## FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Third Sunday of Advent.

SELF-INDULGENCE. Let your modesty be known to all men. (From to day 8 Episue.)

Similar to Mid Lent Sunday, called
"Laetare," or "Be joyful" Sunday,
this Mid Advent Sunday is named "Gaudete," which also means "Be joyful." Lent and Advent are penitential seasons, but our holy Catholic religion is one of supreme happiness, and constantly inspires and exhorts us to rejoice in the Lord always, to perform even our acts of humiliation and penance with cheerful hearts. The Apostle is careful to add: Rejoice modestly; that is, in moderation, temperately. Do not exceed the bounds of

TH.

ater.

96 is en up cover,

re al-

ITS

Three

peii. ft. A

tican.

ds. A tory of in pa-

Claim.

g Il-

Greater

eanor,"

ents,

will get

Ont.

ARS

20.0

ped Ales

ec-Tres

ISS

SON

ONS,

LOR

rds. The

ES.

velling

Christian propriety and self-restraint. Enjoy your life reasonably, but never in such a way as to end in the loss of control over your senses. It is shameful and sinful for a Christian to let his senses get the better of him. 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 senweakness. The sin of excess of the sual enjoyment is the glaring vice of these days. See what numbers of otherwise faithful Catholics—to say nothing of the crowds of unbridled, licentious pagans among whom we live -who dress, eat, drink, build or live in fine residences, read books and newspapers, amuse themselves in theatres, at games of strength or chance, greedily heaping up riches, and seeking their joy in life in all these things in such a way that it is plainly known to all men of sober mind and reflection that they put no restraint upon their senses. In many of these acts of life we mourn to see thousands who are as drunk as any drunkard on beer or liquor. When one's senses get the upper hand of his reason then he is drunk. Look at that immoderately dressed-St. Paul would say, immod estly dressed — maid servant, work woman, young clerk or salaried busi ness man. I say they and the like of them, even many rich men and women, are drunk on dress. Again there are plenty who may be said to be drunk on houses and furniture, it is all so luxuri ous, so sensual. Just look over the news stands, which are the saloons of the reading drunkards, and you will see plenty of evidence that we have a vast army of such inebriates. Ride in the cars. What do you see all around you? School boys and school girls, children as well as old men and women, the poor and the rich, all getting drunk on the debasing, intoxi-cating literary drams they have bought at the news-stand saloons.

Look at the great placards of amuse ment saloons posted all over the fences or rather, don't look at them if you have enough Christian sense of dec left in you to make you blush! Think of the enormous crowds in those packed theatres, night after night, drunken as fools over the beastly, immodest shows, which their eyes and ears are drinking in. Look at the horse - racing, the stock - broking, money-gambling; at the prize fighting much of the popular games of ngth. If you want to look, and strength. looking grieve over, the sight of a lot of people drunk with delirious excess of sense excitement, as un Christian, as wholly a pagan sight as ever was looked upon, go and look at them.

it is high time that we Brethren, 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. We are Christians, drunken excesses. We are Christians, let us rejoice like such, and not be like the heathen, who knows not God. Let the divine and the spiritual in us always keep the mastery over the animal and sensual. The miserable drunkard staggering out of the liquorsaloon is not the only drunkard who needs reformation in these days.

# 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: but she had a keen sympathy with her famous son, and showed infinite tact in dealing with him. After her husband's death she lived with Gustave. He never married because, he said, he "always compared all women with his mother, and they fell far short of her. She made herself his companion in every way; studied art that she might understand his work ; read the books and newspapers that he liked, and made his friends her friends. When he was tired he would jump up from his work and call to her, and they would take long rambles often through the rain or night. "No I will have none of you!" he often said to his friends. "My mother is the best comrade I have!

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.

He remained but a few years after her, and his belief in her presence strengthened as he drew nearer to the There was no morbid grief at her loss. She was always there, cheerful and loving, his best friend and comrade.—Donahoe's Magazine.

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. When the appetite or the strength fails, Ayer's Sarsaparilla should be taken without

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Secret of the Saints. To play through life a perfect part Unnoticed and unknown,

Unnoticed and unknown,
To seek no rest in any heart,
Save in God's heart alone:
In little things to own no will,
To have no share in great,
To find the labor ready still, And for the crown to wait

Upon the brow to bear no trace
Of more than common care,
To write no secret in the face
For men to read it there;
The daily cross to clasp and bless
With such familiar zeal
As hides from all, that not the less
The daily weight you feel;

Oh! tis a pathway hard to choose,
A struggle hard to share:
For human pride would still refuse,
The nameless trials there:
But since we know the gate is low
That leads to heavenly bliss,
What higher grace could God bestow
Than such a life as this!

### 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 Biessed Sacrement—ready to accompany the two callers. They were so excited that they could hardly tell the street and number. Their eyes were red with tears and they were wringing their hands, and as soon as they caught sight of me, they bounded in a rush towards me, and stretching out their arms as if they were about to drag me with them, both cried out at the same time:

"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. It was after 10 o'clock night, and the feeble light from the miserable gas lamps caused many a mis-step in our reckless haste, while a number of passers-by stopped short in their course to look after us in wonderment. A policeman, standing on the corner of a street in the shadow of a gaslight, looked on us suspiciously as if our hurried pace meant an evil flight.

I was soon on the granite steps of a large three story house, on a much fre-quented street. The bell had scarcely ounded before the door flew open and stood inside, where a matronly look ing gray haired woman, holding the door with one hand, pointed with the other up the stairway. Following the direction, I mounted and on the landing met a young girl in tears, who motioned to a room towards the front. Feeling that this was the room of the dying Jennie, I dropped my hat and top-coat and entered.

This was the room. Several persons were there — some kneeling, some standing; one was fanning the patient, while another was offering re-viving spirits. There on the bed lay Jennie, gasping for breath, and at in-tervals coughing convulsively. Her eyes were closed and her wavy hair spread over the white pillow. hands were twitching alternately with the crucifix which she held and the counterpane which covered her. Her face and hands were emaciated and the skin so thin and white and clear that it was almost transparent. Youth and beauty were strikingly stamped on her features, but there was on her countenance a sweet, placid grace that told of inward beauty of soul and made me realize the presence of God's angels in the death chamber. Evi dently consumption would claim its vic tim in a few moments. I stooped and said in her ear: "The priest is here, my child, and brings you God's bless-

She slowly opened her eyes and for a moment seemed bewildered; then re-covering 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

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 from the very bottom of her heart. I heard her confession, and administered the extreme unction and gave the last blessing. When I had fin-ished I bent down to her ear to say words that would suggest thoughts of sorrow for sin and confidence in God's serrow for sin and connuence in God's mercy. Just then a sudden change came over her wan features, and a smile—beautiful with some hidden, holy thoughts—lit up her thin, white face, and she said: "Father, may I dia new?"

die now?" The question startled me, but I quickly remembered that she had not vet received Holy Communion. 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?"

"Oh, yes, Father! Mayn't I gonow?" 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. The Masses for herself, but for you.

promise was given willingly, joy-

Meanwhile she had wonderfully revived. vived. She now spoke with ease, something she had not done for two days. Manifestly the sacraments had brought her temporal benefits along with the spiritual, while the hope of receiving the Blessed Sacrament was infusing new vitality into the wellnigh exhausted body. I felt now no misgiving about her living long enough to realize her desire, and on leaving her L told her L would come leaving her I told her I would come back in the morning after I had said

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. The same distressing, gasping and convulsive coughing as when I first saw her showed the narrow thread on which life was holding for support. Going to her bedside I bent over her and said: "My child, the priest is here. It is Father H—. has brought the Great Consoler He with him.

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 adminis-tered the Viaticum. For many min-utes after I joined with her in prayers and ejaculations of thanksgiving. The tender and confiding love, the deep humility of this young girl, her fervent aspirations to the Sacred Heart, made me realize, as I never realized before, how fully God takes possession of the heart after a good Communion. The little consumptive Jennie was surely near the eternal gates of Heaven. When least expecting it, she stretched out her thin white hand and drew me close to her lips. The words came faintly:

"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. Dear, poor, mother! If she would only promise me to go to the sacraments, I'd die happy. But she won't promise. die happy. But she won't promise. God pity my dear, poor mother!" This was said in a tone of pitiful sadness.

I told her how powerful with God are the prayers of children for their particularly if said for their parents, 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. But there was one more prayer, one sacrifice, I said, that would be most acceptable to God-the sacrifice of her I asked her to offer her life for her mother. It was a new light in her mind, and the joy this new thought caused was manifest, as she eagerly said:

"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 She lingered on the last words as it 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 re ceived some sudden good news or were told of some unexpected good fertune that had fallen to them, but it was nothing like the happy gladness that shone in Jennie's sweet face when I gave her my reply. Clasping her hands and raising them toward Heaven, she closed her eyes and prayed: Jesus, may my eyes never see any-thing until they open on thee in Heaven forever-forever!" Her prayer was granted.

Three months after Jennie had been laid to rest, I was summoned to the re-

ception-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

"Oh, yes, I remember," I said. "I am in trouble, Father," she went in. "I've been thinking of her alon. "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. She seemed to want something from me. Won't you please say some Masses for her? Perhaps she on.

wants prayers. I remembered Jennie's sacrifice, and simply said: "Yes; I think Jennie does want something from you, and that something is not prayers nor



nie wants your return to God." It was the one word needed, the one

word she had been waiting for. burst into tears, which ceased to flow only after she had made her peace with God by confession. She went home re-lieved of her trouble.

I love to think that it was the child's prayer and sacrifice that won the mother's return to God.

#### For the CATHOLIC RECOR 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. The mighty, Syrian palms bend low their haughty heads in homage, while the flowers, bright stars of earth, send forth a rich cloud of incense, and the birds carol a holy song of joy and love, that rises, swells, and dies away in the purple of the distant mountain.

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 the divine countenance, or cloud of that divine countenance, or cloud the tenderness and pity in those wondrous eyes, sad yet so unspeakably commanding.

They are now beaming gently on the youth kneeling at His feet, a youth "proud in the flush of morning glowing," whose delicately curved nostril, proudly flashing eye, and rich dress proclaim his noble lineage. They tell also of a happy, though worldly life, free as yet from the shadow of sin or shame.

"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," the young man answering said, "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 And the trees sadly moan, and whis-per, and the hills take up the echo, and cry it with a mighty voice, for "he

was very rich. The scene has changed. In Jerusa em persecution is raging, the blood of Christians flows on every side.

Still with the flesh of youth upon his heek, he seeks here to expiate his inidelity, seeks to give his life for his Saviour, but 'twas vain, when the palm was almost in his grasp he was saved, because, alas! "he was very

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 holy ray of patient hope. He is before the tribunal again, once more the coveted palm is almost his. Once more it cludes 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 feebleashe isled before the Roman Prefect. Surely now, the palm will be his; surely, it is within his grasp! Alas! before the executioner had time to fulfil 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. Curlett, 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."

factory results."

Fever and 1 Agne and Bilious Derangements are positively cured by the use of Parmelee'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 corrupted mass is thrown out by the natural passage of the body. They are used as a general family medicine with the best results.

Thos. Sabin, 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.

and do nkewise.

Poor Digestion leads to nervousness chronic dyspepsia and great misery. The best remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## AGAINST SECRET SOCIETIES.

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 Govern-ment, 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 accomplisition. organization '

4. Which of the existing orders, if any, lo you deem it most advisable for a young nan 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 par ticular. Speaking generally he said:
"No matter how pure their original intentions have been, they have event ually degenerated far beneath their beneficent purposes. In many in-stances they have become so powerful that society, by an instinct of self-pres-ervation, 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 prin ciple. 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 interroga-tories: "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-America and dangerous to civil liberty and constitutional government." The pious Wanamaker 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 unequivo-cally in opposition to secret societies. He said: "I most certainly do not approve of secret orders on general prin iples. I deem them most unquestion ably inimical to the spirit of free insti tutions, 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 statement on my mere has proven it to be beyond the possibil-ity of controversy. With constitution-al 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 start ing life, either in business, society or politics, to be a member of a secret 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 course in fire. 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 manhars are some only two members—namely, myself and my wife. A young man just start ing 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 dirl 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 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 gaged 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 selfrespecting 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 Toledo paper recently sent out a A Prince Edward Island Lady Speaks for the Benefit of her Sex.—Had no Appetite, was Pale and Eastly Ex-hausted-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 bene-fitted by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink I feel that I ought to let my case be known, as I am sure that many women might be benefitted as I have been. For a number of years I have been almost an invalid. I did not know the nature of my malady. 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

o drop where I would be. During



ing sound in my head. I took medical treatment, but found no relief. 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 the lost thinking that my days were my lot, thinking that my days were numbered in this world. Finally, numbered in this world. Finally, however, I consented to try the Pink I had not taken them long before I felt an improvement and hope revived. I ordered more, and contin-ued taking the pills for three months, and I must say that to day I am as well and strong as ever, and the many ail-ments which I had are completely cured. I attribute my complete recov ery 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 ent a reporter to interview Mrs. Perry nd 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,

corroberated her statements. - Ed L'Impartial. 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 Pink Pills for Pale people." Pills offered in loose form, by the hundred or ounce, are imitations and should be

A Significant Departure.

perhaps, dangerous.

avoided, as they are worthless and,

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 hattle 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 dawns 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 Sarsaprilla 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 fat. why puny, sickly children, and thin, emaciated and anæmic persons grow fleshy 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.