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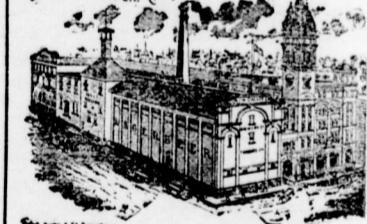
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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

First Sunday in Lent.

HOW TO FAST IN THE HEART.

Jesus was led by the Spirit into the desert. (St. Matt. iv.)

The Spirit of God, which inspired every word He uttered and guided every act He performed, led our Divine Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to enter upon His forty days' fast in the desert. And the spirit of Catholic faith and devotion, which is also the Spirit of God, directs us to imitate, as far as we may, the action and the example of our Lord and Master during the holy season now before us.

Today in particular, we are called upon to give proof of the faith that is in us by a closer correspondence to the life of self-denial and mortification the Divine Redeemer led, and unless we give heed to this call our claim to be His disciples were but a mockery indeed.

We must take up the cross; and Holy Church now determines for us what its weight shall be. Fasting and abstinence, prayer and penance, are commanded, and we are bound to obey.

And if we have the spirit of Catholic faith our obedience shall be cheerfully given. Do we not owe a debt of love to the Son of God, who sacrificed Himself for us? And how can we repay it unless we make sacrifices for His sake? The spirit, then, with which we should enter upon our Lenten duties is that of generous self-sacrifice for the love of God, not a craven spirit of fear at the thought of bodily discomfort and mortification.

The most austere life is sweet and easy when inspired by the love of God, and the most difficult acts of self-denial are cheerfully performed when prompted by the desire to imitate the sufferings of Christ.

The saints kept ceaseless fast and vigil, and were happy withal. The martyrs, in the midst of their terrible torments, enjoyed a peace that surpasseth all understanding; and if generous Christian motives actuate us, our fasts and our abstinences, while they chasten the body, shall soothe the soul, for as love casteth out fear, peace banishes the thought of pain.

Do we not, moreover, owe a debt of penance for our sins? And how shall we redeem it, save by suffering? It were difficult to explain the exact relation between sin and suffering, but certain it is the relation exists between them. The reason of mankind has always recognized this relation, and the Cross of Jesus Christ is an eternal demonstration of it.

It is a fact of every day observation that the grossest natures are purified and elevated by suffering. The relations between the soul and body in this life are so intimate that whatever chastens the one serves to purify the other. And, as the body is the instrument of the passions of the soul so the body is justly the instrument of the soul's penance and purification.

All that is elevated in human life, and all that is spiritual in human nature, comes from the victory over the lower passions of man; and all that is Christ-like in the Christian soul comes from the crucifixion of flesh and blood. Hence, it is only by acts of self-denial that we can purify the grossness of our nature, and it is only by works of penance that we can expiate our sins.

Sensuality is the unclean spirit that can only be cast out by fasting and prayer. Purification and expiation cannot be purchased at any less cost than this.

But there is another aspect of this subject which we must lay to heart. Lent is a time for interior repentance even more than external works of penance. "Read your hearts, and not your garments," is the motto that is set before us in all our penitential exercises.

External practices count for little without the renewal of the soul. What merit can a man have for his fasts or his abstinences when his heart is a hot-bed of sin, and he crucifies Christ by his corrupt deeds while he pretends to imitate Him by keeping the Lent?

Sin must be repented of and abandoned, there must be sorrow of the soul, otherwise the mortification of the body will not profit us much. Do not, therefore, deceive yourselves. Let no man imagine for a moment that he can get any real good out of the Lenten season as long as he remains the willing slave of sin.

It were little short of sacrilege for the wretched drunkard, the wanton blasphemer, the unjust hypocrite, the foul votary of lust, to pretend to live in the spirit of the Lenten time, if they do not at once call a halt and curb their base passions.

Let every Christian soul recognize the solemn duty of the hour. This season of Lent demands some sacrifice from all. Something special must now be done for Christ's sake. If you cannot fast, give alms, hear Mass every morning, visit the church every evening, give up drink and other unnecessary indulgences of the appetite. The Cross has to be taken up in some shape or other if we mean to follow Christ.

The heights of Calvary are before us, and to reach heaven climb them we must. Without a part in their gloom there can be no share in their glory.

The entering wedge of a fatal complaint is often a slight cold, which a dose or two of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral might have cured at the commencement. Therefore, it is advisable to have this prompt and sure remedy always at hand to meet an emergency.

How to Cure Headache. - Some people suffer untold misery day after day from headache. There is rest neither day nor night until the nerves are all unstrung. The cause is generally a disordered stomach, and a cure can be effected by using Parrelle's Vegetable Pills, containing Mandrake and Dantholm. Mr. Finlay Wark, Lysander, P. Q., writes: "I had Parrelle's Pills a first-class article for Bilious Headache."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Jo and Ernestina.

Helen Atteridge in Ave Maria.

Jo was a chatterbox; Ernestina was the President of the Angels. These two found their desks placed side by side one morning in school. Jo, seeing that her desk was at the very end of the row, said out loud, at the same time heaving a big sigh:

"It might have been worse. I might have been between two good ones, like the jam in a sandwich."

"Hush, Josephine!" said Sister Francis, while everybody was trying not to laugh; nor was the face of the gentle nun herself quite free from a tendency to smile.

Jo Brannigan was a gay little Irish girl, of the type that looks almost Spanish. She was like some merry picture of the Spanish boys in Murillo's pictures, her hair was so black, her eyes and eyebrows so white, and her even little teeth so white.

Ernestina Wyse was just the opposite - always serious; took the highest place in everything; swept up all the prizes of her class, and carried them off on her arm. When the bad marks were read out she never had one against her name.

Ernestina Wyse, no bad marks! - that the children of the Holy Angels voted for her to be President. As for Jo, she was not even an aspirant yet. She was not serious about anything; it was "too hard work trying to be an angel."

One terrible day there was a new nun in charge of the Third class, instead of Sister Francis, who knew everybody. At the recreation, after dinner, this new nun took a French grammar away from Ernestina. It was the French examination that afternoon. Ernestina was asked the very verb that she had been studying when the book was taken away.

The examination was over, and the afternoon sewing began. Jo asked her: "You did not miss at all, Ernestina, did you? You never do."

"Yes," said Ernestina, looking vexed. "I missed in *voulouir*. I always read up what we are going to be asked; I don't care for recreation compared to getting all my marks. And, there, to-day that Sister took away my grammar, because it was playtime! As if I wanted 'Puss' in the 'order' and all that rubbish! I must say I never knew before it was wrong to study."

"Silence, if you please!" said the new Sister, looking toward them. Jo Brannigan's needle went just an inch farther on her afternoon tea cloth. Then she said:

"The most comfortable way is to try to be last instead of first. It is very jolly, and there is no anxiety."

"But I have lost the French prize now," fretted Ernestina. "If you were poor me," Jo consoled her - "I never getting a prize at all!"

"But I always have," began Ernestina. "Everyone at home expects it of me. My governess used to say I had a talent for everything, and so -"

The nun at the high desk suddenly raised her head from her reading, and said, in a very distinct voice: "Will you please take your chair and your work over there near the door, where you will have no one to talk to."

Ernestina's heart beat fast and she flushed red. Had this actually been said to her?

Jo, being used to such troubles, jumped up with her sewing in her hand. "Not you," said the Sister. "I mean the girl next you - I don't know her name."

After this there was no mistake about it. Ernestina gazed straight at the nun. Perhaps the new authority would think it enough to threaten. It would be a hair-breadth escape, but a penance it should not be. Her clear record at school should not be broken. Why, she would not be able to think again that she had never been in penance and never had a bad mark!

"You are to take your sewing over there," said the nun, pointing to the open space near the door. Ernestina stood up, angry, helpless, despairing, still hesitating - just waiting to keep her proud record clear. It flashed through her mind that all this came of having her desk placed next a chatterbox like Jo Brannigan.

"I did not begin it," she said - "I was not the only one who was talking." The girls started in surprise. To blame a companion was a meanness contrary to all our notions of generosity.

"I was talking too!" cried Jo, seizing upon two chairs, trotting across the room, and planting them both side by side, and herself on one of them. "I deserve to sit over here too, Sister. There is room for both of us."

This was very naughty of the mischievous Jo, and it set the whole class laughing. The Sister looked worried and provoked, sent Jo to her place, and ordered Ernestina to do as she was told.

"Excuse me," said Ernestina, crossing the room with her head erect, hot, nervous, and with tears of wounded pride brimming in her eyes. Her voice trembled with rage. "Excuse me, I - I do not think this fair - not just. I prefer to speak to Reverend Mother."

With that the President of the Angels stepped out into the corridor, banging the door behind her.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL

The great Apostle Paul, named Saul at his circumcision, was born at Tarsus, the capital of Cilicia, and was by privilege a Roman citizen, to which quality a great distinction and several exemptions were granted by the laws of the empire.

In the strict observance of the Mosaic law, and lived up to it in the most scrupulous manner. In his zeal for the Jewish law, he became a violent persecutor of the Christians. He was one of those who combined to murder St. Stephen, and in the violent persecution of the faithful, which followed the martyrdom of the holy deacon, Saul signalled himself above others.

By virtue of the power he had received from the high priest, he dragged the Christians out of their houses, loaded them with chains and thrust them into prison. In the fury of his zeal he applied for a commission to take up all Jews at Damascus who confessed Jesus Christ, and bring them bound to Jerusalem, that they might serve as examples for the others.

But God was pleased to show forth in him His patience and mercy. While on his way to Damascus he and his party were surrounded by a light from heaven, brighter than the sun, and suddenly struck to the ground.

"Saul, Saul, why dost thou persecute me?" And Saul answered, "Who art thou, Lord?" and the voice replied, "I am Jesus whom thou dost persecute." This mild expostulation of our Redeemer, accompanied with a powerful interior grace, cured Saul's pride, assuaged his rage, and wrought at once a total change in him. Wherefore, trembling and astonished, he cried out, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

Lord ordered him to arise and to proceed on his way to the city, where he should be informed of what was expected from him. And Saul answered, "Who art thou, Lord?" and the voice replied, "I am Jesus whom thou dost persecute." This mild expostulation of our Redeemer, accompanied with a powerful interior grace, cured Saul's pride, assuaged his rage, and wrought at once a total change in him.

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A FARMER'S ADVICE. He Tells The People to Shun Imitations - He Had Been Imposed Upon by an Unscrupulous Dealer. With the Result that It Nearly Cost The Life of a Loved Member of His Family. From the Woodstock, N. B. Sentinel.

A reporter of the Sentinel recently dropped into the Victoria Hotel looking for general news and to scan the register for arrivals. Among those present he noticed a well-dressed farmer sitting reading a small pamphlet. The reporter asked the landlord if there was anything new, and being answered in the negative the farmer turned and addressed him: "Look up for news, eh? Well, sit down and I'll give you something worth publishing." The reporter was at once on the alert and the farmer continued, "You see this little book I hold in my hand? Well the title of it is 'Five Prize Stories' and there is more good sense in it than in half of the philosophical works of the day, and it don't lie in any of the stories either. Well about a year ago I got hold of another little book by the same author entitled 'Four Generations' which I read carefully through, and one very important thing I read in it was, beware of imitations, just as I read in this little book. Now I wish to show how I had been taken in (deceived) and how I found it out and how near it came to costing me the dearest member of my household. Well to begin at the beginning, My name is Shepherd Banks; I reside eleven and a half miles from the village of Bristol, Carleton Co., N. B., and am a well-to-do farmer. For several years my wife was troubled with pains in the back and weakness of the kidneys. About two years ago she was taken very ill, the trouble taking the form of acute rheumatism. We consulted no less than three different doctors, who, however, failed to help her. She continued to grow weaker and weaker, and the pains she endured were something terrible. For over a year she was unable to do a single thing about the house, and she had fallen away in weight from one hundred and eighty to one hundred and thirty pounds, and we despaired of her recovery. I happened to notice in one of the newspapers a testimonial of a similar cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I immediately got a couple of boxes. My wife began taking them, and by the time she had used these she began to gain appetite and her pains were much eased, and we began to have great hopes of an ultimate cure. I then went for another supply of the pills. This time I purchased them in bulk, paying 30 cents for 100 pills, which were taken from a large glass bottle. I took them home and my wife began their use. Soon after she began to grow worse again; the old pains returned severer than even. We still continued the use of the pills until

conditions. In some conditions the gain from the use of Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is rapid. For this reason we put up a 50c. size, which is enough for an ordinary cough or cold or useful as a trial for babies and children. In other conditions gain must be slow, sometimes almost imperceptible, health can't be built up in a day. For this Scott's Emulsion must be taken as nourishment, food rather than medicine, food prepared for tired and weak digestions.

The warning uttered by Mr. Banks is one that the public will do well to heed, for some unscrupulous dealers in different parts of the country try to impose upon the public by trashy imitations colored to present the appearance of the genuine Pink Pills. The public can always protect themselves by bearing in mind that the genuine pills are never sold by the dozen, hundred or ounce. They are always put up in boxes around which will be found full directions for their use, the whole enclosed in a label bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If you want a medicine that will cure all diseases due to poor or watery blood, or shattered nerves, ask for the genuine Pink Pills, and take nothing else, no matter what some interested dealer who is looking for a larger profit may say.