FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Fourth Sunday of Advent.

(Thou shalt call His name Jesus. For He

shall save His people from their sing There is no day, my dear brethren. in the whole year which is so joyfully looked forward to as that which is now looked forward to as that which is now almost dawning on us. Old and young, rich and poor, good and bad, all have some happy memories of Christmas, some bright hopes attached to it, and a warm place in the heart for it. To many, it is true, this joy is only worldly; it is that, perhaps, of having a good dinner, of receiving nice presents, of meeting pleasant friends. Still, even these joys are not displeasing to our Lord; He is not angry if we are happy now, even if it is not altogether for His sake. The only pleasures which The only pleasures which He would deny us are those which come from the breaking of His laws; specially from drunkenness and impurity, which are too apt to prevail in these holiday times.

Still, though He does not grudge us innocent pleasures, He would fain have us think more of the real joy, far above all others, which this beautiful day ought to bring us. This real and lasting joy is that on this day He, the Sayiour of the world first according Saviour of the world, first appeared in it; that He came on this day to free us from sin, to open the way for us to that pure happiness which alone can forever satisfy our souls. And not only to enable us to have a claim by a late repentance to that happiness when we die, but to give us a foretaste of it now; not only to free us from sin in the next world, but to do it now and here.

What is the reason, then, my brethren, that we do not make this the first joy our hearts on Christmas day, as our Lord wishes that we should, in-stead of thinking so much of those others, which should be only remind-There is only one reason possible, and that is, that we do not feel the weight and burden and misery of sin as it really is; that we wish indeed to escape from its punishment, but not from itself; it is because we do not really hate our sins as they should be hated, that it does not fill us with joy to remember that the divine Child was this day born to save

us from them. Yes, this is the reason why we do not feel the joy, which should be our chief one at Christmas, now that the days of innocent childhood are past. We do not hate sin from our hearts; we even cling to it: at best we make compromises with it. Mortal sin, perhaps, we try to avoid, but venial faults do not trouble us; this is the best that can be said for most of what may be called good Christians. And how many there are who come outwardly to hem, but with hearts entirely turned their God, who lies there in cold and poverty for their sakes, pleading with them for His sake to give up their sinful habits! How many go on offending Him at this holy time, without repentance, almost with out remorse!

Hatred of sin; yes, that is what we want if we would be happy at Christmas. And now is the time to learn to hate it. For surely the love of God comes easier to us now, if we will only try to obtain it, than at any other time, unless, perhaps, on Good Friday, when the sacrifice now begun accomplished. And the love of God is the hatred of sin, which is the only thing which He hates, the one cause of all His pain.

my dear brethren, without the joy which should come with it. Do not let this opportunity pass of acquiring that love of our dear Lord which will make you really hate and trample under foot all that offends Him, and which will make you rejoice beyond measure that He has put it in your power to do so. Pray now, at least, that you may learn to love Him; that you may enter into the joy of knowing not merely that He can save you, but that he has saved you, from your sins.

Controversy

No one that loves peace can fail to rejoice over the decline of religious controversy. The day of disputation is waning, and soon controversies and controversial books will be as old fashioned as spelling-bees. The in-tellectual tournaments to which we refer are fast giving place to clear, calm statements, whether made by word of mouth or in books. Sonorous phrases to which no exact meaning can be attached, and verbal skyrockets of all kinds, are no longer employed by speakers or writers who wish to gain a hearing or a reading; and it has come to be generally held that the naked truth when expressed in the indicative mood is most effectual. There never was a time when clear, accurate, unadorned, unimpassioned statements of Catholic belief were more in demand than now. - Ave Maria

The best medical authorities say the proper way to treat catarrh is to take a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsapar-illa.

B. B. B. Cures Sick Headache GENTLEMEN.—Having suffered for a number of years with sick headache I concluded to try B. B. B., and by the time I had used two bottles I was cured, and have not had any symptoms of it since. I can safely recommend B. B. for sick headache.

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The Children's Enemy.

A High Valuation

"If there was only one bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil in Manitoba I would give one hundred dollars for it," writes Philip H. Brant of Monteith, Manitoba, after having used it for a severe wound and for frozen fingers, with, as he says, "astonishing good results."

How They Worked Their Way.

BY MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

IV. -CONTINUED.

"Well, boys," he said, "we'll have to carry this big bully."
They lifted him, and, with some difficulty, carried him into the house.
"Our house seems to be an hospital for the country," Dermot said.
Brian laughed; and then he said, a little nervously."

"I hope they will not come back."
"I hope they will not come back."
"No fear," said Dick.
Jim Windsor was laid on the floor in the kitchen. A dash of cold water

soon revived him.

Dick held the lantern so that the light of the bull's-eye shown directly

into his face. He opened his eyes, passed his hand over his forehead and muttered—
"Where am I?"

Before replying, Dick dexterously knotted his hands and feet together, with a rope. The big bully was unable to move.

"Where am I," he repeated, trying

"In our house," said Dermot, "but if you had your deserts, you would be swimming for your life in the river." The only answer was a growl. "I think we'd better harness the

horse and drive this fellow up to the magistrate's," said Dick. "What do you say, Brian?"
"He may bleed to death."
"He'll never die of bleeding," said

Dick, significantly.
Windsor tried to kick.
"What do youmean," he asked, "by knocking a fellow down when he's

doing nothing?"
"We know where the kerosene is, and we know who Abe is, too," said Dermot. "Well, what are you going to do?

"Give you up to the law. You will soon find out what barn-burning means. "Don't do that," Windsor replied, his face growing whiter. "It would kill my old mother to know her son

was in prison."
"You did not think of the distress you would have put us in, if you had burned our barn, and father sick,

Jim Windsor said nothing. "You'd better make up your mind to suffer the consequences." Windsor shuddered.

"I'll give you the horses you saw me driving the other day, if you let me off. I would not have thought of it, if you had not made me mad by

your superciliousness.
"You've talked against us ever since we came here."
"Well—didn't you tell everybody

that we were all an ignorant set here? We thought Irish Romanists were in-clined to ride a high horse over us, and we found out it was true. You've never had a good word for anybody-I've nothing to say against the family: they didn't have much to say; but I s they thought like you.

"We'll have to consult father before we take him to the court-house," Der mot said. "You, Brian, go and see if he is awake.

He was awake and very anxious He was sitting up in bed.

"Bring the man up here," he said, when Dermot had finished his story. Dermot started in amazement.
"We can't carry him, and we've

tied his legs. "Untie them and let him come." Dermot saw. Do not let this Christmas go by, then, father's eyes that he must obey.

Mr. Beresford sank back in bed. The light from the lamp by his bedside fell on his pale face, and on the large crucifix nailed against the wall. Mrs Beresford, who had gone out to quiet the frightened girls, came in.

Dick took out his pistol, when Mr. Beresford's message was given to him,

and untied the ropes.

Windsor marched sullenly upstairs, with the boys following him. He hesitated to enter the room, starting back at the sight of Mr. Beresford's white

"Come in," Mr. Beresford said. Dermot pushed past Windsor, and the four entered the room. Mr. Beresford looked at Windsor with feverishly bright eyes.

"I didn't know you were so sick; or I wouldn't have done it," Windsor began; then, catching sight of the crucifix, which he had only seen before in pictures of the Inquisition, he stopped, with a look of what seemed to be fear in his eyes.

"Don't be afraid," said Mr. Beresford, with a gentle smile, "that is the representation of Our Lord whom you have offended to night. But He can forgive you, and I will not do less than

try to forgive you." "Mr. Beresford," said Jim Windsor, "I don't want to hear any talk. I know I'm in your power and I've done what I wouldn't have done in cold blood, if I had thought much about it. suppose the disgrace of being sent to prison will drive my old mother to the grave; but I don't suppose you care about that. I was drunk to night and it made me mad to think of how your son here had laughed at me, so I said to Abe Jenkins, we'll burn out the Papists' nest. Enough said. I don't want to hear any talk about religion. It's bad enough to be in a scrape with-out being talked to about it." Windsor

cast his eyes down sullenly, and put his hand up to his bandaged head. "That knock sobered me. I'd give all I'm worth to be out of this box. The farm will go to ruin, if I go to jail, and what's to become of my old mother I don't know." His voice mngers, with, as he says, "astonishing good results."

Minards' Liniment is used by Physic-lans.

It is not what we say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story of its merit. When in need of medicine remember ically, as if ashamed of his emotion.

"Well, let's get the worst over

There's no use standing here."
"Windsor," said Mr. Beresford,
"you don't like Catholics?"
"I haven't much reason to, have I?" answered Windsor, with a jerk of his

elbow towards the boys.
"You've gotten Job Fitts' father in-"You've gotten Job Fitts' father in-to bad ways lately, haven't you?"

"It's none of your business. Job's father wouldn't drink so much if it wasn't for me. I'll admit that." The boys wondered what this

"I want you to promise you will not drink at the tavern with old Fitts, and that you'll encourage him to save his money and live like a Christian.'

leading to.

Windsor laughed hoarsely. "Your father's gone crazy," he said, turning to the boys. "I'll not have much chance to drink in jail."
"But, if we agree to let you off, and

to keep quiet?"
Windsor looked at the white face on

"Indsor looked at the white face on the pillow, in amazement.

"Does he mean it, boys?"

"I suppose he does," said Dermot, with some dissatisfaction in his tone.

"I'll promise anything," said Winsor earnestly, "if you'll let me off, and I'll say, Beresford, that you'll never tegret it. I'll say, that

regret it. I'll say that you are a Christian, if you are a Catholic."

"They're the same thing, neighbor. I can't look at the crucifix without wanting to forgive you. You can go now. We'll keep quiet — all of us. But I say, Windsor, I want you to help Fitts, and, if I die, I hope you'll do the children, a good turn if you can?" children a good turn if you can."

Windsor turned away. Tears rushed to his eyes. He shook the boys' hands, and made an awkward bow to Mrs. Beresford.
"I haven't deserved this," his voice

broke. He went towards the door. "I didn't expect it. Nobody else around here would have done it."

greatest of the commandments. We show that we love Him, and that we love them."

'Don't preach," answered Brian, yawning, and going into his room.
"Father is a good Catholic and no

After this, there was a change in the attitude of the people to the Beresfords.
Job Fitts' word did not go for much,

were given.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Caution to Young Men.

Young men that are making their start in life (for as to the old it does not matter so much) cannot be too earnestly warned against all connection with an underground society profess ing the aims of the A. P. A. The brief and ignominious career of its predecessor of the last generation is full of instruction to all who are capable of learning the lessons of political history. * * The Know Nothing party was routed and broken. In vain some of its more astute leaders sought to reorganize it as an open, daylight party, and to divest it of its obnoxious sectarian features. But the stigma attaching to a dark-lantern political conspiracy could not be re-moved. Its dupes deserted by thousands; its secret meetings in barns and under culverts were abandoned in shame, and the organization dissolved as rapidly as it had risen.

There is in the condition of the country no more reason for the A. P. A. in the aims of this organization had been entirely praiseworthy and desirable, secret, skulking, oath-bound political organizations are utterly repugnant to the manly spirit of American insti-tutions.—Philadelphia Record.

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IT IS NOT what we say he what the day.

A PASTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

The Troubles of a Canadiau Clergyman.—At-tacked With a Disease Unknown to Physi-cians—He Had Almost Given up Hope When the Hand of Relief was Stretched Out to Him.

clans—He Had Almost Given up Hope When the Hand of Relief was Stretched Out to Him.

Rev. S. J. Cummings, the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Delevan, New York, has had an experience that makes him one of the most talked of men in Cattaraugus county. To a reporter of the Buffalo News, who called npon him, Mr. Cummings made the following statement, which he put in the form of an affidavit:

"In a sun now feeling so well that I am entering on a sun now feeling so well that I am entering ing to wos of special meetings, and am returning to woo of special meetings, and am returning to the sun of t

broke. He went towards the door.

"I didn't expect it. Nobody elsa around here would have done it."

He went out onto the landing. He came back and put his head through the door-way.

"If your cross makes you do this sort of thing, I'll put up one myself. Don't be uneasy about Fitts."

He went down the stairs as gently as he could, and they heard him close the front gate.

"He's a dangerous man," said Dermot.

"We've turned him," answered his father. "We've had the best revenge any man can take. Good-night, boys. Jim Windsor will not try to burn another barn."

The boys said good-night. Mr. Beresford had done a bold thing. They would have given Windsor up to the law. But in consultation, they—even including Dermot—admitted that Mr. Beresford had made a friend, and perhaps, a better man of Windsor.

"After all," said Dick, thoughtfully, "if we make better men of ourselves and of our neighbors, we fulfill the greatest of the commandments. We show that we love Him, and that we love them."

He went out onto the landing. He day of September, 1883. JOHN HUNT. Notary Public.

Drugsists everywhere bear witness to the sa taken upon the public, and to the vast good thousands of grateful people like Rev. Mr. mold this wonderful Canadian medicine has taken upon the public, and to the vast good thousands of grateful people like Rev. Mr. mold this wonderful Canadian medicine has taken upon the public, and to the vast good thas accomplished in relieves from its use, often after skilled physical thousands of grateful people like Rev. Mr. How an accomplished in relieves from its use, often after skilled physical thousands of grateful people like Rev. Mr. How an accomplished in relieves from its use, often after skilled physical thousands of grateful people like Rev. Mr. How an accomplished in relieves from its use, often after skilled physical thousands of grateful people like Rev. Mr. How accomplished in relieves from its use, often after skilled physical thousands of grateful people like Rev. Mr. How accomplished in relieved

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but in the discussions at the village grocery store, Jim Windsor's went for a great deal. Whenever the subject of religion came up, Windsor always said a good word for Catholics in his own way.

"I don't care for what the Catholics used to be. I suppose they have been the discussion of the skin of the control of the con

"I don't care for what the Catholics used to be. I suppose they have been good, bad, and indifferent. I take 'em as I find 'em, and I don't want to know any better people than the Beresfords."

This had its effect. The little neighborly offices which Mrs. Beresneighborly offices which Mrs. Beres

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