

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Second Sunday in Advent.

THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

"Jesus, making answer, said to them: Go and relate to John what you have heard and seen." (St. Matt. xli, 4.)

In the Gospel, my dear brethren, we are taught a very practical and important lesson. St. John the Baptist had been thrown into prison on account of his bold denunciation of the sins of those who were then in power. His disciples, it would seem, were losing confidence in him and in what he had taught them. His imprisonment was causing them to waver; and so St. John sends them to our Lord that they may learn from Him whether He was indeed what John had said He was, the promised Messiah. "Art thou He who art to come, or look we for another?"

Now, in what way did our Lord reply to this question? Did He enter into a long and elaborate argument in order to show from Moses and the Prophets that He fulfilled in Himself all that they had foretold? No; it was not by words that our Lord removed their doubts, although never man spoke like Him. The way in which He brought the truth home to these men was by deeds. "Go relate to John what you have heard and seen; the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead rise again, the poor have the Gospel preached to them." It was the works which the Father gave Him to do which gave testimony of Him.

Now, the work of bringing back man to God, which brought our Lord down from heaven and of which He made the beginning, He continued and carried on, since He left this world, by His Church, which He founded for this purpose. By His life, and especially by His death and passion, He purchased for mankind full and complete redemption, inexhaustible grace in this life, and never ending glory hereafter. To what our Lord did no addition can be made which is not itself due to the merits of our Lord's death and passion. The only thing which remains to be done is to have this grace applied to the souls of men. This application is to be made by the ministrations of the Church; in this way the realization and the completion of our Lord's work are entrusted to her; and, consequently, since our Lord went to heaven again, the Church is for men in the place of Christ, and has in her hands the ordinary means by which men make their own what our Lord has done for them. It is in the Church that our Lord dwells, it is through the Church He works, it is by her ministrations that men, according to the ordinary course of God's providence, are saved.

If this be so, we must all see how important it is that nothing should be done by Catholics to keep men from the Church, and that everything should be done to bring them within her fold. The Church has a work to do for every man in this city of ours. And how is she to perform this work? How is the fact that she comes from God, to be brought home to each and all? In early days miracles were the most cogent proof of her supernatural origin. But although miracles are still wrought in the Church they are not among the ordinary ways by which we can prove to those outside that the Church comes from God. Argument, historical investigation, logic, are good ways of doing this. But men are too busy to study profoundly in our times. There is another way, however, and a better one: one more powerful, and which appeals to larger numbers, one without which a work to be done is often unsuccessful, and that is that Catholics should prove themselves to be before the eyes of men what the Church teaches them to be: that by their works, which they are seen to perform, they should make manifest to all that they are in possession of the truth of God.

Can we say, my dear brethren, that this is the case? Let us not be afraid to look at the facts as they really are. Are our lives such as to recommend to those outside that faith in and through which all must be saved? Let each one ask himself this question, and reflect what a terrible thing it will be hereafter if he has so acted as to have shut out from eternal life a single soul which might have been saved had he acted rightly.

If you are anxious to find the most reliable blood purifier, read in Ayer's Almanac the testimonials of those who have been cured of such terrible diseases as catarrh, rheumatism, and scrofula, by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Then govern yourself accordingly.

Catarah Cured for 25 Cents. I suffered from Catarah for years, and have found Dr. Chase's Catarah Cure the best that I have used, and gladly recommend it to sufferers.

HARRY STONE, Rainham Centre, Ont., Yorkville Fire Station, Toronto, March 3, 1907.

Dear Sirs—Having used Dr. Chase's Pills for constiveness, I am very pleased to say that I consider them superior to any pill I ever used, as they have perfectly cured me of this trouble. THOS. J. WALLACE, Fireman.

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

Fagged Out. None but those who have become laggard out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE BOYS.

You have perhaps seen a light house with its tall tower, and its great lamp sending bright rays out upon the dark waters. Maybe you have lived in a light house far out on a rocky, wave-washed point; or on a cliff overlooking miles of blue sea; or on an island where the breakers come roaring up to your door, and the spray is dashed by the wind against your window-panes. Out in the ocean there is an immense ledge, half a mile long, called the Rock. On this rock in the sea stands a light house tower, built of great blocks of granite. Close by the tower stands the stone house of the keeper. In the stone house live the keeper's boys with their baby sister. There is no place on the Rock for a garden. There are here and there bits of earth in the little hollows, but these spots are not large enough for one fat yellow pumpkin to get a living in. Five miles from The Rock lies The Island. Just the place to raise dinners for the light-house boys is this fat, comfortable, little island. So it happened that one November afternoon Mr. Lane, the light keeper, got ready to go over to The Island for supplies. As he started down the rocky way to the landing, Mrs. Lane called after him to be sure and remember the sugar and the condensed milk and the coffee.

"O papa," teased Bonnie, as he tagged along at his father's heels, "won't you bring me one of Jim Tolman's kittens? They're big enough to eat fish by this time."

"I'll see," was the pleasant answer. "Don't bother now."

"And, father," shouted Rob, "bring us some pop-corn; it's such fun to make corn-balls cold winter evenings." The tide was high and the sea smooth when Mr. Lane put out in his dory for the cat boat, which was moored a short distance from the shore. The boys waited and watched till the sail was hoisted, and the little boat went dancing over the waves. Then they ran back to the light house to help mother. Little Carrie, the two years-old sister, had been fretful the night before, and mamma had slept but little. So the boys were playing nurse for a while.

It was very pleasant in the light-house kitchen that afternoon. The cook-stove was doing its best to bake something spicy and plummy; the tea-kettle sang its cheeriest song; a coffee "muddle" was gently simmering itself done. Baby Carrie sat in state on a bit of rag carpet; and her devoted servants, Rob and Ben, were building splendid light houses for her out of pebbles from the seashore. So cheery was it, indeed, that nobody noticed when the breeze came blowing up from the south, and ruffled the smooth blue sea into a thousand curly, foamy waves. Mrs. Lane was dozing over her sewing, when suddenly the kitchen door was blown open with a great fury and rusa of wind; the baby cried; the boys pressed close to mamma with questions about father. The wind blew wilder, the sea grew rougher. Mrs. Lane stood at the window for a long time, watching for some sign of her husband's boat. At last she turned away, saying: "He won't come to night. He knows better than to put out in such a gale. He couldn't possibly land while the waves run so high."

"And the light, mother?" said Rob.

"We must keep it," said the mother.

"It is almost time to light it now." Within an hour the night fell; and the rays from the great light began to stream over the gray, tossing sea. The family ate their supper. Baby Carrie went off to By-law Land in her mother's arms. The boys teased to sit up till it was time to trim the lamp at midnight. But the mother said: "No, no. Go to bed, and wake up bright in the morning, and help keep house till father comes."

They went upstairs obediently. As soon as they were in their room, Rob said: "See here, Bonnie, we must keep awake till the lamp has been trimmed. Mother was up with Carrie nearly all last night. What if she should go to sleep, and not wake at the right time? Father says we must take care of mother when he is away; and, Bonnie, we must."

"We'll take turn telling stories," said Bonnie; "and you must pinch me good 'n' hard, when I begin to get sleepy."

It was a difficult task that the boys had set themselves. They had been busy at work or play all day long, and it took sharp pinches and very exciting stories to keep the lids from drooping over the drowsy eyes.

Rob had an inventive turn, and he spun some lively yarns about smugglers and pirates and mutinies at sea. But, after all, the most interesting story of a trading vessel for many years before he became a light keeper. In the good ship "Esperanza" he sailed to Spain, France, England, Ireland, Italy, and even as far as Norway.

One day, when the sea was like a calm, blue, shimmering lake, the captain thought he would like to have a bath. So with a mighty splash he plunged into the cool, enticing sea. Some of the sailors stood idly watching him, when somebody's bright eyes spied a terrible danger. "A shark! A shark!" was the fearful cry. A boat was instantly manned. The captain swam for his life, and was saved almost from the jaws of the greedy monster.

This story Rob told with many embellishments; and the words, "A shark! A shark!" spoken in a loud

whisper, in Bonnie's ear, caused the little fellow to open his eyes to the widest extent.

At last the situation became funny, and the boys laughed till they shook the bed. In the midst of the fun, they heard the clock strike the half-hour after eleven. Then they got up, and dressed themselves very quietly. No more laughing now. They were on duty.

Downstairs they went, their shoes in their hands, through the kitchen to the warm, cosy sitting-room. Not a sound did they hear. Could it be possible that the tired mother was asleep?

"Look!" whispered Bonnie, as they reached the open door. Ah! how glad the boys were that they had kept awake! There sat Mrs. Lane sound asleep, her knitting in her lap. The young light keepers did not disturb her till the long minute hand of the old clock had travelled to five minutes of twelve. Then they gave her two resounding kisses that brought her speedily from dreamland. Very proud was the light-keeper's wife of her faithful, affectionate boys. All three hastened up the stairway that ran round and round up the tall tower. The lamp was trimmed; and they hastened back to the bright sitting-room, glad in the thought that the guiding star would shine out over the gateway of the ships, till the sun came up to take its place.

After a little midnight repast, that the boys ate with great zest, the family went to bed, and slept sweetly till morning.

When the boys woke, they heard a man's voice in the kitchen underneath their room.

"Hurrah! father's got home," shouted Rob. Bonnie ran to the window. The storm had cleared away, and there was the light-house boat rocking on the gentle waves. In a trice the boys were downstairs. As they ran into the kitchen, they heard the tall clock say, in sharp, clear tones, "Nine o'clock!" No wonder that the father had had time to sail over from the neighbor island. But what was that soft little ball rolled up on the hearth rug? Bonnie made a dash for it, and soon discovered that his father had brought him the very "darlingest" kitten that a boy ever called his own.

After Bonnie and Rob had eaten the breakfast that had been saved for them, they helped bring up the cargo that their father had landed on the rocks. Very interesting business was this, as well as rather hard on boy's legs.

There would be no trouble now about breakfasts and dinners and suppers for many a day, though boys—and especially boys living on an island far, far out at sea—have a very good appetite, indeed. The boys were as good at bringing wood and water, making fires, and helping in all sorts of ways as they were in keeping awake till the lamp was trimmed. Many an hour, too, they had in their books, with father or mother for a teacher. When lessons were over, what pleasure it was to run from rock to rock, to play tag on the smooth sand when the tide was out, or to go, when the weather was not too rough, with father in the dory, to see if an unwary lobster here and there had run into the cages set for them! Though the sea stretched for leagues around the solitary Rock, and wild storms shut them in day after day, not many children in gay cities or on sunny, green farms were happier than the light-house boys.—Mary F. Butts, in Catholic Mirror.

A Mosaic.

Here is a pretty story, author and original publication unknown. We find it credited to the ever mysterious "Exchange" in a New York paper.

Some years ago there lived and worked in Italy a great artist, in mosaics. His skill was wonderful. With bits of glass and stone he could produce the most striking works of art—works that were valued at thousands of dollars.

In his workshop was a poor little boy, whose business it was to clean up the floor and tidy up the room after the day's work was done. He was a quiet little fellow, and always did his work well. That was all the artist knew about him.

One day he came to his master and asked, timidly: "Please, master, may I have for my own the bits of glass you throw upon the floor?"

"Why, yes, boy," said the artist. "The bits are good for nothing. Do as you please with them."

Day after day, then, the child might have been seen studying the broken pieces found on the floor, laying some on one side and throwing others away. He was a faithful little servant, and so year after year went by and found him still in the workshop.

One day his master entered a store-room little used, and in looking around came upon a piece of work carefully hid behind the rubbish. His brows ached to the light, and to his surprise found a noble work of art nearly finished. He gazed at it in speechless amazement.

"What great artist could have hidden his work in my studio?" At that moment the young servant entered the door. He stopped short on seeing his master, and when he saw the work in his hands a deep flush dyed his face.

"What is this?" cried the artist. "Tell me what great artist has hidden his masterpiece here?"

"Oh, master," faltered the astonished boy, "it is only my poor work. You know you said I might have the broken bits you threw away."

The child, with an artist's soul had gathered up the fragments, and patiently, lovingly, wrought them into a wonderful work of art.

Do you catch the hint? Gather up the bits of time and opportunity lying about and patiently work out your life mosaic—a masterpiece by the grace of God.

A Sobering Blow.

A story with a moral, with several morals in fact, teaching repentance, forgiveness and reformation, was related by Mr. O'Brien at the meeting of the National Convention of the Catholic Abstinence Union in Cleveland. It is good enough to be repeated over and over again as showing how there comes a turning-point in every life of dissipation and excess. Here it is: Mr. O'Brien said that one night in a distant city there was a young man "three sheets in the wind" and in fighting humor. The young man was staggering through a side street and made up his mind to slap the first man he met. The hour was late and there were few persons on the street, but the young man backed up to a lamp post and decided to wait. Soon a man came along. The young man lurched out and struck him between the eyes, knocking him down. The assaulted man fell, his head struck the pavement, and he became unconscious. The young man stooped down and saw from his dress that the prostrate man was a Catholic priest. The clergyman revived. A policeman came up and arrested the assailant. The next morning the mayor of the city sent for

power, the ability to bring things to pass. This is the product of industry by system or method. It is energy conserved and well directed. It is the art of making every stroke count.

5. Personal manners, engaging address. What is this but the result of close, unselfish adherence to the rules for making a gentleman?

All these qualifications are not easy, it is true, but they are not impossible. It is really your own choosing, young man, whether you will be among the richly rewarded few at the top, or the hungry multitude at the bottom.

Something to Hear in Mind.

Every boy should always bear in mind that he has a name to keep up and a record to keep clean, not alone because it is right to do so, but because he can never tell when some one else may not be looking to him as an example, and may not be tempted to do things unworthy of boys because he does them. There is perhaps just as much evil on the other side of the question—that is, where a young man (or an old one, for that matter) feels that he is continually an example to others, and lives two different lives, one for the benefit of his friends and the other for himself. The example is of no value itself. It is merely that you, living your daily life, entering into sports and into studies at school, can never tell when your school-mates or persons whom perhaps you may never know may not be unconsciously observing your actions, and be accepting them as standards for themselves.

Thus every man and boy and girl is at some time or other, and often frequently, a guide or example for others, and it behooves him or her to bear this in mind from day to day. It should not cause worry; the responsibility of it ought not to weigh anyone down; but the idea that you can do whatever enters your head, provided that in your mind you are satisfied that it is right for you, is not always correct.—Harper's Round Table.

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Derby Cigarettes 5 Cts. Per Package.

Webster's International Dictionary. A Choice Gift for Christmas and other occasions.

Vapo-Cresolene. Whooping Cough, Croup, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Catarrh.

the priest. The prisoner was rejoiced to see the clergyman uninjured. The priest asked him whether he would take the pledge. "Oh," answered the prisoner, "I will take anything!" The priest administered the pledge to him. Then the mayor let him go.

A Cardinal on Gambling.

His Eminence Cardinal Logue, of Armagh, in a letter to the secretary of the Anti-Gambling Association, says: "I believe that of all the evils which threaten the well-being of society at the present day gambling is one of the worst. Unfortunately it is not confined to any one section of the population, but pervades all classes, from the highest to the lowest. The facilities furnished for betting by agencies, bookmakers, newspapers and even by a department of the public service—the postal telegraph—brings the evil home to every fireside. If something be not done to put an end to this pernicious practice it will in fact lead to the ruin, not only of individuals, but of large sections of the community. I believe, however, that it will be quite hopeless to attempt to stamp out this curse among the people while it is encouraged and fostered by the law. It is ludicrous to prosecute and punish the working-man who bets his half crown on the result of a race while the leaders of society can bet their thousands with impunity. If gambling, and particularly betting on horse races, be not swept away, root and branch, any attempt to deal with it among the people will be a mere farce."

Skepticalism—This is unhappily an age of skepticalism, but there is one point upon which persons acquainted with the subject agree, namely, that Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL is a medicine which can be relied upon to cure a cough, remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

Windsor Salt. Purest and Best for Table and Dairy. No adulteration. Never cakes.

The Little Soul. I have read that there once ascended to heaven a little unknown soul, which was permitted to enter immediately without having undergone any fatigue or shed a tear, or suffered a misfortune, or done anything extraordinary. God assigned to it a very glorious place, and a murmur of astonishment passed through the assembly of the saints. All looked toward the Guardian Angel who had borne up the little soul. The angel bowed down before God, and obtained His permission to speak to the heavenly court; and in a voice more gentle than the beating of a butterfly's wing, he uttered these words which all Heaven heard: "This soul has always taken uncomplainingly its share of sunshine, of darkness and of toil, and has never knowingly harbored anything in which there was offence against God." —Louis Veuillot.

CURING DYSPEPSIA

Is Simplicity Itself when Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are Used.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets don't cause feverish over stimulation of the digestive organs. Their effect is to strengthen and re-invigorate the stomach, while they are digesting the food.

In effect, Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets say to the worn-out, exhausted stomach: "You take a day off. Let me do your work for a while; you just take it easy, and rest." Then they go to work, and the effect is marvellous.

The food is digested, dyspepsia disappears, indigestion, heartburn, sour stomach, etc., vanish. The stomach grows strong, healthy, vigorous, able to digest any food supplied to it. The blood becomes pure, the nerves that were shattered by indigestion or dyspepsia become steady and healthy, and the irritable, fault finding man or woman becomes pleasant, genial, and sunny-natured. All because he or she used Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, and the smaller tablets that are in every box.

The manner in which these changes are made is simplicity itself. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets act in place of the stomach till the stomach regains its strength. At the same time they tone it up and nourish it.

Try the treatment yourself. Give your stomach a holiday. Give Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets a chance. They'll positively do the work.

Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets, each box containing a full double treatment, for stomach and bowels, are for sale by all druggists, or will be sent on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, by The Dodd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.