Dear Christ, Thy coming makes a two-edged Turn in those stricken hearts that, loving Lord,
Murmur against the loss of kindred hands
Passed to the silence of far twilight lands,
O Star, shine clear! O Child of Bethlehem
Eternal rest and comfort give to them!

## FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

ter-

e al-

dem

Three

eii.

ican.

laim

Il-

nts.

Ont.

elling

DACHE

IE

THY.

INC.

MEANS

18

27 M 2 M

onto, Ltd.

ped Ales

BIBSON, Sec-Trea

ER.

IC.

ILK.

ES.

NTO.

Sons,

mbalm-y, ry, 54%,

E, ILOR

et. vards. Tos nanship.

ASS

SON

ion.

Fourth Sunday of Advent.

THE EXPECTATION OF THE MESSIAS Almighty God at various times, my ethren, has repeated and confirmed His promise of a Redeemer who should come to save us from sin and its consequences. Many of these renewals are recorded in Holy Scripture, and as the time of our Lord's coming drew near they became more frequent and more clear. His chosen people, the Jews, were, when He came on the earth, in possession of these prophecies which had been made by holy men who had received them from God; and they not only knew well that the Redeemer was coming, but they knew very nearly the time at which He would come; for this, too, had been quite clearly predicted, especially by the Prophet Daniel. There was, then, no difficulty in their making an act of faith in this promise of redemption ; though many of them, whose hearts were more set on prosperity in this world than salvation in the next, con sidered the promised Redeemer more as one who was to free them from the foreign yoke under which their nation was groaning, than from the far more grievous power which the devil had

got over their souls.

The Jews, then, this chosen and favored people of God, plainly had the means of the forgiveness of their sins and of eternal salvation before our facility agents the earth. After Ha Saviour came to the earth. After He had made Himself manifest, of course the faith which before sufficed them would not answer; for it would no longer be faith in God, but just the contrary, to keep on expecting Him to fulfil a promise which He had evidently accomplished. But before our Lord's appearance the expectation was enough; many of them saved their by means of it, and many more

might have done so if they had chosen The Jews, however, were only a very small part of the people of the world Outside of their little country there were untold millions who had never heard of the special promises made to them, and who could not by any possibility have heard of them. And there are many such still, who have not only never heard of the prophecies made to the Jews, but have no knowledge and no suspicion, so far as we can see, that these prophecies have been fulfilled; who know not the name of Christ, nor anything which He has done for us and among whom even the tradition or expectation of Him has, so far as we can see, been almost, or quite, for-

In Central Africa, for instance, alone there is an immense population whose very existence was unknown to the rest of the world until it was discovered by Mr. Stanley. These savages, sunk in ignorance and sin, have lived there, as did their fathers before them for ages, shut out by their own ferocity from all others around them. No one dared to venture inside their limits; it is not probable that even any of the Apostles of Christ dense as their darkness is, they still have enough of the light of conscience to keep them above the level of the beasts; to show them at least in many things what is right and what is wrong-enough knowledge of God to make them know that some things

please, while others offend, Him. Now, is there any way in which even one among such a people can be saved, before the promise of God and its fulfilment have been distinctly announced to him? Can any one of these or of others like them have been or now be brought to heaven, without having the faith declared to him, without hearing of Christ? We must postpone the answer to this question

## A Beautiful Custom.

In many parts of Norway the birds, as well as human beings, have a merry Christmas. Great bundles of unthreshed grain are brought to the markets on Christmas Eve. These are purchased for a trifle by everyone, whether rich or poor; and taken home, so that the birds may have a grand Christmas dinner. All about the houses are fastened little sheaves of oat straw for the wild songsters that come flocking about in great numbers, and calling to their comrades to com-No one in Norway would be unkind to bird or beast on that blessed And it seems as if the influence of the beautiful habit of feeding the birds at Christmas time lasts all through the year; for the children keep crumbs scattered for their little feathered friends from one Christmas

to another. Singers, public speakers, actors auctioners, teachers, preachers, and all who are liable to over tax and the vocal organs, find, in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, a safe, certain, and speedy relief. A timely dose of this preparation has prevented many a

throat trouble. If your children moan and are restless during sleep, coupled when awake with a loss of appetite, pale countenance, picking of the nose, etc., you may depend upon it that the primary cause of the trouble is worms. Mother Graves's Worm Exterminator effectually removes these pests, at once relieving the little sufferers.

#### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Patsey's Christmas.

BY E. L. D.

He wasn't a picturesque object, for his hair was red and wild, his eyes large and almost wild, his nose pinched and blue, and his face so freckled that it looked as if it had been sprinkled with wet sawdust. His clothes scarcely held together; and his shoes, though joined at the heet, yawned as widely at the toes as Patsey himself was doing; for he was tired and sleepy, cold and hungry, and had nowhere to go for shelter or food.

It was the 8th of December, and the Catholic churches were open for Vespers; for it was in a great seaport and factory town, and as the hands could not get to church till "after hours," the half-past seven bell was clanging as the boy stood looking at the crowd go by

At last he thought: "I'll go too, and keep warm for an hour, anyhow." Not that there was the least feeling of piety; for Patsey had lost his father and mother when he was a wee lad, and had grown up without the least religious instruction, escaping priests and school. He lived by his wits, his favorite haunt being the wharves, where, with kicks and curses, an honest penny was always to be earned by running messages or helping to

haul and pack.
Poor child! he hadn't a friend in the wide world, and though some of the men were kind to him they seldom thought to ask him if he was hungry. Where he slept, and how he spent his Sundays, when the wharves were all but deserted, no one knew; but he had never seen the inside of a church. He was only twelve, and all he re-membered of home or mother was a warm breast, and a pair of strong arms that held him once and rocked him, as he would stammer something about "Hail Mary, full of grace—" Just what it was he did not know or remember; but he used to wonder ften who Mary was, and what "full of grace" meant, and he made a short exclamation of it, shouting,

Mary !" as he played his rough games

and ran about the wharves. Patsey followed the crowd, and found himself inside of a place that was like a fairy land. He had so often heard church, priests, and sermons sworn at and reviled that he had imagined the first like a prison, but he other two were too vaguely alarm ing and disgusting to even shape into thought. Here, though, was a stretch of warm, lighted space, with some thing on the floor that felt very com fortable to his half-frezen feet : ther were stained glass windows, and pic were stained glass windows, and rutures beautifully painted, though what they represented was a mystery to Howaver. Patsey's soul was him. However, Patsey's soul was stirring with its first sentiments of religion; for what he looked at was the Way of the Cross, and the bleeding head and faltering steps of Jesus touched his warm, Irish heart, making him wish he had "been there to worry their heels like a terrier, or help carry that beam on His back." At the end of the church the wonders culminated : for there, rising tier above tier, were lights and lights, until Patsey's eyes were arrested by a pale Figure hanging to a cross, blood trickling from His hands and feet and side, and a crown of something sharp and cruel on

the head. He stood fascinated. But a movepenetrated into their fastnesses to preach the Gospel; to tell them of the way open for the forgiveness of sin. But they are all under the ban of original sin, like the rest of us; and, white, with a circle of stars about her white, with a circle of stars about her original sin, like the rest of us; and, where there was have a daylyness is, they still head. Her hands were stretched out, fully of the saloon, where there was fully of the saloon, where there was head. Her hands were stretched out, with such a look on her face that the ragged gamin pushed on, determined

to see her " near to." The organ pealed, and the psalms were sung ; but after the first start, Patsey returned to his absorbed contemplation of Our Lady's statue. black snake lay coiled at her feet, and he saw that she stood upon its head. He was so glad that he said aloud:
"Ain't she brave, though!" But the organ tones rolled loud just then, and

nobody heard him. Presently the priest came to the rail ing and began to talk with the people. He said a great many words before Patsey listened, but finally he turned to the altar of the Blessed Virgin and said: "Behold your Mother, that tender Virgin full of grace, into whose heart we all can enter; who loves us, heart we all can enter: who loves us, who pleads for us before the throne of God." And, repeating the wonderful story of Calvary, and applying it to the needs and wants of his hearers, he heared them for the love of God and

begged them for the love of God and Mother to be less turbulent, less rough, less wicked in their habits of speech and life. He closed by saying: I do not ask you to say long prayers, for they might be overlooked and for gotton when you come home tired from your hard labors; but I do ask and do beg you will never let a day go by without saying one 'Hail Mary.' Come, say it now with me, and let this

be a beginning. And loud and clear his voice re cited the beautiful prayer. Out of the darkeded mind of the Irish boy memory rushed to meet the words of the priest, and when the people responded with one voice, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us, sinners, now and at the hour of our death," his piping

treble swelled the sound. That was a beginning for him, and every day he faithfully said the prayer, thinking all the while of the weet face and loving hands of the 'Hail Mary" he had seen in the church; and every chance he got he returned there, and sat staring at the fair face, listening eagerly to the sermons for word of her.

One day Patsey ventured to speak to Father Harmer, and soon they were well acquainted. The good priest was greatly surprised to find such a genu-ine heathen on his hands, but he answered all his questions patiently; and many a good "bit" did Patsey have from the old house keeper, and many a dime did he make shoveling snow for the priest's friends.

A few weeks after that first church going, Father Harmer said to him:
'Now, my boy, to morrow is Christ
mas. Come to the early Mass at o'clock, and then stop at my house, to see what I have for you.'

The day wore to night, and the boy held a grand council with himself. hear them sing, and see the torkey-raffle? No; that's too far, and the fightin's bad when the tickets is drawn, and they'll be cussin' and swearin Wull I go to the ingine-house and keep warm? That's far, too, and I might get too warm and sleep late, and miss Mass. I'll go to the shops, and look

nto the windows awhile, anyway. So he trotted about contentedly staring in shop-windows, blowing his fingers when they ached too hard, and running when he got too cold to feel his toes. As he stood near one, about 10 o'clock, a young girl came out loaded with bundles; as she wen toward her carriage, her foot slipped, and, in saving herself from falling, dropped half a dozen of the packages Patsey picked them up, and handed them to her. One was soft, and wrapped in tissue paper. "Oh, my flowers!" she said. "I am so glad! lowers!" she said. Thank you.

Patsey breathed hard and stared. He didn't know enough to say, "You're welcome;" but, as the paper blew side, he saw something he had never een before. "What's them?"

asked. "Flowers," she answered, surprised in her turn ; and she held them down for him to see.

He gasped with delight. Roses o as pale a gold as the hair of the girl nolding them; roses as red as the blood on the cross; and something so purple so sweet, so warm, he shut his eyes and sniffed till the tears came. Would you like to have one?" she

asked, gently. "Oh, very much!" said the boy, breathless with pleasure. "I want to give it to—" and he stopped.

"To whom?"
To the beautiful Mother of God, whose statue is in Father Harmer's church."

The girl's eyes softened; she thought a moment; then: "Yes, better so;"—then, louder, and putting the package in the boy's hands,— Take them all, and give them to

er." Then she was gone.
Off he flew. But the crowds seemed to increase, and he could not " hang on "the cars with his precious package ; the church was at the other end of town, so, hurry as he would, it was after midnight when he reached it. He sat a while on the steps. No; he would not ring at Father Harmer's bell; for he was asleep, and then he did so want to give the flowers himself.

One o'clock. Well, they'd open the door at 4, anyway, and he'd just wait. Up and down walked the faithful child. The moon shone white and frozen, but the wind came up from the lake, and riding on its breath were great black clouds; on and on they crowded from the west, and swallowed the shining disk, and the snow began

always a bright, warm fire, and where occasionally he had been plied with rum or gin till he was wild with the his drunken antics amusing the low crowd gathered there—God forgive them! But he thought, "No if I go there. I'll lose my nosegay, maybe. I won't go. I'll wait now for Mass, and give 'em to her, if I freeze for it." This he shouted out, as if he were answering a question.

Two o'clock, and the streets white with snow. Against the church door crouched a little figure, the head nodding sleepily, the face as blue as death. The snow drifted over it, softly, tenderly. He dreamed, and in his dream he saw a fair and lovely woman clad in shining garments coming toward him; by the hand she led One who hung upon the cross above the altar; His head was erect, and instead of blood, light streamed from the wounds of His hands and feet. Down the aisle of the church they seemed to come, and it shone like the sun. They passed through the doorway, and

stood beside him.
"My child," said the lady—and her voice was sweeter than the organ or the singers' tunes, - "Come!"

With a glad cry, he scattered his flowers at her feet, and clasping her hand, he kissed it reverently.

When the sexton opened the door toward 5 o'clock he saw a sight that made him pierce the night with a startled prayer. He summoned Father who stood for a moment, Harmer, who stood for a modelled blinded with tears; for there lay Pat sey, with a smile of unearthly ance on his face, and strewn about him were violets and roses, and two great lilies lay in his outstretched

As they stood there, the people began to gather; among them the young girl who had given him the flowers She had intended to offer them herself, but for the sake of the Child of Bethlehem she had sacrificed the pleasure She told her story, and, after trying vainly to revive him, they took the little dead lad into the church, and



aid before the altar of the "Hail Mary," his flowers at her feet, and his soul, I think, with God. For who shall say they did not come, those Two of Love and Mercy, to take him home?

Love for the Mother.

There are some pictures too sad almost to look upon, and one of these is to see a wife and mother who has laid her life down for her family, when slowly fading out of sight receiving at last the tenderness — the softened love tones of those most dear to her, for which she had hungered for many a long year. Still, better even so late than not at all, but do you not think with me, it is better to recognize our angels now? Will you not act on this suggestion? I met a beautifu woman the other day who reminded me of a time when at a seaside resort l gave a talk to young girls—this beau-tiful girl had just come to remain a week. I talked that day about our mothers, how much they were to us, for, of course, they could not always be with us, and how we should regret the little attentions we had missed giving them. This beautiful girl, an only child, took it all in: she said she could hardly wait for me to get through. She left on the next train for nome, and startled her mother by her sudden return. Her moth claimed, "What is the matter?" Her mother exmamma," she said, "I have come back to be attentive to you. You won't die, will you, till I am a perfect daugh-ter?" Long after that I met that nother on a train, and she said to me, "I always thought L—— was about as good as she could be, but from the day she returned from the sea that summer she was absolutely perfect." mother has gone on and that daughter is now a mother herself, and she has not to regret that she was not everything a daughter should be to a mother. There are too many daugh ters who act as if their mothers were their servants. I am not talking to mothers just now, or I should say, Be careful! What some might call your unselfishness may ruin your daughter, and she, in turn, ruin others. Let your children have the benefit of the thought that they are to care for you, instead of you being made to care for them. You did care for them when they could not care for themselves, now let them care for you, and you be the strong augel mother to your children; and I hope your children will be the angels of your life, but angels down here need training. The angels in Heaven are represented as doing the will of the Father — let us be as like

## Rash Judgment.

Ladies Home Journal.

them as possible, living glad, obedient, happy lives, and so make this earth

more angelic !- Margaret Bottome, in

We will sometimes meet an intelligent non-Catholic who believes the absurd stories related about the Church. You may tell him that Catholics never pay to have their sins forgiven, and he will not believe you. If you tell him anything of a business nature he ready to accept your word, but when ou declare on your honor that Catholics do not pray to images, buy Indul-gences, or worship the saints, he at once refuses to accept your word. This simple fact should make an im pression upon the minds of such men, who we might believe should be in duced to ask themselves the question, 'Why do I believe that man in busi ness and disbelieve him on matters of

The business man whom you ask to take his own advice on a question of law will laugh at you, but he is just as quick to ridicule the interest you man ifest when you suggest to him the pro priety of consulting some authority on religious affairs, in place of being guided by his own information. guided by his own information. Then he feels his own importance and may be insulted because you question his knowledge of the Bible or his ability to interpret its meaning. He will confess his ignorance of Blackstone, but not his ignorance of St. Paul not his ignorance of St. Paul.

He is not satisfied in deciding for himself what he shall believe, but he insists that his Catholic neighbors really believe things they emphatic ally deny. Such men have no kind words for the one who judges rashly in his business affairs, but they do the same thing every day in spiritual matters, and in consequence are in-clined to undervalue as friends and neighbors their Catholic acquaint ances

# Rheumatism Runs Riot

When there is lactic acid in the blood. Liniments and lotions will be of no permant benefit. A cure can be accomplished only by neutralizing this acid and for this purpose Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine because Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye.

HOOD'S PILLS act easily, yet promptly nd effectively, on the liver and bowels. 25c. and effectively, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

Nothing looks more ugly than to see a person whose hands are covered over with warts. Why have these disfigurements on your person, when a sure remover of all your person, when a sure remover of all warts, corns, etc., can be found in Holloway's Corn Cure?

HEALTH FOR ALL

# TILLOWAY'S PILLS&ONTMENT

Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS.

They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in algeomorphisms incidental to Females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For Chindren and account of the Colnth Ent.

THE OINTMENT

Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumalism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal. FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, Colds, Giandular Swellings and all Skitn Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishmen Manufactured only at Professor HOLLOWAY'S Establishment,
78 NEW OXFORD ST. (LATE 533 OXFORD ST.), LONDON.
And are sold at 1s. 1½d., 2s., 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 2s. and 33s. each Box or Pot, and may be had of all Medicine Vendors, throughout the world.

Purchasers should look to the Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

> To A Dead Bird, BY WILL CARLETON,

How helpiess, now, thy angel painted wing; How tired of death the unaffected grace. That lingers on thy little feathered face: Could any gem that mortals choose to prize Assume to match the radiance of thine eyes? Some man destroyed what ne'er again can be In killing thee.

Say, silent thing:
Hadst thou the heaven invented gift to sing?
Couldst chant a sonnet, undefiled by art.
And thrill and win the chosen of thy heart?
Couldst hush the silent sobbing of the air.
With strains of jeweled laughter, free from care?

One fancies some of God's unsullied glee Went back with thee.

Didst love to fling
Thyself upon the swelling breast of Spring
Didst joy to thread the airy lanes with ease,
or find a swaying throne among the trees?
With dainty prow and firmly planted sail.
Couldst ride along the billows of the gale?
Heaven meant the earth and azure sale

For such as thee.

But, plumaged thing, if deathly splendor can a comfort bring, if but thy body, from its sweet control. May send a message to the restless soul, kej slee; it hath a more than royal bed if thy mausoleum is my lady's head. Thy mausoleum say swains I see. That envy thee!

#### HALE AND HEARTY AT 70.

What "Father" Toull Thinks of Popular Remedy. - Suffered for Twenty Years From Heart Troubles -His Doctor Said he Might Drop Dead at Any Moment-Tells How he Overcame the Trouble.

From the Ingersoll Chronicle,

That a sound mind in a sound body s one of the best and greatest gifts of a kind Providence no one will deny.

Mankind in all ages have sought to
obtain the clixir of life, have hunted
for some means of prolonging health, vigor and vitality-have in fact hoped that they might find

"Some blithe wine Or bright clixir peerless they could drink And so become immertal."

But while man can hardly hope to attain that coveted prize this side of the eternal world, yet it is evident to all who give the subject any consideration, that modern science, skill and education in the treatment of the ills worders in restoring the human body to its original "form divine," and in relieving many sufferers from untold relieving many sufferers from untold probability of the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., that flesh is heir to, have worked worders in restoring the human body misery, bringing them back to health and happiness, and giving them a feeling that life is indeed worth living. A case in point, in our own town, having reached the ears of a reporter of the Chronicle the scribe determined to satisfy his curiosity by calling on the party who had had such a happy experience and investigate for him



elf. He called at the boot and shoe shop of Mr John Toull, King street west, and on entering the building the reporter found "Father Toull," as he is familiarly known in town, busily at work on a pair of shoes for one of his many customers, at the same time humming over to himself the tune of a cherished hymn, for by the way, in his younger days Mr. Toull was considered a good local preacher among the Methodists of this section and frequently filled the pulpits of some of our local churches in the pastor's absence, and he still loves to sing, preach or expostulate on some scripture theme or expostulate on some scripture theme or favorite hymn. The reporter was cordially received, and on making known his business, the old man's countenance brightened and his eyes sparkled with delight. It was interesting to note the fervency with which he volunteered, as he said, for the sake of humanity, to tell what he could of his case, and we will let it be told in his years I was subject to heart trouble and could get no relief, although I had tried almost everything that My

family physician would sometimes give me some medicine that would help me for a short time, but without permanent benefit. He told me I might drop dead at any moment, and I tell you I expected to do so on many occasions. I had heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when they first came, out but I had used so many remedies that I just about lost faith in everything of that kind, and had become resigned to my iate. However, I came in contact with so many that had used Pink Pills, and who assured me that they had been benefitted by their use, that at last I decided to give them a trial also, and several years ago I commenced taking them. I continued their use until I had taken eight boxes, and I am now happy to say that I have never had a symptom of the disease since, and I am convinced that by the blessing of God, Pink Pills cured me. I might also say that last fall I was attacked with rheumatism, which be came so bad that I could scarcely walk from my work to the house, and for a long time I could not get out to church. I tried a number of things recommended to me, but received no good from their use, so I said to my-self one day, Pink Pills did me so much good before for my heart trouble, I'll try them again, so I gave them an-other fair trial, with the result that the rheumatism has all gone out of my bones, and I have not been troubled a bit with it since. Everyone," said the old man, as he waxed warm over the thought of his happy experience, "who knows old 'Father Toull,' knows that what he tells is the truth." After thanking Mr. Toull for his kindness and courtesy, the reporter left the shop with the same opinion as to the truth of his statements, and impressed with the belief that from his rugged, hearty appearance and cheerful dis-position, the old gentleman is still good for many years of a healthful, contented

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest blood builder and nerve restorer known to medical science, and cure when all other remedies fail. If not kept by your dealer they will be Get the genuine ; imitations and sub stitutes are worthless - perhaps dan

Catarrh can be successfully treated only by purifying the blood, and the one true blood purifier is Heod's Sarsaparilla.

Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their hearts content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief, and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

PROTECTION from the grip, pneumonia diphtheria, fever and epidemics is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It makes pure blood, Hood's Sarsaparilla. It makes pure blood, The Best Pills.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parmelee's Pills, and find them by far the best Pills we ever used." For Deli-cate and Debilitated Constitutions these Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

# LOSS OF FLESH

is weakening. You cannot afford to fall below your healthy weight. If you will take Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda when your friends first tell you you are getting thin, you will quickly restore your healthy weight and may thereby prevent serious illness.

Persons have been known to gain a pound a day by taking an ounce a day of Scott's Emulsion. This seems extraordinary; but it is absolutely true.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute! Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and \$1.

DR. WOODRUFF, NO. 185 QUEEN'S AVE.
Defective vision, impaired hearing,
natal catarrh and troublesome throats. Eyes
tested, glasses adjusted. Hours, 12 to 4.