

FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON.

Twenty-Fourth Sunday After Pentecost. THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Men withering away for fear and expectation of what shall come upon the whole world.

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 fire, to judge the living and the dead.

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.

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.

When the sheep are separated from the goats, the books of divine ordinance will be opened, that is, the conscience of men will be revealed.

When the sheep are separated from the goats, the books of divine ordinance 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.

When everything, even the most secret, is brought to light then will be pronounced that irrevocable sentence, that sentence deciding for all eternity.

And then the sentence of the wicked will follow. Ah, if I fear to pronounce 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."

The sentence having been uttered, it will immediately be executed. Heaven opens, and the blessed ascend with Christ to the Heavenly Jerusalem, amidst the jubilant hymn of the angels.

Tremble not, ye good, ye God-fearing, on account of the last day, no, rejoice more, raise your heads exultingly; for your redemption is nigh.

lent, 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.

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 Margaret had gone so far as to say that perhaps she had better wait another year.

One day she said to her: "Jessie, my child, what is your favorite devotion?" The child smiled as she answered: "I like to pray to the souls in Purgatory."

"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.

"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 Communion. But I do love the Holy Souls; and Sister—" She hesitated, blushed, and smiled in her peculiar, shy way.

"I was only going to say, Sister," she continued, "that it would be nice to offer up my First Communion for the release of a suffering soul?" "Nice!" echoed the Sister: "nothing 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."

"I thought it might be a good thing to offer it to some neglected soul." "Indeed it would," said Sister Margaret 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 procession from the convent to the church, with that look upon their young faces which no human being ever wears except on that memorable occasion.

The Mass proceeded, and the lady sat during the greater part of it, half kneeling at the Elevator. Her face was pale and outwardly calm, but the occasional twitching of her lips betrayed the existence of strong hidden emotion.

"My child," said the lady, "will you pray for me?"

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

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.

"There was a little girl this morning, Sister," she said; "if I see her I will point her out. I should like to know her name. She was so sweet and innocent, with such a wrapt look in her eyes that she impressed me very much.

"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."

"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 purgatory?"

"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 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."

"I was born in New Orleans," said Mrs. Mariot, of mixed French and Irish descent. "My father, once a Catholic, had become an infidel, my mother was a pious Catholic Christian.

"Some missionaries came to the town; my husband went to hear them 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.

"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.

"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."

"I have, and my high opinion is 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 soothe the excited brain, while they give fresh strength and vigor to the body.

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

"Now he need not do so."

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

"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 despair; 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 to experience what it is to be a Catholic, even though a most unworthy repentant."

Society was aghast when the rich and fashionable Mrs. Malot returned to the Catholic Church, of which 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 lying in the same direction.

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 ever 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, Contempt 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 unfurled— 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 press, And bravely do one's best.

Here's to the men who lose! It is the vanquished 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 whose school days are over, ample time in which to acquire, say, the Columbian, any branch of knowledge that he may desire.

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

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. I have been told that a clock will keep better time if wound regularly at the same hour every day.

"What!" interrupted the lawyer. "He need not bear the penalty for his transgression?" "He can prevent or remove the penalty," answered the doctor.

"I have, and my high opinion is 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 soothe the excited brain, while they give fresh strength and vigor to the body.

"They cost only fifty cents a box at any drug store, and are worth their weight in gold."

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 poverty or wealth. It is the small but steady additions to one's stock of knowledge which assure our culture and give our mind its fitting development.

The next important rule is that of concentration. The old injunction, "This one thing do," is true for all time. We must learn to concentrate our energies if we would achieve success.

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.

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

The subject of books must not be overlooked. To acquire a good working 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 people.

Let the purchases be made not 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 passing mood. If one's means are limited a few "best books"—books that are authoritative in their departments—are to be preferred to many works that you would never think of reading more than once.

Dr. Chase's Preparations Have Merit. For Piles, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Pin Worms and all skin diseases Dr. Chase's Ointment is a positive cure. It is recommended by Dr. C. M. Harlan of the American Journal of Health.

Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure with blower included will cure insipid Catarrh in a few hours; Chronic Catarrh in one month's treatment.

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LATE HOURS AND STRONG DRINK

WHAT THE DOCTOR SAID TO HIS FRIEND ON THE SUBJECT.

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

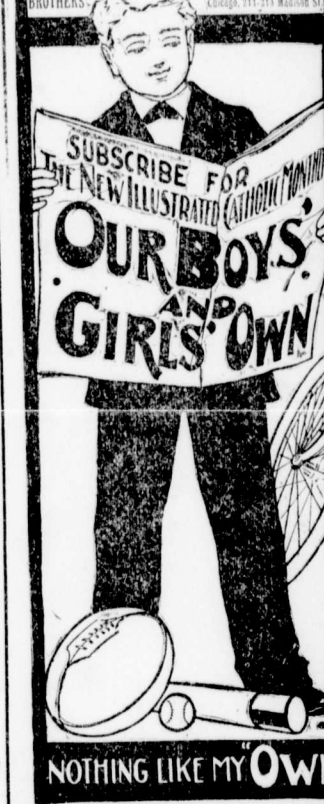
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BABY'S AWFUL HUMOR

My baby sister had a rash, causing her intense suffering. We had doctors, and tried everything, without a cure. It would scab over, crack open, a watery matter would ooze out and the scab fall off.

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