

To the Christ-Child.

BY MARION MITCHELL RICHARDSON.

Dear Christ, Thy coming makes a two-edged sword Turn in those stricken hearts that, loving Lord,

FOUR-MINUTE SERMONS. Fourth Sunday of Advent.

THE EXPECTATION OF THE MESSIAS.

Almighty God at various times, my brethren, has repeated and confirmed His promise of a Redeemer who should come to save us from sin and its consequences.

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.

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 Saviour came to the earth.

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.

Now, is there any way in which even one among such a people can be saved, before the promise of God and its fulfillment have been distinctly announced to him?

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.

Singers, public speakers, actors, auctioneers, teachers, preachers, and all who are liable to overtax and irritate the vocal organs, find in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, a safe, certain, and speedy relief.

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.

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.

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.

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 two were too vaguely alarming and disgusting to even shape into thought.

He stood fascinated. But a movement in the throng pushed him aside, and he saw standing on a blood of shining stone a lovely woman clad in white, with a circle of stars about her head.

The organ pealed, and the psalms were sung; but after the first start, Patsey returned to his absorbed contemplation of Our Lady's statue.

Presently the priest came to the railing 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, who pleads for us before the throne of God."

And loud and clear his voice recited the beautiful prayer. Out of the darkened mind of the Irish boy memorandum 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.

One day Patsey ventured to speak to Father Harner, and soon they were well acquainted. The good priest was greatly surprised to find such a genuine 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 Harner said to him: "Now, my boy, to-morrow is Christmas. Come to the early Mass at 5 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. "Will I go to the 'Robin' now and hear them sing, and see the turkey-rattle? No; that's too far, and the fightin' bad when the tickets is drawn, and they'll be cussin' and swearin'."

"Flowers," she answered, surprised in her turn; and she held them down for him to see. He gasped with delight. Roses of as pale a gold as the hair of the girl holding 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.

"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 Harner's church."

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

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, and 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; but his head was erect, and instead of blood, light streamed from the wounds of His hands and feet.

"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 Harner, who stood for a moment, blinded with tears; for there lay Patsey, with a smile of unearthly radiance on his face, and strewn about him were violets and roses, and two great lilies lay in his outstretched hand.

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

Health for All. HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

THE PILLS. 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 all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages.

HALE AND HEARTY AT 70. What "Father" Toull Thinks of a Popular Remedy.—Suffered for Twenty Years From Heart Troubles.—His Doctor Said He Might Overcome the Trouble.

Rash Judgment. We will sometimes meet an intelligent non-Catholic who believes the absurd stories related about the Church.

Rheumatism Runs Riot. When there is lactic acid in the blood. Liniments and lotions will be of no permanent benefit.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

THE OINTMENT. An infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

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 among 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.