

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS. Third Sunday of Advent.

SELF-INDULGENCE. "Let your modesty be known to all men." (From to day's Epistle.) Similar to Mid Lent Sunday, called "Laetare," or "Be joyful" Sunday, this Mid Advent Sunday is named "Gaudete," which also means "Be joyful."

The Apostle, therefore, means to warn us against immoderation, excess, which is both irrational and irreligious, and the sign of mental and spiritual weakness. The sin of excessive sensual enjoyment is the glaring vice of these days.

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Brethren, it is high time that we Catholics, who have the example of Christ to set before the world, should sober up and take a good, Christian, Catholic pledge against these drunken excesses.

A Great Man and His Mother.

Many touching anecdotes are told in the artistic circles of London and Paris concerning Gustave Dore, the eminent painter, and his mother, Madame Dore was, it appears, a plain, quiet woman, who did not shine in society;

So strong was this comradeship between them that when she died Dore insisted that she had not left him; that she was still in the house, and, unseen by others, bore him company.

It is often a mystery how a cold has been "caught." The fact is, however, that when the blood is poor and the system depressed, one becomes peculiarly liable to diseases.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Secret of the Saints.

To play through life a perfect part Unnoticed and unknown, To seek no rest in any heart, Save in God's heart alone;

Up on the brow to bear no trace Of more than common care, To write no secret in the face For men to read it there;

Oh! 'tis a pathway hard to choose, A struggle hard to share; For human pride would still refuse, The nameless trials there;

Love for Mother.

A sudden pull at the gong, a hurried throwing back of the door, and there in the vestibule of the rectory stood two flushed, breathless girls.

"A person is dying! Tell the priest, please, to come at once. There's no time to be lost."

In the shortest possible time I reached the parlor, with oil stocks—though not with the Blessed Sacrament—ready to accompany the two callers. They were so excited that they could hardly tell the street and number.

"Oh, Father! please hurry. Jennie is dying! She wants to see you. She begged us so piteously to bring you. Won't you try to get there in time? Oh, do, Father."

We were already outside the door hurrying to the dying Jennie's bedside. I followed the girls, cutting across corners and streets regardless of pavements, looking out only for the shortest distance.

I was soon on the granite steps of a large three-story house, on a much frequented street. The bell had scarcely sounded before the door flew open and I stood inside, where a matronly-looking gray-haired woman, holding the door with one hand, pointed with the other up the stairway.

This was the room. Several persons were there—some kneeling, some standing; one was fanning the patient, while another was offering reviving spirits. There on the bed lay Jennie, gasping for breath, and at intervals coughing convulsively.

She slowly opened her eyes and for a moment seemed bewildered; then recovering herself she stretched out her hands and drew me close to her lips and whispered, for her voice was very weak:

"Oh, Father! Father, I'm suffering so much! Won't you help me? It's so hard to be patient—and—and—I'm dying!"

Feeling that there was no time to be lost, I told her that I had come to anoint her and give her the last absolution, asking her at the same time to try and make an act of contrition for the very bottom of her heart.

The question startled me, but I quickly remembered that she had not yet received Holy Communion. So answering the question she had asked in the simple faith of her innocence, I said: "But wouldn't you like to go to Holy Communion before dying?"

It was with embarrassment that I explained how, in my haste to reach her bedside in time, I had not brought the Blessed Sacrament with me. Inspired with some unaccountable, some superhuman, assurance, I promised her she should receive Communion, if she would try to bear her sufferings patiently for a few hours, for her crucified Saviour's sake.

promise was given willingly, joyously. Meanwhile she had wonderfully revived. She now spoke with ease, something she had not done for two days.

Shortly before 6 o'clock I was in her room again, and had brought the Blessed Sacrament with me. I was startled when I saw her, so great was the change for the worse. Only a few hours ago I had left her so bright, but now she was apparently in the last extremity.

At the last words the hard breathing ceased, the eyes opened, a delicate flush tinged her cheeks, the eyes grew bright, and, clasping her hands, she cried out exultingly: "God, my God, be thanked."

I gave her the benefit of sacramental absolution, and then administered the Viaticum. For many minutes after I joined with her in prayers and ejaculations of thanksgiving.

"Father, O Father, may I die—now?"

She was waiting for the word of obedience. I asked if she were perfectly resigned, if she had no wish, nothing to be satisfied before dying. There was hesitation, but on pressing the question, she answered:

"Yes, Father; I have one sad thought in dying. It is my mother. How good she is, and yet—here her voice grew thick—she never goes to church, and has not attended to her religious duties for many a year.

I told her how powerful with God are the prayers of children for their parents, particularly if said for their spiritual reformation. I assured her that the prayers she told me she had offered for her mother's conversion would be answered in God's good time and bring back her mother to Him.

"Oh, Father, will that be a prayer, and do you think God will hear it? Then willingly do I give up my life for her—for my poor, dear mother!"

I assured her that God would be pleased with her offering, and together we then made the gift of her life to God for her mother's conversion. The sacrifice had been made and there was calmness in her heart. The face was peacefully happy as she said:

"Now, Father, I leave my mother in God's hands, and I want to go to Him—always—forever."

She lingered on the last words as if the vision of the supreme happiness appeared to her. Then casting her eyes on the crucifix she held in her hand and lovingly contemplating it, she impulsively turned towards me with tears in her eyes and pleadingly asked:

"May I die now, Father?"

"Yes, now you may die," was my answer. I have often seen the expression of intensest joy depicted on the countenances of persons who have received some sudden good news or were told of some unexpected good fortune that had fallen to them, but it was nothing like the happy gladness that I saw in Jennie's sweet face when I gave her my reply.

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Three months after Jennie had been laid to rest, I was summoned to the reception room.

"You do not remember me, Father, I suppose?" somewhat timidly said a woman dressed in black. "You attended my Jennie when she was sick and—"

"Oh, yes, I remember," I said. "I am in trouble, Father," she went on. "I've been thinking of her almost all the time for the past two days, and last night I couldn't sleep on account of her."

"I remembered Jennie's sacrifice, and simply said: 'Yes; I think Jennie does want something from you, and that something is not prayers nor Masses for herself, but for you. Jennie wants your return to God.'"

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

THE YOUTH WHOM JESUS LOVED.

(TAKEN FROM ST. MARK X, 18)

The bright, Eastern sun smiles upon a gladsome scene. All nature decked in richest robes triumphantly rejoices.

Under a gnarled tree that stretches out its old arms lovingly, stands one the object of all this incense of nature. He is clad in poor and humble garments, but naught can dim the sweetness, the gentleness, the love of that divine countenance, or cloud the tenderness and pity in those wondrous eyes, sad yet so unpeppably commanding.

They are now beaming gently on the youth kneeling at His feet, a youth "proud in the flush of morning gloaming," whose delicately curved nostril, proudly flashing eye, and rich dress proclaim his noble lineage.

"Good Master," he says, "what shall I do that I may receive life everlasting?"

Low, soft, and sweet, like the music of rippling waters over silvery pebbles, comes the answer.

"If thou wilt enter into life keep the commandments."

"But, My Lord, this have I done from my youth."

And Jesus looking at him, loved him, and said, "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell what thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come follow Me."

A holy light burns for a moment in the young man's eye transfiguring the whole countenance with a celestial beauty, then the fire burns low, it dies out and he turns away from that divine face, so full of love and sorrow, he turns away because "he was very rich."

And the trees sadly moan, and whisper, and the hills take up the echo, and cry it with a mighty voice, for "he was very rich."

The scene has changed. In Jerusalem persecution is raging, the blood of Christians flows on every side.

Still with the flesh of youth upon his cheek, he seeks here to expiate his infidelity, seeks to give his life for his Saviour, but twain vain, when the palm was almost in his grasp he was saved, because, alas! "he was very rich."

The scene has changed again. I see before me a man no longer in the first pride of youth, his eye is dimmer than of yore, but illumined now by a holy ray of patient hope. He is before the tribunal again, once more the coveted palm is almost his. Once more it eludes him, and sadly he is led back to taste anew the vanity of life, and sigh, and weep, "because he was very rich."

And now he is a man, old and hoary, the form once so upright is bent with the weary blasts of life: the frost of many a winter has silvered the locks and dimmed the brightness of those eyes that were wont to flash so proudly; the step is faltering and feeble as he is led before the Roman Prefect. Surely now, the palm will be his; surely, it is within his grasp! Alas! before the executioner had time to fulfill his dread office the soul of him whom Jesus had loved was standing before the judgment seat.

The martyr's palm was not for him who in youth had turned from the Good Master "because he was very rich."

"Satisfactory Results." So says Dr. Carlett, an old and honored practitioner, Belleville, Ontario, who writes: "For Wasting Diseases and Scrofula I have used Scott's Emulsion with the most satisfactory results."

Fever and Ague and Bilious Derangements are positively cured by the use of Parrelle's Pills. They not only cleanse the stomach and bowels from all bilious matter, but they open the excretory vessels, causing them to pour copious effusions from the blood into the bowels, after which the corrupt mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

Thos. Sablin, of Eglington, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Holloway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise.

POOR DIGESTION leads to nervousness, chronic dyspepsia and great misery. The best remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

AGAINST SECRET SOCIETIES.

A Toledo paper recently sent out a circular to prominent men in all walks of life and in all parts of the country upon the subject of secret societies.

The persons selected were requested to answer the following questions:

1. Do you approve of secret orders on general principles? 2. Are they or are they not inimical to the stability and permanence of our Government, and if so, why? 3. Do you think it an advantage or a disadvantage to a man in business, social and political life to be a member of such an organization? 4. Which of the existing orders, if any, do you deem it most advisable for a young man to join?

Mr. Henry Clews, the great New York banker, surprised the paper by writing a long and elaborate reply, in which he discussed secret societies in general and secret societies in particular. Speaking generally he said: "No matter how pure their original intentions have been, they have eventually degenerated far beneath their beneficent purposes. In many instances they have become so powerful that society, by an instinct of self-preservation, has hurled them from the tyrannical eminence that they have usurped in the name of liberty. I do not, therefore, approve of secret orders, because I believe them wrong in principle. In any country possessing manhood suffrage, secret orders in politics can hardly prove otherwise than detrimental to the best interests of society and of liberty." He said, further: "Know-nothingism still exists under various names, and is opposed to the nation's best interests. In conclusion he remarked: "I trust that, in response to your interrogatories, I have now made it plain to you that I do not consider it an advantage on the highest moral and social grounds for a man to be a member of a secret organization."

Ex-Senator John James Ingalls of Kansas gave the following concise and explicit answer to the four interrogatories: "In reply to yours I would say that I am unalterably opposed to secret political organizations for any purpose, believing such organizations to be wrong in principle, un-American and dangerous to civil liberty and constitutional government." The pious Wannamaker says that he is not a member of any secret organization, after the manner of Elijah the Seedsman. He thinks that young men should join some church society, which is not a bad suggestion.

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons expressed himself clearly and unequivocally in opposition to secret societies. He said: "I most certainly do not approve of secret orders on general principles. I deem them most unquestionably inimical to the spirit of free institutions, and they are therefore a menace to the permanence and stability of our American government. No one need accept this statement on my mere dictum. The experience of all nations has proven it to be beyond the possibility of controversy. With constitutional methods always available, as they are in this country, there can be no possible excuse for the existence of secret orders of any kind. That which is wrong in principle cannot be beneficial, and it must therefore follow, as certainly as the night follows the day, that it cannot be an advantage to a young man just starting in life, either in business, society or politics, to be a member of a secret order."

One more representative view may be selected. Right Rev. Henry W. Warren, a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, wrote candidly as follows: "You can best judge of my opinion of secret orders by my own course in life. I have belonged to several such organizations, including the Free Masons. I do not belong to any of them now, and shall never belong to any secret society again, save one, which has only two members—namely, myself and my wife. A young man just starting in life, or any other young man, cannot do better than to join such a secret society as that, provided he can find the right dirt to share its secrets with him, and he will find it a very great advantage to belong to such a society—financially, socially, politically and every other way. Your question and the answer I have given remind me of a story of a young lady who was urged to join a secret society called the Daughters of Temperance. She evidently regards secret societies as I do, and, being engaged to be married at the time, she very sensibly made answer: 'It is quite unnecessary for me to join any organization of 'daughters,' as I am about to join one of the sons in a few weeks.'

Educated, enlightened and self-respecting men of all classes and creeds are opposed to dark lantern methods and to the men who employ them. It is only with the ignorant that secret societies are popular.—Boston Republic.

A GRATEFUL LETTER.

A Prince Edward Island Lady Speaks for the Benefit of her Sex.—Had no Appetite, was Pale and Easily Exhausted—Subject to Severe Spells of Dizziness, and other Distressing Symptoms.

Tignish, P. E. I., May 30, 1895. To the Editor of L'Impartial:

Dear Sir,—I see by your paper the names of many who have been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I feel that I ought to let my case be known, as I am sure that many women might be benefited as I have been. For a number of years I have been almost an invalid. I did not know the nature of my malady. I had a tired feeling, being exhausted at the least exertion. I had no appetite and was very pale. I sometimes felt like lying down never to rise. A dizziness would sometimes take me causing me to drop where I would be. During these spells of dizziness I had a roaring sound in my head. I took medical treatment, but found no relief. My husband and father both drew my attention to the many articles which appeared from time to time in your paper concerning the cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. At first I had no faith in them, in fact I had lost faith in all medicines and was resigned to my lot, thinking that my days were numbered in this world. Finally, however, I consented to try the Pink Pills. I had not taken them long before I felt an improvement and hope revived. I ordered more, and continued taking the pills for three months, and I must say that to day I am as well and strong as ever, and the many ailments which I had are completely cured. I attribute my complete recovery to the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and hope by telling you this that others may be benefited by them.

Mrs. William Perry.

After reading the above letter we sent a reporter to interview Mrs. Perry and she repeated what she had already stated in her letter. Her husband, William Perry, and her father, Mr. J. H. Lander, J. P., and fishery warden, corroborated her statements.—Ed. L'Impartial.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People make pure, rich blood, restore shattered nerves and drive out disease. They cure when other medicines fail, and are beyond all question the greatest life-saving medicine ever discovered. Sold by all dealers, but only in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Pills offered in loose form, by the hundred or ounce, are imitations and should be avoided, as they are worthless and, perhaps, dangerous.

A Significant Departure. With the departure of another year when a review is made of the condition of affairs, it is only right that some thought be given to the physical body which enables everyone to battle with life's problem and figure for themselves the profit or loss on the trial balance sheet. Though the bank account may be large and each one's material gain be great, it would not be surprising if it suddenly dawned upon many that good health has been greatly impoverished by the low condition of the blood. It is in this state that the lactic acid in the vital fluid attacks the fibrous tissues, particularly the joints, making known the local manifestations of rheumatism. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla the great blood purifier, a positive and permanent cure for rheumatism.

Strange, but True. The child that cannot digest milk can digest Cod-liver Oil as it is prepared in Scott's Emulsion. Careful scientific tests have proven it to be more easily digested than milk, butter, or any other fat. That is the reason why puny, sickly children, and thin, emaciated and anæmic persons grow flesh so rapidly on Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites when their ordinary food does not nourish them.

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