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COMMERCIAL HOTEL, 54 and 56 Jarvis Street, Toronto. This hotel has been recently and furnished throughout.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Palm Sunday. HARDINESS OF HEART.

These words, my dear brethren, are taken from the beginning of the office recited by the clergy on this and the following days, up to Holy Thursday.

"Harden not your hearts." How is it that we harden our hearts? It is by putting off our repentance; by clinging to the world and its pleasures.

But, my brethren, this is a great and a terrible mistake. It may be, indeed, that God in His goodness and mercy has many graces yet in store for us equal in themselves to those which we have neglected.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Legend of the Flight into Egypt. It is the noon of day. A burning sun blazes in an unclouded heaven and darts its pitiless rays on two solitary travellers who pursue their weary way over an Eastern desert.

The first is a man, long past the prime of life, whose appearance betokens one who has earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. His companion is a young maiden, surpassingly fair, who clasps to her bosom an infant of tender age.

The glittering, burning sand scorches their sandaled feet and lies thick upon their garments, while "the broad sun above laughs at their plight." Still on they press; they must not loiter.

The shades of night are falling as when they perceive in the distance a huge rock standing out amid the arid wastes. Though footsore and exhausted they redouble their speed in hope of reaching it before the full darkness of night encloses them, and finding, perhaps, some shelter.

As they draw near, they find it to be a large rock-cave; at its entrance stands a woman with a child in her arms; the child a hideous spectacle, for it is infected with the terrible disease known as leprosy. These inmates of the cavern are the family of a bandit-chief, now, fortunately, away on one of his marauding expeditions. The woman, touched on seeing the pitiable state of the wanderers, brings them into the cave and sets food and drink before them. After they have partaken of the refreshments, she brings water that the young mother may bathe her child. This done, the robber's wife, as if inspired to recognize the heavenly character of her guests—for the poor wayfarers are the Holy Family flying from the rage of Herod—plunges her own child into the basin, and lo! the scales fall from his flesh, and his leprosy is cleansed.

The scene is changed. It is now three-and-thirty years since the incident in the desert-cave.

We are in the streets of Jerusalem, and, following the surging, howling mob that fills them, we come to the Hill of Calvary.

What a sight meets our gaze! There nailed to a rude cross, suspended between heaven and earth, is the Saviour of men, and on either side a malefactor! Though covered with wounds and gore we recognize in that central figure, the Babe, years ago, sheltered in the cave, and in the one on His right hand, the child of the bandit-chief!

What is it stirs the heart of the dying outlaw? Turning his eyes towards Jesus and hearing Him pray for His persecutors, he is filled with contrition and beseeches Jesus to remember him in Heaven. And the dying Saviour, casting on him a look of love and forgiveness, exclaims: "This day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise."

Was it not a magnificent recompense for the kindness given by the mother of that poor, pardoned, glorified sinner, away back on the desert sea?

Thus does the loving Heart of Jesus remember, though He royally repay our poorest, weakest good.

F. C. M.

Little Duties.

"Exactness in little duties," says Father Faber, "is a wonderful source of cheerfulness." The little duties of life are, perhaps, after all, the most trying, just as our small pang-arts are the most excruciating. Great pain we can generally endure with resignation, because it is not continuous; it comes and goes and comes again; or even if continuous—such pain, for instance, as a headache, or the feeling of remorse—we grow accustomed to it, and our nature becomes subdued, like the dyer's hand, to what it works in. Thus there have been whole lives of a slow and almost unremittent anguish. But it is the small and acute agonies that tell most severely and that try human nature to the utmost. There are, for example, the mortifications of our daily existence. There are few natures without pride, and in the rough experience of daily intercourse with humanity a sensitive spot is often wounded. Those who are, in their daily activities, subordinate to others are hurt by an abrupt word or humiliated by the necessity to perform some act that seems beneath their dignity. The tender cuticle is self-love. Every one would be a master if he could; but society is not so constituted, and there must be superiors and inferiors, technically at least; and so there is government and submission and with this condition a susceptibility to irritation.

The little duties are trying in many ways. Generally they are the most important and cannot be dispensed with. There was a suicide once who gave as his excuse that he was tired of the daily abstinence and unbending; the act of putting on his clothes in the morning and taking them off at night had wearied him, as we may suppose, to the degree of insanity. Here was an impatient and indolent spirit. His remark he wished to have taken in a figurative and comprehensive sense; he was not tired of dressing and undressing, but of all the other daily duties in the round of existence, even of eating and sleeping; and so he sought the sleep from which he should not be obliged to get up. The departure of such a man was no loss; he had no conception of the real meaning of life and was not constituted to enjoy its pleasures.

Father Faber implies truly that the little duties may be made a source of pleasure. How? By exactness we may find them a well spring of cheerfulness. Our habit is to do them carelessly—to hate them, in fact—

when by performing them with attention we would find in them a means of genuine gratification and even delight. There is, indeed, hardly a task that may not be made really agreeable, if we will think what it means and why it is done. We do it, however, in a slovenly way, thoughtlessly, and it becomes perfunctory and a bore. There was a celebrated man who said he had never been bored in his life. His was a fine spirit, for he was rich in resources. His mind to him a kingdom was. Every situation is overflowing with suggestion if we will only apply our minds to the consideration of it. And thinking is the keenest of pleasures; but we must think of what we have in hand at that moment.—The Catholic Mirror.

One Hail Mary.

Everyone loved Marie. Her fair, sweet countenance was a faithful index of her unselfish, amiable and generous disposition. Young and old came to her in trouble, and none went away without receiving strength and comfort. The great secret of her power over others lay in her deep spirit of prayer. Prayer was her great resource in every difficulty. And yet her piety was never gloomy. The bright sun of her own native province was scarcely more powerful in diffusing light and warmth than was Marie's presence in causing cheerfulness to reign around her.

Among the others, Madame X—came to beg Marie's assistance in the greatest sorrow a good mother's heart can feel. Her only son, M. Gustave X—, an advocate of brilliant talents and rising fame, had, whilst seeking human learning, lost sight of the divine, and his mother had the grief of knowing that her son's noble mind, leaving the bark of Peter, had drifted farther from the shore of Faith, until it was shipwrecked on the rock of infidelity. He now openly scoffed at God.

"If you would but speak to him, Marie," the poor mother pleaded, "You know no one can resist you." Marie shook her head. "Words would be of no use, dear madame. Your son would argue down the college of Cardinals. Mightier than any human voice must be that which could move his intellect and heart. Prayer is our one, our only resource. Let us both place his conversion in our Blessed Lady's hands. She will do for him what we could not." Madame X—left, wonderfully consoled. She felt rising in her mind the hope that her son would be restored to her, as to the widow of Niam was given back, full of life and strength, the child she mourned as dead.

The long vacation was drawing near. Monsieur Gustave X—determined to pass it in Paris. Before starting he paid a round of visits to all his friends, to offer his services in executing any commissions they might have in the great "Babyton." When he came to Marie a sudden thought flashed through her mind—could she venture?

"I want nothing from Paris, Monsieur," she said, "but there is something I would like greatly, only I don't exactly care to—." Name it, Mademoiselle, and no matter at what cost, it shall be done," interrupted Gustave. "Well, then, she continued, "It is this: There is a church in Paris, called 'Notre Dame des Victoires'; I am anxious for one Hail Mary to be said in that Church for my intention. Will you do it for me?" His brow became instantly clouded. But had he not promised to do anything? "Certainly, Mademoiselle," he replied, stiffly, "I shall do as you request."

"Fool that I was," he muttered to himself as he left the house; "Ought I not to have guessed that the little bigot would have asked for some piece of superstitious foolery? And where am I to get 'Hail Mary,' wonder? My mother taught me some such nonsense long ago, but I suppose if I try, I can manage to remember it."

The vacation passed happily and was almost at an end. All the commissions save one, had been faithfully executed; but that one—!

It was the eve of his departure, and the fulfilment of his hated promise could be delayed no longer. He called a cab and drove to the venerable church. As he entered, he was struck by the air of the recollection visible on the faces of the worshippers scattered throughout the sacred edifice. As to him, he strode with haughty and defiant mien to the altar steps. Everything seemed so strange, yet so oddly familiar. A feeling of peace stole on him; in spite of himself he knelt down to say the prayer.

"Hail Mary!"—he stopped—he seemed to be kneeling by his mother's side in the little church of his own native home in Provence. He fancied he saw before him the venerable parish priest who had prepared him for his first Communion. He then so innocent, so pure, and now!—"Hail Mary!" he recommenced—and as he continued the familiar but long-forgotten prayer, a change came over him. He had lost God, and what had he found? And the strong man wept.

Who could describe the mother's joy at her "prodigal's" return, or her emotion when he said: "yes, mother, thank God I am a Catholic and reconciled to the God I had forgotten for so long. I could not return to you until my soul had been bathed in the saving waters of the sacrament of penance."

One year afterwards, a tall, noble-looking man, with a gentle girl by his side, knelt on the pavement near the Altar of 'Notre Dames des Victoires,' praying fervently. He was Monsieur Gustave X—, and she was his young bride—Marie. They had come as was

fitting, to return their fervent thanks to their good Mother in Heaven, for the wonderful graces she had obtained in answer to "One Hail Mary."

NUNS IN A PEST HOUSE.

Heroic Sisters Nurse the Small-Pox Patients Near Chicago.

Away out on the Black road leading from Chicago stands a low brick building with a wing on either side and a long wooden extension in the rear. People who pass the place walk hurriedly and glance furtively at the little windows and drivers whip their horses when they reach the sign on the gate.

The building is the Cook county pest house. The gates of the fence are firmly locked, for there are one hundred and twenty cases of small-pox in the hospital. No one is permitted to enter the yard unless he comes as nurse or patient. The black ambulance of the health department roll up to the side door from time to time during the day, but people in the street see but little of the pest-stricken sufferers. But they can see the pale faces of the good Sisters of Charity as they hurry to and fro on their errands of mercy. These noble, self-sacrificing women have complete charge and caring for these one hundred and twenty unfortunates. They are assisted by a little old man with a white mustache. His name is Charles Brooker. Nearly all his life has been spent in nursing fellow-creatures. He volunteered his services to the government of Brazil when that Republic was ravaged by yellow fever, and served with great bravery in the epidemics in the south. Brooker is a volunteer at the pest-house. He wears the uniform of the Red Cross society.

I spoke to him as he caught a bundle of clothing from his brother-in-law who stood just outside the fence, says a Chicago reporter. It was an unnecessary question, but I thought the question might allay the fears of the people who have relatives in the hospital.

"What kind of care are the patients receiving?" I asked.

"Better than they could possibly receive at home," replied the old man. "We have a big force of nurses, and the small percentage of death shows how efficient is the work of the Sisters."

Sister Alvina, one of the nurses of the small-pox hospital, died Tuesday night. Contracted disease while caring for patients.

Open as Day.

It is given to every physician, the formula of Scott's Emulsion being no secret; but no successful imitations have ever been offered to the public. Only years of experience and study can produce the best.

Mr. John Anderson, Grassmere, Ont., writes: "The Emulsion you sent me is all gone, and I am glad to say that it has greatly benefited those who have used it. One man in particular says it has made him a new man, and he cannot say too much for its cleansing and curative qualities."

I can highly praise Burdock Blood Bitters because it had a fair trial in my case with wonderful success. My symptoms were dropsy, backache and sleeplessness, and all these disappeared after using two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters. I cannot praise its healing powers too highly.