

Take Heart of Grace.

BY NORA FERRY.
Take heart of grace, begin anew.
To-day's to-day, not yesterday.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Sunday Within the Octave of Christmas.

RETROSPECT.

Between remembering the old year and looking forward to the new year, this day should be a busy one for the Christian.

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.

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.

Let us face about, therefore, brethren, and look back over the past twelve months, and question the seasons of the old year.

Let us face about, therefore, brethren, and look back over the past twelve months, and question the seasons of the old year. How did I begin the old year and how did I behave myself last winter?

Catarrah in the Head

Is due to impure blood, and cannot be cured with local applications. Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured hundreds of cases of catarrah because it purifies the blood.

Hood's PILLS become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is prepared from drugs known to the profession as thoroughly reliable for the cure of cholera, dysentery, diarrhea, griping pains and summer complaints.

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

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Merry Christmas.

BY CARLOS.
Merry Christmas! Listen, listen!
Hearken to the joybells pealing;
Children's eyes with gladness gleaming,
Overcome by happy feeling.

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.

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 dangerously 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 a 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 chiming 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 goodbye."

"Oh, Ray, do not talk that way!" moaned Rose in a voice of despair 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, that you do not want to leave me!"

"No, sister dear; I do not want to leave you. Though it must be ever so lovely in Heaven, I would rather stay with you since it would make you so lonely without me."

The wretched clock on the mantel struck seven, and this roused Rose to the fact that she must hasten out to purchase Ray's medicine, as there was none left of the last bottle.

"Good-by, dearest, only for a few moments," said Rose, affectionately kissing Ray's pale flower-like face, as she rose from her seat at the bedside to don her shabby red cloak and hood.

Rose left the house, with Ray's languid brown eyes looking lovingly after her, seeming to speak that Ray longed for her return.

Rose flitted along through the snow-covered streets, praying hard that Heaven would not let little Ray die.

Rose Marlowe little dreamed that on that Christmas day she was to meet with the strangest events her life would ever experience.

She had scarcely gone two blocks when she suddenly noticed a peculiar bundle half buried in the deep snow.

"I wonder what that is?" thought Rose. "I have a notion to see. No, I won't, either. It is a bundle of rags, no doubt, which some one has thrown there. I had better not touch them. They may contain the germs of some sickness, and I shouldn't for the world want to take any disease home to Ray. She is dangerously sick now, as it is."

Although these warning thoughts thronged Rose's brain, she, nevertheless, experienced a compelling inspiration to examine the bundle, even after she had passed it.

She obeyed the summons within her and returned to the spot where the bundle lay.

If Rose had not done so there would have been no story for me to tell, and her life and Ray's would never have drifted into the strange fortunes of which you shall learn later on.

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 resting-place, and drew it under her ample 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 foundling.

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 a doll?"

"A doll? I should say it was, a living doll." And Rose took the infant 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 rosybud!" cried Rose, after the fashion of girls who fondle babies; and, as girls always do in such cases, she imparted 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. 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 say."

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 I 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, at 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 morning's Herald.

Suddenly Rose was startled by the heading of one of its columns. It read: A WOMAN'S MAD CRIME.

Rose read every line of the thrilling news that column contained.

"What is it that's so interesting?" asked Mrs. Ryan, who had returned long before Rose was aware of it, so engrossed with the paper was she.

"I am reading about a woman, a nurse, who, in a moment of madness, stole a child from its mother in bed, and escaped with it in some way the authorities cannot fathom. They cannot find the woman, either. They say she is insane."

"How terrible!"

"What if the very infant I have found should be the one that was stolen, Mrs. Ryan?"

"That would indeed be amazing!" "I think I will go up to the house mentioned in the paper. It is No. 1009 Sixth street. The Herald states that the babe's mother is at death's door from the shock. The child is but five days old."

BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY.

side, it seemed odd to note that he who was rich was hopefully depending for great happiness upon her who was poor.

At last the two reached the tenement where Rose and Ray dwelt.

Both hurriedly climbed 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 these 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 can.

"My dear young girl," said Mr. Armstrong, turning to Rose, "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 money. You have not only saved my 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 yearning 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 indulged in 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 insane 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.

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 removal 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 Protestant fellow-citizens, friends and neighbors, have all inherited more or less of the fund of anti-Catholic calumnies accumulated 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 reply, evidently, to some questions regarding 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 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 sin-cursed and devil-possessed earth is to get at God's truth, and to have His truth have free course, and to be glorified." To all of which Catholics, while declining to accept the Calvinism that believes the earth to be "devil-possessed," must assent. Now the lies with which Mr. Blagden is chiefly con-

cerned in this letter are the lies that are told about the Catholic Church and the Catholic Christian religion. He says he has made an investigation of 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 fearful and terrible warnings; nor do they try to wriggle and squirm from under their awful denunciations and penalties for sin; they believe in the whole Holy Bible just as it is and without any niccups or hiccoughs! And can you say as much as this for all our clergy and people? Now this is the kind of faith I both admire and love, for it is 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 clergy 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. In 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 be guided by God's truth as it is in Jesus and if you wish His truth to make you free."

And towards the end:

"And go and get personally and intimately acquainted with our brethren 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' of 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 lose.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Pains of Purgatory.

Different opinions exist among divines as to the extent of the sufferings of the holy souls, says The Little Pilgrim 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 essential difference, however, that they are not eternal. This view is represented by the Fathers and great Doctors 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 a 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 helplessness of the holy souls. They lie like the 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 Nyblom, one of the most brilliant authors in the Scandinavian countries, will no doubt help to destroy anti-Catholic prejudice in Sweden. That there is plenty of prejudice in Sweden to combat was shown by the bitter 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 Swedish 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: "It only strikes me 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."

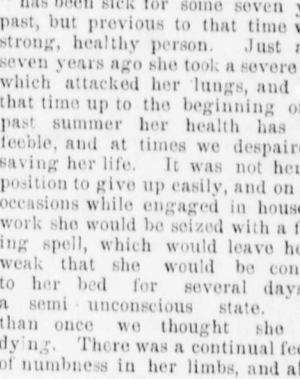
Do not dally with rheumatism. Get rid of it at once by purifying the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Be sure to get Hood's.

TOO WEAK TO WALK.

Friends had Given up Hope of Recovery—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 The 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 remarkable one, and we cannot do better than give it in Mr. Chiasson's own words. "My son's wife," said he, "has been sick for some seven years 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 fainting spell, which would leave her so weak that she would be confined to her bed for several days in a semi-unconscious state. More than once we thought she was dying. 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 cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at this stage, when all else had failed, I urged that they be 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. Williams' Pink Pills.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those 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 say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' 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 Cod-liver 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.