#### FIVE - MINUTES' SERMON.

Twenty-Fourth Sunday After Pentecost THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Men withering away for fear and expecta of what shall come upon the whole world." (Luke 21, 26.)

The great day of which our Lord speaks in this day's gospel, the day of fear and trembling, will come, when the Lord will appear in fre, to judge the living and the dead. Terrible signs will precede this day. Antichrist will appear and persecute the Church with bloody martyrdom. Ineffable calamity, such as the world has never seen, will fill man with fear, so that according to the prediction of our Lord in the gospel : Men will wither away for fear and expectation of the more terrible things which will follow.

The sun, the moon, and the stars will fall from Heaven, and the whole universe will be destroyed. Fire will break forth from the earth and every thing that exists will be consumed in this terrible fire. And in the midst of this ocean of flames, the voice of God will be heard, exclaiming : Ye dead arise and come to judgment? In obedience to this voice of the Most High, the graves will open, and all the dead will arise from the dust of corruption, some in bodies of most glorious splendor, others in bodies of infernal deformity ; and those who have risen will hasten to the valley of Josaphat at Jerusalem ; for there where once the blood of reconciliation was shed, there also, according to the prophets, will be held the last judgment. All mankind will be gathered there,

and in fear and trembling await the coming of the Judge. And, behold, the heavens will be suddenly illuminated, the cross, the sign of salvation, will appear in the air and on the clouds of the firmament, the Eternal Son of God, surrounded by the heavenly choirs, approaches to judge the living and the dead.

Being seated on the throne of His glory, He will send His angels, to bring order in the mass of men, to separate the good from the wicked. Oh, what a painful separation ! How many, who loved each other so dearly in life, will be separated forever-husbands from wives, parents from children, brothers from sisters ! Ah, they will see each other for the last time, they will meet no more for all eternity !

When the sheep are separated from the goats, the books of divine omniscience will be opened, that is, the conscience of men will be revealed. The good which each one has done during life, or evil committed, spoken, thought, or desired, will be clearly and distinctly reflected as in a mirror, before the eyes of men and angels. All will see what your life has been, so that all may know that God is just in His judgments, and that no injustice was done you in the hour of death. Oh, how the just will rejoice, when their virtues, which were so often misrepresented and ridiculed, will now be crowned with honor before the world ! The wicked, however, will howl in despair wheh the mantle of hyprocrisy will be torn from them, and they will stand before heaven and earth, in unfathomable wickedness ! Truly, then they will cry out in shame "Ye mountains fall upon and terror : us, ye hills cover us." When everything, even the most

secret, is brought to light then will be pronounced that irrevocable sentence, that sentence deciding for all eternity With a countenance of infinite love and affection, the Divine Judge will turn to "Come ye blessed the good and say : "Come ye blessed of My Father, possess the kingdom prepared for you, from the foundation of the world." (Matt. 25, 34.) Oh, what gratitude, what joy, what happiness

tent, who spurn God's holy judgment. who live as if there were no death, no hereafter ! Tremble, ye blasphemers of God, ye scoffers of Christ. Tremble especially ye impure, who, wallowing in lust, render yourselves like anto the Ah, if on that great day, as brute the prince of the aposites, St. Peter assures us even the just will tremble, what will you do? If, therefore, the love of the Crucified Saviour will not move you to a change of life, then dread, at least, the anger of the future Judge! May it so terrify you that you will curse and deplore sin, so that you will not be eternally cursed by Jesus, that you will not be compelled to weep forever in hell. Amen.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A FIRST COMMUNION IN MAY

Jessie had not been very recollected during the first weeks of preparation for First Communion, and Sister Mar garet had gone so far as to say that perhaps she had better wait another vear. This had the effect of making the child more thoughtful, although by nature she was very lively and not much given to piety. Sister Margaret seeing this, had kept her after the others in order to encourage her in good dispositions by pious conversa-tion and stories of the saints. Jessie appreciated all that was being fully dune in her behalf, and surprised her teacher by numerous questions and thoughtful remarks, which gave her a better insight into the character of the child than all the previous years of ac quaintance and guidance had accom

plished. One day she said to her : "Jessie my child, what is your favorite de votion ?"

The child smiled as she answered "I like to pray to the souls in Purga

## tory." "To them or for them?"

"To them," said Jessie. "Of course I always pray for them. I think 'Out of the Depths' is just the loveliest prayer. But when I want asything badly I just say: 'Please get me so and so, dear Holy Souls, and they always do."

Sister Margaret smiled. "Now. never thought you were such a pious little thing," she said. "Indeed, fancied-"Oh, but I am not pious at all,

interrupted Jessie, hurriedly. "If I had you would not have had almost to put me away from my First Commun-But I do love the Holy Souls ion. and Sister-' and smiled in her peculiar, shy way. "Do not be timid about saying any

of your thoughts to old Sister Margaret," said the gentle religious, observing her confusion.

"I was only going to say, Sister," ne continued, "that it would be nice she continued, to offer up my First Communion for the release of a suffering soul ?'

"Nice!" cchoed the Sister ; "noth-ing could be more lovely. Is there some relative, perhaps, for whom you should wish to make the offering ?

"No, Sister. Papa and mamma are always praying and having Masses said for grandpapa and grandmamma, who are dead. And I don't know of any other friends." "Well, then, what would be you

wish " I thought it might be a good thing

to offer it to some neglected soul. " In leed it would," said Sister Mar-

garet much edified. "Then I will do that," said Jessie. simply, and the matter was spoken of

no more. On the morning of First Communion Day the children marched in processoin from the convent to the church.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

"Yes, ma'am, I will," replied the little girl. "And for a soul in Purgatory who is very dear to me ?"

The child again answered in the affirmative and returned to her devotions

Early that afternoon Sister Margaret came to the priest's parlor to confer with him about something relative to the confirmation of the children, which was to take place at 4 o'clock. He was talking to a lady, to whom he ex-cused himself while he left the room to fetch what Sister Margaret wanted. As the Sister stood looking into the yard where the children were already assembled, the lady came forward and addressed her :

"There was a little girl this morning, Sister," she said ; " if I see her I will point her out. I should like to her name. She was so sweet know and innocent, with such a wrapt look in her eyes that she impressed me very much. Indeed, it may seem a very strange thing, but it really drew me into the church, where I had no thought of going, for I had not been in a Catholic church for many years. Sister Margaret glanced at her quickly, and then withdrew her gaze.

It was a face that bore traces of suffer ing, a proud face with lines of care and unhappiness upon the forehead, and there were traces of recent weep

ing. "Do you know where she sat in the church ?" asked the Sister.

"In the last row, I was just behind her. A little thing, with great, dark, pleading eyes. A future nun I should say, if appearances are not deceitful. "It must have been Jessie," was the

reply. "Ah, there she is," said the lady, as a child ran across the walk towards the school room.

" Yes, that is Jessie," replied Sister Margaret, and moved by an impulse for which she could not account, she added :

"She is a dear, good child. Would you believe it, madame, she offered her First Holy Communion this morning for some neglected soul in purga tory ?" "Mon Dieu," exclaimed the lady,

clasping her hands, "it is like a miracle. Oh, Sister, I must see you again when you have leisure. I must tell you the story of my life. I have just been asking the priest when I might come to confession. When can you see me ?"

"To-morrow we will have a holiday on account of the First Communicants," was the reply. "You may come to the convent at 3."

The next afternoon Sister Margaret found herself listening to the following

story : I was born in New Orleans," said Mrs. Marlot, "of mixed French and Irish descent. My father, once a Cath olic, had become an infidel, my mother was a pious Catholic Christian. But from the first I was careless in religious matters, and when I mar-ried, after the death of my after mother, I gave up my faith en-tirely. My husband was a Protestant, tirely. and did not know that I had ever been a Catholic. In the earlier days it was a mark of odium in some portions of this country to attend the Catholic church, and when we removed to the west we settled in a new town com-Nothing oosed almost of Methodists. could be farther from my inclinations than the Methodist religion, but I joined the Church for sake of society, and it was only after I had really identified myself with that form of worship that began to realize my perfidy, and have regrets of my own, which I en-

deavored to stifle. "Some missionaries came to the en

table that I felt a flood of shame and repentence sweeping through my soul. I wanted her dear prayers for myself and for him whom 1 had wept and mourned all these years, but whom I had left to suffer in the fires of purga

"For I firmly believe that his was the soul whom God had chosen her to deliver, or at least assist by her pure, sweet offering. It is more than a coincidence, it is a special providence, a miracle. I needed one to bring me back to the fold. "Yesterday I was tempted to de

spair ; I felt that I could never face my God, never meet my poor husband, whose last prayer I had permitted to go unheeded. But last night I went to confession, and to-day I begin experience what it is to be a Catholic, even though a most unworthy repent

ant. Society was aghast when the rich and fashionable Mrs. Malot returned to the Catholic Church, of which she took pains to inform her friends she had once been a member. Jessie wondered at the affection she ever afterwards showed towards her, and why she seemed so pleased to meet her on the way to and from Mass, their roads ly ing in the same direction. But she did not know the secret of it ; wiser heads than hers believing it better not to endanger the simplicity of her pure young heart by telling her how it seemed that her beautiful offering had

been pleasing to God and accepted by Him. Nor does she know it yet, though one of the holiest and happiest among the Helpers of the Holy Souls .- Poor Souls Advocate.

### CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. A Song to the Men Who Lose

Here's to the men who lose ! What though their work be e'er so nobly

planned. And watch with zealous care. No glorious halo crowns their efforts grand Contempt is failure's share.

Here's to the men who lose ! If triumph's easy smile our struggles greet. Courage is easy then : The king is he who, after fierce defeat, Can up and fight again.

Here's to the men who lose ! The ready plaudits of a fawning world Ring sweet in victor's ears ; The vanquished banners never are un furled-For them there sound no cheers.

Here's to the men who lose ! The touchstone of true worth is not success. There is a higher test-Though fate may darkly frown, onward to And bravely do one's best.

Here's to the men who lose ! It is the vanquished's praises that I sing, And this the toast I choose : "A hard-fought failure is a noble thing ; Here's to the men who lose."

The long evenings have come again with their opportunities for study. Will they be utilized by our young men, or, will they be wasted in idle talk or empty recreation ? They offer to him whese school days are over, ample time in which to acquire, says the Columbian, any branch of knowl edge that he may desire. Many young men do not know how to study, and when, after repeated efforts they find the results disappointing, they give up in despair. They would like to utilize their few leisure moments to the best advantage, but are practically helpless. With a view to aid this large and growing class let us suggest a few simple rules which they may find useful :--

System in Reading.

The first rule to follow, whether acquaintance with history, natural sci ence, art or literature be desired is : Have a definite plan. Know what you want. Don't fritter away time on useess reading. Have a course and steer straight for port. There are more than you could

ment. What is true of physical growth is true, as well, of the intellect. The athlete does not depend upon spasmodic and intermittent exertions, but upon regularity in exercise and rest It is fragments that count, the little expenses or receipts that result in pov-

erty or wealth. It is the small but steady additions to one's stock of knowl edge which assure our culture and give our mind its fitting development. In this connection, too, one's taste and time must be the guide after all-it is difficult to set a precise rule to suit every case. Study, to be effective, however, must be thorough and not superficial. It is best to master one period in literature, to be familiar with one great epoch in history, to know one science accurately, to be an adept in one art, than to extend one's efforts

over too wide a field, with the danger of losing interest after a month or two It is a safe rule to follow-to study what we like and then we shall like what we study. It is possible to alter nate the work, giving a few months to history, and a similiar time to litera ture. This method secures variety, es pecially if we study with the sidelights-that is getting all the information we can as to the writer, period or country under treatment.

The next important rule is that of oncentration. The old injunction, 'This one thing do," is true for all time. We must learn to concentrate our energies if we would achieve suc cess. If you would drive home a nail you must strike it on the head and the well directed blows will tell at last. In youthful exuberance we wish to do everything at once-we would botan ize, study French, map out the constellations, read a dozen authors, in-pret the composers, be Jack of a l trades and master of none. The better plan is to be master of one branch before we begin a new. Let us welcome that habit of concentration which takes us to the root of things.

It may be urged against the rule of concentration that it is likely to become monotonous and thus defeat its object. To prevent all danger of monotony. the one subject should be studied from different points of view, and information gathered from all sides. Suppose, for example, you would attain more expression in music ; put aside for a while your music and study the lives If you would play of the composers. Chopin as he should be played, familiar ize yourself with the story of his career If you would study the history of any era or nation turn for a time from th moves on the political chessboard and acquaint yourself with the amusements of the people of that particular race or age, their habits of living, the structure of their homes, the fashion of their gar ments, the peculiarities of their lan-If your desire be literature, guage. follow the lives as well as the lines o your favorite poets.

We regard purpose, regularity, con centration and enthusiasm as the student's four-leafed clover that will help him in many ways. Of course more will be found necessary. Pati ence, pluck and perseverance are qualities necessary to permanent suc cess in any field.

The subject of books must not be overlooked. To acquire a good work ing library is the best capital for youth The pleasure of adding to one's select books and of watching their slow but steady increase is, indeed, delightful to every age, but most of all to young Books are cheaper than eve people. before-there is a wide choice in edi tions. Let the purchases be made no too rapidly. Be as careful in buying a book as in selecting a friend, for you wish to have both for a lifetime and not for the pass ing mood. If one's means are limited a few "best books "-books that are authoritative in their departments-are

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will not penetrate their hearts, on hearing this loving sentence !

And then the sentence of the wicked Ah, if I fear to pronounce will follow. it, how will the sinner tremble when he hears it ! "Depart from Me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, which was prepared for the devil and his angels. (Matt. 25, 41.) O God, how fearful, how terrible is every word of this sentence? Depart from Jesus! Banished, cast out from Him, Who shed His Blood for you !- Depart from Me, ye cursed ! Oterrible word ! He Who once blessed all, He Who on the cross prayed even for His murderers, he pro-nounces this curse upon you. And where will you go, ye cursed? Into eternal fire ! O, most fearful of all pains ! To burn in the fire, there to moan, to dwell, and also into eternal fire, says Jesus, hence without end, without consolation, without relief, without hope, without mercy! And into what kind of an eternal fire? Into that fire, which has been prepared for the devil, and his angels. O. God be incarcerated with the devils, with the scum of humanity, to be forever the object of all human and infernal malice ? Ah! at the very thought, the blood seems to freeze in my veins ; and yet the damned will not only think of these sufferings for all eternity, but will endure them in all their intensity

The sentence having been uttered, it will immediately be executed. Heaven opens, and the blessed ascend with to the Heavenly Jerusalem amidst the jubilant hymn of the angels. But hell opens also, and its unhappy victims plunge into its terrible fires. A last cry of woe penetrates the air and silence reigns. Hell has closed, never again to open. This, dear Christians, is the end of that great harvest day

Tremble not, ye good, ye God-fearing, on account of the last day, no, re-joice moreover, raise your heads exultingly; for your redemption is nigh. In life you have been faithful to your Saviour, and on the last day He will acknowledge you as His own.

But tremble, ye sinners, ye impeni-

that look upon their young faces which no human being ever wears except on

that memorable occasion. Jessie and her companion were the last to run the gauntlet of admiring criticism from the crowds that lined the cidewalk and surged up to the steps. A lady richly surged up to the steps. attired was passing in a carriage driven by a liveried coachman. The horses began to kick, and Jessie swerved aside with her companion, for the first time raising her eyes, which had been bent upon the ground. They met those of the lady, large, dark and sorrowful, with a haughty expression that repelled the child, even in that brief moment. But something in that innocent gaze caught the attention of the occupant of the carriage. She hesitated, leaned forward, and, ordering her coachman to stop, alighted from the vehicle and entered the church, into which the crowd had already disappeared. Once inside, she vay forward, and soon found edged her w herself in the pew just behind the last

row of First Communicants. The Mass proceeded, and the lady sat during the greater part of it, half kneeling at the Elevation. Her face was pale and outwardly calm, but the occasional twitching of her lips betrayed the existence of strong hidden emotion. After a few words from emotion. After a few words from the officiating priest before the Communion the children advanced to the rail. As Jessie once more re-enterpew, her hands clasped to-her young face radiant and ed the gether, glorified by the divine act she had just performed, the lady bent forward in a vain effort to catch her eye. But the child had no thought for anything but the holy tenderness that filled her soul, knew only that she had received her Lord in her heart, in which He was still reposing. Dropping her head in her hands she remained wrapped in an ecstacy of prayer and thanksgiving. The lady also knelt, tears falling from her eyes. After a time she touche Jessie on the shoulder. The child

turned around. "My child," said the lady, "will you pray for me ?'

through curiosity, with result that he obtained works on Catholicity, and was received into the Church. He not only lost prestige, but clients and money by it, and while I did not reproach him with what he had done, I made no sign. Our only child died, after having been baptized by the priest, and I felt it to be a judgment of God. My husband solicited me to join the Catholic Church. where I would find true comfort and consolation ; but I had now gone so far that I was ashamed to tell him I was already a Catholic, fearing his displeasure and lasting contempt, for He wished he was an upright man. to remove to some town where there was a Catholic Church ; the priest coming to C-- but once a month, his congregation consisting of laborers on the railroad, miners and servant girls, I protested against this, and we re mained in C " My husband entered into politics

neglected his business, lost the nomination for Judge-and took to drinking His health was not robust, and in a couple of years dissipation reduced him to a dying condition. He did not ask for a priest, I did not inquire whether he wished to see one, fearing to alarm him. The end came suddenly. His last words were : "Oh ! Mary, pray for me, and have prayers said for me Hi when I shall be in purgatory mind was wandering, but it betrayed his most cherished wish. At th moment I meant to do as he requested, but later neglected it. My heart seemed to have become hardened ; God permitted it, no doubt, to punish me. I lost all desire to reconcile myself to Some Western mines in which Him. my husband had been interested proved valuable, and I was a rich woman. came East and joined the Episcopa Church as being the most fashionable, and I was on my way to early service when I encountered the First Communicants on their way to Mass Something in the eyes of that little girl seemed to summon me. After I went in and found her kneeling in front of me I tried to pray. It was only after she had returned from the Communion

read if you lived until the end of the twentieth century and read steadily for wenty four hours a day, seven days in Therefore read only the the week. books that are worth reading even in the special line that you want to follow. The second rule is : Read regularly. Devote to study so many hours or

so many evenings, and then stick to the rule. Our mind is more of a machine than most of us fancy. have been told that a clock will keep better time if wound regularly at the same hour every day. Similarly, if we devote, as far as possible, the same hour daily to the study in hand, a Similarly, if mechanical impetus is given to the mental powers, and the habit of study is fixed for the future. It is unimport-ant if we devote only a small amount to study so long as we maintain regularity in our efforts at self improve-

WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID TO HIS FRIEND ON THE SUBJECT.

LATE HOURS AND

Evil Effects of Late Hours and Strong Drink Banished at Once by Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, Which Cool the Blood and Soothe the Nerves.

"I tell you, my friend," said the doctor to his companion the lawyer, 'we are accustomed to grin and bear a great deal of pain, that we need not endure

fellow who is in the habit of having a "good time" (so called) at night. He stays out late, and perhaps drinks a good deal. Next morning he is fever-ish, nervous, and suffers a violent headache.

"The liquor he drank is blamed for all this, when the late hours he kept give fresh strength and vigor to the should bear an equal share of the blame.

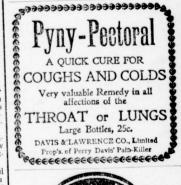
'However, he goes to work and this purpose. "They cost only fifty cents a box at endures the tortures of that headache any drug store, and are worth their weight in gold." and nervous excitement all day.

"Now he need not do so.

to be preferred to many works that you would never think of reading more than once. The true student loves his books. It is a good plan, too, to begin gathering a library along the lines first of your special pursuit. Nor is the scrap-book to be despised ; it be comes a treasure trove if its accumula tions are carefully arranged.

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'He need not bear the penalty for his transgression ?" 'He can prevent or remove the "If he

"What !" interrupted the lawyer

"I have, and my high opinion is

oothe the excited brain, while they

body. There is nothing like them for

STRONG DRINK

penalty," answered the doctor. "If he had taken one or two of Dodd's Dys pepsia Tablets, on his return home, on if he had carried them with him, and taken a couple, just after his lunch, he

would not have suffered a single twinge of pain. 'You appear to have a very high opinion of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets,

remarked the law yer. "Take, for instance, the young based on experience. I have found that Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, by their action on the food in the stomach, and on the various glands of that organ, and the liver, will cool the blood, ensure perfect digestion, calm the nerves, and