

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

First Sunday of Advent.

GOD'S JUSTIFICATION ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

"And they shall see the Son of man coming in a cloud with great power and majesty." (Luke 21, 27.)

It would seem that the last day, the day of judgment, should be called the day of man, because on that day all mankind must render an account to God. Each individual must give an account of all his thoughts, desires, works and omissions. The prophet Isaiah (2, 12) however, calls this day, "the day of the Lord and justly so. For, on this day the Creator will design to recount His relation to the creature; on this day the Creator will manifest what He has done for His creatures, but He will also show what the creature has done for his Creator. God will manifest what He has done for the sinner, the innumerable graces which, in His infinite mercy, He has bestowed upon him, but which the sinner insolently scorned and rejected. God will reveal to the whole world how often, through the voice of his conscience, He called the sinner to repentance; how often He warned him by inspirations of grace; how often He admonished him through the voice of His Church by the ministrations of the priest, through the entreaties of parents, husband or wife, children or friends, by instructions of good books; how often even through misfortunes, calamities or sickness, in order to make him return to God, but alas! all in vain. The infinite mercy will manifest how, on the sinner's death-bed, He offered His guilty creature reconciliation through the sacraments of the Church, or if this was impossible, by means of perfect contrition. Reconciliation with God, salvation of his soul by one act of the sinner's will, but all to no avail! Then justly the Supreme Judge will say: "What more could I have done for you than what I did? The heavens and the earth are witnesses that I have given you the choice of everlasting life or death, of My blessing or curse, of Heaven or hell, and you, unhappy sinner! you, in sheer insanity, have chosen eternal death, eternal damnation.

The dreadful day of judgment, however, will manifest not only what the Creator has done for the creature, but also what the sinner has done against God. "And I saw the presence of the earth and small, standing in the presence of the one, and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life, and the dead were judged by those things which were written in the books according to their works." (Apoc. 20, 12)

What is meant by those books which shall be opened? They are the consciences, the hearts of men; and what is that book in which they will be judged according to their works? It is the gospel. Yes, in the day of judgment, God will deign to lay open the consciences, the hearts of each individual, to reveal His justice and to condemn the sinner. The Omnipotent will expose to view the life of each person in all its details; it will be seen clearly and distinctly—depicted, as it were, in a mirror—in order that the malice of the sinner will become apparent to the whole world. Then will be shown the hidden sins of his childhood, the crimes of his youth, the negligence of his duties in his manhood and the perversity, and, perhaps, even lasciviousness of old age. All will be clearly shown to the whole world, though the darkness of night had concealed it all, even the idle word, the secret evil thought will not be forgotten, for "the Lord... will bring to light the hidden things of darkness, and will make manifest the councils of the heart." (1 Cor. 4, 5.)

St. Stanislaus Kostka, pray for us! The Tables Turned. One pleasant spring day a number of years ago, a farmer living in the foothills of the Catskill Mountains decided that as he had been working very hard for the few weeks preceding the time of our story preparing his ground for the early crops he would take a little time for recreation and improve it by a run through the forests with his dog and gun. Accordingly, about 9 o'clock on the day mentioned, he shouldered his gun and ammunition and, calling his dog off they started. They had not penetrated the forest very far when the dog started a rabbit.

"Bang!" spoke the gun and the little creature fell dead. A little farther on the man saw a pretty gray squirrel sitting on the limb of a tree nibbling at a nut, all unconscious of danger, and he shared the same fate. Thus they proceeded, killing everything in the shape of bird or beast which they encountered until about noon, when, becoming tired and hungry, the man sat down under a large tree, with his dog at his feet and the gun lying beside him, and produced from his game-bag a lunch, which he proceeded to eat, throwing the bits and bones to the dog. While thus engaged he fell asleep and his mind reversed the order of things and he had a dream which taught him the cruelty of what he had before thought sport.

He dreamed that while he and the dog were sleeping under the tree a company of bears stole up and, seeing them there, decided to go hunting themselves. One bear took charge of the dog and held him so that he could not get away, another little bear took his large hat and, sitting down with it between his feet, explored the inside, and the biggest bear of all took the gun and going off a little ways pointed it at the man, who, not stirring, an-

other bear came and lifted him up to a standing position, while the big bear was still pointing the gun at him and trying to pull the trigger. He felt himself tremble with fear, his legs refused to support him and the bears laughed aloud they were so amused at his plight. All at once the big bear succeeded in pulling the trigger, and the gun went off with a bang which awoke him from his troubled sleep.

He started up in great alarm, but found that everything was just as he had left it when he sat down, but great beads of perspiration were rolling down his face and he could hardly realize that the dream had not been true. After this experience he could take no more pleasure in hunting, for he imagined he knew how the animals felt when hunted, and he went home to relate his adventure and to say that he had resolved never to take life again for amusement.—New Orleans Picayune.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Nov. 13. St. Stanislaus Kostka, whose feast is celebrated on November 13, was a young Polish nobleman who lived and died before his native land suffered its cruellest trials.

The young Stanislaus was in the habit of invoking the prayers of his patroness, St. Barbara. It is related of him that once he fell dangerously ill, and those who were with him, having fallen into the then novel Lutheran heresy, refused to send for a priest for the dying boy. Stanislaus felt a horror of dying without the Holy Sacrament; feeble though he was, he lifted his voice in prayer to St. Barbara, imploring her intercession for him in his dire necessity. As told by himself afterward, a radiant vision illuminated the sick-room; he saw the shining countenance of that young patrician lady who had suffered martyrdom for Christ in the days when pagan Rome was yet triumphant. St. Barbara was accompanied by two angels, who ministered to Stanislaus. He recovered his strength; the beautiful vision departing, seemed to animate him with new vitality.

Stanislaus Kostka resolved to consecrate his restored life to God's service. Like St. Barbara, he met with brutal opposition from his own father. While in a religious ecstasy he was granted another vision, in which he was bidden to enter the Society of Jesus, which was then less than half a century old. The boy followed the heavenly inspiration; after a probation, during which he proved himself wholly unattached to the world and its vanities he was admitted to the novitiate, and as a novice he died in his seventeenth year, already renowned for his Christian self-abnegation, his profound humility, rapturous devotion and tender charity.

St. Stanislaus, like St. Aloysius, is a boy saint. There is something pathetic in the early death of these two gracious young Christians, inasmuch as they were not spared to render high virtues to the Church and through the Church to the world. Yet those rare beings have left us a high and holy example, showing us that it is not impossible to attain Christian perfection even at the age when life is but budding into bloom, when the pleasures of the world are rendered doubly attractive in the rosy light of youth. We must strive to imitate the saints. This does not mean that we can be like them. Some of these holy ones were especially favored from on high; to be like Stanislaus Kostka, we had need be so pure of heart, so free from all soil of earth, that the visions of Paradise might freely enter as into that radiantly spotless soul. But we may follow him, even though by our very weaknesses we lag far behind. We may strive so far as is consistent with our duty in life to imitate the devout faith, patience, charity and humility of the saintly child of Poland, who died in perfect holiness, more than three hundred years before we began to try to mark our earthly pathway to heaven.

St. Stanislaus Kostka, pray for us! Two small boys signaled a street car, and when it stopped it was noticed that one boy was lame. With much solicitude the other boy helped the cripple aboard the car, and, after telling the conductor to go ahead, returned to the sidewalk. The lame boy braced himself up in his seat, so that he could look out of the car window, and the other passengers observed that at intervals the little fellow would wave his hand and smile. Following the direction of his glances the passengers saw the other boy running along the sidewalk, straining every muscle to keep up with the car. The passengers watched his pantomime in silence for a few blocks and then a gentleman asked the lame boy a question. "Cause he hasn't any money," was the prompt reply. "Why does he not ride with you in the car?" was the next question. "Cause he hasn't any money," answered the lame boy sorrowfully. The little runner was speedily invited into the car, and the sympathetic questioner not only paid his fare, but gave each boy a quarter besides.—Golden Days.

Maxims for Girls. Be orderly. A disorderly, careless girl will never have a comfortable home. It is just as easy to return to the shell the book you have been reading as to lay it down in a chair.

Be punctual. Some girls, and some women, too, are never at the beginning of anything. A little late at breakfast; a little late at school; a little late at church; a little late everywhere. Do not spend your life in trying to catch up.

Be cheerful. A bright, smiling face makes every one happy, and a sullen, fretful expression is just as likely to make others just as cross. Even when it rains out of doors let there be sunshine within.

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Envy Not the Rich Boy. Envy not the boy who has been born in a mansion, nurtured in the lap of luxury, and rocked in the cradle of affluence—who has reclined on a couch of ease and idleness, surrounded by all the enervating and dissipating influences of wealth, a stranger to industry and self-denial, for such influences are rarely helpful on the road to greatness.—Gov. Mount, of Indiana.

Manners by Rule. How far manners are to be made a matter of rule is a question you will inevitably ask. From within out—is the fundamental law; still there is an external view of the subject quite worth heeding.

There is a certain fine robustness of character that is prone to pay little heed to the "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not" of society; and there is a certain spirituality that says, "Make your own rules." There is much truth in both positions, but it is delicate ground to tread on; one needs to be sure-footed and quick-eyed, to avoid falls. Upon the whole, and for the most of us, it is better that there should be a code of so-called laws, well understood and rather carefully observed; at least one should always have them at hand, ready for use.

The Value of Courtesy. Life ought to have in it a large element of courtesy, very gracious and tender civility. You lose nothing by the graciousness of your life, you sweeten your own life by being gracious to other people. "We love you, we welcome you, we are pleased to see you." These are little things! No, not little! There is nothing little about the love and friendship which mean the outpouring, the libation and gift of the heart. Are you gracious? Do you do things because you must do them, or because the "must" does not express a mechanical law, but a gracious constraining of a renewed heart?

Don't Dawdle. Lockart, Scott's biographer, gives the following excellent advice, written by Sir Walter to a friend who had obtained a situation:

"You must beware of stumbling over a propensity which easily besets you from the habit of not having your time fully employed—I mean what the women very expressively call dawdling. Your motto must be, 'Hoc age.' Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take the hours of recreation after business, and never before it. If that which is first in hand is not instantly, steadily, and regularly dispatched, other things accumulate behind, till affairs begin to press all at once, and no human brain can stand the confusion. Pray mind this: this is a habit of mind which is very apt to beset men of intellect and talent, especially when their time is not regularly filled up, and is left to their own arrangement. But it, like the ivy round the oak, ends by limiting, if it does not destroy, the power of manly and necessary exertion. I must love a man so well to whom I offer such a word of advice that I will not apologize for it, but expect to hear you as become as regular as a Dutch clock—hours, quarters, minutes, all marked and appropriated. This is a great cast in life, and must be played with all skill and caution."

Stray Chimps of Thought. Success is apt to destroy a man's belief in luck.

The closer you get to a great man the smaller he appears. A word to the wise may be sufficient, but it depends upon who speaks the word.

When you hear a man say "business is business" he has just cheated somebody. If you value a man's friendship never agree with him when he calls himself a fool.

The man who shakes your hand the hardest may be trying to get his other one into your pocket. Some people worry because they are deep in debt, and others worry because they can't get in deeper.

A man imagines he has perfect control over his wife when he wants her to do something that she wants to. Some men are so busy telling what they would do if they had the opportunity that the opportunity passes by unobserved.

"Count on Me." So ran the words of a letter from a young man volunteering for a difficult service. The recipient of the letter heaved a sigh of relief as a great responsibility rolled off his shoulders, for he knew that young man as one to be counted on. The phrase, "You may count on me," expressed the keynote of his character. He is one of the world's dependables.

This seems like an easy talent, yet it is one of the rarest. Comparatively few of the world's workers can be entrusted with a commission in the confidence that without further direction it will be fulfilled up to the limit of possibility. Any man who has to use men will admit at once that his difficulty is in securing help that can be counted on.

The young person builds wisely who puts into his life the habit of thoroughness and faithfulness, for he is equipped himself to take rank as one who can be depended upon. It is a worthy thing in temporal affairs and in the interest of religious work to be esteemed a sure factor. Still worthier is it to be such a one that the Master

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Success Demands Heart, Soul, Might, Mind, Strength. "Back of all this surface fluctuation, this seeming defeat," says a writer, "has been the awful, restless purpose of the unconquerable sea—and now, it is full high tide. So it is with successful men. Back of all else, scorning disaster and defeat, has been the single eye, the steady purpose of an unconquerable soul. If you are a close observer you will always detect in the countenances of these men traces of the struggle through which they have passed; for success, wherever real and lasting, is wrought out by mighty endeavor. The sculptor's chisel always leaves its lines of power upon the statue's form."

Teach youth that labor is the great schoolmaster of the race, and that industry and perseverance are the price which must pay for distinction; show that it takes courage to persist in an undertaking which everybody ridicules as foolish and visionary; that it takes courage to wear threadbare clothes, while one's schoolmates and companions dress in broadcloth; that it takes courage to say "No," when all the world says "Yes."

Show young men that, to succeed, they must pour their whole hearts and souls into their work, they must be fired by a determination which knows no defeat, which cares not for hunger or ridicule, which spurns hardship and laughs at want and disaster; and that he who would get the most out of life must fight his way up to whatever worthy prizes he would win.

Determination Makes its Opportunity. About 1840 a lad who had come from the Catskill Mountains, where he had hoarded the rudiments of penmanship by scribbling on the leather of a Quaker shoemaker (for he was too poor to buy paper), but he could write better than his neighbors, commenced to teach in that part of Ohio which has been called "benighted Ashtabula."

I suggest "benighted" as the proper spelling of the word. He set up a little writing school in a rude log cabin, and threw into the work the fervor of a poetic soul and the strength of heart and spirit that few men possess. He caught his ideas of beauty from the waves of the lake and the curves they make upon the white beach, and from the tracery of the spider's web. Studying the lines of beauty as drawn from the hand of nature, he wrought out that system of penmanship which is now the pride of our country and the model of our schools—the Spencerian.

How can you keep a determined man from success? Place stumbling-blocks in his way and he takes them for stepping stones, and climbs to greatness. Take his money away, and he makes spurs of his poverty to urge him on. Cripple him, and he writes the Waverly Novels. Lock him up in a dungeon and he writes the "Pilgrim's Progress."

All the performances of human art, at which we look with praise and wonder," says Johnson, "are instances of the resistless force of perseverance."

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