FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON. Fourth Sunday in Advent.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST. One of the lessons taught by history is that the coming of every great and important event is announced in some before it actually happens. announcement may be secret or public, known to a few or to many, according as the event it heralds is of great or little importance, but know it must be to all who are in a position to obtain the information. The Incarnation, or Birth of Christ, was an event too significant and far reaching in its consequences to mankind to be launched in to the world without a proclamation of its advent equal to its dignity and charac

Accordingly we find that mankind

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was prepared by a long series of instruction for its worthy reception. This instruction began with our first parents, after the Fall. It was con-tinued by prophet after prophet, whose utterances grew fuller and clearer as the time for its fulfilment drew near. was made the central feature of the Jewish religion, which gave to their worship its meaning and efficacy. It was the support and consolation of the world, groaning under the weight of sin and misery. In a word, it was expected both by Jew and Gentile, and hailed by both as the best evidence that God had not forsaken His creatures. We no longer look forward to the Incarnation, for we believe that the Redeemer has come; but instead Holy Church bids us look forward to His second coming, when He will ap pear not as redeemer but as judge of the living and the dead. The second advent may be regarded as the comple ment of the first. When Christ was born in Bethlehem, His purpose was not only to satisfy God's justice by His suffering and death, but also to be the exemplar of the sons of God. He was to show us how to love God, how to conquer our passions and appetites, how to practise humility. His moral perfection was to be the standard to which we should strive to attain. This being so, we can easily understand that a time will come when He will want to examine the copies, to see how much they resemble the original. That time is called the Last or General Judgment to distinguish it from the first or private judgment, that is passed on every immediately after death, and which determines its destiny for ever. Then He will appear in power and dazzling glory, attended by the holy angels, and will summon all men to His awful tribunal. Here in the presence of that vast assembly will be exposed the thoughts, words, actions, and desires of each individual, and the justice of God will be visible, as it is seldom seen in this life, in rewarding the good and punishing the wicked

with an unerring hand. Now, our blessed Lord has warned us that the Day of Judgment will steal on us suddenly, when we least expect it. The only hint given will be the blast of the angel's trumpet, telling us of the arrival of the glorious Judge. But though we may not know the hour and moment, we may yet gather some idea as to about the time of His appear ing from the many signs and wonders that are to be His precursors. Some of these signs can be observed even now by those who keep their eyes open. Who is able to tell how far off that day walcome Jesus Christ? These solemn questions can only be answered after looking into ourselves, and finding out what we have been and what we are. The condition of our souls will be the measure of our confidence or despair. If we do not look forward to our Blessed Lord's second advent with the same joy and eagerness as the pa-triarchs and prophets did to the first, it is because there is something wrong in us. We should set that wrong right at once, for we know not how long the period of probation will last. present is ours; over the future we have no control. We should pay heed to our Saviour's command: "Work to our Saviour's command: while it is day, for the night cometh, when no man can work." goeth forth to his work until the evening." Let us then work out our salva tion with fear and trembling while we have the day of life, for when the night of death overtakes us all the opportuni ties for doing that will be at an end.

A Deserved Rebuke.

"Christ's Idea of Christianity is the title of a book published a few months ago, and the current issue of the Biblical World has a study of "Jesus as a Thinker." We are not easily shocked by the vagaries of evangelists in these latter times, but ity they will have won for them, for to us these titles are blasphemously vulgar and disheartening. not brush them aside as we do the frothy declamations of Ingersoll and others scoffers; for they were both written by men who claim to be Christians. We can only infer that the nerves of religion have grown very sluggish when they are not shocked into loud protest by such catch penny irreverence, and that belief in the divinity of Christ is growing weaker and weaker in the sects. Catholic the ologians—thank God!—are saved from the temptation to be "original."—Ave Maria.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Fauntleroy Corrected.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has been giving an interview to a repre sentative of the Journal of Education. Her son Lionel, it is said, was the original of her famous "Little Lord Fauntleroy." According to Mrs. Burnett, children are by no means slow to comprehend even subtleties and sarcasms. "Lionel was naturally a very imperious little person, and I noticed at one time that he had rather fallen into the habit of requiring Vivian to fetch and carry for him and to assume the least pleasant part of all their small undertakings. So, as we were having a pleasant little chat one day,

I said quite casually: 'Don't you think it a little strange, Lionel, that God should have created one little boy to have all the pleasant things of life that the very best of everything should come to him by right, and that he should never have any of the hard things to do? and that He should have created another little boy to always give up what he likes best, to continually wait upon the more fortunate boy to life all the heaviest weights and run the longest errands?

"He looked up into my face a moment, a flash of intelligence came into his eyes, and with a smile of mingled mamma!' and he buried his head in my lap. I do not say that he absolute ly reformed from that hour; reforms in children are not brought about in a day, but he thoroughly comprehended and certainly improved."

This little story from the Young atholic Messenger conveys its own moral: HOW HE WON SUCCESS.

A wealthy business man paid a short visit to his native town, a thriving little place, and while there was asked to address a school on the general subect of success in life.

'But I don't know that I have any thing to say, except that industry and honesty win the race," he answered. "Your very example would be in spiring if you would tell the story of your life," said the superintendent.

'Are you not a self made man?" I don't know about that. "Why, I have heard all about your early struggles. You went into Mr. Wilson's office when you were only ter

"So I did, so I did; but my mothe got me the place; and while I was there she did all my washing and mending, saw that I had something to eat, and when I got discouraged she old me to cheer up, and remember tears were for babies.

"While you were there you edu cated vourself-"Oh, no, not at all. My mothe heard my lessons every night, and made me spell long words while she did her work. I remember one night I got so discouraged that I dashed my writing book, ugly with pot hooks and hangers, into the fire and she burned

"Well, it was certainly true, wasn' it, that as soon as you had saved a little money you brought some fruit and began to sell it at the railway station?" The rich man's eyes twinkled and then grew moist over the fun and

her hands in pulling it out."

pathos of some old recollection. "Yes," he said slowly; "and I is? The General Judgment ought to should like to tell you a story connected suggest several questions of vital in with that time The second lot of apterest to every Christian. How do I stand in relation to it? What will be and wormy. I had been cheated by the man of whom I brought them, and account? Am I ready and glad to I could not afford the loss. That night perhaps even beautiful. after I discovered that they were unfit to eat, I crept down to the cellar and filled my basket as usual.

"'They look very well on the out-side,' I thought, "and perhaps none of the people who buy them will ever come this way again. I'll sell them and as soon as they are gone, I'll get

some sound ones." "Mother was singing about the kitchen as I came up the cellar steps. I I hoped to get out of the house without discussing the subject of unsound fruit, but in the twinkling of an eye she had

seen and was upon me.
"'Ned,' she said, in her clear voice, 'what are you going to do with those speckled apples?"
"'Se-sell them,' I stammered, feel-

ing too guilty to advance.
"Then you'll be a cheat, and I shall be ashamed to call you my son. Oh, to dream you could think of such a sneaking thing as that !' and then she cried.

"I cried too; but I have never been tempted to cheat since. No, sir; I haven't anything to say in public about my early struggles; but I wish you would remind your boys and girls that their mother are doing far more for them than they do for themselves. Tell them to pray that their mothers

mine did not." And He Bore the Saviour.

From Esop to the page humorist, philosopher and wit have labeled the ass as the most stupid of animals. Yet the New Orleans Picayune says that in reality to be called an ass is a great compliment. Humility, patience, charity and industry have been recognized as great virtues ever since mankind has been introspective; but the world has failed to notice that the ass, which is the brunt of the jests of

in so many respects the ass' inferior. The horse makes the brilliant cavalry charge, but it is the ass who brings up the army's ammunition and the food supplies. While one rides on a galloping horse over a plain in safety he despises the ass, and he still despises the ass when, forsaking his horse, he

The ass is to be found in every part of the world, always melancholy and slow, nobly doing his work, whether in the Andes, the Himalayas, the Rockies or in the place of his nativity, the Orient. Wherever he is his dominant characteristics are the same. Whereever he is he is generally abused, perhaps because he puts up with abuse so

Always he is the friend of the poor. In countries where horses cannot be afforded he is the sole means of transport. All day long he will go over a hot plain or up a rocky mountain side, loaded down with more than any horse could bear, though his weight is only half that of the average horse, while if a horse were limited to the food it subsists on, the horse would fall down in its tracks and die, though it had no load. With the load

it would fall down anyway.

That the ass can be cured of his only two vices of braying and kicking is proved by the superior conduct of the London moke, who is about a third cousin of the Oriental ass of myth, of fable and Biblical story. The moke, who is about the size of a big New foundland dog, draws the barrels o the costermongers who vend fruits and vegetables from door to door in all parts of the city.
All day you may occasionally hear

him outside your window chivy-chivy-ing with his rapid and mincing little steps over the asphalt pavements. At the same gait he will carry one barrel, well loaded with produce, and two big costermongers up the side of a hill. This sometimes calls for sharp remarks about brutes who ought to be in jail from old gentlemen with white side whiskers and a kindly expression of mouth, to which the costermonger usually replies: "G'arn, old plum pudding. It 'urts you more'n 'im."

Until Baroness Burdett Coutts and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals-organized in im itation of the original American society-took the matter in hand and made the passage of the law a matter of great sentimental moment in the House of Commons, instead of feeding bis little donkey the costermonger usually beat him, and the moke, too patient and too humble to attempt to petition the Commons itself, tried to thrive on the whipping and succeeded wonderfully.

There is no finer playfellow for children than a moke. When his fuzzy fur is washed it is soft, fluffy and pretty. A youngster may crawl all over him and under him and pound and pull him in every part of his anatomy, and he will only smile the contented smile of the moke who is living in the moke heaven of currycombs and good rations.

That the ass is not stupid is proved by his equal cleverness with the horse in learning tricks, by his picking his way where a horse cannot go, by his calmness under conditions that make a horse uncomfortably fretful. But he seems homely and out of proportion. unless you look at him closely, and the world too often goes by appearances. Scrutinze sharply the patient face of the ass and you will find those qualiperhaps even beautiful.

A Cardinal's Story.

Simply, touchingly as he had re-ceived it from Cardinal Vaughan a few days before, Cardinal Perraud told the story of the little girl, daughter of an English Protestant clergyman, who, by her infantine remarks, was to become unconsciously in the hands of others an apostle in preaching the doc-trine of the Real Presence. The relation of the anecdote was one of Cardin al Perraud's means of preaching a Paray le Monial the other day.

The little girl in question was taken one day by her still Protestant father to a Catholic church in London. She was but five years old. Noticing the lamp of the sanctuary she said.

"What is that lamp for ?" The father replied:
"It is to show that Jesus is there,

behind that little gold door."
"I should like to see Jesus," she said.

"My child, you cannot. The door is shut, and, besides, Jesus is hidden by a covering."
"Oh, I should like to see Jesus," she

continued. After that they went into a Protestant church, where there was neither lamp nor tabernacle.

Father, why is there no lamp? she asked. "Because Jesus is not there," was

the reply.

After this the child spoke of nothing but the Catholic Church, persisting in saying she "would go where Jesus

To complete the story, so told by Cardinal Vaughan, Cardinal Perraud showed how the child's parents em-braced the Catholic religion, and with it poverty, the father losing at once an income of £1,000 a year.

Ave Maria.

Ask Your Doctor.

He will tell you that Scott's Emulsion cures poverty of the blood and debility of the nerves. He will say that it is the best remedy in the world for delicate children.

GREAT SALES prove the great merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Sarsaparilla sells because it accomplishes GREAT CURES.

House of the blood and debility of the nerves. He will say that it is the best remedy in the world for delicate children.

GREAT SALES prove the great merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla sells because it accomplishes GREAT CURES.

Hatton any other animal or any human being except the proverbial one in a million.

Often we call the man whom we like a "rare old dog." and he rather likes it. If we called him a rare old ass, which is finer praise, he would get mad, however. We write poems in melee's Pills.

Faggel out.—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothfared for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the mad, however. We write poems in melee's Pills.

praise of the horse, though the horse is CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Honesty of purpose and strength of character are the two elements that make or mar the lives of men. First, be sure you are right, that your purpose and ambitions in life are high and noble; and once knowing you are in the right, press forward so your extrusts his life to the ass in a mountain ample may be a source of help and strength to those about you.

In Vindication of Their Mother

The Catholic young men in every city ought to get up a course of a dozen lectures explanatory of the Church's aid to civilization, liberty, education, progress, law, art and learning.

What Time Is.

Men of business are accustomed quote the maxim that "Time is money," but it is much more ; the proper improvement of it is self-culture, self-improvement, and growth of char acter. An hour wasted daily on trifle or in indolence, would, if devoted to self improvement, make an ignorant man wise in a few years, and employed in good works, would make his life fruitful, and death a harvest of worthy deeds. Fifteen minutes a day devoted to self-improvement will be felt at the end of the year. Good thoughts and carefully gathered experience take up no room, and are carried about with us as companions everywhere, without cost or incum-

Keeping Everlastingly At It.

Genius is really only the power of making continuous efforts. The line between failure and success is so fine that we scarcely know when we pass it -so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it. How many a man has thrown up his hands at a time a little more effort, a little more pati-ence, would have achieved success! As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in. In business sometimes pros pects may seem darkest when really they are on the turn. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failure may turn to glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defeat except from within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose.

Striving to Speak in Public.

Perhaps no one, who ever tecame an eloquent orator, was so handicapped with natural defects as John Philpot Curran, the Irish advocate. His voice was shrill and he spoke in a stumbling progue, so that he was called "stutter ing Jack Curran." His awkward manner and extravagant, meaningless gestures provoked laughter. Yet he overcame all these impedi

ments by a system of self-discipline which included close application, re peated trials and patient labor. shrill voice he changed into a flexible, modulated organ; his enunciation be came deliberate and distinct: his action tened to his eloquence.

"Indeed, it was born three and twenty years and some months after me," answered Curran, and then no told how he attended a London debating society, where his failures were so many and mortifying that his friends despaired of his ever becoming

judgment, he for a while remained silent at the debates. Some one in a s speech referred to him as "Orator Mum." This nettled him, and he again risked his own sense of shame and the ridicule of opponents. He spoke and failed, spoke and failed; his friends criend, "Hear! hear!" though there was nothing to hear ; but he persevered, until the members of the debating club listened with pleasure to

It is an instructive illustration of the difference between forensic and parliamentary oratory that Curran never distinguished himself in the Irish House of Commons. Erskine also failed in Parliament, though he had a reputation as the most eloquent advocate at the bar.

The Investment of a Life.

The man with capital is constantly on the lookout for opportunities for its profitable investment. It is his care, first, to see that the security is beyond question, and then that the returns on the capital invested shall be as great as possible. By an error of judgment, by the default of trusted firms, employes, banks, or in a thousand ways the cap! tal may be swept away, and the man left stripped in a day of all he had. The capital in hand with the majority of young men consists of brain, char acter, and day's work. A Christian man has this and more to invest, and as he stands on the threshold of life and looks out upon twenty to fifty years, it becomes him to consider the best employment of these years as a sacred trust; that he weigh the matter well in the light of his responsibility to God, to his fellow men, and to him self ; that he be ambitious to invest his life where the returns shall be the greatest, and the investment the surest; that he find the place in life here he can work to the greatest ad-

vantage. A mistaken choice is a seri-ous thing; a failure to make a choice at all, is still more serious. But returns are not to be weighed by dollars, honors, or popularity. The man (who sets his ambition on these things will not be interested in this investment propositiom. The man who recognizes the fact, in the light of hisconsecration to God, that he is not his own, and

lives not for himself alone, may find

that he can invest his life to the best advantage in some apparently obscure place, in the work right at his hand,

in the commonplace duties of son, brother, husband, father, earning a living by hard work and sanctifying his soul by love and a good intention more than by heroic achievements. The main thing is to invest one's life n the way that will lead to life beyond the grave.

John Boyle O'Reilly's Grave.

The memory of John Boyle O'Reilly ill lives. The grave of the poet in Holyrood Cemetery, at Brookline, con stantly bears floral emblems, mute testimony of a lingering affection, says the Boston Globe. The ample burial lot, which is 88 by 40 feet in extent, is ocated in the handsomest spot in Holy rood. It is planted with Irish grass, while the red shamrock and the beautiful Irish daisy grow round it in pro fusion. The lot is shaded with shrubbery transplanted from the poet's native land. Among the trees are golden ce ars, from Newton Ards, County Down : Irish junipers, Irish yew tree rhododendrons and many young Irish purple beeches. The bids beneath the shrubs and trees are studded with a wealth of pansies and forget me nots. Nature herself, however, has given O'Reilly his most appropriate monument in the tremendous rock spring ing from the ledge underlying his burial lot. This buge pentagonal mass gold the most gold precious metal. of stone, springing twelve feet in height, and weighing about 75 tons. represents better than any work of art all that O'Reilly's lite and nature meant. His face implanted in the rock makes as complete an emblem of re-membrance as could be desired. The 100 ivies from Louth Castle, the poet's native home, planted three years ago, together with the two ivies from the grave of Martha Washington, have clambered around the rock in mingled profusion, giving the boulder the appearance of a huge green bush. The poet sleeps beneath a luxuriant floral bed a few feet in front of the bronze medallion, and at some distance from his grave two bronze vases are to be filled with palms and towering plants of all kinds. The scenery around the grave is very attractive. Open, wooded and rugged, it recalls his intense love for the beauties of nature, while the cultivated flowers in the burial lot bring to mind the poetic development which surrounded his later years. The face in the medallion is shown in profile. The shapely head, with close cut hair, is firmly and gracefully poised on the shoulders, which is more than life size, stands out from the medallion in prominent relief. altogether one of the most beautiful of

A Descendant of Lady Washington

It is said that a descendant in the sixth degree of Martha Washington, a great grand daughter of Nellie Custis, who was the grand daughter of Lady Washington and the adopted child of washington and the adopted child of free, graceful and expressive, and he acquired the art of thinking on his legs. "It must have been born with you," said a gentleman who had his thread to his electrons as the second s pictured in the New York Press in the garb of a Dominican nun. Her lineage is thus traced : Nellie Custis married Lawrence Lewis : their daughter Emily married Colonel Edward Butler their daughter Isabel married Colone Williamson; and their eldest daughter it is who now wears the religious habit.

a speaker.

Though unwilling to accept their
U. S. minister in Central America, Colonel Williamson was at one time a convent and while there embraced the Catholic religion. Later, the eldest one entered a convent in Tennessee and has since devoted herself to the educational work to which her order is engaged.

It Don't Pay

It Don't Pay

To buy drinks for the boys—it don't pay to buy drinks for yourself. It will pay to quit, but the trouble has been to do this. My vegetable cure will absolutely remove all desire for liquor in a couple of days. So you can quit without any self denial, and nobody need know you are taking the medicine, which is perfectly harmless, pleasant to the taste and from the start produces good appetite, refreshing sleep, steady nerves and does not interfere with business duties. Full particulars in plain envelope. Mr. A. Hut ton Dixon, No. 40 Park avenue, Montreal.

Mr. Thomas Ballard Syresuse N. Y.

Mr. Thomas Ballard, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "I have been afflicted for nearly a year with that most to be dreaded disease Dyspepsia, and at times worn out with pain and want of sleep, and after trying almost everything recommended, I tried one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. I am now nearly well, and believe they will cure me, I would not be without them for any money.

This is the complaint of thousands at this season.

They have no appetite; food does not relish. They need the toning up of the stomach and digestive organs, which a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will give them. It also purifies and enriches the blood, cures that distress after eating and internal misery only a dyspeptic can know, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling and builds up and sustains the whole physical system. It so promptly and efficiently relieves dyspeptic symptoms and cures nervous headaches, that it seems to have almost "a magic touch."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

D-O-D-D-S

THE PECULIARITIES OF THIS WORD.

No Name on Earth so Famous - No Name More Widely Imitated.

No name on earth, perhaps is so well known, more peculiarity constructed or more widely initated than the word Dodd. It possesses a peculiarity that makes it stand out prominently and fastens it in the memory. It contains four letters, but only two letters of the Everyone knows that the first kidney remedy ever patented or sold in pill form was named Dodd's. Their discovery startled the medical profession the world over, and revolu tionized the treatment of kidney dis-

No imitator has ever succeeded in constructing a name possessing a the peculiarity of DODD, though they nearly all adopt names as similar as possible in sound and construction to this. Their foolishness prevents them realizing that attempts to imitate in-

rease the fame of Dodd's Kidney Pills. Why is the name "Dodd's Kidney Pills" imitated? As well ask why are liamonds and gold imitated. Because dlamonds are the most precious gems, Dodd's Kidney Pills are imitated be cause they are the most valuable medi

ine the world has ever known. No medicine was ever named kidney pills till years of medical research gave Dodd's Kidney Pills to the world. medicine ever cured Bright's disease except Dodd's Kidney Pills. No other nedicine has cured as many cases of Rheumatism, Diabetes, Heart Disease, Lumbago, Dropsy, Female Weakness, and other kidney diseases as Dodd's Kidney Pills have. It is universally known that they have never failed to cure these diseases, bence they are so widely and shamelessly imitated.

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