

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Pentecost.

THE HOLY SPIRIT

"I will ask the Father, and He shall give you another Paraclete, that He may abide with you forever." (St. John, xiv., 16.)

Ten days ago the Church celebrated the Ascension of our Lord. For forty days after His resurrection from the dead, He had been with His Blessed Mother and the Apostles, and had instructed them in the things of the kingdom of God. At the end of that time, He went up into heaven to the throne of God, where, as St. Paul says: He ever liveth to make intercession for those whom He has left behind. Before He left this world, He told His disciples that they were soon to be separated from Him, that the time was coming when they should see Him no more. Strange to say, His departure was to be no loss to them, was on the contrary to be an advantage. "I tell you the truth: It is expedient, it is profitable to you that I go." Painful though the separation might be, their spiritual good and that of the world required it. Why? Our Lord Himself gives the answer: "If I go not, the Paraclete will not come to you: but if I go, I will send Him unto you."

Therefore, according to our Lord's own words, it is better for us Christians to be deprived of His own visible presence, no longer to see Him, no longer to hear Him, because His visible presence stands in the way of a yet greater gift. This greater gift is the Holy Ghost, the descent of whom upon the Apostles, in the form of tongues of fire, we celebrate to-day.

How true our Lord's words were appears clearly from what happened to the Apostles themselves. Before the descent of the Holy Ghost, they were, while our Lord was with them, very blind to spiritual and religious truths, and very cowardly, running away in the time of danger, going to sleep when they should have watched and prayed, seeking for the most part their own advancement, very jealous of each other, and often unkind to poor people. After the descent of the Holy Ghost what do we find? No sooner did He come down upon them than all their darkness of mind disappeared, and they began speaking with such power and effect that on this very day of Pentecost, three thousand souls were added to the Church. So great was the fervor of their converts that it overcame even the love of worldly goods which is still supreme in the hearts of most men.

They sold their possessions and goods, and divided them to all according as they had need. The Apostles themselves, formerly so timid, now rejoiced that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus. We hear no more of jealousies and envious; no longer did they seek for honor and esteem, no longer did they treat the poor with coldness and unkindness, their delight now was to give up their lives to the service of others, to spend and be spent in ministering to the wants of slaves and barbarians and the outcasts of this world, making themselves all things to all men that they might gain all. Instead of seeking each one his own, in honor they preferred one another. All this and much more resulted from the coming down of the Holy Ghost into their hearts and minds. This great change was effected by Him. In this way our Lord's words were shown to be true—"It is expedient for you that I go."

And, now, dear friends, for ourselves can it be said with truth that we have profited by the departure of our Lord? That it has been better for us that He went away? I am afraid that to many it may be said that our Lord has gone, and that the Holy Ghost has not yet come to dwell in their souls and bodies. I am sure that of all of us it must be said that we have attached too little value to this great gift, that we have not opened our hearts wide to receive Him. And yet if He does visit us, if He does not come down in our hearts and change them, everything else is in vain. The words of the most eloquent preachers will not move us, the examples and the prayers of our dearest friends will have no effect. We shall go on in our sinful ways, in our darkness and blindness till the end. But if He comes, and in the degree and measure in which we admit Him, all will be well: for He will show us our sins and give us true sorrow and repentance. He will bring light, for He is the spirit of truth, and will teach us truth. He will comfort and console us in our trials; for He is, as our Lord says, the comforter. He will even bring us joy, and the "charity of God is poured forth in our hearts by the Holy Ghost who is given to us." Pray, therefore, during this week especially in the words of the Church, for the gift of the Holy Spirit. Say with all our hearts: "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire and lighten with celestial fire."

From the first moments of our life our angel has taken charge of us with a most tender love, beyond that of brother, father, or mother, and that without any end or advantage of his own: and he employs his entire energies simply for our greater good.—Father Faber.

It is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convinced that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, warts, etc. It is a complete extirpator.

A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a heavy dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Paroisse's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or Dyspepsia.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A REMEMBRANCE OF VISITING DAY.

The boys' ward of the hospital, with its snowy curtains and counterpanes, looked refreshingly cool on the warm August afternoon. The occupants of the little beds, nevertheless, were hot and restless, longing impatiently for visiting hour to come. All the week they had been looking forward eagerly to this day, and, with the exception of a few who were too ill to take an interest in the outside world, seemed imbued with an unusual amount of animal spirits.

There were boys of every character and nationality, it would seem, if one were to traverse, with the white-capped nurse, the length and breadth of her small territory. The sad little faces brightened noticeably as her cheerful countenance came within view of the different cots. Teddy, only a few months from theisle of saints, held her apron in both his hands to attract her attention. It did him more good than all the hospital treatments, he told his neighbor, to have a smile and word from her. Opposite the young Irishman lay a fair-haired German, with whom the former carried on frequent conversations in pantomime.

Teddy's chief ambition in life was to be a fireman. His aunt, who had brought him to Canada, lived close to an engine house, and Teddy asked no better fun than attending fires. Every time the gong struck he made a wild rush to be on hand when the engines started off. The excitement was perfectly delightful to a boy of his temperament, but after the first few weeks of leisure had quickly passed, Mrs. Fegan announced her intention of placing her promising nephew at school.

A greater penance could not have been imposed upon the twelve-year-old lad, who, bright and agile enough elsewhere, was strangely awkward and ill at ease within the narrow limits of a class-room. The locality in which this particular school was situated did not bear a reputation for refinement. The majority of the boys were rough, uncouth specimens of humanity, who greeted the appearance of the "green horn" in the recess yard with a howl of derision. They proceeded to test his physical courage later in the same day, but Teddy soon proved to them that it would be wiser to avoid than attack him.

The brogue was a source of much amusement to these native-born Canadians, and Teddy keenly felt, as well as saw, the contemptuous glances exchanged whenever he was called upon in class. The teacher, Miss Sanford, kept her boisterous youths pretty well in subjection. She was not afraid of using the rod, and if her record of whippings, which the school committee demanded, was more lengthy for the first month than those of the other instructors, it was noticeably briefer during the remainder of the scholastic year. She had a grip of iron, and the most desperate character knew, that, once in her clutches, he was doomed to submit and suffer.

So the sneering smiles disappeared quickly when her sharp eyes fell on the culprit, and as Teddy was too many to tell tales she knew nothing of his silent persecution. After awhile school became a long extended martyrdom to him; it was so hard to jodopt new ways and methods. By and by, he stayed away occasionally, on his own responsibility. These stolen vacations were very sweet, and he employed them in recalling the past. He was very lonesome, so far away from his dear old Irish home, if it was only a poor, cheerless-looking cabin. The aged grandmother, who had clung to her native soil until death gave her a resting-place therein, tenaciously kept possession of her daughter's boy.

"Let him go to Ameriky, is it? Oh, no, sure, he's all I have in the world," she would moan, when the neighbors urged upon her the advisability of accepting the offer of his father's relatives. The boy did not want to leave his granny, and the two lived together, happily and very frugally, as may be surmised, on the fruits of the little patch of ground which the landlord gave them, rent free.

Poor old granny did her best for the boy. She sent him to the village school every day, and saw that he attended Mass and catechism regularly. Perhaps he was shabbier than the other lads, but, if so, he was unconscious of the fact. The farmers' boys shared their lunches with him, and helped in the care of his tiny farm.

All that was changed now. The shamrocks were growing over the kind, worn face he loved so well. Money came from this country to buy an outfit and pay his passage to Canada. There was nothing left for him but to accept. Father Patrick, himself, came to Queenstown to see him off, and Teddy found it hard to say good-by. From the simple kindness of his old neighbors, his lot was cast among strangers in a strange land.

As stated before, the fire brigade was his one interest and ambition. The men from the captain down, had a kind word for Teddy, who loved to watch them making preparations to answer a call. In rain or shine he followed the engine, and this peculiarity accounts for his stay in the hospital.

One June afternoon the thought of school was intolerable. The city seemed like a big furnace, and on every side people were wishing for cooling rain. Teddy betook himself to the Public Garden, radiant in its summer beauty. He watched the swan-boats

gliding about on the pond, and admired the gorgeous floral display until dismissal time. Then he started homeward, but, unluckily, the fire-alarm sounded just as he passed the engine-house. Despite the weather he pursued the flying horses down towards the business part of the city. A great warehouse, packed with fireworks and combustibles of all sorts, was in flames.

To the boys who congregated around, it was quite a Dominion Day celebration to hear the cannon crackers exploding. Teddy was an interested spectator. His friends were among the firemen who were doing noble duty at the risk of their own lives. A terrific report, followed by flying bricks, caused a stampede. Teddy got under the horses' feet somehow. The heavy team passed over him, and he was carried home to his aunt, a sorry-looking object. That good woman was in terrible distress when the doctor told her that Teddy's injuries consisted, besides the very evident bruises, of a broken leg. With a house full of boarders to attend to, how could she take proper care of a helpless boy? At the physician's suggestion, she applied for his admission into a hospital, and, so, just as vacation time was coming on, Teddy found himself undergoing a novel and unpleasant experience. The nurse and doctors were very kind, but imagine, staying in bed week after week, for goodness knows how long! Then his aunt was too busy to come to see him often, and before many days had gone by, Teddy regretted his affection for conflagrations. Indeed, he quite decided to abandon the idea of adopting the avocation of a fireman.

While the other patients entertained their callers on this particular visiting day, Teddy lay and watched the scene with interest. Directly opposite, Heinrich was quietly crying himself to sleep—nobody cared whether he lived or died. At the little German's right, two bright-faced boys exchanged confidences. Next in order was a dark-haired lad whose father sat near the foot of his cot. Teddy heard the doctor say that morning—

"Number Five needs great attention. It looks now as though the poor fellow's days were numbered. Follow my directions closely: before twenty-four hours there will be a great change."

The Irish lad who listened felt deep sympathy for his fellow sufferer. He could do nothing but pray for him, however, and all day long he begged Our Lady's help. The thought of death was so terrible—the more Teddy considered it the sadder he became. The poor man looked so disconsolate as he sat beside his boy that Teddy knew he realized the sad truth. If it were not for that miserable old leg of his, he would have gone over to them, and tried his best to give some consolation.

One after another the visitors went away. Number Five's father was the last to leave, and as he bade his boy good-by, Teddy decided that he would be willing to exchange places with the dying boy just to have some one so near and dear. Quietly settled down on the ward again. During a short interval, in which the nurse was absent, Teddy managed to get out of bed. It was a risky proceeding, but he could not bear the strain any longer. He painfully shifted himself—no other expression is applicable—across the room, and gently pushed his indulged, enced crucifix into the hands of the dying lad. The big, dark eyes opened slowly, and rested for a moment on the little cross. Then the weak hands raised the symbol of salvation reverently to his trembling lips, kissing it repeatedly and passionately. Teddy, not daring to linger, explained hurriedly that the crucifix was blessed for a happy death. He got back to his cot again, and sometime after the nurse found him in a dead faint. When he returned to consciousness, bed five was empty.

Teddy's departure from the hospital was retarded a whole month by one imprudent act, the physician asserted. He felt satisfied to suffer, however, when he remembered the spiritual comfort which the image of Christ crucified brought to a soul in its hour of need. With the world fading from view, the dying eyes beheld Jesus expiring upon the cross. Sentiments of tender and contrite love overflowed the innocent, boyish heart at this touching reminder of God's mercy, and clasping the crucifix in his hands, he went forth to meet a loving Saviour. Thus reasoned Teddy, and now, in planning for his future, he wonders if there could be greater happiness than in preparing the dying for their journey to eternity.—Adapted from The Working Boy.

The Lodge Replacing the Church.

The experience of Wichita, where the Masons, who a few years ago bought the First Baptist Church at foreclosure sale, recently purchased the Y. M. C. A. building under similar conditions, gave point to the words of a Topeka clergyman, who said that the lodge room was superseding the church in Kansas.

This Tells Where Health May be Found.

And that is more important than making money. If your blood is impure, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine for you. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, rheumatism, catarrh and all other diseases originating in or promoted by impure blood and low state of the system.

HOOD'S PILLS are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure Indigestion, headache.

Safe, Certain, Prompt, Economical.—These few adjectives apply with peculiar force to Dr. THOMAS' EUCORIC OIL—a standard external and internal remedy, adapted to the relief and cure of coughs, sore throat, hoarseness and all affections of the breathing organs, kidney troubles, excoriations, sores, lameness and physical pain.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Call the Universe.

The matter of association in all its bearings has much to do with character and life. A great deal, if not everything, depends on the kind and quality of our intimate companionships. We need not expatiate on the advantages of having really intelligent and competent parents. What influence is so potent for our good all through life as that of a wise, good mother? A mother's goodness embraces more than tender devotion to the physical comfort and transient pleasures of her children. A father's worth implies something in addition to providing well for the bodies of his offspring. The value of true friendship lies deeper than the intellectual satisfaction which one derives from congenial comradeship. So on through the whole list; the benefits of personal intercourse with those around us are commensurate with their intrinsic merits. Many a man has been permanently saved from a wrong course by the silent influence of an unconscious mentor, in the person of a friend whose excellence impressed itself upon the character of those with whom he came in contact. It is natural that in the vast majority of cases this savior happens to be mother or father, but it is liable in some instances to be a total stranger. That is the secret of the tremendous force of good example. Each one of us is consciously or unwittingly moulding in some degree the characters of others, and in time the character of each of us is being influenced more or less from without in the same way. It is clear, therefore, that it lies within the power of all to enjoy the salutary effects of propriety and contact with superior natures by a judicious selection of intimates. If we chance to be blessed with uncommonly good home influences we are more apt to drift into the way of advantageous friendships than if we be less fortunate in that particular. It must be plain to anyone who seriously considers the subject that more than to anything else of an extraneous nature, we are indebted to the character of our associations for the good or ill of our lives.

Our observant and philosophical friend of Youngstown, Noble Sims, to whose suggestions we have occasionally called attention, enlarges on this point and makes a special application of it for our instruction, in a communication just at hand. He writes: "The young men's department is a sort of a school for the youthful reader of the masculine persuasion in particular, but I venture to say that young women readers of the Universe patronize this column quite if not more extensively than their brothers. In this circumstance, wouldn't it be well to address yourself now and then directly to things of special interest to this portion of your clientele? With this thought in view I shall, with the editor's permission, endeavor to hold the attention of the gentle reader for a brief space in relation to the question of the enduring charm of her sex and the power which it exerts on the lives of the other gender. I have frequently noted the high esteem and reverence in which some women are held, despite the fact that they do not possess those external attractions, a beautiful face and figure, which are usually so potential in eliciting the admiration of men. I have striven to discover the key to this mystery, which isn't so much a mystery after all, when we come to examine it. An experience which I had when I changed the town of my abode may serve as a useful illustration for a certain class of young men doubtless represented among your readers, who are at a loss to understand how a woman not personally endowed with extraordinary grace of face and form, can be regarded as attractive.

I went to Wa—no—perfect stranger. It was not long, however, before I made the acquaintance of quite a large circle of young men of the place. From them I acquired all the knowledge I possessed for a long time of the town and its people. In the course of events, I grew into the social life of the community. I became a part of it. From the first I had heard the name of a certain young woman mentioned more frequently and with a greater unanimity of amiable regard than any other. I was informed many times by my young men friends that she was a person I ought to know. The cause of this general high opinion I found sprung from the fact that she was so good and kind. Long before I had the pleasure of knowing her personally I had formed very decided notions concerning her appearance, as people will. Somehow I associated the fine traits of character and beautiful manners and accomplishments attributed to her, with a well-defined conception of physical loveliness. I imagined she must be beautiful externally as well as morally and intellectually. I confounded her with the accepted paragon of beauty who ordinarily achieves bellehood in a large town. When I first met her I was disappointed, I must confess. The picture which I had drawn in my mind bore no resemblance whatever to the original, in point of looks. She was what one would call plain, but I perceived at once the reason of the general affection in which she was held. She was frank, unaffected, sympathetic, quite different in this respect from the fair creature whose popularity is the outgrowth of exceptional outward charm. She was in short an everyday girl with an every day name, plain Mary, of which she was intensely proud because of its sacred connection with the highest model of womanhood. She manifested

a kindly interest in me as a stranger, and as she talked I took a hasty mental inventory of her external characteristics. Her neat figure was clad in a gown of rich material but severely plain and her raven tresses were crowned with a becoming headdress suitable to the season. There was nothing particularly striking in her appearance that would lead a stranger to bestow upon her a second glance, though she had fine eyes, regular features and an expression of great intelligence and benignity. Her manner, however, was most engaging, and could not fail to make an agreeable impression upon a keen judge of human character. I understood at once why everybody liked her and spoke well of her.

With that inherent hospitality which distinguishes good and generous souls, she invited me to call on her at her home, arranging the date to suit my convenience. I gratefully availed myself of the opportunity, and the favorable impression first created was deepened and became more firmly fixed as the result of closer acquaintance under the most auspicious circumstances. I was not surprised to find her indifferent to the frivolities and hollow vanities of the social swim, but cultivated, well-read and conversant with serious concerns of general interest. Our conversation passed from literature with the best of which I discovered she was on terms of easy familiarity, to the subject of the war. She was enthusiastic on the subject of going to the front as a nurse in the event of such services being needed and showed that she was intelligently patriotic. She played and sang with unaffected sweetness and grace and manifested in every act the charming points of innate cleverness and self-mastery. The evening passed very rapidly and almost before I realized the time for departure arrived. I was quite free to confess when it was all over, that I had never spent a more enjoyable and satisfactory evening.

The moral I would draw is this. I wish all our Catholic young men were fortunate enough to number among their young lady acquaintances Marys of the type I have attempted to describe. Associations of that sort would prove tremendously beneficial and elevating. Then the young men would be inspired and impelled by an ambition to be worthy of the privilege. They would study and improve their manners and in every way would be the gainers thereby.

Sims is right. Young men can learn a practical lesson if they will, from his experience and the moral of it ought not to be lost either on the alert and supple minds of our dear girls in whose behalf the tale is told. The surest safeguard for our youth lies in innocent and intelligent associations, the duty of our young women is to provide them. How many of our youth act up to this ideal?

ACRES OF PIE

Are Eaten Annually by the People of this Dominion.

And Almost Endless Suffering From Dyspepsia Would Result if DODD'S Dyspepsia Tablets Were not Used.

There are thousands of bakers in Canada. Each one bakes hundreds of pies every year. There are thousands of house-keepers in the Dominion. Each of these bakes hundreds of pies every year. Think, then, how much pie does every person in Canada eat in a year!

Now, the pie is called the "seed of Dyspepsia." And the pies baked in Canada, in a year would cover acres of ground.

Think of it! Acres of dyspepsia! And this means hours, days, weeks, months of terrible suffering! It means ill health and ruined constitutions! It follows that the Canadian race will become weak and unhealthy unless some means of checking this dyspepsia be found, for people won't give up their pies.

Fortunately there is no need to search for a way to check dyspepsia. It has been found already. DODD'S Dyspepsia Tablets, not only check the worst cases of dyspepsia, but cure them outright. So you may eat your pie in peace, if you only take one or two of DODD'S Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal. Then you can laugh at dyspepsia.

DODD'S Dyspepsia Tablets cure dyspepsia and all stomach troubles by removing the cause. They digest the food, clean the stomach, rest and strengthen it, and regulate the bowels perfectly. One or two taken after each meal, will cure the worst case in a few weeks.

There's no uncertainty about it, but you can satisfy yourself, and cure your dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, etc., by buying and trying a box.

DODD'S Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by all druggists, at 50 cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or sent on receipt of price, by The DODD'S Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

THINK ABOUT YOUR HEALTH. Do not allow scrofula taints to develop in your blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now and keep yourself well.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has the largest sale of any similar preparation sold in Canada. It always gives satisfaction by restoring health to the little folk.

BUY Coleman's Salt THE BEST

HAIR HUMORS

Itching, Irritated, scaly, crossed Scalps, dry, thin, and falling Hair, dandruff, and all other troubles of the scalp, cured by CUTICURA, purest of emollients, the greatest skin cure.

Cuticura Treatment will produce a clean, healthy scalp with luxuriant, lustrous hair, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. CUTICURA SOAP, and occasional dressings of CUTICURA, purest of emollients, the greatest skin cure.

98-IRELAND-98

Excursions to Ireland MAY AND JUNE County Wexford Celebrations. Vinegar Hill and New Ross.

JULY Irish National Pilgrimage. Belfast Celebration.

AUGUST Monuments to Tone and United Irishmen.

First Cabin and expenses, \$100 and upwards. Second Cabin and expenses, \$100 & upwards. Steerage and expenses, \$75 and upwards. State when you wish to go and how long you wish to stay. For particulars address 6 General Foreign Agency, 11 MULLINS ST., MONTREAL, Que.

MENTHOL PLASTER The D&L PLASTER We guarantee that these Plasters will relieve pain quicker than any other. Put up only in 25c. tin boxes and \$1.00 yard rolls. The latter allows you to cut the Plaster any size. Every family should have one ready for an emergency. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL. Beware of Imitations.

MONUMENTS SMYTH & SON Corner King and Clarence Streets, LONDON, ONTARIO. It will pay you to see us before placing your order. No agents.

100 Foreign Stamps, all different, for 10c. 1,000 Mixed Foreign Stamps, 40c. New price list post free on application. WEST YORK STAMP CO., 11 King Street East, Toronto.

FAVORABLE KNOWS SINCE 1826 BELLS. WEST-TROY N.Y. BELLE-METAL. PUREST BELL METAL (COPPER AND TIN). Send for Price and Catalogue. CHURCH BELLS & PEALS. GOSWAM BELL FOUNDRY, HALLOWELL, ME.

Concordia Vineyards SANDWICH, ONT. ALTAR WINE A SPECIALTY Our Altar Wine is extensively used and recommended by the clergy, and our Chateau wine is particularly favored by the best imported Bordeaux. For prices and information address—

ERNEST GIRARDOT & CO SANDWICH, ONT. PLUMBING WORK In operation, can be seen at our warehouse Dundas Street.

SMITH BROS. Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers, LONDON, ONT. Telephone 424.

REID'S HARDWARE For Grand Rapids Carpet Sweepers, Superior Carpet Sweepers, Squeegees, the latest Wringers, Mangles, Cutlery, etc.

113 Dundas St., (North Side) London, Ont.

1898 Our Boys' and Girls' Annual

For 5 cents we will mail to any of our youthful readers a new story for boys, from the pen of the popular war story teller, Father Finn, S. J., and an interesting tale for girls, by ELLA LORRAINE DORSEY (both contained in, and written especially for Our Boys' and Girls' Annual for 1898). An abundance of games, tricks, and other interesting items, together with a large number of pretty pictures, contribute to render Our Boys' and Girls' Annual for 1898 a delightful book. Address—

THOS. COFFEY, CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE, London, Ont.