

FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON.

Third Sunday after the Epiphany. SINNERS, WASH OFF THE LEPROSY OF YOUR SOUL.

"Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." (Matt. 8, 2). What leprosy is to the body, sin is to the soul. Leprosy is a loathsome, incurable disease, which covers the whole body with suppurating swellings and ulcers, rendering it like to a decomposing corpse. So great is the contagion of this disease that whoever comes in contact with it, has every reason to fear that he has imbibed the fatal poison. And is this not similar to sin, the leprosy of the soul? Does not this rob the soul of sanctifying grace, of all its supernatural beauty, and does it not wound the soul in a horrible manner? Does not this spiritual leprosy, by its pestilential odor, spread everywhere the poison of contagion? Does it not also exclude man from the society of God and the angels, and expose him to the greatest danger to fall a victim to eternal death, to everlasting punishment?

Oh, truly lamentable condition of the sinner separated from God! What would you say of a person who would be so foolish as to sleep on the brink of a frightful precipice! Only a slight change of position and he is hurled into the fearful abyss! Behold, O sinner, you who are separated from God, contemplate your picture. This is the dangerous condition in which your soul now is. Do you know with certainty whether you will be alive on the morrow? Ah, no man knows the day, the hour of his summons, and yet were you to be immediately called before the throne of God, what would be your fate for all eternity? Do you not tremble at the mere thought that you would be a reprobate without redemption, without mercy, a cast-away in the unquenchable flames of hell? Madman, would you venture for a ton of gold, to hold the tip of your finger during the space of half a minute over a glowing lamp? And, you are willing to risk burning for all eternity in that fiery ocean, which has been kindled, not by the mercy of God, like our earthly fire, but by His terrible anger? O sinner, take heed to my warning! I have admonished you in God's name. If you are lost, you alone will wall that eternal *Mea culpa*, through my fault.

But what should you do to escape the anger of God, and to save your soul while there is yet time? Listen to the leper in the gospel of today! His example will teach you. Scarcely had he heard that the Redeemer was passing when with filial confidence he turned to that merciful Heart, saying: "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." Oh! what humility, what simplicity, what confidence does not this petition contain! Jesus is moved thereby and hastens to reward such sentiments. He speaks only one word, but this one word restores the life of his body: "I will be thou made clean." Instantly the fearful leprosy is cleansed. O sinner, on you alone it depends to receive a similar grace: for the mercy of your Redeemer is as great now as it was eighteen hundred years ago. Prstrate yourself before the Blessed Sacrament, His mercy-seat, and confess your sins in the presence of God, your future Judge who is there really present. Make an act of perfect contrition for your transgressions, be sincerely sorry, not merely for having deserved hell, but for having offended your loving Redeemer, your best of Fathers, your Sovereign God. This contrition is capable, as faith teaches, of instantly cancelling your guilt and of bringing you the peace of reconciliation even before you have confessed your sins. Such an act of perfect contrition will purify your soul immediately from all leprosy, and make you the beloved child of God and heir of Heaven. Do not, however, forget what our Lord requires of the cleansed leper. He says to him: "Go and show yourself to the priest!" So must you, after having by an act of perfect contrition obtained forgiveness, fulfill the commandment of God, which obliges you to show your leprosy to the priest in the sacrament of penance, because the firm resolution of confessing the sins at the earliest opportunity must be accompanied with this act of perfect contrition, although the sins have been remitted by perfect contrition.

Beloved Christians, you now know the means whereby to obtain the cure of the leprosy of your soul. If at any time you should be in danger of death and have no opportunity of confessing your sins, make an act of perfect contrition with the resolution of speedy confession. Should death then suddenly overtake you without the consolation of the sacraments, you will find in God a merciful Judge. But do not, I beg of you, apply this remedy of reconciliation only when in danger of death—use it as often as you have the opportunity of falling into mortal sin. We are never secure against death, but may die at any moment. How terrible, therefore, to live in enmity with God, when hell burns under our feet and death can in an instant place us before the judgment-seat of God! Let us, therefore, flee from the leprosy of sin, and if, unfortunately, we have been infected by it seek the remedy immediately, so that the Lord may always find us, like faithful servants, waiting and watching for His coming. Amen.

In Reply to Off Repeated Questions. It may be well to state, Scott's Emulsion acts as a food as well as a medicine, building up the wasted tissues and restoring perfect health after wasting fever. Only those who have had experience can tell the torture corns cause. Pain with your boots on, pain with them off—pain night and day; but relief is sure to those who use Holloway's Corn Cure.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Climbing up the Hill.

This poem has been much copied and always credited to James Whitcomb Riley.

Never look behind, boys, Up and on the way, Time enough for that, boys, On some future day: Though the way be long, boys, Fight it with a will, Never stop to look behind, While climbing up the hill.

First, be sure you're right, boys, Then with courage strong, Strap your pack upon your back, And tug, tug along; Better let the lag lout, Fill the lower bill, And strike the further stake pole Higher up the hill.

Frowns make the better man! Let them sneer, "The fool!" It is only for a day, boys, Life is but a school, On the world's stage, boys, Which is very big, Do not be surprised, boys, If you meet a pig.

Let them have their chuckle, Chuckle if they will, With a dirty hand shake, When you've climbed the hill, Climb up the hill, boys, Gentlemen and clown, Some have stopped to rest, boys, Some are coming down.

Bluster with its brag mouth Claims every day, But Silence in the long run Turns the biggest wheel, Climb, but half ways up, boys, Don't you be "so smart," Stop and lend a hand then To your neighbor's cart.

Trudge is a slow horse, Made to pull a load, But in the end will give the dust To racers on the road, When you're near the top, boys, On the rugged way, Do not stop to blow your horn, But climb, climb away.

Climbing up the hills, boys, Every ugly knuck, If you can't stand the strain Proves the better stock, When you're on the top, boys, Lower down you'll hear, Commands from the common sort, Admirer's cheer.

Shoot above the crowd, boys, Brace yourselves and go! Let the plodding land pad Hoe the easy row; Success is at the top, boys, Waiting there until Brains and Pluck and Self-Respect Have mounted up the hill.

The Three Talents. Robert Louis Stevenson, renamed by the natives of his chosen Samoa "Tusitala," the Loving Heart, knew and loved children as few writers did. This great heart had a real understanding of the young hearts' needs. Occasionally he was invited to school to give a talk to the children, and the little ones were never weary of his "sermonettes."

Once, talking to the pupils of a school in Samoa, he adverted to the parable of the talents. "Each one of you possesses three talents," said "Tusitala." Three talents! Some of the dunces must surely have opened their eyes in wide wonder. Where were their three talents? As for the bright scholars, of course they might—"Every one," repeated the speaker, insistently, "has these three talents. All have tongues to make good words for the happiness of others: all have faces to keep bright with the cheerful light of home affection: all have hands to do useful work in cheerfulness. If you use your three talents for the good of others, you may be told at last, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto Me.'"

Genius is a rare miracle and mere talent is not common, but every physically complete human being has the three talents of which the good Tusitala spoke to the island children. How many make proper use of their gifts of speech, expression and action? How many must render a shameful account of their three talents on the last day?—Catholic Standard and Times.

"I am Jenny Lind, and you shall hear me sing. Send for your neighbors and we will have a concert; and if it isn't as fine a one as the rich people hear, it will be no fault of mine."

And this is why Jenny Lind's friend, searching for her with umbrellas and mackintoshes, found her singing "Auld Lang Syne" to a row of happy peasant women. He told her afterward that she never sang so well in all her life.

"It was because I did it out of love, not for money," said the songstress.—The Ave Maria.

The Old Year's Blessing. I am fading from you, But one draweth near, Called the angel guardian Of the coming year.

If my gifts and graces Coldly you forget, Let the New Year's angel Bless and crown them yet.

I brought Good Desires; Though as yet but seeds, Let the New Year make them Blossom into Deeds.

If I gave you Sickness, If I brought you Care, Let him make one Patience, And the other, Prayer.

If I brought you Plenty, All wealth's bounteous charms, Shall not the new angel Turn them into Alms?

I brought Joy to brighten Many happy days; Let the New Year's angel Turn it into Praise.

If your list of Errors Dark and long appears, Let this new-born monarch Melt them into Tears.

May you hold this angel Dearer than the last; So I bless his Future, While he crowns my Past.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. Suggestions For The New Year. The old song says:— "Backward; turn backward, Oh time in your flight, Make me a child again just for to-night."

And it is natural that the sentiment which it contains should come to mind on the eve of the New Year. Childhood has its trials and sorrows, but what are they compared to the disappointments and heartaches of more mature life, and the temptations without and within which beset us when we take our places as soldiers in the real battle of life? No wonder, then, that we sometimes long to be taken back to that mother-heart which was once a refuge for all our woes. No wonder we cry,

"Tired of this hollow, the base, the untrue, Mother, dear mother, my heart turns to you." But with most of us I trust this feeling is only momentary. In a world like this we can not afford to brood too long upon the past. We must be up and doing, or we shall fall into that inaction which begets cowardice. We must be heroes in the strife, if we would win either material or spiritual success; for the palm of victory comes not to the man who lets dreaming take the place of work. The crown at the end of all the years is not for the loiterer by the wayside, but for those who have stuck to their resolutions, and have never lost their enthusiasm, for without this latter quality no one may hope to accomplish much.

The lakewarm man is usually good for nothing. Therefore, cultivate enthusiasm. Always be ardent, hopeful, energetic, and you can not fail in the long run. And, above all, do not make resolutions only to break them. Hell, you know, is paved with good intentions. You can not stand still. In 1900 you must be either better or worse than you are now, and you will certainly be the latter if your resolves are constantly overturned by the world, the flesh and the devil. Every time a good resolution is broken the will is weakened. Why is it that we see so many wrocks of young manhood about us? It is because there has been no persistent resistance to evil desires, and the mind has become as flabby as an oyster. I pity the young fellow who can not say No at the proper time, and who can be led about like an ass, by the nose. He is no use to himself or any one else, and is a nonentity in an existence where everybody should be somebody. The oftener a man falls the harder he finds it to get up again, and if he fails to keep his promises to God and himself he becomes in the end a poor, pitiable object who only breeds contempt in his fellows, and a creature whom only the infinite mercy of heaven may save.

One way to keep good resolutions is to have the mind always occupied. In the hours that succeed the regular daily toil for bread have some particular pursuit so that you may not fall into the aimless dissipation which means destruction to soul and body. Cultivate a love for music, art or literature. Anything that is not bad, outside of your regular business, will give you rest, for the mind is refreshed by change of occupation, not by mere idleness. If you carry the work of the day into the night you will be apt to become a man of one idea, who will have no city of the mind, no resources when old age has incapacitated you for the exacting labor of your younger years.

I once knew a man who was very successful in the accumulation of riches, but he knew nothing outside of the calling which had brought him wealth. He had labored night and day untrudgingly in the "marts of trade where nothing breeds but gold," and when he retired he was the most wretched person possible. He took no interest in anything beyond methods for money-getting. The relatives with

whom he had gone to live offered him every means of recreation. His daughter had children to whom he might have been a typical grandfather, but they annoyed rather than pleased him, for he had not the love that Jesus showed for the little ones. In his greed for gain he had forgotten them. He did not care to read anything but the market reports and the monetary review in the daily papers. In short, he was nothing but an Old Moneybags, whose mind moved only in one channel, and he ended by being a fixture in his son-in-law's counting-house, where he sat with folded hands all day and watched the people come and go on financial errands. One afternoon he was found dead in his chair from heart failure, it was said, though there were some who questioned if he had a heart. Now I do not want you to make a resolution to be like this unhappy man. Money is a very good thing to have, if it is not made a god, and there is some worldly truth in the saying, "There's no friend in the world like a dollar or two," but one must not worship Mammon. There is One above Who can bestow infinitely greater riches. Make a resolution to serve Him and all other things shall be added unto you.—Benedict Ball in Sacred Heart Review.

ST. DIMPNA, PATRONESS OF THE INSANE. In the sixth century of the Christian era the North of Ireland was divided into a number of small, independent kingdoms. Over one of these ruled a certain Pagan king whose fame has been so completely eclipsed by his daughter's that his name has been forgotten. The legend merely states that his queen was a woman of surpassing beauty, gentleness and grace, and that she brought up her only daughter to be like her in thought, word, and action. Just as Dimpna, for such was the name of the princess, was entering into womanhood her mother died, leaving the king in the very depths of sorrow over his great loss. So great indeed was his grief that the court attendants urged him to take to himself another wife, hoping that by so doing a part at least of his grief might wear away.

The advice of his counsellors prevailed, and a delegation was sent out to visit the neighboring courts in search of a worthy consort. Their unfavorable report cast him down and caused him to rebuke his emissaries sorely. Then, to protect themselves, they appealed to their sovereign's vanity and said: "O king, we have not found the spouse whom you desire because there is none worthy of you. She whom you seek is near you: it is not her inferior in grace nor in beauty, one in whom the queen, whose love has made you so happy, seems to live again. It is Dimpna, your daughter; she alone is worthy of you; choose her, raise her to the dignity of a queen, and she will be the wife of a king." Seeing that the proposition met with expressions of indignation, they hastened to paint her charms and describe her many virtues, nor did they cease until they saw their suggestions bearing fruit. The king at once called his daughter into his presence and declared to her his intentions.

But she, having accepted Christianity, saw in this unnatural proposal, and sins of which he knew nothing, and brought about a conflict which very soon showed the father's greater power, and so, to avoid the immediate resistance she feigned a less stubborn resistance and asked for a fortnight in which to reach a decision. The request was cheerfully granted, but Dimpna made use of this time in preparing for flight instead of arguing herself into acquiescence. In this labor she was aided by her religious instructor and two of her servants. The four succeeded in escaping, reached the coast and embarked in a sail-boat that had been put in readiness for that purpose. Protruding winds and a smooth sea enabled them to round Scotland and finally enter the mouth of the Scheldt, up which they journeyed until Antwerp was reached. But owing to the busy life of this town they feared to make it their home, thinking that the knowledge of their flight, which would sooner or later reach this world-port, might cause them to be suspected as fugitives. They, therefore, decided to go further inland, stopping eventually at the hamlet of Gheel. Here the little church built in honor of St. Martin, the good saint who had shared his cloak with a beggar, and the quiet life around offered the homeless a promising asylum.

When the king learned of the escape of his daughter he sent men in pursuit, promising rich presents for success and death for failure. The pursuers eventually reached Antwerp. Here they heard of the party of strangers who had stopped in that city for awhile and the direction they had taken upon leaving. This unexpected trail was quickly followed and southward the hopeful seekers journeyed. At Oslon the party stopped for refreshments, and upon leaving offered a piece of gold in payment. To their surprise it was promptly refused, the hostess declaring that she had once before accepted a similar piece and up to the present time had been unable to dispose of it. In answer to the question from whom she had received it, she explained that there once lived in the neighborhood two men and two women who frequently bought supplies of her, and that the younger lady was so amiable and beautiful that she could not refuse the coin when proffered, although ignorant of its value and currency. The men learned where this party

dwelt, and in a short time came near enough to the cabin they occupied to see that their suspicions were correct—that the occupants were the persons whom they sought.

The king, who had come to Antwerp when informed that definite clues had been discovered there, was promptly informed of the successful issue of the search, and immediately hastened to the peaceful dwellers in the little cabin. He commanded his daughter to prepare to accompany him home; she resolutely refused, nor was she moved by threats, even when aimed at her life. Her faithful companion urged her to remain steadfast in her resolution, and received as his reward his death. The murder of this good man brought forth such expressions of grief from the daughter as to anger her father beyond all bounds. He commanded his attendants to kill her; they refused; then, incensed by a second disregard of his authority, he struck her down with his own sword.

The instant he realized the magnitude of his crime he fled, leaving the two lifeless bodies to the beasts of the fields. However, the good people of the neighborhood, having been attracted to the gentle lady from over the seas, and, indignant that such a crime should have been committed in their midst, buried the two martyrs where they fell.

In a short time the report of the horrible deed spread abroad, and the pious folk of the land used it as an illustration of the extent to which vicious desires could carry one. The prominence thus given to the heroic defence of a principle made by Dimpna suggested that a more worthy sepulture should be provided, but as the suggestion was being put into execution those present were greatly surprised to find that the bodies were encased in coffins of the purest alabaster, instead of the rough boards to which they had been consigned. Thus a miracle had been performed, the victory over the cravings of a disordered mind had been crowned, and an intimation given that the act of honoring the dead received marks of the highest approval. It was then decided to further sanctify this hallowed spot by erecting here a stately church and dedicating it, in the name of St. Dimpna, to the healing of such mental disorders as might have come from base desires.

In the building of this church provision was made for the reception of patients, for it was thought persons from a distance might be brought for cure, and even yet these rooms may be seen in one of the towers of this noble edifice.—Prof. J. Howard Gore, in Catholic World.

THE MARRIED VAGABOND. What should society do to the man who, after marrying a wife and begetting a lot of children, deserts his helpless family? He shirks on to the community a burden that is his, that he voluntarily assumed and that he should have to carry. In his utter selfishness he looks out for himself first. Worse than the brute, he abandons his own offspring. Sometimes he goes off only in times of distress, leaving his wife and little ones to shift for themselves or to seek the bread of charity, and occasionally he comes back in season to take more than a fair portion of the food that has been earned or begged in his absence.

His heartlessness is due to a lack of moral training, to laziness, to want of thrift, and to love for strong liquor. To cure him would have to be quenched, he should be taught how to save and make headway in the world, he would have to become industrious, and his spiritual dullness would have to be removed. A wretched tenement, a termagant or irritable wife, ailing children, lack of skill, and hopeless poverty are a poor school in which to educate him up from his degradation to manliness, generosity, self-restraint and ambition. Nevertheless something should be attempted for his reformation, for his name is legion, and ruined lives and wrecked homes are scattered in his wake. Better still, something should be done to prevent him—and this opens up a wide field for thought and effort.

The first step towards making impossible the married vagabond, is to put a stop to desertions, by means of a stringent enforcement of a law compelling a man to do what he can for the support of his family. That is a primary duty for every husband and father. Its violation should not be permitted by society.—Catholic Columbian.

You Should Know. What Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to do for those who have impure and impoverished blood. It makes the blood rich and pure, and cures scrofula, salt rheum, dyspepsia, catarrh, rheumatism, nervousness. If you are troubled with any ailment caused or promoted by impure blood, take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, easy to take, easy to operate. THERE IS NOT a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL—a palatable, acknowledged efficacy. It cures lameness as well as neck and crick in the back; and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

BUY THE BEST

Colman's Salt

THE BEST

Colman's Salt

VERY TRUE. We hardly ever meet a Protestant who has ever read a Catholic book, or even a Catholic catechism. We hardly ever find a Catholic book or a Catholic paper in a Protestant house. We occasionally meet with a Protestant who has read the Book of Mormon, who can discourse learnedly and accurately of ancient and modern systems of philosophy, of Mohammedism, or of Buddhism; but a Protestant who is correctly informed in regard to a single one of the Catholic dogmas against which he protests, we seldom or never meet. This is a fact to which all Catholics can bear witness.—American Herald.

AN INGERSOLL CASE. HOW MR. FRANCIS STEWART BAFFLED A RELENTLESS ENEMY.

Stricken by Kidney Disease—He Had Treatment from the Most Skillful Doctors—All Failed to Help Him—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Him.

Ingersoll, Jan. 16.—Some time ago Mr. Francis Stewart, one of the well-to-do tailors of this town, had the misfortune to fall, and injure his kidneys severely.

Soon after the accident symptoms of Kidney Disease made their appearance, and Mr. Stewart at once placed himself under the care of a competent physician.

Time passed; the medical men were constant in their attendance, and unremitting in their care. But no benefit resulted. On the contrary Mr. Stewart's condition grew steadily worse. The symptoms became more and more pronounced, and the patient's sufferings were, at last, almost unbearable.

About this time he bought a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and began using them, taking no more of the doctors' medicines, which had proved so useless.

Mr. Stewart tells the result of his action in the following words: "I had taken only a few doses of Dodd's Kidney Pills when I began to feel better. My urine grew more natural in color, and became normal in quantity. "I persevered in the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and to day I am sound and well—have not an ache or a pain, though the doctors had utterly failed to relieve me."

This is a fair example of the wonderful cures that Dodd's Kidney Pills have been making in this district during the past few years.

It is an absolute fact that Kidney Diseases, of every type, from Bright's Disease, Diabetes and Rheumatism, to Female Complaints, have been almost entirely banished from this section by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills cost only fifty cents a box, \$2.50 for six boxes, can be got at all drug stores, or by sending the price to The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

You Must have pure blood for good health. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla if you would be WELL.

Test the

KIDNEYS

They are the Great Feeders of our Bodies

The Purity of the Blood is Dependent on their Cleansing Powers

There's a time to all, old and young, man or woman, when poor health brings trouble, anxiety, and burdens hard to stand up under, and one's efforts to rid himself or herself seem only to be baffled at every turn, and we are prone to grow discouraged.

That is not the time to give up, but the time for action, the time to seek out the seat of the trouble, and act as your best judgment and the experience of others will help you, guarding against mistakes in the treatment adopted for your particular ailment.

MR. GEORGE BENNER. WIAKONO, ONTARIO, SAYS:— As a life saver to mankind, I hereby state what Dr. A. W. Chase's K-L Pills did for me. For nearly four years I was greatly troubled with Constipation and general weakness in the Kidneys, and in my perilous position was strongly advised to use Chase's Pills, and to-day I can safely and truthfully state that they have saved my life.

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS are the only Combined Kidney and Liver Pill—What they have Accomplished is but a guarantee of what they will do . . . . .

Ontario Business College

Established 30 years; most widely attended in America; 22 years under present Principals, who are authors and publishers of Canada's Standard Business Books, namely, "The Canadian Accountant," "Joint Stock Book-keeping" and "Notes and Bills." Affiliated with the Institute of Chartered Accountants. For 50 Catalogue address: ROBINSON & JOHNSON, F. C. A. BELLEVILLE, - ONTARIO.

The London Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Canada. THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF the members of this company will be held at their place of business, 155 Richmond street, city of London, on Wednesday, 1st February, at the hour of two o'clock, when a statement of the affairs of the company will be submitted, and directors elected in the place of those retiring, but who are eligible for re-election. By order, D. C. MACDONALD, Secretary and Manager.

Third and Enlarged Edition. FATHER DAMEN, S. J. One of the Most Instructive and Useful Pamphlets Extant. It is the Lectures of Father Damen. They comprise five of the most celebrated ones delivered by that renowned Jesuit Father, namely: "The Private Interpretation of the Bible," "The Catholic Church the Only True Church of God," "Confession," "The Real Presence," and "Penance." Objectors Against the Catholic Church. The book will be sent to any address on receipt of 15 cts. in stamps. Orders may be sent to THOMAS COFFEY Catholic Record Office, - London, Ont.