

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Pentecost or Whitsunday.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

"I will ask the Father, and he shall give you another Paraclete, that he may abide with you for ever." (St. John xiv. 26)

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 rejoice that they were accounted worthy to suffer reproach for the name of Jesus. We hear no more of jealousies and envyings; 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 into 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 all truth. He will comfort and console us in our trials; for He is, as our Lord says, the comforter. He will even bring joy; for where there is love there is 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 your hearts: "Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire and lighten with celestial fire."

For The Proud.

We cannot too soon convince ourselves how easily we may be dispensed with in the world. We think that we alone are the life of the circle in which we move; in our absence we may fancy that life, existence and breath will come to a general pause. But, alas! the gap which we leave is scarcely perceptible, so quickly is it filled again; nay, it is often but the place, if not for something better, at least for something more agreeable.—Cardinal Manning.

Get The Best.

The public are too intelligent to purchase a worthless article a second time, on the contrary they want the best! Physicians are virtually unanimous in saying Scott's Emulsion is the best form of Cod Liver Oil.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Our Lady's Birthday in 1855.

It was toward the close of the great struggle in the Crimea. In a last council of war Commander-in-Chief Pelissier had decided that a supreme assault should be made on Sebastopol on the approaching 8th of September. After the council one of the French generals, more valiant before the Russians than against human respect, sought out the future Duke of Malakoff, and urged some discreet but pressing observations as to the date chosen for the assault. Perhaps the English, fanatical adversaries of Poperly, might see in the selection of September 8th, Feast of the Nativity of the Mother of God, a premeditated coincidence smacking of devotion.

"Nonsense!" rejoined General Pelissier, with his usual vivacity. "If the English don't love the Blessed Virgin they are simpletons; that's all! A king of France consecrated the monarchy to Mary, and I desire to place the French army which I command under the special protection of that same benign Madonna. My devotional assault on Sebastopol will take place on the Festival of Our Lady's Nativity."

And Sebastopol was taken on September 8th. This incident was related by Pelissier, then Duke of Malakoff, while he was governor general of Algeria, to Bishop Pavy, a predecessor of the late Cardinal Lavergne in the African diocese.—Ave Maria.

Obey Orders.

Many years ago an ambitious young cadet at West Point asked Corporal Wooster: "What must I do to become a first class soldier?" "Obey orders," was the prompt response. It was a brief direction, but it comprehended much.

We all admire the fine, erect bearing of "our boys in blue," the precision and exactness of all their movements, their deference to superiors, and their scorn of any conduct "unbecoming a soldier and a gentleman." We watch with kindly enthusiasm a grand military display, and it is not so much the fine trappings of war that we admire as it is the "drill" of the men. This accuracy of movement was never acquired by a hap-hazard, go-as-you-please process. It took stern, steady, unrelaxing obedience to orders to bring it about. But it was all needful. It is just as important in civil as in military life to have this good soldierly quality of obedience well ingrained. No one is fit to command who has not first learned to obey. Indeed, it is rarely the case that those who did not learn in youth attain to the position of "commanders" in any sphere of life: they are not the stuff of which the world makes its leaders. The boy who slyly watches his chance for disobeying orders without detection, who sets himself up as a censor of those much older and wiser than he, is not the one to grow in favor, or to be wanted when promotions are in order.

More serious still is the fact that it is a rare thing for a will to learn to bow to God's authority when it never has been trained to obedience to those placed over it. "A child left to himself" is, rarely one who comes back to his Heavenly Father's house.

By confirmation we become soldiers of Jesus Christ, and under all circumstances must be obedient to the commands of God, and laws of our holy Church which makes good and faithful soldiers of the cross.

How he began.

A good many of the boys who read these pages will soon be "earning their way" in the world, if they are not already doing so. Here is a word to encourage them:—

Just above the wharves of Glasgow, on the banks of the Clyde, there once lived a factory boy whom I will call Davie. At the age of ten he entered a cotton factory as a "piecer."

He was employed from 6 in the morning until 8 at night. His parents were very poor, and he well knew that his must be a boyhood of very hard labor.

But then and there in that buzzing factory, he resolved that he would obtain an education and become an intelligent and useful man. With his very first week's wages he purchased Rudiman's "Rudiments of Latin."

He then entered an evening school, which met between the hours of 8 and 10. He paid the expenses of his instruction out of his own hard earnings.

At the age of sixteen he could read Virgil and Horace as readily as the pupils of the English grammar schools. He next began a course of self-instruction. He had been advanced in the factory from piecer to a spinning-jenny.

He brought his books to the factory, and, placing one of them in the "jenny," with the lesson before him, he divided his attention between the running of the spindles and the rudiments of knowledge.

He entered Glasgow University. He knew that he must work his way, but he also knew the power of resolution, and he was willing to make almost any sacrifice to gain the end.

He worked at cotton spinning in summer, lived frugally, and applied his savings to his college studies in the winter.

He completed the allotted course, and at the close was able to say, with praiseworthy pride: "I never had a farthing that I did not earn."

That boy was Dr. David Livingstone.

Stories of Courage.

Joe Dougherty is a fireman on a shifting engine in a West Virginia town. One day, not long ago, as the engine on which he was employed was approaching a bridge, across a narrow but deep creek, Joe saw a little girl on the ties ahead. The engine saw her also, and slackened speed, so that there was no danger of running her down; but she did not know that, and, missing her footing, in the fright she fell into the water. The fireman did not hesitate a moment, and sprang in after her. The current was very treacherous at this point and the fireman was not an expert swimmer, but he caught the little girl and succeeded in landing her on shore. She happened to be a poor girl, so Joe was not rewarded, except by thanks, but he was a hero all the same.

"You cannot always judge a book by the cover," is an old and true saying. An old lady and a little girl were walking down Madison street, in Chicago, and just behind sauntered a young man, dressed in most exquisite style and carrying a thick cane—in fact, a pronounced dude. Suddenly there came in view a savage dog, half-mad with heat, and, to the horror of the spectators, ran at the little girl. The old lady interposed, and the dog instantly caught her dress and dragged her down. Men and women fled in every direction—everybody except the dude. With the uttermost fearlessness he seized the dog by the collar and began to pound him with the thick cane. The dog howled and struggled, but the young man had a grip like iron and held the dog securely until a policeman came and relieved him. Then the dute picked up his hat, dusted his clothes and adjusted his collar as he sauntered off with his former harmless mien.

Lieutenant Mansfield, of the British Navy, went up in a balloon at Bombay not long ago, sitting upon a trapeze, to which was attached a parachute of a new fashion. The ascent was not for money or display, but in the interest of naval ballooning. At a height of two miles the daring voyager dropped. He says: "Finding my apparatus all clear, I took the balloon-ring in my right hand, drew myself clear of the trapeze and dropped down into space. After ascending with terrible velocity for some distance the parachute began to open. At 10,200 feet I was falling at a great speed, but was fully able to control my apparatus. At 10,000 feet I was sailing down calmly in space. Then I drifted to and fro in various counter currents, and at 1000 feet exactly felt the heat from a long red iron chimney." Now comes the more remarkable part of this narrative. "Steering my parachute," he continues, "to the eastward, I dropped her rapidly to clear the buildings ahead, and, seeing nothing but houses to descend on, I selected the flattest I could find, and dropped gently down on it." A spectator who watched the voyage from the garden gives a vivid account of straining the eyes till he was just able to discern a tiny white speck on the blue sky. After what seemed a terrible length of time Lieutenant Mansfield became visible, swinging under the parachute, and working the valve-lines so as to insure a safe landing when he chose to make it.

WITCH-BURNING CASE.

Prejudice Aside, What Does the Incident Mean?

The details brought to light in connection with the terrible death of the woman, Mrs. Cleary, at Ballyvaedea, near Thurles, has led some journalists—chiefly those of the Orange type—to write of the Irish people as if they were steeped in ignorance and superstition. But, prejudice aside, what does the case mean? Simply that a belief in witchcraft, which for centuries after centuries was illustrated by legal prosecutions and the most frightful punishments, which is responsible for innumerable victims, and which still alive in some measure throughout every country in the world, vigorously survives in a little hamlet, on a lone Tipperary mountain, the outcome being a most deplorable episode.

Revolting as the incidents associated with that episode are, they afford no novel revelation of cruelty, for the history of such cases shows more strikingly than anything else has ever done what savagery human nature is capable of under the influence of a fanatical delusion. Instances of this are only too frequently met with in the judicial records of England. Not longer ago than 1863 a reputed wizard was drowned in a pond at the village of Hedingham, in Essex, and as many as sixty or seventy persons were concerned in the outrage. Everyone who is familiar with the manners and customs of the people throughout Europe is aware that there is scarcely a single country in which persons are not continually duped by so-called "wise men" and "wise women," who profess to be skilled in witchcraft and magic.

The people of Tipperary, by their attitude towards the prisoners in the Ballyvaedea case, have shown how great is their horror at the dreadful deed that has been perpetrated, and it surely savors both of ignorance and injustice to attribute to them any share in the superstition which they so strongly condemn and repudiate.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty 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. Parmentier's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with indigestion or Dyspepsia.

ONCE A SLAVE NOW A NUN.

The Aged Colored Religious of a Baltimore Convent.

In the convent of the Oblate Sisters of Providence, in Baltimore, is an aged colored religious who for nearly sixty years has lived a consecrated life, laboring for her own sanctification by working for the salvation of others. With faculties almost unimpaired and still faithful to the rules of her order, so far as her great age will permit, Sister Ellen is an object of veneration for the novices, the pupils, and the orphans of St. Francis' Institution, writes L. W. Reilly in Donahoe's Magazine for March.

In bondage, in the hut of her slave parents, on a plantation near Marlborough, in Prince George county, Maryland, Ellen West was born in April, 1800, the youngest of six sisters, in a family of twelve children. As soon as she grew old enough to work, she was set at such tasks as a child could do, and from her earliest years she was made to feel the meaning of servitude. While she was still a young girl, her master moved to Washington with his family and dependents, and there she saw President Madison, Secretary of State Monroe, Secretary of War Armstrong, and other distinguished citizens of the time. She has vivid recollections of the appearance of the city then, which was more like an ill-regulated hamlet than a town of order and beauty. She remembers well the scenes of ruin left by General Ross and Admiral Cockburn, when they made their assault on the city and burned the Capitol, the President's house, the Treasury, and other Government buildings.

At the age of twenty-seven Ellen West became a Catholic, attracted by the Church's defence of the manhood and marriage of the slaves, and the recognition of their religious rights. She sought instruction from the pastor of St. Patrick's Church, by whom later she was baptized. Shortly after she received her first Communion, she was manumitted, and, going to Baltimore, she became a domestic for the Misses Cottringer, keepers of a fashionable school on Franklin street. With them she remained for about ten years, a trustworthy, industrious, truthful and economical servant. But experiencing a desire to leave the world for a more perfect religious life, she on May 6, 1838, entered the Convent of St. Francis in Baltimore as a postulant. At present she is the sole survivor of the members received into the order by its founder, the Rev. J. Joubert, whose last illness she soothed with daughterly devotedness, and was present at his peaceful death in 1843.

In the convent Sister Ellen soon showed that she had found her true place. The Jesuit Fathers, in charge of St. Joseph's parish in Baltimore, in 1857 thought of opening a school for colored children; and Sister Ellen, with two other Oblates, was sent to take charge of it. The first night of their presence there, a mob, incensed at the idea of educating negroes, attacked the Sisters' dwelling, burst in the door, and compelled them to fly for refuge to the home of some white Catholics near by. The school was re-established later on, and did excellent work for years among the colored children of South Baltimore.

By direction of her superiors, Sister Ellen returned to St. Francis' academy, and there she has remained ever since, faithful to her religious duties and devoted to the Christian education of young girls of her race. In 1888 she celebrated her golden jubilee. The chapel of the institution was tastefully decorated for the occasion. It was crowded with white and colored friends of the happy Sister. Fifteen clergymen were present, including the Cardinal Archbishop of Baltimore, and the present Bishop of Detroit. Representatives of some of the most prominent Catholic families in Maryland like the Carrolls, the Jenkinsons, the Charlises, the Dugans, the Shivers, and others, assisted at the *fete*. A solemn High Mass was celebrated and an appropriate sermon was preached. During the sacred function, Sister Ellen renewed her vows and Cardinal Gibbons crowned her with a wreath of gold. The children of the school later on gave an entertainment in her honor. Gifts and congratulations came in from many distant places. Altogether the celebration made a red-letter day for the convent and its friends.

The present Mother Superior said recently: "Sister Ellen is so full of piety and charity that we all hold her in deepest veneration. Her one thought is how to benefit the poor and needy. I was only five years of age when I entered the orphan asylum, and Sister Ellen was then a grown woman. I have been in the institution about fifty-five years, during forty-three of which I have been a Sister, and during all those years she has been a mother to us all."

Although her growing infirmities make Ellen feeble, she persists in attending the community Mass at half-past 6 o'clock every morning. Then returning to her room, she gives herself up to prayer, the only way open to her labor for the good of the convent, and many a blessing is no doubt the fruit of her continued entreaties. Her ninety-five years bear lightly upon her. Her mind is clear, and her senses have not failed her. She is able to take short walks, and is full of interest for the success of the institution. She is calmly waiting for the summons that will doubtless bring to her the greeting, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

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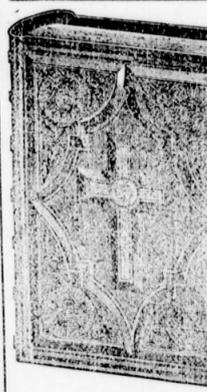
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ANGLICANS AGAINST DIVORCE.

"Father" Black Creates a Scene in a London Church.

A sensation was created at a prominent wedding in St. Mark's Church, London, on Monday. The groom was a divorced man, a son of Lord Brinkman and the bride was a step-daughter of Lord Aylesford. When the clergyman came to that part of the service reading, "If any man can show just cause," "Father" Black, an Anglican clergyman, who was in the gallery, arose, and amid great excitement began reading an objection to the marriage. The clergyman proceeded with the service and "Father" Black continued in a loud voice to read his protest, which was based on the fact that Mr. Brinkman was a divorced man. The protest was unheeded, and "Father" Black left the church.

For some time past there has been a warm discussion in the Anglican Church against the marrying of divorced people and the Anglican Church Union, of which "Father" Black is a member, has bitterly opposed it.

Peters on Purgatory.

Rev. Henry A. Brann, D. D., the scholarly rector of St. Agnes' Church, New York, writes the following to the New York Sun: Rev. Madison C. Peters is reported as saying in his last Sunday's sermon: "The doctrine of the Papists in regard to purgatory was not known until more than 1000 years after Christ came on earth. Such doctrine was first introduced by Pope Hildebrand in 1073."

Every student of the history of theology knows that this statement of Mr. Peters is absolutely false. Even John Calvin in his "Institutes," book third, chapters 5 and 10, admits that the doctrine of purgatory was believed in the third century; and St. Augustine in his work on "Heretics," written in the early part of the fifth century, tells us that in the fourth century "there was a heretic named Erius who denied the utility of prayers or Masses for the dead." Therefore the doctrine of purgatory must have been accepted by the Church at that time. These two authorities are enough against so light a weight as Madison Peters.

Although Father Young, the Paulist, in a clever book, has refuted his calumnies against Catholic countries, and although Monsignor Farley, in the Forum, has exposed his falsehoods about the tenure of Catholic Church property in New York, Mr. Peters has not apologized or retracted. He is a

conspicuous instance of shameless and

egregious ignorance and malicious mendacity; and if he does not change his habits of preaching he will go further than purgatory and fare worse.—Boston Republic.

Grandest Figure of the Century.

A non-Catholic correspondent of one of the metropolitan papers speaks thus of the present occupant of St. Peter's chair:

"I may perhaps repeat it is sad, passing sad—the spectacle of the frail old man, while war lords and kaisers are spending millions on ships and guns for the purpose of murder, working as best he can in the end of his long life to put war away from the hands of men, to promote peace and good will, and to do away with blood and iron in the government.

"What matters it what the theological opinions of this man are? The well-rounded character of his life, the nobleness of his ideals, the fidelity with which even in these his last days he is endeavoring to save his fellow man, this transcends theology and glorifies humanity.

"The world is the better for Leo XIII. having lived in it. It will be the poorer by at least one great man when he passes away from it, as he soon must. His successor will find a broad pathway made for him. Yet he will find it hard to walk in it in the manner Leo has.

Father Damien, S. J.

One of the most instructive and useful pamphlets extant is the lectures of Father Damien. They comprise four of the most celebrated ones delivered by that renowned Jesuit Father, namely: "The Private Interpretation of the Bible," "The Catholic Church, the only true Church of God," "Confession," and "The Real Presence." The book will be sent to any address on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. Orders may be sent to Thos. Coffey Catholic Record Office, London.

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