NOVEMBER 30, 1895

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

First Sunday of Advent. PENANCE.

"When you shall see these things come to pass, know that the kingdom of God is at hand."

It may seem strange to some that the seasons which precede the celebration of the great festivals of Christmas and Easter, festivals of great joy as they are, should be ordered by the Church to kept as seasons of penance Advent is ushered in by the proclama tion of the Gospel prophecy of the Last Judgment read to us on last Sunday, and again to-day we are reminded of awful terrors which our Lord foretold will appear before the coming, or ad-vent, of the kingdom of God. In one sense the kingdom of God is already come. It is the Holy Catholic Church, of which Jesus Christ is the King ; and in another sense we may say that the kingdom of God is constantly coming by the preaching of the Gospel, and the spread of the doctrines and morals of Christianity among men, and the consequent reign of that divine peace and joy which Christ brought into the

world If the Church calls us to penance at these seasons it is because penance is the necessary means of obtaining divine peace and joy, and when we are, so to speak, at one with God, and free from the slavery of the kingdom of Satan, then is our daily prayer answered, "Oar Father who art in heaven, Thy kingdom come !" Then begins the blessed reign of Christ in the soul, of which He spoke when He said, "The kingdom of God is within you." That is the end of our Lord's advent at Christmas and at the Day of Judgment : to establish the kingdom of God in the hearts of men in life. and give them the glorious kingdom of God in eternity. How does penance prepare one for

such a state of exalted purity, of spir-itual peace and joy? By removing all obstacles which stand in the way of the reign of God in our souls. There are obstacles put in the way by the senses and by the spirit. There is a pure gratification of the senses and there is an impure gratification of them. We all know this ; too often we know the latter to our bitter sorrow. And so constant and severe are our temptations, and so frequent are our falls, that nothing short of positive acts of mortification of the senses, both peniteptial restraints and penitential self punishments, will break the chains of our sensual slavery, and enable us to offer these self-inflicted pains, in union with Christ's passion and death, as satisfaction to our justly offended God. The lives and deaths of the saints, the apostles, martyrs, confessors, and virgins all teach the necessity of this penance of the senses for the purifica-tion of the flesh. Let a man give himself up to the unbridled mastery of his senses, and at once the reign of divine peace and joy is over in his soul. How happy, on the contrary, is he who with a good will offers this penance to God. A little self denial in food or drink, in clothing, in money, amuse-ments, or the too common luxuries indulged in. Do we not all know how much these acts of penance aid us in purifying and controlling our rebels, and make us feel fit to stand in the presence of the all-holy

God ? Then so many of us can never hope to get purity of spirit and feel ourselves fit for the near friendship of God unless we make war, so to speak, upon our spirit, upon our self-conceit, our self will, and our self love. We must do penance by acts of self-abasement, contrition, obedience, if we would crush out our pride, anger, and un-charitableness, and chase away all sorts of bad desires and imaginations which stain and degrade the soul We are, unhappily, living in an age of spiritual pride. The common, daily reading in newspapers, magazines, and novels clearly shows the preval-ence of this satanic spirit. The arrogant, self-conceited discussions of re ligion, of divine truth, by infidels agnostics, and even by many so-called Christians, are all inspired by the same spirit Can a man touch pitch and not be defiled? Can we daily read such things and not nourish the same evil spirit within us? Here is a good chance to do penance in order to keep the spirit pure and humble. Re strain the curiosity of your mind. Read only what is fit to be read by the children of the kingdom of God. Such a restriction, you say, would be a very severe penance. I say that it ought not to be ; but since it, in fact, would be, as you say, it is plain your spirit sadly needs some such penance for its purification, for you are far from being fit to live in the kingdom of God, and enjoy its atmosphere of heavenly peace and joy. Think of Think of this, and begin to act at once. Do something to purify your senses and your spirit as you shall be moved by the Spirit of all purity and grace to do, and a happy Christmas will be your sure reward.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. the Month of the Poor Souls.

Pray for them, little children, When you hear the wild winds sigh ; Some under seas are sleeping, Some in lone graveyards lie. To day with light feet bounding Where once, perhaps, they trod, Whisper your *Requisecat* Close to the car of God,

Murmur it over and over-"O may they rest in peace !" Be sure that the Lord will listen And grant them swift release, Whether in tombs long mouldered, Or under the fresh turned sod ; For the prayers of the little children Are keys to the heart of God. -Sylvia Hunting, in Ave Maria.

The Italian's Dog.

It happened, about twenty years ago, that Mrs. C—, a pious lady liv-ing in one of the great cities of Amerca, was molested several times while on her way to early Mass by a lean. half-famished dog. The little anima peered at her with his mild, blue eyes The little animal took hold of the fur of her cloak (for it was winter) and pulled it with all his might, and seemed to say, "I entreat you, come with me."

- took a narrow, unfre-Mrs. Cquented street to reach the cathedral, because by such a route she would not be likely to meet any of her acquaint ances to give distraction ; and it was also a means of rendering her walk shorter from the church to her own As her husband happened to house. be very busy and had not accompanied her as usual to Mass, Mrs. C—— feared it would be imprudent to yield to what seemed to be the little animal's urging. On the second and third days of his continued efforts to attract her, she kindly threw him some food which she had concealed in her muff; but the poor dog did not seem to want it, and when she turned to look after him, he would sit by it sadly. On the fourth would sit by it sadly. On the fourth morning Mrs. C—— told her husband that she was beginning to be afraid to go in her usual lonely path on account of the strange actions of a dog, and related to him the above facts. Mr. C---- seemed greatly interested in the account, and promised to accompany his wife to Mass on the following morning, if he could possibly arrange busi ness matters so as to gain the time requisite. He succeeded in doing so. The following morning, as soon as Mr. and Mrs. C----reached the customary haunt of the dog, forth he the lady's cloak. Mr. C— conducted his wife in the direction that the canine beggar indicated, and the poor creature began to wag his tail, to jump about, to run forward, and then turn to look, as if to assure himself that the lady and gentleman were

really accompanying him. After following his guidance about the length of two blocks, the dog stopped before a dilapidated door, and, whining, put his paw against it, and opened one side so as to let himself in. Mrs. C---- knocked, but received no response save a low, moaning sound. They entered, and found two pile of straw, on each of which was stretched a sick person tossing and groaning with a burning fever.

Mr. C----, perceiving one was a man, addressed him in English, French, and German, but without receiving any intelligible response.

Meanwhile, Mrs. C----, casting her eye around the forlorn place, perceived a hand-organ and a monkey in a corner. Italian ! Italian !" she exclaimed.

trees, and lay utterly exhausted beneath the protecting branches until the lines of suffering were smoothed away, and Sleep kindly spread her mantle above him.

The boys and girls, coming up the lane from the school-house, paused with pitying glances at the prostrate form, and stole away whispering, "I guess its another of the soldiers trying to walk home." The sight was not un-usual at that time, and it was speedily forgotten, in fact the children as they bid each other good bye, laughed and chattered as merrily as ever. Dora Severn left her companions at

the gate of her aunt's home, and enter-ing the kitchen door, disappeared, without noticing the figure coming up the walk behind her.

"Well, so you've come, have you. I might have krown as much with the prospect of a pie around. Here it is, take it and run, child, I'm busy. But wait a minute, there's a penny lying on the sill, you can have it, if you'll clear out and let me work."

clear out and let me work." "Oh thanks, thanks, you dear old auntie. Good-bye, I won't bother you," and the girl skipped joyfully to the door, with her treasures.

But on the threshold she started back, with a little cry of surprise. There stood the soldier whom she had seen asleep on the way from school. Taking off his tattered cap he advanced into the room and said in a low roice : " Madam, if you would kindly give me some bread, you would have my everlasting gratitude, for I am

With one glance of dislike the lady addressed replied : "I've nothing for beggars. These soldiers that pester us are half of them scamps. Be off new for you won't get anything now, for you won't get anything

here." "Yes, madam, I am going, but first let me say that I never begged before. I am no beggar," and again touching his cap with a courteous gesture, he walked proudly away.

Walked produly away. The little girl, with great tears on her checks, turned to her aunt and said: "How could you send him away, when he was hungry? Oh when you spoke that way to him I saw He how you hurt him, in his eye. looked like he would die before he would beg again. God doesn't like you to do that, I know He doesn't." With this last outburst she hurried away, sobbing with pity for the hungry, suffering man. After a little while she became calm,

but was still thinking of him, when she suddenly came upon him, prone on the mossy ground, in an attitude of

utter misery. Like a child, she thought he was asleep, and stood looking at him, when a bright thought seemed to strike her, and she laid her pie down beside him, talking softly to herself. "I guess that is what Father must have meant last Sunday." He said, "And the angels came and ministered to Him." I can be something like an angel. Then she looked at the bright penny in her hand, and thought longingly of what it would buy. But her conquered and with the whisper, But her pity the angels came and ministered to Him, she laid it down, and ran swiftly away,

as if afraid of relenting. She did not see the soldier as he looked after her with grateful eyes, nor hear him say, in a voice suggestive

of tears, "God bless your loving little heart. He only knows from what you heart. saved me.

At one of the meetings of the Grand

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sting unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts ith wondertul rapidity and never fails to onquer the disease. No one need fear holera it they have a bottle of this medicine

FRIENDLY ADVICE

is The Means of Renewed Health to a Sufferer. – Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Succeed Where Doctors had Failed for Thirty Years. – The Sufferer One of Northumberland Co.'s Best Known Men.

From the Trenton Advocate.

Mr. John Frost's case is a most re-narkable one. He is one of the bestnown residents in the county of North amberland, being a retired farmer of most ample means, and having finan cial dealings with hundreds through out the townships. We have known him intimately for over ten years. From him we gleaned the following acts in February last : '1 was born n England and at twelve years of age

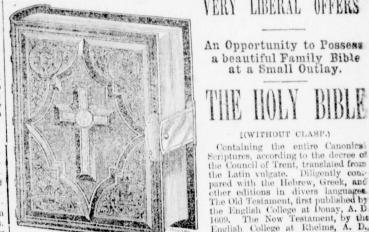
arrived in Canada with my parents, who settled in Prince Edward county and remained there for three years. We then moved to Rawdon township, in the neighboring county of Hastings. For thirty years I was a resident of

Rawdon, three years I resided in Sey-mour township and I am at present, and have been for the past ten years, a resident of Murray township. For thirty years I have been a martyr to rheumatism. During that time I have been treated by scores of doctors, and found partial relief from but one.

have during the same period tried in

Setting into my Rig was Agonizin numerable remedies, but all failed to cure me. Scarcely a month passes that I am not laid up, and frequently am confined to bed six or eight weeks unable to move hand or foot and suffering untold agonies. Two well-known doctors told me one time that I would have to have an arm taken off to save my life. I tell you I have been a great sufferer in my time and I would give anything to find relief. My busi ness causes me a great deal of driving and getting in and out of my rig is agony.

Knowing his story to be true and anxious that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should have a severe test, we prevailed housekeeper will, it is true, get out her anxious that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills on Mr. Frost, much against his will, to give them a trial. He got six boxes and commenced to use them. At the and commenced to use them. At the start he smiled at our confidence in the We saw him after he had used pills. the first box, and he admitted some relief and said he believed there was something in the remedy. He con-tinued their use and by the time he had finished the six boxes he was as sound and proud a man as could be found in five counties. A couple of months have passed since the cure was effected and we deferred giving a history of the case in order that we could see for a certainty that the cure was permanent. We see him several times a week actively attending to his business and at all times loud in his praise of Pink Pills All who know Mr. Frost know that his word is as good as his bond. Yester day we said to him, "Now, Mr. Frost, do you really feel that you are cured of rheumatism? Do you feel any twinges of the old trouble at all?" He replied, "I am cured." The Pink Pills have thoroughly routed the discase out of my system and I feel a new man. The use of the pills has given me new life and I am telling everyone I meet about the cure. Such is the case, and having known Mr. Frost for years the sufferer he was, and seeing him now active, and almost youthful



other editions in divers languages. The Old Testament, first published by the English College at Douay, A. D. 1609. The New Testament, by the English College at Rheims, A. D., 1582. Revised and corrected accord-

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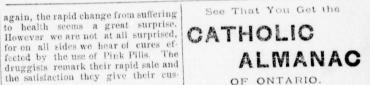
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(WITHOUT CLASP.)

The Calendar of this Almanac is an accur-ate guide to the Feasis, Fasts, Saints' Days, etc., as observed in Ontario. It is compiled by the Rev. J. M. Cruise, editor of the Ordo, used by the clergy and religious of Ontario, No other published calendar supplies this daily guide. It is the instinct of a true woman to be, in all her belongings, just what she wishes to seem to others. Com-

pany manners, company clothes and company housekeeping, when put on daily guide. In addition to a handsome Calendar, show ing Feasts and Fasts, etc., observed in On tailo, color of Vestments worn, etc., then are Meditations suitable to the differen months. Other articles are:



BEST FOR

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

Hood's Sarsaparilla, taken at this season, will make you feel strong and vigorous and keep you from sickness later on.

keep you from sickness later on. Dyspepsia or Indigestion is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary ducts, loss of vitality in the stomach to secret the gastric juices, without which digestion can-not go on; also, being the principal cause of headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: "Parme-lee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock." Only those who have had experience can

other makes which I have in stock." Only those who have had experience can tell the torture corns cause. Pain with your boots on, pain with them off-pain night and day : but relief is sure to those who use Holloway's Corn Cure. Not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsa parilla does, that tells the story of its merits and success. Remember Hood's cures.

calling her husband's attention to the little street organ.

In the Italian tongue the mystery was solved. The poor man had faller sick from cold and hunger, after his young wife had been forced to her miserable bed by exposure while tramping the streets with him.

Both beds were surrounded with bones, etc., which the dog Carlo had brought in from the street for their nourishment, wondering at their not eating.

The kind lady and gentleman con soled the sufferers as best they could, assuring them that they should soon be cared for

Mr. C---- sent at once for a doctor, and soon a fire was kindled and the room set to rights. The monkey was found to be only a corpse, dressed up in his costumary promenade costume. the poor brute having perished with

cold and hunger. Some Sisters of Charity, as soon as they were informed of the sad condition of the poor Italians, went to nurse them, and soon afterwards they were transported to a hospital, in which they regained their usual health. Later better employment was provided on. for both man and wife, and before long they had a very comfortable home. Meanwhile, Carlo, the little brown

dog, with his mild, blue eye, was far from being forgotten.

- had a brass collar made Mr. C— had a brass collar made for the good little animal, and on it was inscribed : " Carlo, whose fidelity saved the life of his owners.'

The Angel of Pity.

Dora, if you'll stop to night, on your

way home, I'll give you one of those pies you like. I'm going to bake today, and it won't be much extra trouble.'

The speaker stood in the doorway of allarge farm house, and waited with her arms akimbo, till the answer come ringing back, (a jubilant "Yes, I'll step in,") from the group of children hurrying to school.

The hard face smiled a little, a grim sort of a smile, and then the door was shut and the day's work was begun.

A soldier, with an empty sleeve, and traces of pain and hunger in his face, tramped wearily up the country road, and with a sigh that was almost a

Army of the Republic, about twenty years after the civil war, an old soldier was addressing a large number of people. He had a tall, commanding igure, but his left coat sleeve hung empty, telling a silent but eloquent

In recounting his experiences he aid : "Of all the memories of that said : time, one incident stands boldly forth shining in its brightness against th background of bloodshed and suffer-ing. In the latter part of April thirty wars ago I was making my way across the country from the scene of battle to my home.

I was literally starving, and, finally after a struggle with my pride, 1 stopped at a farm house, and for the first time in my life asked for a little was indignantly refused. bread. Of this I will say nothing, but when turned away I had death in my heart. 'There was a little girl standing by

the door, and as I caught the pity i her eyes, and saw her lips tremble, walked up the road for a short distance then throwing myself on the ground resolved, in the bitterness of my heart to end my miserable life. Presently looked up and saw the child who had been in the house I had just left stand ing near me. She must have thought I was asleep, for she was whispering to herself. She laid a pie down beside me, and a bright penny which she evidently thought was untold wealth and I heard her say, 'The angel and I heard her say, 'The angels came and ministered to Him.' That saved me. Her sweet sympathy heal-ed the wound that had been made in my heart, and I went away a new man.

"I have the little penny yet and every night and morning I pray that God may bless my little angel.

Out of Sorts.—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue and general indis-position. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite say-ing that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarthoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teeth-ing. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indiscretion in

and with a sigh that was almost a ling. It gives immediate relief to those groan, threw himself under one of the suffering from the effects of indiscretion in



prescribe Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites because they find their patients can tolerate it for a long time, as it does not upset the stomach nor derange the digestion like the plain oil. Scott's Emulsion is as much easier to digest than the plain

oil as milk is easier to digest than butter. Besides, the fishfat taste is taken out of the oil, and it is almost palatable. The way sickly children, emaciated, anæmic and consumptive adults, gain flesh on Scott's Emulsion is very remarkable.

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and elaborate than a dinner gown, the same care and thought and good taste should be given to both, and the smiles and courtesy invariably bestowed upon guests should be equally obligatory Why is it that the the family table. presence of a guest makes such a wonderful change in the home circle The father of the family ceases to be grumpy and fault finding and becomes the courteous gentleman he should always be; the children stop their wrangling instinctively, and grow wrangling instinctively, suddenly quiet and well behaved while the house mistress banishes her usual worried, querulous expression and beams with smiles and good humon -and all for a stranger.

fected by the use of Pink Pills.

All for a Stranger.

tomers.

Watch Your Children's Voices. An uncultivated voice is rarely pleasant, and is very apt to express the moods of its possessor, as everyone knows the angry child will scream out in irritated tones, and the merry good-natured one is very apt to be boisterous. Therefore, the necessary lesson to be taught is self control, which will give control of the voice. Of course, when it is possible, scientific cultivation is the proper mode of training children's voices ; but as such is beyond the resources of most people home training must be substituted, and for the encouragement of ambiti ous mothers let me say, it may be made to accomplish wonderful results. know a family of children who were reared in the seclusion of a country home, surrounded by uneducated

wholly uncultivated people, their mother only being a scholar. Yet they spoke grammatically, in exquisitely low, gentle tones, showing what a mother's love and labor may do for her children.



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