

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Second Sunday of Advent. PURITY. We celebrate to-day, my brethren, the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Holy Church bids us meditate on the perfection of her nature and on the supreme fullness of her supernatural gifts, that we may bless God for her, and that we may be the more encouraged to approach her and ask her intercession. It is very fortunate that this feast is part of our preparation for Christmas: for, as the dogma expresses it, it was by the foreseen merits of her Son that she was saved spotless from Adam's sin. We enjoy Christmas all the better by understanding the Immaculate Conception of Mary and spending well the feast which commemorates it: just as one would better understand the glory of the sun if before he had ever seen it he had enjoyed the beautiful light of the moon. Her light is splendor, fair as the moon — what then must be His light Who is the only light of the world!

Now, in thinking of Our Lady's spotless soul, we cannot help advertising to the opposite vice, impurity. How widespread is that vice among the people of to-day! How deep-rooted seems that baleful tree whose fruit is the beastly enjoyment of forbidden sexual pleasures! How manifold are the ways in which innocence is wrecked among us! Take the press, for example: what a countless number of death-dealing instruments of lust daily, nay, hourly, come forth from the press! Great human demons print free love to ruin the family; little human demons print vile pictures to corrupt the young. The silly, disobedient boy who buys cigarettes must be sold a nasty picture to help ruin soul and body. Even reputable newspapers print columns of reading matter that dare not be read aloud. Even some of our merchants cannot advertise their business without attempting to stab their customers' souls through their eyes by filthy pictures. Then take the theatres. I know that there are some decent ones; yet you know better than I can tell you how hard it is ordinarily to come away from a theatre with an unstained soul. The conductors of some of these theatres answer to the description of the reprobates given in Scripture: they "preach their sin like Sodom." They insult our eyes with their immense flaming show-bills, on which Lust flaunts her banners in triumph. Many poor souls are ruined by bad plays.

The general effect of all this, and the many other occasions of sins of lust — that is to say, the effect considered apart from the individuals ruined by it — is to break down the barriers of decency all around. But the conspicuous result is twofold — the degradation of the female sex, and the lamentable ruin of youth. Against this invasion of all that is foul and brutish the religion of Jesus Christ sets that Virgin Mother Immaculate, whom Holy Scripture describes as "terrible as an army set in battle array." Who, but the purest of creatures, hates lust most? Whose heart is wrung with such tender pity for Lust's wretched slaves as the Immaculate Heart of Mary? She is Our Lady of Ransom, rich, powerful, resistless. Turn to her, you poor victim, whose feet are in the snare. Are you weak? She is strong to aid: one word from her and the demon is vanquished, his head crushed beneath her heel. And you, poor soul, writhing on the rack of temptation, turn your face towards Mary Immaculate to-day: cry out "Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee." These words, which once thrilled her soul as soul was never thrilled before or since, cannot fail of a hearing. "Remember," says the prayer of St. Bernard, "that it was never known that any one had recourse to thee and was left unaided." Fly to her, therefore, in all your troubles, and she will lead you to her Son, but especially if you suffer from impurity. Arise with courage and enlist under the white standard of virgin purity, lifted up and advanced by the hand of the Immaculate Mother of God.

How to Save Boys.

Open your blinds by day and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon your walls. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish the demons of dullness and apathy, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home these things, fill them with higher purpose than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions depends on you. With exertion and right means a mother may have more influence over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.

As an emergency medicine, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral takes the lead of all other remedies. For the relief and cure of croup, whooping-cough, sore throat, and the dangerous pulmonary troubles to which the young are so liable, it is invaluable, being prompt to act, sure to cure. *Totally Deaf.*—Mr. S. E. Crandell, Port Perry, writes: "I contracted a severe cold last winter, which resulted in my becoming totally deaf in one ear and partially so in the other. After trying various remedies, and consulting several doctors, without obtaining any relief, I was advised to try Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. I warmed the Oil and poured a little of it into my ear, and before one-half the bottle was used my hearing was completely restored. I have heard of other cases of deafness being cured by the use of this medicine."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Thoughtful girls are already planning for their Christmas gifts. It is not too early to begin work, and here is a suggestion offered by *Harper's Round Table* to one of its readers that some bright girl may take to herself. A very little girl asks what easy thing she may find to do for her mother's birthday. Make a set of table-mats, dear, of coarse, white cotton, crocheting them in simple close work, and finishing with a scalloped edge. I saw a very pretty set the other day, and the lady who owned them was proud that her youngest daughter aged eight, had made them herself.

What do you think of this as a hint for a useful little gift? A portable pen-wiper as practical, unique, new, and easy of construction. Buy a china doll — one that stands firmly. Make for her several chamois skin skirts of different lengths, putting on the shortest one first. Pink the edges. The costume should be a student's red or black gown and cap, and put a tiny roll of parchment in her hand. If you have to tie the roll in the hand, use fine silk of the same color as the parchment and it will scarcely show. The gown should be long and full. The material may be velvet, silk or cashmere. The cap should have a square top, fastened to a narrow band fitting close to the head. The doll should have the appearance of staidness. Whenever the chamois is soiled, replace the skirts, and thus the pen-wiper is always clean.

Pointed Penitents.

It is quite a common thing for persons to begin to despond if their prayers to God are not heard. Although it might seem to us that the granting of our petition would turn out for the best, still we must bear in mind that our Father in Heaven, who knows all things, has better reasons for judging what may be best for us. He is aware oftentimes that the very thing, we imagine will just suit us, is precisely that which may work our ruin. Here, for instance, is a case in point. A poor washerwoman at Fayetteville, Ark., who a few days ago was notified that she had been granted a pension and would receive \$5,000 back pay, was so overcome with joy that she died. There it is! The writer knew of another instance similar to this, and they could easily be multiplied: A certain man was arrested by a policeman on a doubtful charge. "Oh," said he, "if I got bail, I would prove my innocence. Oh, if I only got out of this cell!" — A friend came along and got him out. That afternoon he went bathing and was drowned! Hence, let us always be resigned to God's holy will. He knows what is best for us. We don't. Therefore, we should never murmur if our prayers are not immediately heard. The will of God should be always our will. It was so with the saints, and the saints are safe models to follow.

How foolish a thing it is to imagine that, because we gratify our evil propensities, we are, therefore, going to be happy! The reverse is invariably the case. When that momentary gratification (resulting from evil indulgence) is passed, a feeling of vexatious regret, a sting of remorse, like the sting of a serpent, pierces our soul, and our brow is knit with anger, and we feel anything but pleased. But let us resist that evil impulse, and deny ourselves that forbidden gratification, why then we instantly feel a quickening sense of joy and satisfaction unexpressed by any joy on earth. And, what is more, it lasts. The boy who conquers himself and subdues his evil desires will never be seen with a frown of gloom darkening his young brow, like a black cloud across the sunny sky. Better yet, the oftener he overcomes himself, the more easily he follows on from conquest to conquest, till finally the palm of victory is won, and his soul is saved! Whereas, the drone, who groping along in the swamps of sin, giving free rein to his unchecked desires, plunges headlong into the dark abyss of eternal ruin, having not her peace of mind in this world or the next.

It is a great mistake, even in a mere worldly sense, to think that any solid pleasure or comfort can be derived from the indulgence of any wicked propensity. Watch those men and youths who follow the full bent of their wild inclinations. Look at the blood-shot eye, the knitted brow, the sour and haggard look. Do these bespeak a tranquil mind? Not likely. Yet, they have plenty of money. They are well dressed. They mingle with "refined" society. They attend balls and banquets and revel in the alleged delights and pleasures of life. And yet, they are not only not happy, but, down deep in their hearts, they are miserable, they are "whitened sepulchres," as rotten in the sight of God and His angels as the rottenest carrion tigers ever preyed upon — as rotten as the foul carcass deserted even by the hungry vultures of the bleak and barren mountain wastes. No, no: this world, with all its so-called pleasures, brings no comfort to the human heart. None. "The heart of man can never rest," cried out Saint Augustine, "until it rests in God." And Solomon, the wisest and wealthiest of men, exclaimed, after experiencing all the "joys" that gold could give him: "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity except to love God and to serve Him alone." Let the children, while they are young, be impressed with these ideas: let them be made to realize them thoroughly, and, if they do, a day will come when they will also realize what it is to have the blessings of Heaven abundantly poured down upon their innocent heads.

One thing should not be forgotten by young and old. It is, that it will not suffice to be aware of, and to be fully possessed of, the right knowledge in reference to the correct principles of religion and morality. We must also put those principles into practice. Otherwise, we are no better than the "Heathen Chinese," nor as good. The boys or girls who study their lessons only when the eye of the teacher is upon them — is there anything noble about them? The boys or girls who work in the presence of their employers, and shirk the work when their backs are turned — what must we think of them? There was a funny case reported recently of a girl in a factory who worked overtime on a certain night. When pay day came, of course she asked for extra pay — "What for?" demanded the foreman. "For overtime." "And, pray, Miss, will you tell me how we are going to settle about all the overtime?" "Oh, fix that as you like!" And it was "fixed" by her being told to take an extended vacation with "half allowance." This was simple justice. She "idled" half her time, and when boys and girls act in this way, and then take wages for such "idleness," they simply take money that does not belong to them. Always act in the absence of your teachers or employers as if they were present. God's eye is ever upon you.

Where Courtesy Won. "Mamma, I just won't stand it! He makes faces at me, spits on my shoes, and hollers, 'Baby! baby!' at me every time he sees me!" and Ben's face was flushed and his black eyes snapped angrily. "Sotly, softly, my son! Go to my room and bathe your face in hot water to cool it off, and rub your hands with soap, for another reason which I won't mention: then come and help me pick the straw-berries for the supper, and we'll talk it over," and his mother smiled and kissed the anger-wrinkled forehead. Ben obeyed somewhat reluctantly, for his little heart thumped against his jacket as only an angry boy's heart can thump, but he knew that his good-toned, and that she would find a way to help him bear with Sam Burr's "meanness," as Ben called it, else she'd devise a way to put a stop to it.

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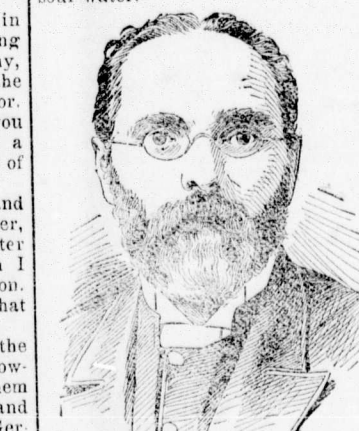
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A FAMOUS REFORMER. Rev. C. J. Freeman Speaks of His Life and Work. — He Has Written and Preached on Both Sides of the Atlantic Recently the Victim of a Peculiar Abduction From Which he Was Released in a Marvellous Manner. From the Boston Herald.

No. 157 Emerson St., South Boston, is the present home of Rev. C. J. Freeman B. A., Ph. D., the recent rector of St. Mark's Episcopal Church at Anacosta, Mont. During the reform movement which has swept over Boston, Dr. Freeman has been frequently heard from through the various newspapers, and although a resident of a comparatively recent date he has exerted much public influence, which has been increased by the fact that he was ten years ago on a commission appointed in England to investigate the troublesome question of the vice of great cities.

He has preached before cultured audiences in the old world, as well as to the rough pioneers in the mining towns of the Rocky Mountains, and his utterances as well as his writings have been in the line of progress and liberality, well-seasoned with practical common sense. Dr. Freeman has written this paper a letter which will be read with interest. He says: "Some five years since I found that deep study and excessive literary work, in addition to my ordinary ministerial duties, were undermining my health. I detected that I was unable to understand things as clearly as I usually did; that after but little thought and study I suffered from a dull pain in the head and great weariness, and all thought and study became a trouble to me. I lost appetite, did not relish ordinary food, after eating, suffering acute pains in the chest and back. There was soreness of the stomach, and the most of my food seemed to turn to sour water, with most sickly and suffocating feeling in vomiting up such sour water."



REV. C. J. FREEMAN, B. A., PH. D. At this time I consulted several physicians. One said I was run down, another said I had chronic indigestion; but this I do know, that with all the prescriptions which they gave me I was not improving; for, in addition, I had pains in the regions of the kidneys, a very sluggish liver, so much so that I was very much like a yellow man, was depressed in spirits, imagined all sorts of things and was daily becoming worse and felt that I should soon become a confirmed invalid if I did not soon understand my complaints. I followed the advice of physicians most severely, but with all I was completely unable to do my ministerial duty, and all I could possibly do was to rest and try to be thankful. After eighteen months' treatment I found I was the victim of severe palpitation of the heart, and was almost afraid to walk across my room. Amid all this I was advised to take absolute rest from all mental work. In fact, I was already

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unable to take any duty for the reason that the feeling of complete prostration after the least exertion, precluded me from any duty whatever, and it appeared to my mind that I was very near being a perfect wreck. As for talking absolute rest, I could not take more than I did unless it was so absolute as to rest in the grave. Then it would have been absolute enough. "It is now quite three years, since, in addition to all the pains and penalties which I endured, I found creeping upon me a peculiar numbness of the left limbs, and in fact could not walk about. If I tried to walk I had to drag the left foot along the ground. The power of locomotion seemed to be gone, and I was consoled with the information that it was partial paralysis. Whether it was or not I do not know, but this I do know, I could not walk about and I began to think my second childhood had commenced at the age of forty years. "Just about two years ago or a little more, a ministerial friend came to see me. I was sick in bed and could hardly move, and he was something like old Job's comforter, although not quite. He had much regret and commiseration which was very poor balm for a sick man. But the best thing he did say was this: "Did you ever see Pink Pills?" I said, "Who in the world is he?" He said, "Why do you not try Pink Pills?" He said goodbye very affectionately, so much so that doubtless he thought it was the last farewell. Nevertheless, after thinking a little, I just came to the conclusion that I would make an innovation and see what Pink Pills would do. I looked at them, and I said can any good possibly come out of those little pink things? Anyway, I would see. I was suspicious of Pink Pills, and I remembered the old proverb: "sospetto licentia fide." "Suspicion is the passport to faith." So Pink Pills I obtained, and Pink Pills I swallowed. But one box of them did not cure me, nor did I feel any difference. But after I had taken nine or ten boxes of pills I was decidedly better. Yes, I was certainly improving, and after eight months of Pink Pills I could get about. The numbness of the left limb was nearly gone, the pains in the head had entirely ceased, the appetite was better. I could enjoy food and had a free, quiet action of the heart without palpitation. In fact, in twelve months I was a new creature, and to-day I can stand and speak over two hours without a rest. I can perform all my public duties which devolve upon me, without fatigue, and do all the walking which I have to do, and am thankful for it. I can safely say I was never in a better state of health than I am to-day, and that I attribute it to the patient, persevering use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. "I fully, cordially and strongly commend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to all or any who suffer in a similar way, and feel sure that any one who adopts Pink Pills with perseverance and patience cannot find their expectations unrealized or their reasonable hopes blasted. But he will find that a blessing which is the reward of a full trust in a true and reliable remedy. I shall always wish and desire the greatest success for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Make Yourself Strong. If you would resist pneumonia, bronchitis, typhoid fever, and persistent coughs and colds. These ailments attack the weak and run-down system. They can find no foothold where the blood is kept pure, rich and full of vitality, the appetite good and digestion vigorous, with Hood's Sarsaparilla, the one true blood purifier. Hood's PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache. The Best is what the People buy the most of. That's Why Hood's Sarsaparilla has the largest sale of All Medicines. Hood's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who then would endure them with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach? *Pearlin* in combination, proportion and preparation of ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses great curative value. You should try it.

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See That You Get the CATHOLIC ALMANAC OF ONTARIO. The Calendar of this Almanac is an accurate guide to the Feasts, Fasts, Saints' Days, etc., as observed in Ontario. It is compiled by the Rev. J. M. Cruise, editor of the *Orion*, and by the clergy and religious of Ontario. No other published calendar supplies this daily guide. In addition to a handsome Calendar, showing Feasts and Fasts, etc., observed in Ontario, are: Vestments, etc., with illustrations; Meditations suitable to the different months; other articles are: Manitoba School Question. Roman Catholic Hospitals in Ontario, illustrated. A New World Calvary. Father Stafford, with portrait. The Rev. J. M. Cruise, with portrait. A Story in Three Parts. Catholics in Ontario's Parliament, illustrated. A Ghost Story, illustrated. In God's Temple. The Rev. J. M. Cruise, with portrait. Grandmother's Love, illustrated. The House of Prayer. Catholic Societies in Ontario: St. Vincent de Paul; C. M. B. A.; I. C. R. U.; C. O. E.; E. R. A.; A. O. H.; Knights of St. John; Young Ladies' Literary Society. Church in Ontario. Directory of Parishes, etc.; Religious Orders and Branches in Ontario. Figures for Parents. Some Events of the Year, with illustrations. Clergy List.

Scott's Emulsion is Cod-liver Oil emulsified, or made easy of digestion and assimilation. To this is added the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, which aid in the digestion of the Oil and increase materially the potency of both. It is a remarkable flesh-producer. Emaciated, anemic and consumptive persons gain flesh upon it very rapidly. The combination is a most happy one. Physicians recognize its superior merit in all conditions of wasting. It has had the endorsement of the medical profession for 20 years. Don't be persuaded to take a substitute! Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and \$1.

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