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FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON. Third Sunday of Advent.

JOY IN GOD'S BLESSINGS.

Rejoice in the Lord always: again I say, and, observing your ingratitude, requested and urged you again to be thankful. Blessed is the man who re-

ing in a Catholic atmosphere, you have much to remember, much to be thank ful for and much to rejoice over. With the Prophet Isaias, you have good tinkle, of Santa Claus' bells. Yes, and reasen to say to yourselves: "I will must confers that Isaias, Yes, and remember the tender mercies of the Lord," and, remembering them, the command to rejoice and again rejoice will come home to you with profitable

I say it is like a reproach that God should have to call upon us, as He does in the first words of the holy Mass to day, to rejoice. And why? Because, as a matter of fact, we do not rejoice half rough over the blessings God is constantly bestowing on us. I take it for granted that these words are spoken to Catholics who have the great and inestimable privilege of living in a Catholic atmosphere, of living where they olic atmosphere, of living where they have ample opportunities of attending Mass, of hearing the Word of God, of having every desire of their Catholic hearts fulfilled—and to such Catholics, will ha I maintain, it is a reproach that God should be obliged to command them to rejoice. And, brethren, is it not too true that we do not rejoice as we should over these advantages and blessings God bestows upon us? Who are we? What are we better than our fellow-men that we should evjoy the many blessings of which they are in part or wholly deprived? We think it a great sacrifice to walk a few blocks to attend Mass at any hour we please, while there are thousands of Christians who rejoice to hear Mass even though they have to travel miles to enjoy this blessed privilege. They who really make the sacrifice rejoice, while we sluggards fancy we are doing great things if we fulfil the ordinary and love and gratitude. Then present easy duties of religion. Him with your little gifts, for surely

our very doors. We seldom realize so ne little readers will ask here "What them until we are deprived of them, as the man who never realizes the value of money until he feels the pange of hunger and discovers that he has not the means to supply his wants. Oh! God forbid that we should be ungrateful, for we have abundant reasons to rejoice. Think, my brethren, of all that God is doing for you. You might have been an outcast; you might have been brought up without the faith circumstances might have placed you where the consolations of religion would be removed far from you-all these you have, the faith, the Sacraments, the Mass, the frequent hearing of the Word of God—in fine, you have the Emmanuel, God with you, and with all these blessings you have reason to

Be joyous, then, from the bottom of your heart; be thankful for the oppor-tunities placed at your disposal; and if at times the difficulties you encounter discourage you, again I say, rejoice and think of those who have all these same difficulties without the advantages which you enjoy. Let your Sunday of Advent, this season of ex pectancy, of hopes and joys to be ful-filled. Let the tender mercies of the Lord remind you of your great privilege, as well as duty, to rejoice always in the Lord.

## Restored Spiritual Vision.

In the gallery at Bergamo there is a fascinating picture of the Blessed Virgin and the Holy Child by Raphael. That picture has a history. Napoleon the Great was conquering Italy, Milan fell before him, and with it Bergamo. Napoleon was taking all the rare and precious pictures and sending them to adorn Paris. Lest this picture should be seized and lost to Italy, some one painted on its face a course and ugly daub, which, of course, Napoleon, not knowing the treasure underneath, did not desire. When he was dethroned, the rifled pictures were sent back to Bergamo, and among them hung this treasure of essential virtues of the best vegetable Raphael's, but in the painter's hurry aperients, without any of the woody or there had been no mark left upon it and so it could not be identified, and why they are so much more effective where it hung among the other great and valuable than any other cathartics.

where it hung among the other great and beautiful pictures no one could tell. At last, in the year 1868 the daub began to scale away, and then reverent hands set about to clean the picture, and at last the long-lost treasure shone forth again.

And thus—glad and happy fact!—a lost spiritual vision can be restored. Reader, if over your fair life, ideal crude disfigurements have come, then let us urge that you immediately set about to restore the original. Carefully remove the scales with which your word lines has encrusted it, freshen up the spots time has defaced, freshen up the spots time has defaced, tach as much as you can of the lost ideal while you work, and by and by and delight.

Howel's release the propose of the corrupted into the bowels after which the corrupted into the bowels into the bowels after which the corrupted into the bowels into the bowels after which the corrupted into the bowe

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A CHAT ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

BY LOTTIE SHIPMAN.

I would like to have a nice talk and girls. With most children, I needed to get the best and think that Christmas is only symbolic of pleasure, the thought of Santa But every young man Claus' wonderful visit being quite favors received, for there is much in that remembrance to make the heart thoughtful, cheerful, hopeful.

Now, Catholic men and women, liven when the stand would not seek to deprive you of a pleasure which is one of the

happiest recollections of my own child-hood. I have often lain awake on must confess that I have also peeped between my window curtains for a glimpse of dear old Santa wrapped in his snow covered cloak, and seated in has snug little sleigh, with the bags of andies and dainty toys piled high beore him. This last reflection would make my little heart thump fast, and hurry me back to my warm bed, for fear the good saint would see me when passing the window-for I knew the penalty for being found wide awake after bed hours meant the loss of the pretty casseau (intended for good children's stockings), and a potato or carrot replaced in its stead. I am sure that I need not re-count the many pleasures of the Holly, and Misdetoe season, for

God grant that all my young readers will have golden stores of Yule tide pictures treasured in their memory. Yes, Santa Claus is more than kind to travel such a distance, and spend so much time in selecting your pretty toys, before tumbling down your chimney; but yet, he should not be your first and only thought at this holy season. It is certainly not St. Nicholas whom you should first thank for the many loving gifts, for you all know that if the dear Christ Jesus had not wished you to receive such kind presents, even Santa Claus, with all his power, could never brighten your Christmas mornat Bethleham, kneel with the adoring shepherds, and thank the Divine Child, your young hearts filled with obliged to command us to rejoice. We are fools and ingrates if we do not, because of the advantages that have I got that is wor hy of the dear Child Jesus?" Many, many, precious gifts, children-good resolutions, un-pleasant duties cheerfully performed, little acts of kindness towards your playmates, the angry word carefully restrained, and a gentle one spoken instead. All this done for the

woven into a garland to bring to the crib upon Christmas morn. Yes, with such a gift you may indeed hasten to the waiting Child, and be assured that no necklet of pearls or glittering dia-monds could shine so pure and bright. But it is before this happy season that you must commence your precious garland, adding link by link each day-rubies of loving actions towards your parents, pearls of pity and aid to the poor and homeless orphan, sapphries of thoughtful acts for the many friends around you, and priceless diamonds of resolve to keep present it for you to her divine Son. Oh, how gladly and sweetly she will do so and Jesus will return it to you trans-

ake of the dear Christ Child, and

treasures peeping from the many colored stockings. But yet I am quite certain, that the recollection of your first Christmas offering will please you far more than cassean, or ornament-yes, and more also than

decked tree. Ayer's Pills, being composed of the fibrous material whatever, is the reason

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Columbian.

Of the making of books there is no nd. The press prints more volumes a year than a man could read if he did nothing else than read during sixteen proach from God that we should have to be reminded to rejoice. It is as if afriend made you a handsome present, and girls. With poet children is a few that he was a few that he with some dear little boys and girls. With poet children is a few that he was a few tha

But every young man should read books, should give a half hour to an hour members—the man who is thankful for enough to fill each little body with as a day not to daily papers, but to books, favors received, for there is much in much excitement as they can possibly not to trashy novels, but to histories, biographies, essays, travels, poems, and scientific works. He should love and scientific works. He should love books, fine books, standard books, make them his chosen set of mental friends, and he should have his own the book gives us the very quintessence precious collection if only two dozen. precious collection, if only two dozen

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Books and READING.

For wise men the joys of reading are life's crowning pleasures. Books are our universities. Books are the looms traced the rise and growth of houses, ments. Books are the levelers—not by lowering the great, but by lifting up the small. A book literally fulfills the story of the Wandering Jew, who sits down by our side and greet are rise and growth of houses, tools, governments, schools, industries, religions. He must also compare race with race, land with land, and star with star. Asked about his ideas of the value of education. down by our side and gossips with us about what he hath seen and heard through twenty centuries of traveling through Europe.

Books have two advantages. Chiefly, they are tools for the mind. The foot's step is short, but the engine lengthens the stride and hastens it. The smith's vail." But books alone can supplement experience, and give the information that makes man ready against plow is weak, but the triphammer mulhis day of battle. ciplies the might of man's hand. Thus books are mental machines, enabling the mind of the man to reap in many harvest fields and multiply the mental reasures. It takes years for Humboldt to search out the wonders of the Andes Mountains, and other years for Livingtone to tread his way through the jungles of Africa. But a book, during two or three evenings by the fireside, enables mantojourney through the dark continent without the dangers of fever, without experiencing the pain from the lion leading out of the thicket to muti-late the arm of Livingstone. With a book we tramp over the mountains of two continents without once suffering he heavy fall over the precipics that weakened Humboldt. Books enable us to visit climes, cities, ancient civilizations and modern, that without them could never be seen during man's years, so few, and by man's strength, o insufficient. Great men and rich increase their influence by surrounding themselves by servants who fulfill their

through pipes and mains; we see the chemical laboratory in the branches mixing flavor for the orange in one bough, mixing the juices of the pine-Each president and prime minister trengthens himself by a cabinet. But what if the peasant or workman could surround himself with a group of counselors or advisers that included one-hundred of the greatest intellects of his generation? What if some Hersche should approach the youth to say, "Hou need your night's rest to sleep: but for you I will give the years for studying the stars and their move-ments"? What if some Dana should say, "For you I will decipher the handwriting upon the rocks, trace the movement of the ice-plows, search out the influence of the flames as they turn rocks into soil for vineyards "? if some Audubon should say, "For you I will go through all the forests to find out the life and history of all the winged creatures, from the humming bird to the eagle and albatross "? But this is precisely what books do for us. Saving man's time and strength, books d st your disposal; and difficulties you encounter ou, again I say, rejoice those who have all these ies without the advanyou enjoy. Let your ed with joy on this midden the wond to the think of the wond to where the wond to wond its owner all things distant and mers and winters. This is what Emerson means when he says: "Give me a book, health and a June day, and I ormed into a crown of priceless value of all such gifts given to the lous." When books have armed man Heavenly Child, return unto the loving giver a thousandfold. Having done this, dear children, you cannot fail to him against ignorance; they free him enjoy Christmas morning, and your young heart can freely beat with joyous pleasure at the tempting glimpse of fairy looking defeat looking our passions, out of sickness, refining our passions, out of defeat leading us to victory! That youth can scarcely fail of character, happiness and success, who day by day, goes to school to sages and seers who by night hears Dante and Milton discourse upon Paradise; who has for his mentors some Newman or Wiseman. even the most costly, or longed for Experience, supplemented by books, branches of the pretty and glittering teaches youth more in one year than

experience alone in twenty. Books also preserve for us the spirit of earth's great ones, "the gold made fine in the fires of his genius." Seldom comes these elect ones, just as the bush burned only once during Moses' many years in the desert. Not many Platos one, and then all men become better thinkers. Not many Shakespeares; one, and then each young poet rises te

may also accompany Layard, going forth to study the old tablets and the little was the very chapter of liberty. It puts us under a divine spell to permonuments: with Scott he may ride ceive that we are all co-workers with with Ivanhoe to tournment and castle; the great men, and yet single threads with Virgil and Dante he may shiver in the wrap and woof of civilization.

with Virgil and Dante he may shiver at the brink of the inky river of exult over the first glimpses of Paradise.

Well did Charles Lamb suggest that men should say grace—not only over the Christmas festival, but also over the table spread with good books. For man has no truer friends. Earth offers no richer banquet.

offers no richer banquet.

But in a large, deep sense, books are the galieries in which spirits are caught and fastened upon the pages.

Earth lighted caudie. The latter lifeties book to kindle its faculties. Before book to kindle its faculties. Before half an hour to reading some favorite passage. The thought of some great

Best for Wash Day

of man's thoughts about life and duty and death. Nor is there any other

way of gaining these vital knowledges. Life is too short to obtain them through

a stone as a jeweler approaches a carket to unlock the hidden gems. Geikie causes the bit of hard coal to

unroll the juicy bud, the thick odorous

leaves, the pungent boughs, until the

bit of carbon enlarges into the beauty of a tropic forest. That little book of Grant Allen's called "How Plants

Grow" exhibits trees and shrubs as

see certain date groves in the desert a hundred miles away, and the pollen of

the tree with its strange system of water works, pumping the sap up

apple in another; we behold the tree as

peauty; the sun as a spark from the ight of His wisdom; the sky as a bub-

ble on the sea of His power." There-fore Mrs Browning's words, "No child

an be called fatherless who has God

and his mother : no youth can be called friendless who has God and the com-

Books also advantage us in that they

exhibit the unity of progress, the soli-darity of the race, and the continuity of history. Authors lead us back along

he pathway of law, of liberty or relig

on, and set us down in front of the

great man in whose brain the principle

deepening, like some Nile feeding many civilizations, for all the reforms

Man's reapers and plows go back to the

savage scratching the ground with his forked stick, drawn by the wild bul-lock. The heroes of liberty march for

ward in a solid column. Lincoln

grasps the hand of Washington. Washington received his weapons at the hands of Langton, Wallace, Bruce,

Hofer, Winkelried and Savonarola. The unbroken procession brings us at length to Him whose sermon on the

panionship of good books."

gave Dr. Kane.

eating, drinking and marrying.

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writer never failed to kindle Byron in-

At length we come to feel that the

At length we come to feel that the Greeks were not far wrong in thinking each tree had a Dryad in it, animating it, protecting it against destruction, dying when the tree withers. Some Faraday shows us that each drop of water is a sheath for electric forces sufficient to charge eight-hundred thousand Leyden jars, or drive an engine from Liverpool to London. Some Sir William Thompson tells us how hydrogen gas will chew up a large iron spike as a child's toolars will chew off the end of a stick of candy. Thus each new book opens up some new and hither to unexplored realm of nature. Thus books fulfil for us the legend of the wondrous glass that showed its owner.

The necessity of severe selection is

all departments of learning and litera-ture by Catholic authors, that Catholic young men should read. It will serve as a guide to what is truest and best and most beautiful in print.

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The impurities in the blood which cause scrotilous eruptions are thoroughly eradicated by Hood's Sarsaparilla. had its rise. As the discoverer leads us from the mouth of the Nile back to the head waters of Nyanza, so books exhibit great ideas and institutions, as Sarsaparilla.

Sarsaparilla.

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Wonderful are the cures by Hood's Sarsa-parilla, and yet they are simple and natural. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes Pure Blood.

Marriage.

a mother; we behold the tree as a mother, making each infant acorn tready against the long winter, rolling it in swaths soft and warm as wool blankets, wrapping it around with garmens impervious to the rain, and finally slipping the infant acorn into a steeping bag, like those the Esquimaux gave Dr. Kane.

Matrimony is a great sacrament and should be received in the state of grace. Some Catholics, when they are about to get married, make no spiritual preparation to receive that hely is reading that brings us to our best, and rouses each faculty to its most vig but go to the altar thoughtlessly as if Remembering, then, that it is as for some ceremony that would not be a

Such marriages are usually unhappy. The spouses learn to hate each other,

the children turn out bad. A curse rests upon them.

Marriage was intended by God for

wise purposes, His glory, the salvation of souls, and the pro-creation of chil-

The impurities in the blood which cause scrofulous cruptions are thoroughly cradicated by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.

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