

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 be kept as seasons of penance.

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, "Our Father who art in heaven, Thy kingdom come!"

How does penance prepare one for such a state of exalted purity, of spiritual 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.

The following morning, as soon as Mr. and Mrs. C. reached the customary haunt of the dog, forth he came and pulled harder than ever at the lady's cloak.

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 on one side so as to let himself in.

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

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

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."

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 to-day, and it won't be much extra trouble.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Mouth 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.

Murmur it over and over— "O many they rest in peace!" Be sure that the Lord will listen And grant them swift release.

It happened, about twenty years ago, that Mrs. C., a pious lady living in one of the great cities of America, was molested several times while on her way to early Mass by a lean, half-famished dog.

Mr. C. took a narrow, unfrequented street to reach the cathedral, because by such a route she would not be likely to meet any of her acquaintances to give distraction; and it was also a means of rendering her walk shorter from the church to her own house.

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 now, for you won't get anything here."

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.

At one of the meetings of the Grand 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 figure, but his left coat sleeve hung empty, telling a silent but eloquent tale.

In recounting his experiences he said: "Of all the memories of that time, one incident stands boldly forth, shining in its brightness against the background of bloodshed and suffering."

"I was literally starving, and, finally after a struggle with my pride, I stopped at a farm house, and for the first time in my life asked for a little bread. I was indignantly refused."

"There was a little girl standing by the door, and as I caught the pity in her eyes, and saw her lips tremble, I walked up the road for a short distance, then throwing myself on the ground I resolved, in the bitterness of my heart, to end my miserable life. Presently I looked up and saw the child who had been in the house I had just left standing near me."

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

Out of Sops.—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, furred tongue and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying 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.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is a speedy cure for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera, summer complaint, sea sickness and complaints incidental to children teething. It gives immediate relief to those suffering from the effects of indigestion in

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 unusual 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.

From the Trenton Advocate. Mr. John Frost's case is a most remarkable one. He is one of the best-known residents in the county of Northumberland, being a retired farmer of most ample means, and having financial dealings with hundreds throughout the townships.

Mr. Frost, three years I was a resident of Rawdon, three years I resided in Seymour township and I am at present, and have been for the past ten years, a resident of Murray township.

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 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 a courteous gesture, he walked proudly away.

The little girl, with great tears on her cheeks, 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 how you hurt him, in his eye. He looked like he would die before he would beg again. God doesn't like you to do that, I know He doesn't."

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.

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 saved me."

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

ing unripe fruit, cucumbers, etc. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to conquer the disease. No one need fear cholera if they have a bottle of this medicine convenient.

FRIENDLY ADVICE

is The Means of Renewed Health to a Sufferer.—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Succeeded 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 remarkable one. He is one of the best-known residents in the county of Northumberland, being a retired farmer of most ample means, and having financial dealings with hundreds throughout the townships.



Getting into my Rig was agonizing, numerous remedies, but all failed to cure me. Scarcely a month passes that I am not laid up, and frequently I am confined to bed six or eight weeks unable to move hand or foot and suffering untold agonies.

Knowing his story to be true and anxious that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills should have a severe test, we prevailed on Mr. Frost, much against his will, to give them a trial.

We saw him after he had used the first box, and he admitted some relief and said he believed there was something in the remedy.

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.

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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 ambitious mothers let me say, it may be made to accomplish wonderful results. I 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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