

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS. OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. A KNIGHT OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

THE INDWELLING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT. Watch in prayer. (St. Peter iv. 7.) To-day is the Sunday of expectation, and it brings to our minds that upper chamber in Jerusalem, where the little band of the chosen disciples of the Lord were gathered together waiting for the coming of the Holy Ghost. There were the eleven Apostles and the faithful women, and Mary, the Mother of Jesus, and His brethren. "All these," says the sacred chronicler, "were persevering with one mind in prayer." Hence the Epistle of to-day urges us to imitate them, and begins with the exhortation: "Dearly beloved, watch in prayer."

Yet He comes to us continually every day, knocking at the door of our hearts and begging for admittance. Every impulse of what is known as actual grace is from the Holy Ghost, and such graces we are receiving all the time, every hour of the day. We must therefore prepare ourselves for His coming, and when He has entered into our souls we must strive to keep Him there. The Holy Ghost is the life of our souls. It is His constant presence and indwelling which is the state of grace which makes us pleasing to God. To obtain and to preserve this abiding presence of the Holy Ghost we must imitate the Apostles in their watchfulness and prayer. We must watch lest the time of temptation should find us unprepared and off our guard; we must pray that the Holy Ghost may come into our hearts, bringing with Him ever richer treasures of divine grace; that He may take possession of our souls and make them all His own; that He may guide our minds, and with the fire of His love inflame our hearts to do His holy will in all things.

But we must first prepare for the Holy Ghost by cleansing our souls from sin. Where sin reigns the Holy Ghost can never dwell. The Apostles prepared for His coming by penance. To that upper chamber in Jerusalem came St. Peter, who had denied his Lord; St. Thomas, who had doubted His resurrection, and the others who had wavered in their faith, and in the time of trial, had forsaken their Master and fled. But now they had been convinced of their error, and they came together with sorrow for their past unfaithfulness, and a full determination to lay down their lives, if need be, for Him who had died for them. This is the spirit in which we should prepare for the Holy Ghost. If your hearts are defiled with mortal sin, delay not the time of penance. The Holy Ghost is ready to descend upon you. He only waits for you to do your part. Make ready, then, a place in your heart, that He may enter in and dwell there.

"O my dearly beloved brethren!" exclaims St. Gregory the Great, "think what a dignity it is to have God abiding as a Guest in our hearts! Surely, if some rich man or some powerful friend were to come into our house, we would hasten to have our whole house cleaned, lest perchance, when he came in he should see anything to displease his eye. So let him that would make his mind an abode for God cleanse it from all the filth of iniquity."

And they were persevering with one mind in prayer. Our prayer must be persevering if we would gain that which we desire. This is what our Lord meant when He said that we ought always to pray and not to faint. Unless we persevere in prayer we shall without doubt faint by the way in the journey of life. And let us do as the Apostles did, join our prayers to those of Mary, the Mother of Jesus, and we shall have a sure hope of obtaining what is most needful for us. Then, as the Holy Ghost once descended upon her, and wrought within her the Incarnation, so also will He come into our hearts, and make them the abode of the Holy Trinity. Then, if we listen to His blessed voice within us, we shall grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, for the Holy Ghost will teach us all things, according to the promise.

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Summary of Annual Report for 1893.

New Life Applications received during 1893	9,309,155.83
Increase over 1892	972,087.75
Cash Income for year ending 31st December, 1893	1,249,482.12
Increase over 1892	105,613.51
Assets at 31st December, 1893	1,001,776.00
Increase over 1892	58,950.02
Reserve for Security of Policy-Holders	3,531,204.57
Increase over 1892	141,944.29
Surplus over all Liabilities, except capital	51,000.65
Surplus over all Liabilities and Capital Stock	288,905.65
Life Assurances in force Jan. 1st, 1894	27,799,756.51
Increase over previous year	3,888,769.87

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THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

A KNIGHT OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. Prominent among the two-score English tourists who chanced to be in the Italian city of Livorno (or, to use its harsher English name, Leghorn) in the summer of 18—, was Lord S., a wealthy landholder, whose taste for travel drew him to the Continent oftener than it allowed him to remain in his native country. A day or two after his arrival in Leghorn, that beautiful Tuscan city put on holiday attire in honor of the festival of Corpus Christi. The spectacle that met the young Englishman's sight, as he left his hotel about 11 o'clock, was an impressive and a splendid one. A sun, radiant as only the sun of Italy can be, flooded the atmosphere with golden rays; the air was palpitating with the melody of joyous church bells; palaces, stores, and lesser buildings were decked with banners and streamers of every rich and varied color; magnificent repositories blazed out in exceptional splendor here and there along the route; in the flower-strewn streets the silent throng of men, women and children knelt in reverent adoration as the Eucharistic God was borne through their midst by the venerable Archbishop, walking under a golden baldachin, and escorted by the clergy and the nobility of the city.

An ironical smile played around the lips of Lord S. as the cortege approached the point where he had stationed himself, an amused and pitying spectator of "these poor, superstitious Romanists." He had removed his hat as an act of mere gentlemanly courtesy, but was standing erect among the kneeling worshippers—when suddenly the supercilious expression vanished from his countenance, he grew pale as death, and, falling upon his knees, burst into tears. What had happened? We shall let Lord S. himself explain. "While I was watching, with an incredulous eye, the centre of the ostensorium carried by the Archbishop, it seemed to me that the Saviour cast upon me a glance in which ineffable sweetness, sorrow, and reproach were mingled. Something indescribable took place within me: I fell on my knees, believed, and adored."

It was another Sack struck down on the road to Damascus. Lord S. abandoned Protestantism, and shortly afterwards entered the Society of Jesus, of which he became a brilliant ornament. Throughout his religious life, his love for the august Sacrament of the Altar was admirable. He consecrated to it his eloquent tongue and able pen, spent long hours in adoration at the foot of the tabernacle, and daily made the offering of his life as a sacrifice of expiation for the outrages of which Our Lord is the subject in the Holy Eucharist. One springtime he was sent, at the approach of Easter, to help an old pastor in a mountain parish of the Sabines, a district still infested at the epoch of which we write by roving bands of brigands, and less hardy robbers as well. Very late one evening the pastor happened to be summoned on a sick-call: and Father So wishing to await his return, sat at his window, contemplating the magnificent star-gemmed Italian sky in the impressive silence of a night whose serenity was undisturbed by even a passing zephyr. He glanced, too, toward the modest little church, situated a few rods from the presbytery; and his priestly heart, in loving adoration of the divine Prisoner, throbbled with holy envy of the constant sanctuary lamp, whose rays shone through the chapel windows.

Suddenly he fancied he saw a shadow moving in the sanctuary; and, impelled by an instinctive presentiment of evil, he hastened at once to the church, the door of which he found ajar. One glance at the altar thrilled him with horror: two robbers were standing before the open tabernacle, which they had already rifled of the chalice and the ciborium containing the consecrated Hosts. What was he to do? He knew that near by, under the tower, were the sexton's pickaxes; and for a moment his impulse was to arm himself with one, and crush the sacrilegious wretches where they stood.

"But no," he said to himself: "the hand that consecrates the Bread of Life will not be raised against these unfortunate men." He stole noiselessly up behind the robbers; and, aided by his unusual height, had seized the ciborium before the desecrators were aware of his presence. Terrified at this interruption the brigands were about to flee, when, seeing that they had only one man to deal with, they decided not to abandon their booty, and threw themselves upon the priest in order to wrest the holy vessel from his grasp. Bracing himself against the altar, however, and holding the ciborium close to his breast, Father S. resisted all their efforts; and, although blows rained upon him, he could not be made to move or relax his hold of the sacred vessel. Furious at the superhuman strength he evinced, one of the wretches discharged a pistol at his head. The generous priest sank down on the altar, wounded unto death; but by a supreme effort, still held close his divine Treasure. "Help, Lord, - help!" he cried: "my strength is gone." At that moment the pastor, his sacristan, and two men who had accompanied them on the sick-call, entered the church. The brigands fled at once; but what a sight met the eyes of the old priest and his companions! At the foot of the altar lay stretched, almost lifeless,

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Legend of the Cross-Bill. The heavens, in horror, snatched the sun from such a spectacle of shame and guilt. The sea with fury boiled, and with a voice of storms upbraided man for his ingratitude to the God of all mercy. Who on Calvary's mount was dying to restore the heaven which sin had lost. The earth in sorrow rent its bosom as it witnessed the pitiful, the awful sight of the Saviour alone in His agony. Alone except for the presence of His Blessed Mother, whose heart was martyred with her Son. She stood in helplessness by His side, unable to wipe from Jesus' tender brow the blood-stains, or to give one drop of water to quench the thirst with which His blessed tongue was tied. The wounds in His sacred hands and feet, and loving Heart opened their ruby lips as if to beg mercy from and for the cruel murderers who mocked and jeered His agonies. There He hung on the tree of scorn between two thieves! But what was His crime? "Found guilty of excess of love" for His children, all of whom had forsaken Him at the very time He was pouring out the last drop of His Precious Blood for their sakes. In His abandonment the God of all kindness and mercy was pleased to accept consolation from one of the least of His creatures. Just as the weeping Angel of Death was drawing near, something soft and tender touched gently the fevered body of the dying redeemer. Jesus opened His dying eyes. On what did they rest? Some repentant soul coming to minister to its God? Only a poor little bird fluttering about each burning wound, as if to cool it with its downy wings! Full of tenderness, it tried to undo the wrong which man had done, and labored to draw out with its beak the cruel nails and thorns. As Our Blessed Lord gazed on the little creature, so full of love and pity for its Maker, His Heart was wounded again to think that those to whom He had shown the greatest love had forsaken Him, and the little innocent bird that never offended him tried to ease his pain as best it could. Our dear Lord blessed the bird, and marked its bill with the sign of the cross, never to be effaced, and bid it wear henceforth the color of His Atoning Blood.

O happy, happy bird so near your dying Maker, trying to do what man refused his Redeemer! O happy bird flying through the green forests, carrying with you forever the signs of God's gratitude; you are a lasting rebuke to all men for their cold-hearted forgetfulness! M. McS. St. Thomas Separate school.

St. Martin of Tours. The door of the morn on bright golden hinges Swings open, and through its wide portals we see The network of frost that exquisitely fringes Trees and shrubs that stand white on the upland and lea.

Despite the golden sunlight, 'tis a bitter cold morning: the keen north wind is blowing over the moorlands, and King Winter is throwing reckless bright jewels of frost on earth's kirkle of snow. The raven shrieks wildly along the deserted road leading to Amiens: no other sounds break the dreary monotony, save the winter wind singing a wild dirge. Crouching beside the city gate where this road enters, is a trembling, half-naked creature trying to protect his shivering form from the cold, cruel blast. This vestige of manhood is not only a beggar, but also a leper—a hideous form, a disgusting object. He is waiting there in the hope that some charitable traveller may come what alleviate his want, his woe, his utter misery. As he glances down the glittering road he sees three horsemen approaching. They are three young officers of the Roman army, full of spirit, their young blood dancing to the piping of the cold, stirring blast. Their horses are proud, spirited animals, the vaunt of their masters. One of these men is a catechumen in the Christian faith. The others are pagans. All three are gay, merry and careless, in the full sense of the words. As they near the gate of the city they see this loathsome creature, who stretches out his gaunt and palsied hand, and cries out: "O noble riders, look on me, take pity on me!" The first cavalier does not condescend to give one glance at the wretched mendicant, the second rides on with a smile of scorn, but the third, the noblest of the three, halts, and gazing, with pity upon the poor man, he says: "Had I gold, fain would I make it thine, but I give what I have, then drawing his keen sword he cuts in twain his superb mantle and gives half to the beggar, who weeps out his fervent thanks. Then the young knight, wrapping the remaining half about himself, spurs on to overtake his companions, who laugh loudly at the figure he makes in this odd attire. As they ride through the streets of Amiens laughter and derisive remarks greet the charitable knight, but, though he feels the mockery, he does not regret his charitable deed. That night as the soldier sleeps a sweet vision is given him. The heavens are opened, and amid the celestial host stands the glorious form of Our Lord wearing that portion of the cloak which had been given to the beggar. The heart of the young man leaps as he hears Our Lord say: "Martin, yet a catechumen, has clothed me with this mantle." The soldier awakes, - awakes to begin a new life which makes him Martin the saint. Bishop of Tours. May we all wear at the judgment seat of Christ the cloak of charity, which "covereth a multitude of sins!" MEM. St. Thomas.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Sunday Within the Octave of the Ascension.

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We too must watch and wait for the coming of the Holy Ghost. He has, indeed, already come into our souls in holy baptism, cleansing them from original sin and making them His temples. He has come again in confirmation, with all the fullness of His sevenfold gifts, to make us strong and perfect Christians and soldiers of Christ.

Yet He comes to us continually every day, knocking at the door of our hearts and begging for admittance. Every impulse of what is known as actual grace is from the Holy Ghost, and such graces we are receiving all the time, every hour of the day. We must therefore prepare ourselves for His coming, and when He has entered into our souls we must strive to keep Him there. The Holy Ghost is the life of our souls. It is His constant presence and indwelling which is the state of grace which makes us pleasing to God. To obtain and to preserve this abiding presence of the Holy Ghost we must imitate the Apostles in their watchfulness and prayer. We must watch lest the time of temptation should find us unprepared and off our guard; we must pray that the Holy Ghost may come into our hearts, bringing with Him ever richer treasures of divine grace; that He may take possession of our souls and make them all His own; that He may guide our minds, and with the fire of His love inflame our hearts to do His holy will in all things.

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ER'S E ONLY aparilla MITTED RULE XV. "Articles that are in any way dangerous or offensive, also patent medicines, nostrums, and preparations, whose uses are concealed, will be rejected to the Expo- The Sarsaparilla admits not a patent medicine, or a secret preparation, or an experiment, and that a family medicine t the D'S FAIR go, 1893. get the Best? INN'S KING WDER 'S BEST FRIEND SALE IN CANADA. NG POWDER. If it is desired to make the of Gems—Rills, Biscuit, Pa- Cakes, Pie Crust, Baked on, sweet, Snow-white, and results from the use of Cook's feed free from alum. Ask your own's Cook's Friend. 'S WANTED New, Cheap, and Most Popular Books. MEANS OF GRACE. Exposition of the Seven Sacra- Institution, Meaning, etc.; Catechism of the Church, Holy of Prayer, the Our of the Church, Holy of Mary, etc. With numerous Examples, and Interesting Adapted from the German of the German, 52 pp. With over 100 full-page illustrations. Gilt edges, \$3.00; plain, \$2.50. PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS. ons for every day in the year, from "Butler's Lives" and approved Sources. To which are added the lives of the Saints of the Calendar for the United States, and the lives of the Saints of the Church, from the German of the German, 52 pp. With over 100 full-page illustrations. Gilt edges, \$3.00; plain, \$2.50. TION OF THE GOSPELS CATHOLIC WORSHIP of the Gospels of the Sundays -days. From the Italian by Lambert, L.L.D. With an Ex- of Catholic Worship, its Cer- and the Sacraments and of the Church. From the German of the German, 52 pp. With over 100 full-page illustrations. Gilt edges, \$3.00; plain, \$2.50. GER BROTHERS, Cincinnati, Chicago. St. 143 Main St. 178 Monroe St. for Sale Cheap Easy Terms. half of west half Lot 29, Con. of Lambton County, Lambton; City House, barn, etc. of Lots 27 and 28, Talbot Road, St. John's, County Elgin; 20 acres more or less, St. Thomas; first-class; good buildings; will be sold for cash. Also, north half and south half Lot 3, Tp. McGillivray; 50 acres more or less; good orchard; excellent house and other buildings; cheap half Lot 6, Con. 4, Tp. Saugeen, Bruce; 50 acres more or less and by letter to Drawer 511, London. FURNISHING CO'Y. DON, ONTARIO. Manufacturers of School and Hall FURNITURE. for Illustrated Catalogue and Prices. et Furnishing Co. London, Ontario, Can. 'S HARDWARE CAMPBELL'S KNIFEWORKERS, WINCHESTERS, BRASS FIRE IRONS. stock of General Hardware. DUNDAS STREET, North Side. ODRUFF, No. 180 QUEEN'S AVE. and troubled sore throats. Ask your dealer. Hours, 12 to 4.