

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fourth Sunday of Advent.

THE EXPECTATION OF THE MESSIAS. A mighty God at various times, my brethren, has revealed and confirmed the promise of a Redeemer who should come to save us from sin and its consequences. Many of these revelations are recorded in Holy Scripture, and as the time of our Lord's coming drew near they became more frequent and more clear. His chosen people, the Jews, were, when He came on the earth, in possession of those prophecies, which had been made by holy men who had received them from God; and they not only knew well that the Redeemer was coming, but they knew very nearly the time at which He would come; for this too had been quite clearly predicted, especially by the prophet Daniel. There was then, no difficulty in their making an act of faith in their promise of redemption; though many of them, whose hearts were more set on present pleasures than on the salvation in the next, considered the promised Redeemer more as one who was to free them from the foreign yoke under which their nation was groaning, than from the far more grievous power which the devil had put over their souls.

The Jews, then, this chosen and favored people of God, plainly had the means of the forgiveness of their sins and of eternal salvation before our Saviour came to the earth. After He had made Himself manifest of course the faith which before justified them would not answer for it would no longer be faith in God, but just the contrary, to keep on expecting Him to fulfil a promise which He had evidently accomplished. But before our Lord's appearance the expectation was enough; many of them saved their souls by means of it, and many more might have done so if they had chosen. The Jews, however, were only a very small part of the people of the world. Outside of their little country there were untold millions who had never heard of the special promises made to them, and who could not by any possibility have known of them. And there are many such still, who have not only never heard of the prophecies made to the Jews, but have no knowledge and no suspicion, so far as we can see, that these prophecies have been fulfilled; who know not the name of Christ, nor anything which He has done for us; and among whom even the tradition or expectation of Him has, so far as we can see, been almost or quite forgotten.

In Central Africa, for instance, alone, there is a immense population whose very existence was unknown to the rest of the world until it was discovered about four years ago by Mr. Stanley. These savages, sunk in ignorance and sin, have lived there, as did their fathers before for ages, shut out by their own ferocity from all intercourse with the rest of the world, and inside their own limits; it is not probable that even any of the Apostles of Christ penetrated into their fastnesses to preach the Gospel; to tell them the way open for the forgiveness of sin. But they are all under the ban of original sin, like the rest of us; and dense as their darkness is, they still have enough of the light of conscience to keep them above the level of the beasts; to show them at least in many things what is right and what is wrong, enough knowledge of God to make them know that some things please, while others offend Him.

Now, is there any way in which even among such a people can be saved, before the promise of God and its fulfilment have been distinctly announced to him? Can any one of these or of others like them have been or now be brought to heaven, without hearing the faith declared to him, without hearing of Christ? We must postpone the answer to this question.

DAUGHTER OF THE PURITANS.

MOTHER ALPHONSE, THE DAUGHTER OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, DEVOTES HER LIFE TO THE CARE OF THE SICK AND AGING. The daily press of New York is just now bestowing great praise upon the daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne—a woman of exquisite cultivation of mind and noble character. Rose Hawthorne Lathrop in the garb of a Dominican Tertiary, bending over the sick in the convent hospital would have caused the New Englanders of an older day to gasp and stare.

This elfin child who frolics through so many pages of Hawthorne's diary and letters a flower of the old Puritan civilization—by a seemingly miraculous transformation a member of the association vitally conscious of the most austere Catholic piety.

The life of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop, Mother Alphonsa, reads like a romance wrought by the master psychologist, Nathaniel Hawthorne. A child born passed in the tranquil summer of her father's powers when privation had passed, carrying with them their sting and leaving their benediction; the wife of the most brilliant and versatile of our literary men, George Parsons Lathrop; widowed and the massive mile stones that mark the career of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop.

of hope in the sad heart, to stir the waters of the better life in the soul severely stricken. The fame of the undertaking went over the land; the newspapers sought eagerly the details of a life dedicated work in which the figure of Calvary seemed so vividly present. At last a home was secured on Cherry street, New York City, but so rapidly did the field of the work widen that a new home was secured a few miles from the city, and the community which lived in the manner of a religious life, became a sisterhood among the Tertiaries of St. Dominic. It was incorporated under the title of The Servants of Relief for Incurable Cancer.

Have lives Rose Hawthorne Lathrop as superior of the institution, and known to the world as Mother Mary Alphonsa Lathrop. Truly has the New England conscience flowered into a splendor of beauty, under the benign influence of Catholicism!

The case of Rose Hawthorne Lathrop is the most striking of the many which indicate how deeply pervades the world the life of the convent form of New England Puritanism. The moral intensity and strength of the New England conscience made a splendid opening for Catholic thought. Those were the days when Hawthorne's delicate genius was bursting into leaf and flower. Those, too, were the days of the old school of New England, who, if their powers of creation were not always proportioned to their ambition of excellence, were as superior to their contemporaries in other parts of the country as Angelo to George Conan.

THE NON-CATHOLIC MISSION MOVEMENT.

AN IRISH PRIEST DRAWS ITS MORAL. The movement for missions to non-Catholics, initiated on a large scale by the Fanatics in the United States, and now taken up by the Church in America generally, is being watched with great interest in lands beyond the sea. The Rev. Michael O'Flanagan writes most appreciatively of it in the Irish Ecclesiastical Record. After a concise sketch of its methods and results, he sets forth a further advantage, and then applies the lesson to his own country. The fairness and delicacy with which he speaks of Protestantism—where it is something more than a mere negation of Catholicity—is worth notice.

Writes Father O'Flanagan: "The number of converts made is not the sole index of the amount of good done by the mission movement. There are millions of people in America who have never so much as seen a Catholic priest. There are many more who have never heard a word of God's true Church except from her enemies. There are consequently many millions who regard Catholics as little better than idolaters—an ignorant rabble led by spiritual tyrants and tricksters. Protestant denominations spend large sums of money to increase and strengthen anti-Catholic prejudices. With multitudes of their fellow-countrymen who have never identified themselves with the Catholic Church, and who are all under the ban of original sin, like the rest of us; and dense as their darkness is, they still have enough of the light of conscience to keep them above the level of the beasts; to show them at least in many things what is right and what is wrong, enough knowledge of God to make them know that some things please, while others offend Him.

And if this can be done in America why not also in Ireland? We have heard the cry ascend to heaven for the conversion of England and America, why not a cry for the complete conversion of Ireland? If God's Church can reap rich harvest in the money-sodden cities of Saxondom can it be impossible to labor and pray for the flower of a growing Church in the holy atmosphere of Ireland? Twenty-six per cent. of the people of Ireland—a number of souls well beyond the million mark—are groping in the dark for a light that their eyes would be glad to see. St. Patrick at a hundred years of age would not lay down his weary bones to rest while one-fourth of the dwellers in the wood Focluth clamored to him to walk still amongst them. He would rather work for a score of other years and death alone could stay his heart and tongue. The spirit of the mercurian mission movement is the spirit of which St. Patrick was the greatest exponent in the history of Christianity. He came to Ireland not to destroy but to save. No pagan gathering round a holy well did he disperse. He blessed its waters with the sign of Redemption, and insinuated a new and supernatural meaning into the beautiful and poetical pagan rites by which it was venerated. And Protestantism is nobler than the noblest paganism. A ruin it is, no doubt, but a ruin of Christianity. With empty stars through its broken roof does it gaze aloft to the saddened sky. Its arches are broken and the delicate tracery of its windows crumble in the rubbish heaps by its wall. Rank weeds ontwine themselves around its dismantled altars. But the noble lines of the architect are discernible in it still. And the spirit that once made it his home look forward to the day of its restoration. Let skilled hands be trained in the work, let the spirit of the antiquarian be mingled with the cunning of the mason. Since the whirlwind of human passion first broke upon it, it has felt the decay of centuries. All that is unsonant must be rigorously removed. But where time has laid its hand but lightly the restorer can afford to be equally gentle in his treatment. Thus will he build a temple renewing the beauty and strength of the old, while he incorporates within it all that is sound and venerable retained through the ages of its decay.—Boston Pilot.

GOLDEN COUNSELS AND A WORD OF WARNING.

Irish Messenger.

Some time ago we came across a card of suggestions for the ennobling of our lives. They were admirable and striking, but the card bore no name to reveal the authorship. They ran as follows: 1. Say nothing you would not like God to hear. 2. Do nothing you would not like God to see. 3. Want nothing you would not like God to read. 4. Go no place where you would not like God to find you. 5. Read no book, of which you would not like God to say: "Show it to Me." 6. Never spend your time in a way that you would not like God to ask: "What are you doing now?"

If to these golden counsels we add a word of warning—Nearer associate with a dangerous company; never share their casual or profane language—we feel we should have offered counsel, which, if followed, would realize true happiness.

LOUISE MICHEL.

IDOL OF SOCIALISTS AND ANARCHISTS HER LIFE WAS ONE OF STORM. All the world, very probably, has heard of Louise Michel, communist, socialist, anarchist, and who, during a large portion of her life was called "the Jean of Arc" because she was a leader of the forces of Radicalism in Paris. No romance by Victor Hugo was more terrible than her career. A writer in the Catholic Advance states much of it in the following words: Tall, strong, masculine, stern—she donned men's attire, at the time of the Paris Commune in 1871, and in the uniform of a captain, headed her company at the guillotining of condemned prisoners. It was she, this woman, who led the shooting of the saintly Archbishop of Paris, Monsignor Darboy, and when she discovered that he still breathed, after the third volley had been fired, went forward and kicked him brutally, and then, her bloodthirsty nature still unsatisfied, trampled furiously on the body of the dead prelate.

Two days later, on May 26, 1871, she again headed her men at the death of Pere Ollivrat, the martyred Jesuit, exhorting the "right" to fire the first shot. Her victim gazed into her ferocious countenance, and with the intuition of the saint, penetrating her disguise, said: "Madame, this costume is not becoming."

In a career, crime stained at every turn, she confessed to the murder of thirteen priests. But in all her infamy, charged to ignorance, neglect and criminal associates, her life had many beautiful stars—devotion to the Blessed Virgin and a tender pity for the poor. One must believe, in the light of her after life, that in all her ferocity, she thought that she was avenging the wrongs of the downtrodden.

When a young girl, vagabond and stained, she visited the holy Cure d'Arc, who in strangely prophetic words said to her, "My child, an apply you will do great evil, but in due time our merciful God in His goodness will grant you the grace to repent in reward for your devotion to His Divine Mother."

Finally she was arrested on the barricades of Paris, tried by court martial and condemned to death. Whilst awaiting execution in St. Lazare, the criminal, asked her name, and she replied, "I am Louise Michel." She was granted and the delay saved her life, for Louise's name, doubtless being overlooked, was not called again.

Mysterious workings of Providence! During her imprisonment she had but one book in her cell, a volume of the sermons of Pere Ollivrat, the priest whom she had ruthlessly shot down. His words, coming as it were from the tomb, touched her heart, and the stings of remorse were felt in her dead soul. She confided to the nun in charge: "Strange that a priest whose name I could not formerly utter with out a tury is now instrumental in bringing me to God."

At Montpelier the Sisters of St. Joseph, also in charge of the prison, conducted a reformatory, and after the fall of the Commune, Louise Michel was sent there. Her conversion was so complete she begged to be allowed to remain, and the next eighteen years of her life were spent in penance and prayer and works of charity—the penitential cloth in the habit of "The Children of Mary." From the red sash of the Commune to the blue ribbon of the Blessed Virgin—was ever a change

more rare, more miraculous? And a further crowning mark of a saint's holiness was vouchsafed to her, for kneeling at the tomb of Pere Ollivrat, murdered by her hand, she was miraculously cured of a wound in the knee. But the patient had yet to eat of the fruit of the tree of her own evil planting, and when the French Government made it a crime for holy women to dwell together in the service of the abandoned and afflicted, the Sisters of St. Joseph, at Montpelier were dispersed and Louise Michel, ousted, Communist and murderer, penitent and devoted sister of Mary, returned to her native Marseilles, where she died in 1904 a peaceful, holy death.

THE CHURCH AND INTELLECTUALITY.

We occasionally see in Protestant papers accounts of men and women of Catholic parentage who have "read themselves out of the Church." The inference is that having, by reading, emerged from the darkness in which they had been enveloped in their youth, they are once more free men. This is the usual style in which such stories are written. But what about the highly-intellectual people such as Newman and Hecker and Brownson and Benson, and many others, who read themselves into the Catholic Church? There died in England the other day a notable convert to Catholicity—Sir Henry Hawkins, Lord Brampton, a man who had been for many years an ornament to the English bench. It is not to be supposed that a man of such attainments, such character, such legal and logical acumen, knew what he was doing, when at a mature age he entered the Catholic Church? He declared when asked some years ago what was the motive that induced him to take such a step:

"It was the result of my deliberate conviction that the truth—which was all I sought—lay within the Catholic Church. I thought the matter out myself, and seriously, uninfluenced by any human being; and I have unwavering satisfaction in the conclusion at which I arrived, and my conscience tells me it is right."

The Pastor's Burden. "Every pastor needs the sympathy of his congregation," remarks the Catholic Columbian. "He is human. His heart longs for confidence, encouragement, support, affection and good will. When he has the love and loyalty of his people, he can give them the very best that is in him of pastoral care."



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Advertisement for 'We want our pay' featuring a large illustration of a man's face and text about a trial offer.

Advertisement for 'OUR TRIAL OFFER' and 'HAD RHEUMATISM FOR TEN YEARS' with a portrait of a man and detailed text about a medical trial.

Advertisement for 'WHAT VITAE-ORE IS' and 'WOMEN SHOULD USE' with text describing the benefits of Vitae-Ore for various ailments.

Advertisement for 'THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE' and 'Just Out The Catholic Confession and the Sacrament of Penance' with text about a new book and its availability.

CHATS WITH YOU

The Value of Good His Majesty's ship S in harbor at— It was ing, and the sailors, Protestant alike were separate companies, an officer, and rowed ashore morning service. Leave own party to find their own church, let us of tunes of the little bar. There were eleven in all, a midshipman in command, two m credit to their religion fession which they fl at the church, they fl of benches and a wait ment of the services. Low Mass accompanied such as may be heard any of our smaller churches. Nothing worthy of occurred until after the priest from the altar sermon. Perhaps he beforehand upon the which his congregation that day; however, thred himself seat and he had to say. The mortal sin and its of the preacher, at all man, by his extra effort attention of the. The blue jackets, always were literally hargling, and when he concluded solemnly declaring "I valued his immortal suture to leave the church state of glorious sin, easy shuffling on the cupled by the tars, wh that his words had at end of Mass came, and backward pause, the began to make their church do, r, swaying to and fro, each one's innocence, as though said at the conclusion had no more referenc the little troop of o were tudding out in a staring round in an great white collars ar The two officers amused, and yet wit for the evident weak They were just pr them, when sudden nudged his brother pered, "Let's stay a FE!" They stationed the confessional and by this time had reac one, looking back, sa preparing for confes Bill," said he, pok ribs. Bill looked up the attention of the changing significant tering that, "there all, one by one, confessionals, took o followed their offic absolution of which the need, but which wise have had the beg of Him who sa "I came to call you ners to repentance."

Everybody admit the one who carries of assurance and con to believe in such a who crawls into a Utah Hoop, apolo himself upon you a and asking a favor, turned down. The the apologizing on re impression immedi man wants to get soon as possible. You cannot make upon another unless courageous yourself. When you go to a favor or an o eye and tell him a preach him fear confessionals, took o followed their offic absolution of which the need, but which wise have had the beg of Him who sa "I came to call you ners to repentance."

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