It was an open challenge to the Slav world, and there was none to take it up. Russia, still sick from her struggle with Japan, let the thing pass in sullen silence. But it begat the bitter agitation which bore fruit at length in the assassinations at Sarajevo. Then the secret quarrel between the Central Powers and the Slav peoples flamed out into the open. Austria made demands, and Serbia abased herself. Of the eleven things asked by Austria ten were conceded by the little kingdom for the sake of peace, and even in the case of the eleventh demand she offered to await mediation of the Powers or to abide by a reference to the Hague Tribunal. Her every true pacifist was with her. But Austria wanted war, and was in a hurry, and would give no time.

Then Russia, seeing that the Austrian cards were on the table, began to mobilize a portion of her widely scattered forces. Vienna might have hesitated even then; but there was a greater Power behind her; and Germany rushed in and called upon the Government of the Czar to disarm, and to give an answer within twelve hours. Russia's reply was a foregone conclusion; and Germany at once declared war. France was bound by treaty to side with Russia, and she kept her word.

Up to that time there was no implication of Great Britain. This country was utterly unprepared for war. Mr. Asquith was Prime Minister, and the Peace Party in his Cabinet and in the country was predominant. On the very eve of the supreme decision, the principal Government organ in the press used these words: "The suggestion that we should spend British lives and British treasure to establish Russia in the Balkans would be an inconceivable outrage to a democratic country. Our hands are free in this business, and we must take care to keep them free." Those words represented accurately enough the deep feeling of the majority of English Liberals, and a Liberal Government was firmly in power. The utmost concession which the minority in the Cabinet, mindful of our long friendship with France, could secure, was a declaration that the German Fleet should not be allowed to bombard the French ports on the Channel. So much at least was due to France in view of the mutual arrangements as to the distribution of their fleets which had existed for some years between the two countries. That was the situation at the beginning of August, 1914, and nothing but a great crime could have forced Great Britain at that time to enter the War. The guns trained against Liege did for England what the U boats were afterwards to do for the United States. Happily for all the future of the world, Germany, in her eagerness to strike a felon blow at France, violated the neutrality of Belgium. Then the hatred was fired and all hesitations were cast out, and the knowledge that by treaty observance alone can a machinery of peace come into the world, raised a clear, clean issue which all classes and ranks in Great Britain could understand. It was a united people that resolved for war.

The months have rolled into years, when now another German crime has brought the other branch of the English-speaking people into the field. Mindful of their own hesitation and unwillingness to depart from the ways of peace, the British public has

watched American opinion, and waited and hoped—without judging, they knew America was far from the scene of the strife, and that all her traditions discouraged interference in the affairs of Europe, and that, as a nation, she was too strong to have anything to fear even from the wrath of a triumphant Kaiser. They understood also, and made allowance for the President's natural wish not to do anything which might impair his authority as the possible mediator who in the end might bring back peace to the world. But still, though all this was well understood, the hope that America would come to see the issues involved in the great strife as we had seen them, persisted, and it grew. For there are times when the spectator of a wrong becomes its accomplice, and when it is better to be a champion than a judge. None could complain that President Wilson was over-hasty when he called upon Congress for a Declaration of War, which was but another declaration of Independence. A hundred and ten American citizens, many of them women and children, went to death in the Lusitania and to this hour their murderers have not been brought to account. Even when in February, 1917, an indiscriminate and ruthless sea war was declared against neutrals and belligerents alike, the President held his hand, unable to believe that Germany could be as bad as her word. It was only when the experience of many months had shown that the German submarines were running amok, sinking traders, passenger ships, fishing boats, and even hospital vessels laden with wounded men and nurses, that America made up its mind that treachery and murder on the seas must be withstood.

THE CHRISTIAN CHARACTER

Professor Peabody of Harvard, in his excellent book—though written in a rationalistic spirit—"Jesus Christ and the Christian Character," mentions three distinguishing marks of the Christian character: sacrifice, service, and idealism.

The popular idea of character is self-realization. Sacrifice, on the contrary, means self-effacement, and yet there is no real contradiction between these two things. The genuine self of man is not on the surface, nor found in the primitive impulses of nature. To get down to the real self, man must excavate and work off many a layer of selfishness. This costs sacrifice, but the end is a realization of the true self.

Thus it appears how self-effacement and self-realization are not the contradictories which at first they seem to be. Christ expresses the paradox in the words: "He that wishes to save his soul must lose it." If sacrifice constitutes the depth of the Christian character, service marks its width. Society is an organism of which the several units are the members. Now as no member of the body can be isolated from the others without fatal consequences to itself, so no member of society is safe in selfish isolation. The rich are not safe as long as the poor are discontented; the healthy are not immune from contagion as long as unsanitary conditions are neglected in any part of the community. Hence the Christian law of love, whenever it has taken possession of an individual, will make him eager for service. A sum of money thrown out ostentatiously or carelessly will not cement human brotherhood; it takes personal interest, personal service. Again Christ states this truth in a paradox: "He that wishes to be the greatest among you, let him be your servant."

And, finally, the height of the Christian character consists in its idealism. By this we mean that the horizon of the Christian extends beyond the tangible and visible objects of this terrestrial world. In short, the Christian character attains

to steadiness and perfection, solely from the eternal verities which are apprehended by faith. "The things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal." And it is precisely through sacrifice and service that man ascends to faith.

Not speculation and disputation but warfare against one's evil propensities and charitable service towards one's neighbors open the eye of the soul to the saving truths that are beyond the comprehension of the worldly mind.—The Guardian.

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