

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Second Sunday of Advent.

THE TOTAL ABSTINENCE PLEDGE.

The angel said to him: Fear not, Zachary, for thy prayer is heard; and thy wife Elizabeth shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name John; and thou shalt have joy and gladness, and many shall rejoice at his birth. For he shall be great before the Lord; and shall drink no wine nor strong drink; and he shall be filled with the Holy Ghost even from his mother's womb; and he shall convert many of the children of Israel to the Lord their God. (Luke 1:13-17.)

My brethren, the message brought from heaven by an angel deserves careful examination, because the angel acts as a messenger from God. A little reflection will convince us that the message delivered to Zachary by the Angel Gabriel contained a very peculiar prediction concerning the total abstinence from wine and strong drink, which St. John the Baptist practiced throughout his life. In other matters no special directions were given regulating his acts of self denial. No mention is made of his raiment in the angel's message; neither was any information communicated in regard to his choice of food. Hence there is a special significance in the declaration which the Angel Gabriel put forth when he predicted that St. John the Baptist would abstain from the use of wine and strong drink. This passage of Holy Scripture, therefore, furnishes a strong proof in favor of total abstinence. In the Book of Leviticus, x, 9, and in the Book of Numbers, vi, 2, as well as in the writings of the prophet Jeremiah, xxxv., 61-9, there are texts to be found which show that total abstinence was recognized long before the birth of St. John the Baptist. But on account of his intimate relations with the Holy Family, and on account of the extraordinary approval bestowed upon him by our Lord, by which he was canonized, so to speak, before his death, St. John the Baptist is the most prominent of all the total abstainers mentioned in the Bible.

Considered as an antidote, an effectual safeguard against the degrading vice of intemperance, the practice of total abstinence is now defended not only by examples from Holy Writ, but also on arguments based on common sense and experience. It is regarded as the heroic form of the virtue of temperance, which may be meritoriously practiced by those who have never been addicted to drunkenness. The determination to renounce even the lawful use of strong drink is especially commendable as a means of self-preservation for young men. More than any other class of society, they are assailed by temptations to excessive drinking; and by unwise and unscrupulous friends they are often taught to regard drunkenness as a pardonable weakness. Undoubtedly, then, it is a wise act for a young man at the present time to erect a strong barrier, a wall of defence, to protect himself from a most dangerous and destructive vice. For occasional and habitual drunkards, however, who wish to reform and live in state of friendship with God, total abstinence is not a mere act of heroism, but something indispensably necessary. The pledge for them is simply a firm purpose of amendment, a manifestation of their desire to avoid that which they know has been for them a proximate occasion of sin. In many cases total abstinence, though it may be a stern remedy, is the only sure preventive of intemperance, and is imperatively demanded for the spiritual and temporal welfare of numerous families. The man who has offended God and debased himself by drunkenness cannot obtain an unconditional pardon. To obtain forgiveness from God he must have a sorrow for past offences, a determination to do better in the future, and a willingness to atone for his sins. What he must do in the future to secure his safety can be ascertained by examining his past experience. By the application of these principles, especially in the tribunal of penance, the growth of virtue is fostered and the progress of vice is retarded. In this way the Church proclaims to each individual the great lessons which St. John taught by the banks of the Jordan. To all of her children she repeats during this season of Advent the admonition uttered long ago by the voice crying in the wilderness: Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make straight his paths.

"When your heart is bad, and your head is bad, and you are bad clean through, what is needed?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her class. "I know—Ayer's Sarsaparilla," spoke up a little girl, whose mother had recently been restored to health by that medicine.

They Never Fail.—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parment's Pills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned." Parment's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

Beyond Dispute. THERE is no better, safer or more pleasant cough remedy made than Hagar's Pectoral Balm. It cures hoarseness, sore throat, coughs, colds, bronchitis, and all throat and lung troubles.

Still Another Triumph.—Mr. Thomas S. Bullen, Sunderland, writes: "For fourteen years I was afflicted with Piles; and frequently I was unable to walk or sit, but for four years ago I was cured by using Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. I have also been subject to Quinsy for over forty years but Electric Oil cured it, and it was a permanent cure in both cases, as neither the Piles nor Quinsy have troubled me since."

At Home and Abroad. PHYSICIANS, travellers, pioneers, settlers, invalids, and all classes of people of every degree, testify to the medicinal and tonic virtues of Burdock Blood Bitters, the most popular and effective medicine extant. It cures all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

How They Worked Their Way.

By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

IV.—CONTINUED.

Dermot was still indignant against the neighborhood. He had met Jim Windsor on the road, and Jim had yelled from the top of a load of hay at him, in an insulting way.

"I'll teach this ignorant rabble better manners," he cried. "My dear Dermot," his father said, "don't get angry. Let us make friends of these people, by kindness and a little patience. They are all Americans, and, therefore, not entirely unreasonable. Good example on our part will do more for us and them, than fistfuls or long arguments. American prejudice against the Church and against 'Romanist' is more quickly dissipated, the more closely we follow the teachings of the Church."

"I'd like to take a horsewhip to 'em," Dermot said. His father made no answer. He felt sure that Dermot would gradually get right.

The Dorans came—Dick, good-natured and pleased, but not quite strong yet; Anna willing to help in every way, and quite able to do so. Dermot was not pleased at their coming. He was polite to both of them; but he felt that, in addition to the privations of poverty and the loss of his prospects, the dislike of his neighbor and daily toil, it was another affliction to have strangers constantly with them.

Dick gradually recovered his strength in the pure air. He took to farm work, and in a few months he could do twice as much as Dermot, and quite as much as Brian.

On one sad day, Mr. Beresford did not get up to breakfast. He was never well again. In spite of country air and constant exercise, consumption held him in bondage. The hectic flush in his cheeks was like that glow which lights up the maples, just before they are crumpled and browned by the wintry blasts.

Now Anna Doran's skill as a nurse came into use. Dick, too, was very kind. He made Dermot stay upstairs and read to his father, while he undertook to do Dermot's usual work.

Dermot spent much time in his father's room. Mr. Beresford showed the greatest anxiety to improve Dermot's education; and, during those hours of the morning, when Mr. Beresford could exert himself at all, he studied hard under his father's direction.

Mrs. Beresford was very glad of all this. If Dermot could only get a good education, he might yet become a priest. This was the hope of her life. Mrs. Beresford learned to thank God for the inspiration that had induced her to take the Dorans into the family. In this time of trouble, their kindness was most acceptable.

Dick had lessons every morning from Dermot; and Anna from Mary, under Mrs. Beresford's direction.

They all thought that Mr. Beresford would never get up from his bed, although the doctor said that he might linger for, perhaps, a year. Still, the winter was a very cheerful one. Mr. Beresford was very sweet and gentle. In the winter evenings, the children, including Dick and Anna, gathered around a big round table in his room and spent an hour in study.

After that there was pleasant and often instructive conversation. The wood fire in the grate burned brightly, and sent out a glow on the faces around it.

Kathleen and Anna were cracking nuts in a corner. Dermot was puzzling over a passage in Caesar. Brian was trying to make a basket of fir cones. Mrs. Beresford had been reading aloud, from "Fabiola," but had laid the book down on her lap. Mary was darning stockings—against the household rule that the recreation should be devoted entirely to the recreation and study. Dick was making a fire-screen for Mrs. Beresford. It was much proaching conversation. It was much admired. Dick had found a broken clothes-horse in the cellar. Having carefully mended it, he covered it with thick brown paper, and afterward with black glazed paper. On this he had pasted very carefully all the bright pictures he could get. The children ransacked all stories of Christmas numbers of the London Graphic, etc., for pictures. The centre was a large colored picture of the Madonna of San Sisto, which Mary had cut from the Illustrated Catholic American, and tinted it from her own water-color box. It is supposed that Mrs. Beresford was unaware of the destination of this work of art; but, considering that whispered consultations were going on near her all the time, she must have known all about it. However, she pretended not to notice it. Dick was in the act of pasting on it a wreath of yellow pansies.

"It's not so bad to be poor, after all," said Dermot, lazily biting a russet apple. "In spite of hard work, I've never had a better time in my life."

"Poor!" exclaimed Dick. "Do you call yourselves poor? They do not know what real poverty is, do they, Anna?"

"No, indeed!" cried Anna. "Some people do not know where they can get to-morrow's breakfast. Do you remember," she asked, turning to Mary, "how very poor some people are—too poor to have even a white frock?"

Mary smiled and patted Anna on the shoulder.

"Ah no," said Mrs. Beresford, "you

are rich, children, in all that makes life worth living." She paused, as she looked at Mr. Beresford, who lay very quiet with his eyes closed. "Yet we have every reason to thank our dear Lord."

"I think we are very happy here," Anna said. She had, by her sweetness of disposition and growing refinement, earned her place as one of the family. "In summer the work is hard; but there are times of rest in the winter, and then it is not the grinding work that wears out body and mind, such as poor people in the city have to do. I am afraid that the peace is too great to last."

"So am I!" said Dick, lifting up his red-head and good-humored face from behind the screen.

Dermot pushed away his book, impatiently.

"Oh, I do wish something would happen! It is monotonous here," he said, half unconsciously, and then, blushing as he caught the full sense of his own words, he added apologetically. "You know I like to be with you all; but it is hard on a fellow not to have any prospects of doing his best in life! I do wish something would happen."

Mr. Beresford looked at Dermot thoughtfully. Mrs. Beresford took Dermot's hand in sympathy. "Something has happened," she said gently. "Your father will tell you what."

"Give me that letter from the bureau, dear," Mr. Beresford said. Mrs. Beresford gave him the letter. TO BE CONTINUED.

ALECK'S REFERENCES.

Aleck Cotton's father used to say: "I mean to give my children a good education, and then they will be able to take care of themselves when I am gone. Aleck takes to books like a fish to water, and he must have as good a chance as rich men's sons."

So the good-hearted man went on, toiling early and late that his loved ones might be sheltered from hardships, and if he had lived this story would never have been written; but there came a day when there was crape on the door, and the Widow Cotton and her orphan children wept over a coffin in the little darkened parlor. When the funeral was over Aleck piled away his loved books and looked for a job of work, for, as the eldest child, he knew that his hands would be needed to help earn bread for the little ones. He succeeded in picking up a few odd jobs, but somehow no one seemed to be in need of a boy's permanent services, and he was very much discouraged, when some one told him that a boy was wanted at a downtown bookstore.

Without references he feared that he would stand a poor chance, but he determined to try, and for the purpose of applying for the position, started cheerfully on his journey.

Half way across the common he overtook an old woman bending under the weight of a heavy basket. "Let me carry your load as far as I go," he said, brightly, hoisting the basket on his shoulder. Just then a carriage drove by slowly, and the boy noticed that he was attracting attention, but he kept bravely on at the side of his limping companion until the basket of ironed clothes was deposited on the steps of a dwelling; then raising his hat to the grateful creature with as much deference as if she had been a queen, he quickened his steps to make up for lost time. The boys in the carriage trotted after him briskly until their progress was retarded by Aleck crossing the street in charge of a little wail, who, liking his face, had appealed to him for help.

Soon the bookstore was reached, but as Mr. Pressley, the proprietor, was not in, Aleck stepped to the door to wait for him.

A boy who had come upon the same errand as himself was tormenting a fine, large cat that he found sunning itself on the step.

"Let the poor thing alone," said Aleck, interfering on the cat's behalf. "Does it belong to you?" asked the other boy.

"No; but you have no right to injure it," was the reply. "It did not hurt you, did it?"

"Attend to your own business, if you please," snarled the boy, as he gave an extra twist to poor pussy's tail.

Aleck stepped down and loosened the cruel restraints, thus allowing the suffering creature to escape, and before the coward had time to use the fist he had doubled up, the owner of the bay ponies rubbed past him and entered the store.

The boys both knew Mr. Pressley, and without renewing the quarrel, followed him into the store. Aleck allowed the other boy to present his credentials and have a quiet talk with the proprietor before he made known his business.

"What references do you bring?" asked the gentleman, eyeing Aleck closely.

"Not any," answered Aleck. "I have never had a position, for while father was living I was kept at school."

"Very well, so far," said the man, "but something more than scholarship is needed in a bookstore. You do not expect me to take you without references, I suppose."

"I was afraid I would not stand your test, but I thought I would come and see," replied Aleck, turning to go.

"Hold on, boy! I did not say that I would not employ you. I chanced to see some of your references myself this morning, and without inquiring further, I am willing to give you a

trial," said Mr. Pressley, returning the other boy's papers to him. "Saw references? You must be mistaken, sir. I never had any," insisted Aleck.

"I was driving past you a while ago and saw the kindness you bestowed upon an old washerwoman. A little later I was obliged to stop my carriage to allow you to help a child over a dangerous crossing, and, as you are aware, I reached the store just in time to see you rescue my pet cat from the clutches of this boy, who has his pockets stuffed with references which, under other circumstances, would have secured for him the place at my disposal. I do not want a cruel boy about me."

With glowing cheeks Aleck hurried home to tell his mother the good news, while the other boy, crest-fallen over his failure, crept away to lament the ill-luck that persisted in following him.

THE SACRED HEART.

Letter From Mgr. Satolli on This Great Devotion.

The Messenger of the Sacred Heart for November publishes a letter from the Most Reverend Apostolic Delegate, Monsignor Satolli, in behalf of devotion to the Sacred Heart and of the Apostleship of Prayer.

"It ought to be the special mission of the Catholic press," says the Pope's representative, "to promote Christian piety, and to unite in the bonds of charity all the children of the Church. For this purpose there can be no better means than common prayer, of which our Lord Himself gave the example, and to which, with His own blessed lips, He urged His disciples. As the Sacred Heart has always been the centre of the original and divine apostleship exercised by the hierarchy in all its grades, from the Supreme Pontiff down to the diocesan clergy, so, too, is it the natural centre of special associations, which, like the Apostleship of Prayer, are destined to unite all hearts in that overflowing fountain of grace and holiness."

"The devotion to the Sacred Heart has always been a profound, though latent, form of the love which the Church bears to her Divine Spouse; but the public manifestation of it was reserved for these later times, when the charity of so many has grown cold, and the belief in the divinity of Jesus Christ has become weak in so many unhappy souls. Very rightly, therefore, it has become the most popular and efficacious of modern devotions, adopted in all the Catholic churches of the world and productive of incalculable good. Our Holy Father, Leo XIII., when Bishop of Perugia, had the Apostleship of Prayer established in every parish of his diocese, and the whole diocese itself consecrated with solemn pomp in the Cathedral of Perugia to the Sacred Heart of Jesus."

Life is Misery

To many people who have the taint of scrofula in their blood, The agonies caused by the dreadful running sores and other manifestations of this disease are beyond description. There is no other remedy equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla for scrofula, salt rheum and every form of blood disease. It is reasonably sure to benefit all who give it a fair trial.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all liver ills.

The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and gently, and well worth framing. This is an easy way to decorate your home. The soap is the best in the market, and it will only cost you a few cents to send in the wrappers, if you leave the ends open. Write your address carefully.

How to Get a "Sunlight" Picture.

Send 25 "Sunlight" Soap wrappers (wrappers bearing the words "Why Does a Woman Look Old Sooner than a Man?") to LAYNE BROS., Ltd., 43 Scott Street, Toronto, and you will receive by post a pretty picture, free from advertising and well worth framing. This is an easy way to decorate your home. The soap is the best in the market, and it will only cost you a few cents to send in the wrappers, if you leave the ends open. Write your address carefully.

Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

A SHORT STORY.

COTTOLENE is the best Shortening for all cooking purposes.

A TRUE STORY.

COTTOLENE is the only healthful shortening made. Physicians endorse it.

An OLD STORY.

that uncomfortable feeling of "too much richness" from food cooked in lard.

A NEW STORY.

Food cooked in COTTOLENE is delicate, delicious, healthful, comforting.

Do YOU use COTTOLENE?

MADE BY N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Wellington and Ann Streets, MONTREAL.

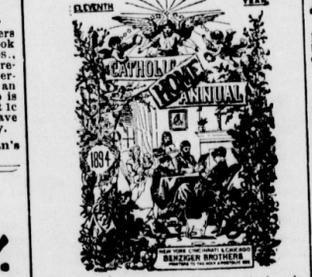


AFTER THE BALL There is always a great rush for S. DAVIS & SONS' CIGARS.



HEALTH FOR ALL HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT

THE PILLS Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS and BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are precious. THE OINTMENT Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal. FOR MORE TESTIMONIALS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, Colds, Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm. Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S establishment, 78 NEW OXFORD ST. (LATE 438 OXFORD ST.), LONDON. And are sold at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s. and 35s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors, throughout the world. of all Medicine Vendors, throughout the world. Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pot and Boxes. If the address is not Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.



With a remarkably beautiful Frontispiece in Gold and Colors. Price, free by mail, 25 cents. Per dozen, \$2.00; Per dozen by mail, \$2.35. The Best Writers, The Best Illustrations, The Best Family Reading for Winter Nights. EXPLANATION OF THE GOSPELS of the Sundays and Holy days. Together with AN EXPLANATION OF CATHOLIC WORSHIP, its Ceremonies, and the Sacraments and Festivals of the Church. 16mo, cloth, flexible. CLAUDE LIGHTFOOT; or, How the Problem was Solved. By F. J. Finn, S. J. \$1.00. CONNOR D'ARCY'S STRUGGLES. By Mrs. W. M. Bertholds. 20 cents. CATHOLIC BELIEF, PAPER. 40 cents. A LADY. By L. H. Bugg. 50 cents.

Sold by all Catholic Bookkeepers & Agents. BENZIGER BROTHERS, New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.

Men's Underwear 50c. Suit Men's All-wool do. 90c. Suit Men's Heavy-wool do. \$1 " Men's Heavy-wool Socks 2 Pairs for 25c.

PETHICK & McDONALD, Fashionable Tailors, 393 Richmond Street.

The Annual Favorite. WE HAVE RECEIVED A SUPPLY of BENZIGER'S HOME ANNUAL, a delightful book for the Catholic friends. Price 25c. free by mail. By the dozen \$2.00. Address, THE COPPEY, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

A Far-Famed College.

Bermuda, West Indies, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Quebec, Alberta, British Columbia, Massachusetts, New York, and all parts of Ontario and TOBAGO represented at

ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE, BELLEVILLE, ONT.

Established over a quarter of a century most widely attended Business College in America. For the new 111 page catalogue, Address: ROBINSON & JOHNSON, BELLEVILLE, ONTARIO, CAN.

THERE IS ONLY ONE

Belleville Business College

Send for the Circular of the Largest, Best and Most Successful Business College in the Dominion.

Address, Belleville Business College, Belleville, Ontario, ROBERT ROGIE, Man. and Prop.

HEADQUARTERS FOR Church Candles

ESTABLISHED 1855. ECKERMANN & WILL'S

Beeswax Altar Candles

ALTAR BRAND PURISSIMA BRAND

The leading brands now upon the market, with the most popular price list, list of premiums and special discounts for quantities before placing your order. Address, ECKERMANN & WILL, The Candle Manufacturers, BERKUSSE, N. Y.

CANCER PERMANENTLY CURED.

No Knife. No Poison. Paster. JNO. B. HARRIS, Food Paster, Ala.