#### FIVE MINUTE SERMON

REV. J. P. HICKEY, O. S. B.

FIRST SUNDAY OF ADVENT THE JUDGMENT

"It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living Ged. (Heb. x, 31)

In this one phrase St. Paul, my dear brethren, depicts the horror and the dread of the Judgment Day. It would be cruel and tyrannical to bid one think of the Judgment if it were useless to do so. But as by meditating on it and studying it now we can mitigate its terrors, learn how to escape condemnation, and secure a favourable sentence, is it not the height of madness and cowardice not to give it our attenhumbly, frequently, and de-

For now we can approach Almighty God, pray, beg pardon, disarm His wrath; but then it will be too late—our poor soul will be utterly powerless and filled with Fear will make us wither away. To the right, our accusing sins—we cannot disown them; to the left a crowd of evil spirits bearopen abyss of hell; within, our conscience—aye, withering away in abject terror; and before us, the Judge!

Yes, the Judge, Jesus Christ, God and Man—the Almighty Judge, from Whom there is no escape, against Whom no resistance can avail. "The Lord will judge His people. . . . there is no other God besides Me; I will kill, I will strike, and there is none that can deliver out of My

(Deut. xxxii, 36, 39.) The All-Wise Judge! "Therefore am I troubled at His presence, and when I consider Him I am made pensive with fear." (Job xxii. Before Whom every secret is laid bare, the hidden stand forth, the dumb reply, silence confesses, the mind gives utterance without words. Against such knowledge no excuse. no pleading, no cunning will avail.

The Just Judge! Alas for us, His justice equals His mercy, and how vividly then, when too late, shall we recall His infinite mercies. The thief in the night. Gently, he will just to judge the unjust. "Enter whisper the summons and depart. not inte judgment with thy servant ; for in thy sight no man living shall be justified." (Ps. cxlii. 2.)

And the sentence of the Judge is irrevocable. The time for mercy has new passed. No favour will be granted; no mistake can be made; ne repentance then accepted; no imploring heard. He has warned us, and at Judgment the warning will cut off all hope from the sinner for-My word shall not pass away." (Mark xiii. 31.)

The sentence, moreover, is that of an angry, outraged God. It will be the consuming scorn of Him, so long despised, forgotten, and disobeyed, We shall wish to hide ourselves in ell even to avoid the eye of that

avenging Judge. That sentence is eternal damns tion, everlasting fire, and dwelling with the devil. "Depart from Me, you cursed, unto everlasting fire, which was prepared for the devil

and his angels." (Matt. xxv. 41.) Do we believe in this day of Judgment, that each one of us shall be called up for trial, and an eternal verdict pronounced upon each and every one of us? Do we believe it? If not, our present easy-going, pleasure-seeking existence can be under-stood. But if we do believe, where is our anxiety about it, our solicihade and earnestness to make our salvation safe and sure?

To force us to bestir ourselves, let us remember the shame and publicity for us to have all our sins of thought, word, and deed made known to one poor, sinful priest in all secrecy now that we put off our But we have a soul. confessions repeatedly, and some give up the practice altogether. Sin must be brought to judgment forgiveness in the sacrament of pen-ance, or the general public Judgance, or the general public Judg.
ment of the last day. All our vile.
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hearts will then be revealed. "It is
he brink of eternity, and gaze back into the hearts will then be revealed. "It is
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The meant of the last day. All our vile.

The body. Then we will stand on the brink of eternity, and gaze back into the brink of eternity and gaze back into the brink of his property. ness, hypocrisy, secret sins of our the body. Then we will stand on the arts will then be revealed. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God," and then to be made the object of scorn, contempt, and hatred, not only to the saints and angels and all good men, but even the damned, who hate and despise the damned, who hate and despise the variable of the body. Then we will stand on the brink of eternity, and gaze back into the past. If we have lived well was left to charitable and educational purposes, and the finest piece of land, nearly a quarter section, was left to the nearest parochial school. "It is appointed for man once to die." In most things in life we have a second chance if we have a second chance if we have a covered. Nearly all of his property was left to charitable and educational purposes, and the finest piece of land, nearly a quarter section, was left to the nearest parochial school. This land was recently sold for \$100 in life we have a second chance if we have a seco the damned, who hate and despise each other. Our sins will bring all this upon our soul and an endless eternity of torment—yes, those very sins that we think so little of now, those very sins we commit for things so paltry and vile; those very sins which now a good confession might easily, secretly, and safely have had forgiven.

Remember the Judgment Day, the anguish and horror of it; the Almighty, All Wise, and Most Just Judge; the sentence, irrevocable, avenging, and eternal; and our own public shame and condemnation. Remember these things, and fear them, and then you will repent of sin, keep out of sin, and be filled with one longing desire—I wish to save my soul and escape the Judg-

## BENAN AND PRIESTS

The apostate Renan, who had spent his early years in a French seminary, in the closest intimacy with the clergy, once declared: "I have known

French ecclesiastics of every rank has impressed upon me the full value breathed out of us, we die. But it of this testimony. . . . There is not a more exemplary body of men

in the land." No question is raised nowadays on this subject by any but a lot of very bigoted and very vulgar people who had their gullibility and their tasts for obscene sensationalism pandered to by occasional vagabond "expriests" and "ex-nuns."—St. Paul

#### DEATH

Bulletin.

The most certain thing in life is The most uncertain thing is the time of our death and the circumstances connected with it. At some time or other, we know not the death sentence was passed upon to our last end. us. We were born only to die. In The present the Garden of Eden an angry Judge condemned every man in Adam."
"From dust thou art and into dust "From dust thou art and into dust thou shalt return." No more than this was said. It was not told us how long we should te permitted to life or endure it; how we sinner, but that he be converted and life or life we turn to Him with a converted and life. when we should die. Only the fact that we must die was made known to On the contrary He will receive us us. The circumstances are sealed up in the Divine decrees, to become known to us only at the moment of our death.

But of this we have been made to be here forever? We are alnight to sleep, we cannot be certain Tablet. that we shall see the next day's sun. Today thousands of souls will be called out of the world. Hundreds of these will be in perfect health. Living their lives without giving any thought to death, all unconscious of its proximity, they will be overtaken. Suddenly and silently the Angel of Death will steal upon them like a whisper the summons and depart. Immediately they will stand unexpectedly before their God. Perhaps this will be the maner of our going. Others have received no warning They have been allowed no time to prepare. Why do we make so bold as to promise ourselves any more than has been allotted to them!

PREPAREDNESS NECESSARY

We are kept in ignorance of the time of our going that we may learn to be always prepared. At any moment the sword of the angel is liable to fall severing the thin thread and we will return to the earth whence we bave been taken. There is the handwriting upon the wall standing out prominently so that he who runs may read. It is a warning to us. "Remember man from dust thou art and into dust of the kneeling figure and tried in shalt thou return." This has not been spoken of the soul. The soul came forth from God. It goes again to God to be judged. This is the reason why we should give much consideration to this most important affair in our lives. If there was not within us that something that we know to be immortal, we might go on enjoying life to the fullest extent until its allotted course should be run. We could give our whole attention to the business of getting the greatest amount of pleasure possible out of life. Having no dire consequences to fear, we could live without a thought of death. Or if we thought of it at all it would only be to regard it as the end of our enjoyto all the world. We find it so hard ment and not as the time when we lived alone in the midst of his acres, must render an account of all our

But we have a soul, one that often troubles us. We have a soul that up-braids us when we fail to do our duty. Sin must be brought to judgment—

We have a soul that fills us with re

aither the judgment of mercy and forgiveness in the sacrament of pen.

We have a soul that fills us with re

aither the judgment of mercy and that soul of ours will died as he had lived without any have failed in the first. We can plead and obtain a reprieve. We can offer an excuse and gain an extension the will made public the facts of time. But not so with this all-set forth at the beginning of this of time. But not so with this all-important affair of dying. Our time comes but once and when it comes we must go. The soul must separ-infiel and a woman-bater, had left ate itself from the body, leaving the body cold and lifeless, dust to return Catholic institution, taught by the

> hell. In an old graveyard there stands an old tombstone crumbling.
>
> Through its inscription that can scarcely be discerned it preaches a from the sight of that soldier lad successful in conducting retreats." I lives giving little thought to us who

breathed out of us, we die. But it does not die. It cannot die.

THE LOVE OF LIFE

Within us we have a love of life. We cling to it. We have also a hankering after happiness. We look for it everywhere and in everything What we all desire is a life of happi ness. God created us for this, but because of sin we were condemned to labor and toil for it. There is no happiness of a permanent nature here upon this earth. We cannot hope to be eternally happy until after our death. For this end we must live our lives while we are in exile here. Unless we do this there is nothing for us but eternal un happiness. The way to an eternally happy life is through a happy death when, we must all die. There is no, escape from death. The Holy Psalmist asks: Who is the man that shall live, and not see death? Even long before we came into the world, for we never know how close we are

The present is the time to settle our account and prepare for our last end. During the past we may have trite heart He will not despise us. God and for God as a preparation for all eternity with Him. Then at that certain: that one day we must die. last dread hour when we are called Why, then, do we live as if we were to die it will give us great confidence to die it will give us great confidence to be able to look back and remen ways in danger of death. When we arise in the morning, we cannot promise ourselves that we shall live that God has given us to enable us until evening. When we lie down at to be always ready.—Brooklyn be always ready.—Brooklyn

#### THE POWER OF A GOOD EXAMPLE

During the Civil War, there chanced to be in the same regiment and company two young men, scarcely more than boys, who were assigned to the same mess and tent oughout the greater portion of their campaign. One of these lads was the product of a devout Catholic family, had been taught in the parochial school, and had well learned the principles of his religion. The other was an infidel, who knew little and cared less about God or religion in any form. As the day drew to a close, whether in camp or on the march, the Catholic boy would de-voutly drop to his knees and say his prayers before retiring, and no mat-ter how hard had been the day's work, or whatever else he left undone, this one thing he never omitted or forget. At such times his tent-mate took occasion to make all the noise possible; he would throw boots and other things which hap pened to be handy, in the direction every possible way to break up the habit. But it was to no avail, for no sooner had reveille sounded through the camp than the Catholic boy went through the same devotions as though nothing had happened, nor could he ever either be dissuaded from them or made to retaliate in

The war ended, the young infidel went West and took up a soldier's homestead. Here he prospered and grew up with the country," coming in time to own an extensive farm of some of the finest and richest land in his adopted state. Always eccentric, he made no more profession of religion in his later days than he had in his youth. A woman hater, he occupying a small hut and seemingly never caring to better his personal his wealth.

Many years went by after nearly tional purposes, and the finest piece of land, nearly a quarter section, was

After the fact of this deed became known the lawyer who had drawn up to dust, the soul to Heaven or to Sisters. His reply was that although he himself had never professed any belief in anything Divine, yet

# HOW TO GET OF RHEUMATISM

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ceptible to it. No good deed is allowed to be lost and the least of them, through the mercies of God, brings forth sometimes a most unexpected reward .- The Sentinel of the

#### SOME DELUSIONS THAT DIE HARD

Marion Pharo Hilliard in Truth It is the boast of the modern philosopher that scientific research destroys the delusions of the past. This boasting is too loud. In the first place, though this is called a scientific age, not all of us have the scientific habit of mind. We still have our thinking done for us, just as we have our clothes made for us. As Dr. James Walsh often reminds us, we buy our opinions ready-made at the nearest news-stand. It is a much simpler process than buying our shoes — and vastly cheaper. When listening to the Sunday ser mon of a "popular" preacher, it is often possible to tell just what magazines he had read throughout the week. There is a delightful lectureplatform story of a gentleman much addicted to the ready made habit. His clothes were ready-made, so were his conversation and his opinions. Finally, he married a widow with six children, and one of his friends remarked: "Just what I expected of

him-a ready-made family!" The most convincing proof that science has not destroyed all the old delusions is the fact that so many old delusions are very much alive. Take the delusion of Autociacy, the ancient curse of Military Despotism. As old as human history, it is alive in the twentieth century! Vigorous and powerful as ever, it has driven a noble nation mad; and its titanic struggle with the Spirit of Freedom is tearing up the whole world. What an immense tragedy! What a pity that the progress of civilization could not have prevented the most colossal catastrophe of all history!

We are forced to the conclusion that there are certain delusions that that there are certain delusions that science cannot cure. Of this class are the delusions concerning the Catholic Religion. With many good people today these delusions are congenital, deepseated, very difficult to uproot. There is the belief that religious faith is intellectual slavery. The great majority of those who are victims of this eighteenth century delusion do not know they are simply echoing the voice of Voltaire. They know little of history, they have never read the writings of the rationalistic philosophers. But the theories of those philosophers have filtered down to modern readers through the the Cenacle down to modern readers showed by pages of the magazines and were the fashion until the world War forced even the superficial to think more seriously. "No one scoff at God now in Europe," I heard a noted non Ca holic physician say. So, per-haps, the world catastrophe will de-

stroy this delusion of agnosticism. Another delusion in regard to the Catholic Religion that is most amusing to Catholics is the idea that Cath. olicism is a dark and gloomy affair, and must, therefore, have a depressing influence upon those who prac-tice it. That a man can be serious and light hearted both at once is incredible to some minds. Only the other day a brilliant and charming non-Catholic lady was speaking of a cousin of hers who is one of our making a retreat conducted by her cousin. She replied: "I can't imagine him conducting a retreat. He is so full of fun! He has an unusual sense of humor."

sermon on death, eloquent as only a tombstone can be: "What you are, I was; what I am, you will be." The end of us all is the grave. The mouldering bodies that now lie under the earth in our cemeteries were once animated by a soul and enjoyed life as we do, little thinking of the time when they should be no more ability to recover the content of the property of the total life as we do, little thinking of the time when they should be no more ability to recover the content of the property of the content of the property of the content of the property of the content of the content of the property of the content of the time when they should be no more.
We, too, will have our turn. Future generations will go on living their what became of the young lad is characteristic of Catholics generalworthy to be maintained.

What became of the young lad is characteristic of Catholics general erend Mother sends word to the dinlives giving little thought to us who shall be resting beneath a tomb-stone in some cemetery. Thus the he may have gone to his reward, and lar magazine (I think it was The entertain each other at dinner to-

ister magnanimously held out his appeared to hand, saying, "Brother let us be friends, and each worship God in his own way."

"This is lighter now," replies the later demands."

priest. "You may worship Him in sister demurely, your way, and I'll worship Him in Who said n

His way !"
The Catholic sense of humor is illustrated in the little book, "The Making of a Saint in the Church of England." A group of High Church-men discover that nobody has been canonized in the English Church since the separation from Rome. If the Church of England is a true and living branch of the Catholic Church. of course it has the power of making saints. It is therefore proposed to make some Anglican saints! But three puzzling questions must be an-swered. First—Who shall be made saints? Second — How shall the Saints be made? Third — what shall be done with the saints after they are made? The grave discussion of these problems is indescribably humorous. Such witty satire is the wisest method of attacking the inconsistencies of Protestantism, for it must appeal to any one with a sense of humor; and people devoid of that "saving grace" are hopeless, any

If you want to be convinced that the Catholic Church is a bright and happy place, instead of a doleful dungeon you have imagined it, my sceptical friend, go and live in a re ligious house! No, of course, you won't believe it until you have tried it. I did not believe it myself until I lived in the beautiful Convent of Our Lady of Peace, New York. The devotion of the nuns expressed the power and the sanctity of the Catho-lic Faith which was then new to me. But their wit and humor was aston ishing to me then as it would be to the lady who does not understand how a priest who is "full of fun" can conduct a retreat.

"I thought nuns were too sanctimonious to be jolly," I said to a convert friend who had been many years in the Church.
"Catholic nuns are different from

Protestant sisters," she said.
"How different?" I asked.
"Oh, I don'd know. It's hard to

express it-but they're not so old maidish," was the reply. The house of all others that, to my

mind, illustrates the beauty and holiness and the joy of the Faith is the Convent of the Cenacle at Newport. It combines the aesthetic charm of the Old World with the idealism of the New. The dream of the Pilgrim Fathers who "sought a faith's pure shrine," is realized there. For there, in surroundings of the most romantic beauty-a veritable garden of Paradise—the nuns of the Cenacle guard the Hidden Treasure of the ages. There the contemplative life may be found in its perfection. And all who wish to draw nearer to our Lord may do so freely, for the beautiful house is open the year around for retreats for women in the world. That is the purpose of the Order. The beauty of holiness combined with the beauty of nature makes "a little bit of Heaven" shore of Narraganset Bay [apologies

to the Irish. But all this devotion to the con templative life does not shut out the active life of good works. Nearly every phase of social service, includ ing Red Cross classes, is carried on at the Cenacle. The whole life of the Catholic Church is illustrated

If you visit the Cenacle you must say good-bye to that foolish delusion that the unceasing practice of the Catholic Religion makes people sad and sombre. You will lose forever that picture you have cherished in your imagination of melancholy and emaciated nuns shut up in dark cells, knowing nothing of the joy and beauty of life, shutting their eyes to the sunlight! There will not be even a shadowy outline of that picture left in your mind, if you visit

One day last May it was my privi lege to be present when one of the eisters made her perpetual vows. The words "perpetual vows" have an awful sound to Protestant ears But there was nothing awful about the ceremony. The most cynical un-believer (if such had been present) must have felt the influence of the Spirit of Love in the beautiful charel that morning. The spring sunshine the bright flowers, the white vest ments, all betokened a feast of joy. There were tears on many faces, but they were not tears of sorrow. was indeed the joy of a bridal. It is impossible for one brought up a Protestant to describe the emotions aroused by witnessing such a cere-mony for the first time. But one greatest convert priests. I had told her I hoped to have the privilege of making a retreat convert privilege of her I have been supported by the Catholic Church is true! I is all I have been told, and infinitely more!

After the ceremony a nun comes down the aisle of the chapel to speak to her relatives in the front pew. Her radiant face tells us who she is. sermon on death, eloquent as only a to the soluter had tombstone can be: "What you are, I was; what I am, you will be." The prayers. His steadfastness and loy give her the impression that Catholic ago I would have pitied her as a deago I would have pitied her as a de-luded victim of dark and gloomy superstition. Oh, how the Catholic point of view transforms the whole aspect of life!

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