DECEMBER 28, 1895

Take Heart of Grace. BY NORA PERRY.

T: ke heart of grace, begin anew, To-day's to-day, not yesterday, And on its budding bloom the dew Of early morning still doth play.

Take heart of grace, and gather up This dewy sweetness of the morn, Fill up with this your emplied cup. And pledge the fair hours newly born

Take heart of grace, and look before, Instead of backward on the way, Wash out the old regretful score, The sorrowing sins of yesterday:

And let the old mistakes and pain, Be cleaneed with tots refreshing dew, And make beginning once again, With hope and courage bright and new.

For what's the world and all its days, But ours to try and try again, Not curs to faiter on its ways, Not ours to fling aside for pain.

Take heart of grace then, day by day, Take heart of grace, and sing each morn "Do-day is to-day, not yesterday. And all the world is newly born !"

#### FIVE-M NUTE SERMONS.

Within the Octave of Christmas. Sunday

#### RETROSPECT.

Between remembering the old year and looking forward to the new year, this day should be a busy one for the Christian. It ought to be a day of ex. amination of conscience. Good Christians examine their consciences in some manner or other daily, and some are so vividly in God's presence that they scrutinize every act of their lives. and this is what it is to be thoroughly conscientious. Conscientiousness when cultivated is nothing less than habitual consciousness of the Divine presence We know, to be sure, that some persons are over-particular in examina tion of conscience, and these are called scrupulous. But most of us are not scrupulous enough. The cultivation of the conscience tends to a constant realizing of the Divine presence, and when this becomes habitual the soul be comes perfect.

There are two kinds of examination of conscience, both of which are good. One is done at fixed times by some arrangement with one's self honestly adhered to. The other kind of examination is spontaneous. In this latter case the conscience won't let you pas hour, or even a minute, without undergoing scrutiny. In the former case you examine your conscience, and in the latter your conscience ex amines you. I have met numbers of persons who need never examine their consciences when preparing for con fession : they live habitually in the Divine presence and are ready at all moments to perform the highest spirit ual duties. I think it was one of the Catharines who was kneading dough to make bread for the commun ity when the bell rang for Communion, she went up and received our Lord with the dough sticking to her hands and then went back to her batch of bread : and she was excellently well disposed for Communion. St. Francis of Sales, from the evenness of character which he attained, must have had this gift of consciousness of the Divine presence in a high degree.

Brethren, I wish all of you had something of this high gift. But for most of us I may truly say that the examination of conscience which will benefit us will be that made at set times : of course, at confession. But no practice will produce better results for persons of good sense than having fixed times at which we shall go over the actions of the day. And on New Year's day, of all days in the year, we should take account of our conduct towards God and our neighbor and for the future. The fact is that on a day like this the old year rises up and demands examination. Sometimes we "The past is gone." But in sav, truth there is no such good luck as that. It would be a very good thing for some of us if the past could be politely bowed out with the old year. But there it is, fixed for ever. Th past year is an account book turned to God's court to witness for or against us. Let us try and get a favorable balance out of it. At any rate, let us know the truth about it. Let us face about, therefore, brethren, and look back over the pas twelve months, and question the sea-sons of the old year. How did I begin the old year and how did I behave myself last winter? Did I make my Easter duty last spring? Did I at tend Mass regularly and worship God through the summer, or did I make the Lord's day one of carousing and picnicking and drinking? Have used my tongue for blaspheming, my body for lust, my soul for slavery to the evil one? Have I unjustly gotten any of my neighbor's property? Have I been brutal to my family? These sound like ugly questions. But there's no happy New Year for you or me til we have answered them, and many others besides, repented of our sins and make good resolutions for confession and Communion, and for a good life for the future.

### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. Merry Christmas. BY CARLOS.

Merry Christmas ! Listen, listen ! Hearken to the joybells pealing : Children's eyes with gladness glisten Overcome by happy feeling.

Merry Christmas ! O how merry For the little folks well dressed In rich attire ! Yes, 'tis very Merry when you are caressed !

Merry Christmas! some are thinking, In their furs all wrapped and rolled ; Not so merry to go shrinking, Shivering in the bitter cold !

Merry Christmas! If you're able, Child of sorrow, lift your head, Gaze upon the roofless Stable, See the Babe of Bethlehem's bed!

Merry Christmas! Don't be jealous Of those children richly dressed, For the Holy Fathers tell us That Christ loves the poor the best!

Merry Christmas ! Child of sorrow, Are you better than your Lord ? To day you grieve : but O to merrow Endless will be thy reward !

Merry Christmas ! Swell the chorus Of the angels in the sky, Whose choirs still are chanting o'er us Glory be to God on High !

#### The Orphans and the Waif. BY PHILIP DEANE.

Poets had sung of it in the past.

Authors had written story after story about it. Magazines had issued special numbers, printed in attractive colors, in honor of the joyous season. And now the great day was here again.

As Rose Marlowe sat at the bedside of her young sister Ray, her heart felt as if some sharp, cruel thing had stung it.

Christmas for Rose meant poverty, bitterness and gloom. Ray was dan-gerously ill ; only one loaf of bread was in the house ; and there was just enough to pay for Ray's medicine.

The bells were ringing for joy, but their music only taunted Rose with her misfortunes. Truly such a condition as she and

Ray were in was most sad and pitiable Two orphans they were, and had

known the fierce struggle with hideous poverty all their lives. Rose was sixteen, and earned

small living as a factory girl, which means of support had to suffice for herself and Ray, who, even when well, did not work, being always delicate and but eight years of age.

Ray had been sleeping, but the chimes of the Christmas bells awoke her. "Oh, Rose, I have just had such a

sweet dream ! "A dream? What was it about

dearest " I dreamed that a bright, beautiful

angel came to take me to heaven. We were just about going through the gates, which were all gold and flowers, when the bells awoke me. A strange dream, wasn't it, Rose? What did it mean? Am I dying, sister darling Perhaps I am; and maybe the angel thought to let me know, so that I would

kiss you goodby. "Oh, Ray, Ray, do not talk that way!" moaned Rose in a voice of de spair as tears welled up in her eyes. It was only a dream, and dreams seldom come true. Would you want to die and leave poor Rose all alone? Think how lonely I should be when returning from work, to find no darling Ray here to meet me with her loving kiss. You would be sleeping in your little grave and my life would be all dark and sad. Oh, say, darling,

so cruel as to leave it to die in the snow ? Rose reasoned as to what she should

do for a moment. "I ought to notify a policeman about it," she told herself. "I do not see one around," she added, as she looked up and down the deserted street. "Something tells me that I had better carry the little thing home. I will.

She raised the infant, who was sound asleep, from its cold restingplace, and drew it under her ampl cloak

'I hope it is not dead. I'm almost afraid to disturb it to see, it looks such a frail little thing." Rose proceeded on her way to the

druggist's, which was not far away, her right arm firmly encircling the fourdling. To have seen Rose as she continued

on through the street no one would have suspected that she held so strange a burden, a burden more precious to some one than Rose could imagine. She procured Ray's medicine and hastened home again.

Rose had almost forgotten Ray in her sudden surprise. "Oh, Ray, just try to think what I

have under my cloak," cried Rose, as she hurriedly entered their dingy room

As she spoke Rose noticed a change for the better in Ray, who seemed much brighter than she had some moments before. "I cannot think, Rose. Is it s

doll? "A doll? I should say it was, a living doll." And Rose took the in-

fant out from under her cloak. The waif's face was beautiful, and, to the amusement and delight of Rose and Ray, its eyes were open wide, and seemed to be laughing at its protector Oh, you little rosebud !" cried Rose, after the fashion of girls who fondle babies ; and, as girls always do in such cases, she imprinted a kiss on the little red mouth.

Thanks to the thick clothes that swaddled it the infant had not suffered in the least from the cold or snow. "See, Ray ; his-I suppose its a boy:

his clothing is rich and fine. He seems like the child of well-to-do people. "Lay him here in the bed by me," said Ray. "I'll play with him. I don't think I'm going to die, after all Rose. That dream made me think so.

Rose. That dream made me think so I feel ever so much better than I did. "I'm glad of that, dear. I was more alarmed about you than I dared to ay

The very little person in the bed was beginning to feel hungry. There was nothing backward about

him, so he made known his wants by

a series of lusty yells, this being his method of speech, as he knew nothing of French, German or English. "He's hungry, I think," said Ray. "There is a loaf of bread here," said Rose. "I have no milk, though might borrow some from Mrs. Ryan

I'll go across the hall and ask her for some Rose hastened across to Mrs. Ryan's room and made known her desire,

the same time telling the warm hearted woman of her strange guest. "A baby?" exclaimed Mrs. Ryan And you found him in the snow, did you? Well, that is queer." Mrs. Ryan busied herself getting

the milk, while Rose stood waiting near the table whereon lay the morn ing's Herald. Suddenly Rose was startled by the

ae of its co eading of A WOMAN'S MAD CRIME.

They

BEST FOR USE WASH 

side, it seemed odd to note that he who cerned in this letter are the lies that was rich was hopefully depending for great happiness upon her who was oor

where Rose and Ray dwelt. Both hurriedly climed the creaking

stairs, and a few moments later they found themselves in the room occupied by Mrs. Ryan and her two charges. The next moment a look of joy-a look that those present never forgot-overspread Mr. Armstrong's face, and he caught up the infant from the bed in a clasp that expressed his delight far better than I can.

"My dear young girl," said Mr. Armstrong, turning to Rose, "I can "I can never reward you sufficiently for the happiness you have brought me this day. I was about to offer a reward of ten thousand dollars to the finder of my child. Of course, you shall receive the

You have not only saved my money. child's life by sheltering it, but have saved the life of its mother also. She will get well immediately when she hears the joyful news. I would rather lose every dollar I possess than part from my wife or child.

Surely that Christmas morning was a most happy one for the Marlowe girls!! Can the reader imagine a stranger leap from poverty to fortune than theirs

The Armstrong heir was taken home, to the indescribable joy of his vearning mother. Mrs.

Ryan cooked the Christmas dinner that day, and Rose and Ray enjoyed it as they had never enjoyed a meal before

Of course Ray was too weak to partake of heavy food ; but she relished much a tempting repast of buttered toast, jelly and tea, and a sweet wing of turkey

Nurse Nixon, the woman who had abducted the child, was afterward found.

The poor woman must not be censured for what she did, for her actions

had been prompted by a disordered mind, due to a family grief she had suffered from. She had left the babe in the snow, with the insame belief that it would be better off if dead. Infants should die, she had reasoned madly, rather than live to suffer the cruelties of the world. The unfortunate woman died on New Year's Day. Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong ever after

looked upon Rose and Ray with great parental love, and eventually took the two orphans to live with them permanently in their elegant home. The waif of the snow is a handsome boy of ten now. His name is Lester Marlowe Armstrong. Rose and Ray, whom he considers as his grown sisters, never tire of telling him the story of how he was found asleep in the snow on that memorable Christmas morning.

A PROTESTANT MINISTER ON ANTI-CATHOLIC CALUMNIES.

are told about the Catholic Church and the Catholic Christian religion. says he has made an investigation of At last the two reached the tenement these lies. As to one class of them, he

says: "And what is more, I have never yet found 'a good Catholic' would deny anything in 'The Word of God' from lid to lid ; they don't deny all the fear ful and terrible warnings ; nor do they try to wriggle and squirm from under their awfuldenunciations of and penalt ies for sin : they believe in the whole Holy Bible just as it is and without any hiccups or hiccoughs! And can you say as much as this for all our clergy Now this is the kind o and people? both admire and love, for it is faith I this kind of faith whereby alone we can make our calling and election sure ! Amen. And farther on he says :

"I have found that the Catholic lergy and communicants are every whit as good and faithful Christians as ourselves, to say the least, and some of them set us Christ-like examples that would be well indeed for all our clergy and people to emulate and follow. the name of God and for Christ's sake don't believe all the blasphemous mass of lying stories and reports and statements which we hear and read if you really love the truth and wish to

And towards the end :

"And go and get personally and dying. intimately acquainted with our breth- of num ren in Jesus, in the Roman Catholic Church and read their Douay Bible, books and histories and listen to them tell their side of the case and hear them preach the 'Old, Old Story' Jesus and His love and the everlasting Gospel in its entirety, and then you will be only too quick to cheerfully and enthusiastically and thankfully say amen to all the above and far more also.'

The reader will observe from the extracts given above the earnestness and the righteous spirit that actuate this Protestant minister, who is stirred with indignation at the mass of lies that are afloat about us. The influence for good of such a letter as that must be very great on the minds of the multitude of readers under whose eyes it may fall. If only our non-Catholic brethren could be led to have some doubt as to the correctness of what they have heard and read and believed about Catholicity, all of them who are not innate rogues or too dull to reason would at once, according to their circumstances, begin to inquire in earnest. The trouble is they don't know, but they think they know, and they hold stubbornly to their stock of misinformation, as if it were too precious to loss .- Catholic Standard and Times.

Pains of Purgatory.

#### TOO WEAK TO WALK.

Friends had Given up Hope of Recovcry - The Trouble Began With a Cough Which Settled on the Lungs -Subject to Fainting Spells, and at Last Forced to Take to Bed - Restored by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills When All Other Medicines Had Failed.

From L'Impartial, Tignish, P. E. I.

Mr. Dominick P. Chiasson, who lives on the Harper Road, about two miles from the town of Tignish, P. E. I., personally took the trouble to bring before the notice of the editor of L'Impartial, the particulars of the cure of his daughter in law, Mrs. A. D. Chiasson, through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The case is certainly a re-markable one, and we cannot do bet-ter than give it in Mr. Chiasson's own vords. "My son's wife," said he, has been sick for some seven years words. past, but previous to that time was a strong, healthy person. Just about seven years ago she took a severe cold, which attacked her lungs, and from that time up to the beginning of the past summer her health has been feeble, and at times we despaired of saving her life. It was not her disposition to give up easily, and on some occasions while engaged in household work she would be seized with a faint-ing spell, which would leave her so you really love the truth and wish to be guided by God's truth as it is in Jesus and if you wish Histruth to make a semi-unconscious state. More

than once we thought she was There was a continual feeling of numbness in her limbs, and almost



Can now Walk to Church

constant severe pains in her chest which were only eased by a stooping position. Added to this she WAS troubled with a hacking cough, sometimes so severe at night that she did not obtain more than a few hours sleep. About the end of 1894 we had given up all hopes of her recovery, and the neighbors were of the same opinion. She was reduced to almost a skeleton, and could scarcely take any nourishment. She had grown so weak that she could not walk across the bedroom floor without help. We had often heard and read of the great Dr. Williams' cures effected by Pink Pills, and at this stage, when all alse had failed. I urged

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

Catarrh in the Head

Is due to impure blocd, and cannot be cured with local applications. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured hundreds of cases of catarrh be-cause it purifies the blood and in this way removes the cause of the disease. It also builds up the system and prevents attacks of pneumonia, diphtheria and typhoid fever.

HOOD'S PILLS become the favorite cathar every one who tries them.

tic with every one who tries them. 25c. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profes-sion as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarroa, griping pains and summer complaints. It has been used successfully by medical practitioners for a number of years with gratifying results If suffering from any summer complaint it is just the medicine that will cure you. Try a bottle, It sells for 25 cents. just the medicine that will obottle. It sells for 25 cents.

Real merit is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures even after other nesdrations fail. Get Hood's and only Hood. words claimed.

that you do not want to leave me ! "No, sister dear ; I do not want to

leave you. Though it must be ever so Rose read every line of the thrilling lovely in Heaven, I would rather stay news that column contained. with you since it would make you so "What is it that's so interesting?" lonely without me. asked Mrs. Ryan, who had returned

The wretched clock on the mantel long before Rose was aware of it, so struck seven, and this roused Rose to the fact that she must hasten out to engrossed with the paper was she. "I am reading about a woman, a purchase Ray's medicine, as there was none left of the last bottle.

she had passed it.

which you shall learn later on.

bundle lay

nurse, who, in a moment of madness, stole a child from its mother in bed. "Good-by, dearest, only for a few oments," said Rose, affectionately and escaped with it in some way the authorities cannot fathom. They canmoments,' kissing Ray's pale flower-like face, as she rose from her seat at the bedside to not find the woman, either. say she is insane. don her shabby red cloak and hood. "How terrible !"

Rose left the house, with Ray's lan-"What if the very infant I have guid brown eyes looking lovingly after her, seeming to speak that Ray longed should be the one that was found stolen, Mrs. Rvan !'

"That would indeed be amazing !" for her return. Rose flitted along through the snow-"I think I will go up to the house covered streets, praying hard that Heaven would not let little Ray die. mentioned in the paper. It is No. 1009 Sixth street. The Herald states Rose Marlowe little dreamed that on that the babe's mother is at death's that Christmas day she was to meet door from the shock. The child is but with the strangest events her life would five days old." ever experience.

"Poor woman ! I'll care for your She had scarcely gone two blocks sister while you are gone, Rose. when she suddenly noticed a peculiar "I wonder if I ought to take the bundle half buried in the deep snow. babe with me?'

"I wonder what that is?" thought " Don't doit. Let its friends accom Rose. "I have a notion to see. No, I won't, either. It is a bundle of rags, bany you back to your home. Leaving Mrs. Ryan to feed the in no doubt, which some one has thrown there. I had better not touch them. fant and look after it and Ray, Rose started off.

They may contain the germs of some It was not very long before she sickness, and I shouldn't for the world reached the end of her walk and paused want to take any disease home to Ray n front of a handsome residence, the She is dangerously sick now, as it is home of the wealthy Jacob Armstrong. Although these warning thoughts whose name was known throughout thronged Rose's brain, she, neverthe-New York. less, experienced a compelling inspira-

Rose was admitted to the rich man's tion to examine the bundle, even after presence, and hurriedly told him al the reader knows. The man was startled and amazed.

She obeyed the summons within her and immediately determined to accomand returned to the spot where the pany her home. If Rose had not done so there would 'Heaven grant that the child you

have found is mine, girl! If it is, then you may count yourself the luck-iest girl in the city. I have money in plenty, and your recompense shall be have been no story for me to tell, and her life and Ray's would never have drifted into the strange fortunes of Rose stooped down and opened the a great one, if through you my lost one

covering of the mysterious object. be restored. As she did so a loud cry broke from Mr. Armstrong donned his furher lips, and she was startled beyond

As she did so a total city biske from r lips, and she was startled beyond profs. "It is a living babe!" she ex-timed. "Oh! who could have been As they hastened along, side by

Catholics know well that one of the

chief obstacles to Christian reunion is, so far as Protestants are concerned, the prevalence among Protestants of mistaken, or even slanderous, notions of what the Catholic Church really is and what it teaches. To all acquainted with the extent of this ignorance and misconception the outlook for the re moval of this obstacle, by any merely human means at least, is far from bright. But there can be no doubt that one of the first steps towards it must be to have Protestants themselves begin to realize that they have been unjust in their thoughts about us. The trouble is that most Protestants wholly misunderstand us, and they remain immovably firm in this, because from their childhood up they have always been taught falsehoods about us by teachers who had themselves been in the same manner deceived in good faith, as one might say. Our Protest ant fellow-citizens, friends and neigh-

bors, have all inherited more or less of the fund of anti-Catholic calumnies accunulated through three centuries of war, controversy and distrust. They keep possession of this inheritance merely because no one whom they trust has called in question its value. A Protestant minister of Boston, the Rev. Silliman Blagden, has done good service to the cause of Christian reunion by a letter addressed to another Protestant, and published in full in the New York Sun (Dec. 1). It was a reevidently, to some questions reply, garding the various slanderous stories about Catholicity that are being constantly put into circulation by some of the villainous secret societies that are aiming to have Catholics proscribed on atoming to have catholics proscribed on account of religion. Mr. Blagden sets out by saying that "it is well written, 'I said in my haste, All men are liars.' (Psalms cxvi., 2; Romans iii., 4,") and then adds that "the very hardest thing to accomplish upon this sincursed and devil possessed earth is to get at God's truth, and to have His

truth have free course, and be glori-fied." To all of which Catholics, while declining to accept the Calvinism that

with which Mr. Blagden is chiefly con-

Different opinions exist among di ines as to the extent of the sufferings of the holy souls, says The Little Pil grim of Old Lady of Martyrs. There is a rigid view which makes their positive sufferings practically the same as those of the damned, with the essen tial difference, however, that they are not eternal. This view is repre This view is repre sented by the Fathers and great Doc tors of the Church. It may be thus summarized - that it is the same fire by which the damned are punished and the elect purified. Others, again, make the condition of the holy souls much more bearable one, in which misery and happiness are so combined that the latter far outweighs the former.

"Both these views," says Father Faber, "agree as to the helplessnes They lie like the of the holy souls. paralytic at the pool. Not even the coming of the angel is any blessing to them, unless there be some one of us to help them."

#### A Remarkable Conversion.

The conversion of Madame Helena yblom, one of the most brilliant au thors in the Scandinavian countries will no doubt help to destroy anti Catholic prejudice in Sweden. Tha there is plenty of prejudice in Sweden to combat was shown by the bitte criticism invoked by her conversion despite her social position and her fame as an author. Her husband. who is a university professor and one of the eighteen members of the Swed ish Academy, translated Shakespeare and Moore into Scandinavian and Mme. Nyblom herself has published many successful novels, besides a volume of poems. Writing to a friend about her conversion she says : only strikes one after having been received into the Church that it is perfectly incomprehensible how men who think, and at the same time wish to be Christians, can find a harbor anywhere else than in the Church of Christ.

declining to accept the be "devil-pos-believes the earth to be "devil-pos-sessed," must assent. Now the lies with which Mr. Blagden is chiefly con-believes the earth to be "devil-pos-of it at once by purifying the blood with od's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's.

given a trial, and procured a half dozen boxes. After using them for about three weeks she could walk across her bedroom floor without aid, and from that time on she continued improving in health from day to day. She continued taking the Pink Pills for about four months, with the result that she is now a healthy woman, and it is now no trouble for her to walk to church, a distance of two miles, and the grateful praises of herself and friends will always be given Dr Wiliams' Pink Pills.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blocd or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and hose who are suffering from such

troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy which a dealer, for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may Dr. Williams just as good." Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

# A Wide Range.

A preparation which enriches and purifies the blood and assists nature in repairing wasted tissue must have a wide range of usefulness.

Such a preparation is Scott's Emulsion of Codliver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. The uses of Scott's Emulsion are not confined to wasting diseases, like consumption, scrofula or anæmia. They embrace nearly all those minor ailments associated with loss of flesh.

Scott & Bowne, Belleville, 50c, and \$1.