

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twenty-Fourth Sunday after Pentecost.

PREPARATION FOR ADVENT.

For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and appeareth even unto the west, so shall also the coming of the Son of Man be.

Our holy Mother the Church, in the gospel of this last Sunday of the year before Advent, fixes our attention upon the second advent or coming of our Lord Jesus Christ in His majesty to judge the living and the dead.

Our Lord in this gospel foretells at the same time the destruction of Jerusalem and the final destruction of the world.

Jerusalem may be taken as the figure of the soul, so that what befall Jerusalem represents to us in lively colors what shall befall souls which, dying unrepentant to God, shall fall under His judgments.

Now, our Lord says of Jerusalem that she shall suddenly be surrounded by her enemies, who shall dig a trench around her, and wall her in on every side so that no one can escape from her.

All this literally came to pass within forty years after this prophecy was spoken, when the Romans besieged the city, slaughtered over a million of people, and led the remnant army captive to be scattered over the face of the earth.

All this horror and desolation is a mere figure and shadow of what shall take place at the end of the world. The sufferings of that time are nothing in comparison of what the wicked and disobedient shall endure at the awful day of judgment.

Jerusalem, that city of God, so beautiful and glorious, was utterly destroyed because of her sins and obstinate rejection of God's mercy offered her by the Son of God, the Messiah, our Lord Jesus Christ.

The soul, the greatest and noblest work of the Creator, capable of unbounded happiness, if she chooses sin and disobedience, if she refuses to repent and accept His justice, and for ever fall from her high estate by her own folly.

The hour of death shall shortly be upon us. Then the soul will be in great straits. The devils of hell shall surround us, and our own sinful passions shall rise against us. If we have lived to gratify them and to sin, how difficult it will be to repent. We can not, all of a sudden, love what we have hated, and hate what we have loved.

All hope of escape will be cut off and we shall be an easy prey to our enemies. The great judgment day for the whole world may be a long way off; but, after all, that is of little consequence to us, for each one of us must have his own particular judgment within a few years or months or weeks—when the time of his death comes.

Let us take our Lord's counsel then: leave Jerusalem before the enemy surrounds her; flee to the mountains; do not stop to take anything with us, but flee at once, nor hesitate a moment—that is, flee from our sins, flee from all sinful practices and indulgences. Examine ourselves, deplore our sins, judge ourselves, condemn ourselves; flee to the mountains of God's mercy; entreat and beg for forgiveness; resolve over and over again not to sin again; but for the rest of our lives to be faithful and true.

God will hear our prayer: He will wipe out all our sins, receive us into the heavenly Jerusalem, where we shall rest safe and secure from all our enemies for all eternity. Amen.

Love Your Protestant Neighbors. We should cultivate a spirit of love for our Protestant neighbors. They are our brethren. We are in a measure responsible for their salvation.

If we have good-will for them, we shall try to be of service to them. Most of them, we believe, are sincere in their belief. If they thought for a moment that the Catholic Church was the one true and only Church of Christ, they would, so we want to believe, reject their errors and seek admission into it.

The demand for Ayer's Hair Vigor in such widely-separated regions as South America, Spain, Australia, and India has kept pace with the home consumption, which goes to show that these people knew a good thing when they try it.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Neddy's Long word.

"Remember, Neddy," said mamma one day, "always to accommodate every one that you can."

"Yes," answered Neddy, heartily, "I will." And mamma felt sure that he would, because Neddy is one of the very best boys to remember things you ever saw.

The next day Mrs. Camp called to him as he was running down the street with his new sled flying along behind him.

"Neddy, Neddy! come here a minute, won't you?" Neddy heard her and stopped, though he didn't much want to. He was going over on the Wilson hill coasting, and was in a great hurry; but he went up to the door where Mrs. Camp was standing, and pulled off his fur cap with a polite little bow, which pleased the lady very much.

"Will you run down to the store for me, dear?" she asked. "I want a spool of twist, and I have no one to send."

It didn't take long, after all. The store was not a great way off, and there was no other customer; and Neddy, in less than five minutes, was back again with the spool of twist.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Camp, smiling at him. Then she took a bright, new dime from her purse. "Here is something for you to buy peanuts with," said she, kindly. "And I'm very much obliged besides."

But Neddy shook his head at the dime, though he liked peanuts almost as well as maple sugar, which is saying a good deal. "You're welcome as can be," said he, "but I can't take pay for going. Mrs. Camp, 'cause, you know, mamma tells me always to accommodate every one I can?"

Didn't Mrs. Camp laugh! Of course, poor little Neddy meant to use the word accommodate. But the lady could not help laughing though she tried so hard that she almost choked, and frightened Neddy, who could not think what the trouble was.—Youth's Companion.

Return of Memory.

A lady who was formerly a resident of Boston relates a singular experience. She was the widow of a Brazilian officer who had lost his life in an expedition sent by the Emperor to investigate a case of plague which threatened to become epidemic in a certain part of Brazil.

On the death of her husband, finding that the Brazilian government offered her no assistance, she decided that she could better support and educate her son if she returned to Boston, where she had friends and was known.

She accordingly returned to her native land, and became a teacher. Just as her son had been put through college by the most strenuous efforts on his mother's part, his health failed, and the physicians ordered a sea voyage. His mother was in despair.

Just at this time, however, Dom Pedro was in Boston (in 1876), and she was advised to apply to him for aid, as her husband had lost his life in the service of the Brazilian State. Mrs. Louis Agassiz offered to speak in her behalf to the Emperor, and a time was fixed for an interview.

The widow welcomed any chance of help for her boy, but predicted that nothing would come of the meeting. "The Emperor will surely speak to me in Portuguese," she said, "to see if I am what I profess to be. Of course I spoke the language easily enough when I lived in Brazil, but for ten years I have not pronounced a word of it, and I cannot remember a syllable."

At the appointed hour she went to the hotel, and found the Emperor with several ladies and gentlemen. The conversation was at first in French, and she did very well; but suddenly, and without warning, Dom Pedro turned to her and addressed a question to her in Portuguese.

For an instant she looked at him in silent dismay, utterly unable to say a word. Then with a desperate feeling that perhaps her son's life hung on her words, she opened her lips almost mechanically, and, to her surprise, quite as greatly as to her relief, she found herself speaking Portuguese with as much fluency as if it were her native tongue.

In the twinkling of an eye it had all returned to her; and it is pleasant to be able to record that the Emperor soon after sent her word that a passage had been taken for her and her son on a steamship running between New York and South America, all expenses being paid.

Timid Boys.

Some timid boys are judged too harshly by their companions; nay, by their nearest relatives, and even by their own mothers. Johnny's mother kept it for years as an awful secret that he, a robust-looking boy, was afraid of the dark!

How relieved she was to discover that another mother's Tommy was afflicted with the same infirmity! If she had gone extensively into the study of biography, she would have found that several of the most illustrious men who ever lived were mortally afraid of the dark.

Charles Lamb, for example, suffered for years from this cause, and suffered terribly. As soon as the candle was extinguished, his misery began, and he fell asleep sometimes only from exhaustion of terror. If he had to pass through his bedroom in the daytime, he turned his eyes away from the bed, the scene of so much agony. If some kind, judicious friend or

relative had but known his infirmity, he might have been gradually relieved, and at last, entirely cured. If he had known that half the boys in the world, at some period of their boyhood, are afraid of the dark, the bitter sting of shame would have been taken from him.

It is to be noted that good boys of lively imagination are peculiarly liable to this kind of fear. They are often brave in meeting real dangers, and if necessary they could fight well in self-defense, or in defense of a girl, or of a boy weaker than themselves. It is against imaginary dangers that their courage is wanting.

"I used to be awfully afraid of the dark," said a little girl of ten the other day.

"And how did you cure yourself of it?" asked one of her friends.

Her answer was a wise one, for so young a philosopher. She said, "Whenever I felt afraid, I would do nothing in this room except what there was before dark."

Let us not overvalue the bull kind of courage. It has its value; we must not undervalue it. The courage of a bull is good in a bull; the courage of a man is quite another thing. The human hero protects, defends and assists; "he dares do all that may become a man; who dares do more is none."—Youth's Companion.

THE POWER OF PRAYER.

I was once called in a Southern city to the bedside of a gentleman who was suffering from a protracted disease. Cardinal Gibbons once said, "He had been a life-long disciple of Voltaire, and was imbued with the doctrines of that able and insidious writer. He was a most cultivated and polite gentleman and would not intentionally give offence or pain to anyone."

When I entered the room I began to set before him, as well as I could, the teachings of the Christian religion, and to impress upon him the obligation of accepting the claims of the Catholic Church.

He listened to me with great patience and attention till I had exhausted all the arguments that suggested themselves to my mind. When I was done he thanked me for my interest, but said that my words did not remove the difficulties from his mind. There was a chasm which had not been bridged over.

While I admired the candor and sincerity of the patient I was mortified at the failure of my efforts to convert him. I determined to make another effort to relieve my conscience. "You certainly admit," said I, "the existence of One Supreme Being, the Creator and Lord of all things, visible and invisible?"

"That," he replied, "cannot be denied, for all creation must have a first great cause." "You admit," said I again, "that this Supreme Being is endowed with supreme intelligence, for He must possess, in an eminent degree, all the attributes possessed by His most intelligent creatures?"

"Reason assures me of that," he said. "You admit," I continued, "that this Supreme Being takes an interest in His creatures, especially in His intelligent creatures, that he loves us, that He possesses all the affection and paternal solicitude which an earthly father has for his children; in a word that He is eminently our Father?"

"That," he replied, "cannot be denied." "You admit, therefore, that He may be moved by our prayers and entreaties?"

"Most assuredly," he answered. "Then," said I, "you admit the utility and necessity for prayer?" This, he said, necessarily followed from what I had asked.

I asked him, then, as a special favor, to promise me to offer up daily this short prayer to the Supreme Being: "Oh, God, give me light to see the Truth, and grace to follow it."

He replied most earnestly that he would comply with my request. I left him with serious misgivings about his future. A few days later I was called to his bedside, and was struck with the glow of enthusiasm that shone on his countenance in contrast with the gloom that sat on it before. He made an eloquent profession of his faith in the Christian religion in language at once simple and sublime, and begged me to baptize him.

Here is a striking instance of the power of prayer and the direct agency of God in the conversion of a soul without man's interposition. One ray of God's light did more than human words could accomplish.

Prayers, earnest and contrite, have frequently been instrumental in converting and reclaiming even the most hardened of God's creatures. For there stretches a hand from Heaven towards the head of the worst man living. It is a hand not clenched as to smite, but outstretched as if to drop a benediction. Other seas have a shore and may be fathomed, but eternity has no plummet to strike the bottom and immensity no iron-bound shore to confine the sea of God's love. "Watch and pray" is a maxim necessary to obey to-day as it was when first pronounced by the Founder of Christianity. Cardinal Gibbons's story has an excellent moral for all who read it. How to be a saint is easily told—live so as never to forget God in thought, word or action.

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ALMOST DEAD.

Pitiable Condition of a Young Girl in Toronto—A Mysterious Illness—Doctors Were Unable to Give Her Relief—Her Uncle's Story of the Case.

From the Toronto News.

The remarkable recovery of Cora Gray from a mysterious illness that baffled two of the best known physicians of West Toronto has been the subject of a good deal of talk among the residents in the neighborhood of Bloor street and Brunswick avenue. As it was expressively put by a neighbor, "She was all but dead, when suddenly she began to regain strength, and in a short time was out on the street with the color restored to her cheeks and the brightness to her eye."

Learning of the case a News reporter called on her uncle, Alpheus Ramsay, who is the proprietor of the Bloor street shoe store, at the corner of Brunswick avenue, and with whom she has lived almost since infancy. On learning that his visitor was a reporter he was somewhat loth to speak of the case.

"Everybody about here knows of the case," he said, "and I will be glad to tell any sufferer all about it, but I would rather not have it published."

When the reporter pointed out that he was in a position to let thousands know and probably be the means of giving them information that would lead to their recovery, he began to relent, and finally, he gave a brief account of the girl's marvelous restoration. He said:

"My niece is more like a daughter to me. She has been in my care since she was a child, and when she was taken sick a few months ago I was heart-broken. I got two of the best doctors in the west end to prescribe for her, but their medicines made her worse instead of better. She laid in bed week after week, looking like a corpse, eating nothing, and apparently wasting away in a mysterious manner. Her blood was thin and poor, and almost every day there was a change for the worse. She could not take the doctors' prescriptions, for the sickened taste of them. While I was in this state of worry and anxiety a man came around one day delivering pamphlets and he threw one into my shop. I picked it up and I read an exact description of the illness from which my niece was suffering. The remedy prescribed for the cure of the malady described was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I sent for a box, and Cora took them in a mechanical kind of a way. Well, sir, when she had taken them four days a change came over her. She began to eat with a relish, and every day she seemed to gain fresh strength. She adhered faithfully to the directions, and took four boxes. By that time the roses had returned to her cheeks and she was a different looking girl. She discontinued taking the pills, and later the same languid feeling began to creep over her, so she bought another box, and is now as bright and well as ever she was."

"That is the whole story," added Mr. Ramsay. "There may not be much in it for others, but I believe these pills saved Cora's life, and while I am not anxious for not publicity on her account, it may be that other sufferers will be benefited by hearing of this remedy. I cannot speak too highly of Pink Pills. I recommend them to everyone I know, and I take them myself."

Mr. Ramsay is one of the best known men in his neighborhood. He is the superintendent of the Sunday school of Concord Congregational church, and has the confidence of the entire community among which he lives. He has spent two years in business at his present location and his business has grown so much that he is about to remove to larger premises in the Douglas block on Bloor street, near Bathurst.

His statements as to the young girl's condition are amply corroborated by residents of the locality, and up that way there is a boom in Pink Pills.

Any septic who has the inclination to visit Mr. Ramsay will be courteously received, no doubt, and the circumstances frankly related. His gratitude for his niece's recovery leads him to make the most enthusiastic statements regarding the efficacy of the remedy that saved his girl's life.

The Woman Who Most Influenced.

The venerable author Thomas Wentworth Higginson tells of "the woman who most influenced him," in the current Ladies' Home Journal. The woman, of course, was his mother; and her beautiful character is sketched with such tenderness and veneration that we know not whether to admire more the worthy mother or the dutiful son. One passage of Colonel Higginson's article which is specially interesting to Catholic readers is the following:

"In another direction I learned from my mother one of the most important lessons—that of religious freedom. In the year 1834, when I was ten years old, I watched by her side the burning of a mob of the Ursuline convent, on Mount Benedict, a hill some two miles from our house. The flames lighted up all Cambridge, and were watched by her with an indignation shared by all our immediate neighbors. But when the next morning, I went out with her to confer on the subject with the family butcher, representing the sentiment of what was then the 'village,' we encountered a different phase of feeling. 'Well, Mr. Houghton,' said my ever eager mother, 'what do they think in the village of this great outrage?' 'Well, I dunno,' replied the deliberative functionary, as he cut the morning breakfast. 'I guess some of them Bishops are real dissipated characters.' I recognize the same inherited note in some of the sermons and speeches of the present day, but have fortunately carried through life the just instincts of my mother."

It is sad to read, however, after a glowing eulogy of his mother's deeply religious nature, that "none of her children shared this full habit,—not even that one, the most gifted, who was for twenty years a Roman Catholic, and who finally left that Church because it did not seem to her that it provided a sufficiently assured place for my mother." "It did not seem to her" is a carefully worded clause; but his sister was not the gifted woman the colonel thought her to be, for she seems to have lived within the Catholic Church a long time without knowing much about it.—Ave Maria.

Differences of Opinion regarding the popular internal and external remedy, Dr. THOMAS' EMULSION OIL, do not, so far as known, exist. The testimony is positive and concurrent that the article relieves physical pain, cures lameness, checks a cough, is an excellent remedy for pains and rheumatic complaints, and it has no nauseating or other unpleasant effect when taken internally.

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What The Angels See.

If there are angels who look into the ways of man, how different are the notions which they entertain of us from those we are apt to form of one another. We are dazzled with the splendor of titles, the ostentation of learning, the noise of victories. They, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage, who possesses his soul in patience, and thankfulness under the pressure of what titled minds call poverty and distress.

They do not look for great men at the head of armies, or among the pomp of a court, but often find them out in shades and solitudes, in the private walks and bye-paths of life. The evening walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight than the march of a general at the head of a hundred thousand men.

A contemplation of God's works, a voluntary act of justice to our own detriment, a generous concern for the good of mankind, tears shed in silence for the misery of others, a private desire of resentment broken or subdued—in short, an unfeigned exercise of humility or any other virtue, are such actions as are glorious in their sight, and denominate men great and reputable.

The most famous among us are often looked upon with pity, contempt, or indignation, whilst those who are most obscure among their own species are regarded with love, appropriation, and esteem.— Addison.

Boyle O'Reilly's Three Paces.

Convicts who were forced to drag about a ball and chain at the galleys could often be detected, when released, by their habit of trailing one foot after the other. John Boyle O'Reilly, condemned to convict life in Australia for his Fenian sympathies, had also in after years a habit which told a like sad story:

When walking abstractedly and mechanically, he always went a short distance, and then retraced his steps no matter how wide a stretch he had before him. It was always three paces forward, turn, and three paces back, exactly like the restless turning of a lion in a cage. One day Jeffreys Roche asked him:

"Boyle, what was the length of your cell when you were in prison? How many paces?" "Three," he said. "Why do you ask?" "Because, when you are absent-minded, you always walk three paces forward and then retrace your steps."

No family living in a bilious country should be without Parmentier's Vegetable Pills. A few doses taken now and then will keep the Liver active, cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter and prevent Ague, Mr. J. L. Price, Shoals, Martin Co., Ind., writes: "I have tried a box of Parmentier's Pills and find them the best medicine for Fever and Ague I have ever used."

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