

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Third Sunday of Advent.

JOY IN GOD'S BLESSINGS.

Rejoice in the Lord always: again I say, rejoice. Epistle of the day.

Brethren: It seems to me like a reproach from God that we should have to be reminded to rejoice. It is as if a friend made you a handsome present, and, observing your ingratitude, requested and urged you again to be thankful.

Blessed is the man who remembers—the man who is thankful for favors received. For there is much in that remembrance to make the heart thoughtful, cheerful, hopeful.

New Catholic men and women, living in a Catholic atmosphere, you have much to remember, much to be thankful for and much to rejoice over.

With the Prophet Isaiah, you have good reason to say to yourselves: "I will remember the tender mercies of the Lord," and, remembering them, the command to rejoice and again rejoice will come home to you with profitable results.

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 enough over the blessings God is continually 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 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, I maintain, it is a reproach that God should be obliged to command them to rejoice.

And, brethren, is it not 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 enjoy 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 easy duties of religion.

No wonder, then, that God would be obliged to command us to rejoice. We are fools and ingrates if we do not, because of the advantages that are at our very doors. We seldom realize them until we are deprived of them.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A CHAT ABOUT CHRISTMAS.

BY LOTTIE SHIPMAN.

I would like to have a nice talk about Christmas—now that holy and beautiful season is once more so close at hand—with some dear little boys and girls. With most children, I think that Christmas is only symbolic of pleasure, the thought of Santa Claus' wonderful visit being quite enough to fill each little boy with an excitement as they can possibly stand. This is only natural, and I certainly would not seek to deprive you of a pleasure which is one of the happiest recollections of my own childhood.

I have often lain awake on Christmas Eve listening for the tinkle, tinkle, of Santa Claus' bells. Yes, and 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 his snug little sleigh, with the bags of candies and dainty toys piled high before 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 cassock (intended for good children's stockings), and a potato or carrot replaced in its stead.

I am sure that I need not recount the many pleasures of the Holy, and Mistletoe 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 morning.

Then first go to the Holy Crib at Bethlehem, kneel with the adoring shepherds, and thank the Divine Child, your young hearts filled with love and gratitude. Then present Him with your little gifts, for surely you would not think of going to that lovely manger with empty hands, when the Holy Child lying there has filled you so bountifully? But perhaps some little readers will ask here "What have I got that is worthy of the dear Child Jesus?" Many, many, precious gifts, children—good resolutions, unselfish 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 sake of the dear Christ Child, and woven into a garland to bring to the crib upon Christmas morn. Yes, with such a gift you may indeed be happy to the waiting Child, and be assured that no necklet of pearls or glittering diamonds 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—rubes of loving actions towards your parents, pearls of pity and aid to the poor and homeless orphan, sapphires of thoughtful acts for the many friends around you, and priceless diamonds of resolve to keep free from sin for the true love of Jesus! Happy children with such a garland! Well may you welcome the glorious morning of your Saviour's birth! His place low at His feet your loving gift, and beg of your dear Mother Mary to present it for you to her divine Son. Oh, how gladly and sweetly she will do so, and Jesus will return it to you transformed into a crown of priceless value—for all such gifts given to the Heavenly Child, return unto the loving giver a thousandfold. Having done this, dear children, you cannot fail to enjoy Christmas morning, and your young heart can freely beat with joyous pleasure at the tempting glimpse of fairy-looking treasures peeping from the many colored stockings. But yet I am quite certain that the recollection of your first Christmas offering will give you far more than cassean, pleasure—yes, and more also than even the most costly, or longed for toy hanging from the dark green branches of the pretty and glittering decked tree.

Ayer's Pills, being composed of the essential virtues of the best vegetable aperients, without any of the woody or fibrous material whatever, is the reason why they are so much more effective and valuable than any other cathartics. The best family physic.

Some persons have periodical attacks of constipation, and suffer from Dizziness, Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhoea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking, and green fruit, is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. C. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine in the market for all summer complaints. It has few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

For and Ague and Bilious Derangements are positively cured by the use of Parolee's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Columbian.

Of the making of books there is no end. The press prints more volumes a year than a man could read if he did nothing else than read during sixteen hours out of every twenty-four. And the old libraries are still rich in masterpieces. A wise choice, therefore, is needed to get the best and to waste no time on the less than best.

But every young man should read books, should give a half hour to an hour a day not to daily papers, but to books, not to trashy novels, but to histories, biographies, essays, travels, poems, and scientific works. He should love books, fine books, standard books, make them his chosen set of mental treasures. It takes years for him to sit down by his side and gossip with us about what he has 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 blow is weak, but the trip-hammer multiplies 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 treasures. It takes years for him to sit down by his side and gossip with us about what he has seen and heard through twenty centuries of traveling through Europe.

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writer never failed to kindle Byron into a creative glow, even as a match lights the kindlings upon the grate. In these burnings, luminous moods, Byron's mind did its best work. The true book stimulates the mind as no wine can ever quicken the blood. It is reading that brings us to our best, and rouses each faculty to its most vigorous life.

Remembering, then, that it is as dangerous to read the first book one chances upon as for a stranger in the city to make friends with the first person passing by, let us consider the selection and the friendship of books. Frederick Harrison tells us that there are now two million of volumes in the libraries, and that every new year the press issues enough new volumes to make a pyramid equal to St. Paul's Cathedral. Multitudes are in the condition of the school boy who, when asked what he was thinking about, answered he had no thoughts, because he was so busy reading he had no time to think.

The necessity of severe selection is upon us, but certain things all must read. We are preparing a list of books in all departments of learning and literature 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.

Acting Jointly. Announce the presence of rheumatism which causes untold suffering. Rheumatism is due to lactic acid in the blood. It cannot be cured by liniments or other outward applications. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, removes the cause of rheumatism and permanently cures this disease. This is the testimony of thousands of people who once suffered the pains of rheumatism but who have actually been cured by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its great power to act upon the blood and remove every impurity is the secret of the wonderful cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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You'll enjoy the Winter



through all its varying moods if you have your clothing interlined with Fibre Chamois. This wonderful fabric is so light that you never notice its presence in a garment till you get out into the wind and cold, then you realize that you are cosily warm even tho' lightly clad. Fibre Chamois is a complete non-conductor of heat and cold, not the strongest wintry blast can penetrate it, nor can the natural warmth of the body escape through it. This explanation and the fact that it sells for 25c a yard gives the whole story, and easily proves that for health and comfort's sake you can't do without it.