

## FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Feast of Pentecost, or Whit-Sunday.

## THE HOLY GHOST IN THE CHURCH.

The Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he will teach you all things, and bring all things to your mind, whatsoever I shall have said to you. (Gospel of the day.)

On the day which we now commemorate, my brethren, the Holy Ghost came down, as you know, on the little company of Christians assembled in the upper room at Jerusalem, to prepare them for the great combat in which they were about to engage against the devil for the conquest of the world. He came down upon them to make of them the Church of God; to establish them in the truth, and to bring to their remembrance, as our Lord had promised, the faith which they had received from His lips. He came to give them not only the knowledge but also the courage and strength which would be necessary for them to persevere, to resist and overcome all the attacks of the enemy, and to weather all the storms which heresy, infidelity, and worldliness were about to raise against the one true faith.

And He was to come, not only on them, but on those who have followed them as well, and for the same purpose. We have received Him, and He abides in the Catholic Church to-day as He did in the times of the Apostles. The Holy Ghost is the life of the Church; it is His presence which distinguishes her from the human institutions which have appeared in the world with her and have one by one sprung up and passed away. It is His abiding with her that makes her life perpetual, ever the same and ever new.

But how is the Holy Ghost in the Catholic Church? How is it that He is her life, and that He keeps now, as of old, in the one true body which all who will but clear the mists of prejudice from before their eyes can see is the one which Christ promised to form, and to which all His promises were made?

In the first place, the Holy Ghost is in the Catholic Church by the gift bestowed on the successors of the Apostles in the Apostolic See, of infallibility in teaching the faith. In this way the truth is sure to be kept in the world; it cannot fail to be taught, while the Vicar of Christ remains to teach it.

But it is not only in the Holy See that the Spirit of God abides. The Bishops throughout the world also teach the faith by His help and guidance; and this help is also given to the clergy who assist them. Nor does the work of the Holy Ghost stop here; He is also with the body of the faithful, enabling them also to recognize the truth when they hear it, and to distinguish it from error. "You have the unction from the Holy One, and know all things," says St. John; "I have not written to you as to them that know not the truth, but as to them that know it."

Yes, the Holy Ghost is throughout the Church; He is her life, and is not only in her head, but also in her members. Were He not in the members, though the Pope indeed should remain to teach the truth, the faithful would not have remained faithful or attentive to the truth which he would teach.

What a blessing, then, my brethren, is this light of the Holy Ghost, which is given in its measure to each one of us; which keeps us in the one fold, and which makes us, out of many, one body in Christ; which brings His words always to our minds, and which preserves us from the ever-changing doubt and confusion which is the lot of those who are separated from the one true Church in which He dwells! Let us, then, preserve this unspeakable gift; let us not quench the Spirit of God within us. And how is it quenched? How do we lose the light of faith which He gives?

By sin, and never except by sin. Though instruction be indeed good and salutary, it is not the simple and the unlearned who lose the faith, but such as give ear to their passions, especially those of pride and impurity. All the heresies which have torn multitudes from the Church of Christ have had their roots not so much in ignorance as in sin. "Keep yourselves," then, my brethren, as St. John warns you, "from idols"; this is the only sure way to keep in yourselves the light of God.

## Home Without Prayer.

A home without prayer, in which the father lifts up the family in its needs, its affections, its labors, its soul life to God, is an unmagnetized, incoherent group of persons. It lacks that unifying core that causes all things in the family life to radiate from one centre, as we have seen in great magnetic coils all particles of attracted metal standing out, each in its own line, but all having one fixed point of attachment. It is for the want of the binding, upbuilding influence of family worship that many families give an impression of disintegration, distraction, perhaps of jarring, inharmonious interests. Were we to unfold even many Christian homes in our land we might discover that God's place was vacant. What wonder that unrest and disappointment attend on such families!

## The Wonderful Success

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier entitled it to your confidence. No other preparation has such a record of cures of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Blood Poisoning, or other blood diseases. To try it is to know its merit. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

For a general family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills. They should be in every home medicine chest.

Sirs—For five years I suffered from humors and could get no relief until I used Hood's Sarsaparilla, and must say I find no better remedy for it.

JOHN DESHERDAN, Sandwich, Ont.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

## How She Attracted Notice.

This little incident—it is a true story—occurred a few days ago in Philadelphia. The owner of a retail store gave a holiday to all his employees about the 1st of June. Cashiers, foreman, salesmen and women, cash boys and porters, all were invited to spend the day on the grounds of the country seat owned by their employer. Tents were erected, a beautiful dinner and supper provided, a band was stationed in the grove, and special trains were chartered to carry the guests to the country and home again.

Nothing else was talked of for weeks before the happy. The saleswomen, most of whom were young, anxiously planned their dresses and bought cheap and pretty muslins, which they made up in the evening, that they might look fresh and gay. Even the cash boys bought new cravats and hats for the great occasion.

There was one girl, whom we shall call Jane, who could not indulge herself in any pretty bit of finery. She was the only child of a widowed mother who was paralyzed. Jane was quick and industrious, but she had been but a few months in the store and her wages barely kept her and her mother from want.

"What shall you wear?" said the girl who stood next behind the counter.

"I bought such a lovely blue lawn."

"I have nothing but this," said Jane, glancing down at her rusty black marino.

"But that is a winter dress! You'll melt, child. There'll be dancing and boating and croquet. You must have a summer gown or else don't go."

Girls of fifteen like pretty gowns. Jane said nothing for a few minutes.

"I shall wear this," she said firmly.

"And I think I will go. Mother wishes it."

"But you can't dance or play croquet in that!"

"It is always fun to see other people have fun," said Jane, bravely.

The day came bright and hot, and Jane went in her heavy, well-darned dress. She gave up all idea of "fun" for herself and set to work to help the others find it.

On the cars she busied herself in finding seats for the little girls and helping the servants with the baskets of provisions. On the grounds she started games for the children, ran to lay the table, brought water to the old ladies, and was ready to pin up torn gowns, or to applaud a good "ball!" she laughed and was happy and friendly all the time. She did not dance nor play, but she was surrounded by a cheerful, merry group wherever she went.

On the way home to town the employer, who was a shrewd business man, beckoned to his superintendent. "There is one girl here whose friendly, polite manner is very remarkable. She will be valuable to me as a saleswoman. Give her a good position. The young woman in black," and he pointed her out.

The next day Jane was promoted into one of the most important departments, and since that time her success has been steady.

The good nature and kindness of heart which enabled her to "find fun in seeing others have fun" were the best capital for her business. She had the courage, too, to disregard poverty and to make the best of life, a courage which rarely fails to meet its reward.

## A True Martyr.

One of the most touching scenes in the history of the martyrs of Japan is the death of the Blessed Ignatius Giorgi, a boy four years old, who suffered martyrdom on September 10, 1622, together with fifty-four companions. Ignatius was a son of the Blessed Dominic Giorgi, who was beheaded for the faith in November, 1619. Born a few months after the imprisonment of his father, he received baptism almost immediately from the Blessed Father Spinola, also a martyr. His mother consecrated him to God on the very day of his birth, with the hope that he would be received into the Society of Jesus as soon as he was old enough. The name of Ignatius was intended to be a constant reminder of his consecration. But Providence had other designs.

It is believed that God had revealed to this little Japanese boy, in some way suitable to his age, that he was to be a martyr. When his father shed his blood for the faith, little Ignatius was heard to say: "I shall be a martyr, and my mother also, but not my sister." It happened just as he said. When, according to the Japanese custom, he made some little presents to his friends, he would say: "Keep this carefully, for the day will come when it will be a relic." And if he was asked how that could be, he answered: "Because I am going to be a martyr." The most beautiful visions were accorded to him on this subject and were visibly stamped upon his countenance. When he saw some little swords, he cried out in the greatest joy: "One of these will some day cut off my head and make a martyr of me."

His mother, Isabella, remarking the supernatural spirit of her son, considered her own and Ignatius' death as certain, and kept herself constantly prepared for it. The prophecy of the little saint was soon fulfilled. He and his mother, together with many other Christians, were cast into prison, and the 10th of September (1622) was fixed upon for their death. Isabella, in token of her joy, adorned herself in her richest attire, as for the grandest festival of her life. In one hand she carried the crucifix; in the other, her rosary. Little Ignatius walked by her side drawing to himself the eyes of everybody; he was also decked out in

## his best, well aware of the palm that awaited him. When the executioners entered the place of execution, Isabella bowed to her spiritual father, Blessed Spinola, and bade him her last farewell. He returned her greeting and as he could not see her son on account of a pile of wood which lay between them he asked her: "Where is my little Ignatius?" She answered: "He is here by my side," and took him up in her arms, saying to him: "Look at the Father, who has inquired for you. Bow, and ask him for his blessing." The child did this most heartily. The Father, whose hands were tied, could not raise them to give the blessing; but he looked up to heaven and then at the boy, as a sign that he blessed him, showing that he was touched to his very soul by the sight. The mother, pointing to the priest: "This, Father, is the most precious offering that I could make to God, and therefore I make the sacrifice most cheerfully." As the executioners then approached, with drawn swords, the heroic mother took her last farewell of the Christians and presented her head to the blade. When his mother's head rolled to the feet of Blessed Ignatius, the child displayed the supernatural courage that filled his soul; he knelt down, crossed his little hands on his breast, and quickly bowed his head which was cut off at one blow. But his soul took its flight to the regions of glory, to join those who always follow the lamb, in whose Blood they have washed their garments.

Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints; but more especially precious is the death of His martyrs, who, according to the generally accepted opinion of theologians, are thereby freed from all stain, and are at once admitted to the beatific vision of God. To their mortal remains the holy Church shows special honor, preserving them in her altars, whereon the adorable Sacrifice is offered up. The holy martyrs are especially powerful by their intercession, because they are in a special manner like the lamb of God.

Blessed Ignatius, pray for us, and obtain for us grace to love our holy religion, and practice it faithfully all the days of our life!

## THE WICKED LORD LEITRIM.

## How He Met His Doom.

## A REVELATION FROM THE GRAVE.

A few days ago there died in Cambria County, Pa., an Irishman known as Hugh Boyle. He was about fifty-two years old, and although only an ordinary laborer, was much respected for his temperance, integrity and industry. About the same time the English journals announced the death of Robert Berningham Clements, Fourth Earl of Leitrim, in the county of Donegal, Ireland. The connection between the peer and the laborer is due to the tragic fact that Boyle was the last survivor of the men who, in 1878, shot to death the Third Earl, by whose removal Robert Clements, then a poor lieutenant in the British navy, was raised to rank and wealth.

It is a fact that even the Protestant gentry of the North of Ireland, who are the first to denounce agrarian crime, regarded the killing of the "Wicked Lord Leitrim," as he was usually styled, as the inevitable result of his evil life and character.

Boyle's right name was Stephen, and he belonged to a family of yeomen peculiar to the North—sturdy, law-abiding and industrious—rigid Presbyterians, whose strongest motive in life is to maintain the Tenant-right of Ulster; which secures to them a settled tenure in their land and freedom from the tyranny that oppresses their Catholic brethren in the South.

For thirty years the Earl of Leitrim had been at strife with his tenants; he had ninety thousand acres of land stretching across three counties and giving him a rental of over £9,000 per annum, and he spent the best part of this in harassing his poorer neighbors by suits at law; but his worst trait was shown in his brutal and lustful attempts to dishonor the wives and daughters of his tenants, and to accomplish this his influence as a peer and magistrate, and his power as a landlord, were used without fear or restraint—in fact, there was not a worse scandal in Europe, and it was with truth that his taking off was described as "a wild act of natural justice."

Hugh Stephens had served in the British army for five years, and with an excellent record as a soldier. On his return home he rented a small place and commenced life as a farmer. One day he met his landlord driving on the road and was ordered to ditch his little cart so as to get the room for the peer's coach, and this command was enforced with a horse whip; and this Stephens resented with the worst of it. The Earl getting much of trouble for Stephens—he was evicted and ruined by litigation, and his sister, a beautiful and intelligent girl, was assaulted by a ruffianly retainer of his landlord,

and her character assailed. Some of the neighboring gentry took this up, the man was arrested, tried, and sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. Leitrim was furious, and swore vengeance on all concerned.

In March, 1878, a dozen of the tenants met at a rath in the mountains overlooking Lough Foyle. One of the oldest and most respected of the men on the estate said a few words to the effect that the tyranny of their landlord was more than they could endure, and it was now necessary to resort to the last means in their power to preserve their lives and the honor of their daughters and wives; and all swore to be true to the cause in life or death. A sum of £300 was raised. It was resolved to act at once, and six men were chosen as the instruments of justice and vengeance. They had brought themselves to believe that in the removal of a tyrant they were doing right. Stephens was their leader and he procured the necessary arms.

One of their most active and trusted agents was a woman servant at Leitrim Castle; her sister had been brutally treated by the Earl, and he was her revenge to keep the assassins fully informed of their victim's movements. On the 24th of April he left Manor Vaughan to go to Milford, en route to Londonderry. He was attended by a bailiff named Mehan, who sat in the car by his side, with the driver in front. There was a second car containing his valet and another bailiff. All were well armed. The day was beautiful but rather misty.

Stephen and his party stationed themselves behind a clump of low trees, close to the road, armed with double-barrelled guns. From the roof of a cabin, four hundred yards away on the hillside a white cloth was displayed. This was the signal that the Earl was coming. His indifference to danger was manifested by the manner in which he divided his party. The second car was one hundred yards away and entirely hidden by hollow in the road. A short time before Lord Leitrim had evicted an aged widow named Algeo, and opposite her ruined cabin he fell.

Three of the party had been soldiers and were good shots, and each brought down his man. One of the guns, a rude weapon, burst and blew the holder's thumb off. The driver was killed on the spot. The bailiff ran back to the hind car and dropped dead in the road; but the Earl was alive when his enemies surrounded him. While making an effort to draw his pistol he received three loads of swan shot in the body, and when the party behind came up he was dead, and save the ruins of the gun and an old horse-pistol, nothing was left to indicate the identity of his slayers. Nor were they ever traced.

Two of the men died in Australia, two in the Boer war in South Africa, while Stephens came to this country and lived a blameless life until he died. Eight years ago he gave this narrative, intended to exonerate another man, and with the stipulation that it be kept secret until his death.

Father Van Rensselaer, a young Jesuit priest of St. Francis Xavier's parish, New York, has just organized a club for Catholic young women, to be called the Notre Dame Club. The new organization will combine the popular features of the Association of Working Girls' Clubs, the Young Women's Christian Association and some of the features of the Xavier Club for Young Men. There will be a pleasant club house, with piano, newspapers and magazines, games and other pleasant recreations, where young women may spend their evenings in congenial company and refined surroundings. As soon as the club is properly established there will be classes in languages, music, type-writing, shorthand, book-keeping and other studies for the special benefit of young working women whose time is occupied during the day.

## A Fashionable Drink.

Mentor Coccolate is a fashionable drink. Did you try it? Send postal card for samples and directions to C. Alfred Chouillon, Montreal.

Mrs. M. Stephens, of Albany, N. Y., writes us as follows: "My stomach was so weak that I could not eat anything solid or very sweet, even fruit at tea-time would cause heartburn, fullness or oppression of the chest, short breath, restlessness during sleep and frightful dreams of disagreeable sights. So that I would often dread to go to sleep. With the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery this unpleasantness has all been removed, and I now can eat what suits my taste or fancy."

MYRTLE NAVY.—The success which the Myrtle Navy tobacco has with the public is because it is composed of the very finest Virginia leaf grown, and is manufactured with the most scrupulous care at every stage of the process.

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

LOW'S SCALP SOAP is an elegant toilet article, and cleanses and purifies the skin most effectually.

THERE ARE MANY INDICATIONS of worms, but Dr. Low's Worm Syrup meets them in every case successfully.

ENRICH THE BLOOD by the use of MILNER'S BLOOD, Iron and Wine, which supplies the necessary blood-building material.

## ALWAYS TRUE.



RHEUMATISM.—Col. DAVID WYLIE, Brockville, Ont., says: "I suffered intensely with rheumatism in my ankles. Could not stand; rubbed them with."

ST. JACOBS OIL.

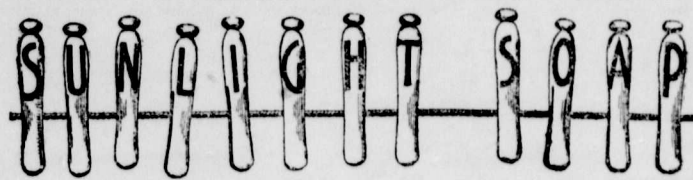
In the morning I walked without pain."



NEURALGIA.—Mr. JAMES BONNER, 138 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont., writes: "St. Jacobs Oil is the only remedy that relieved me of neuralgia, and it effectually cured me."

## IT IS THE BEST.

## ALL ALONG THE LINE.



From everybody who has given it a trial, come words of highest praise and commendation for "Sunlight" Soap. A trial will convince you that as a Superior Laundry and Household Soap "Sunlight" has no rival. It saves time, labor, the clothes, and many miseries that follow the use of other soaps. Test it next washday. See that you get "Sunlight."

## THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE

Next Bi-Monthly Drawings in 1892—March 2nd and 16th and April 6th and 20th.

3134 PRIZES		LIST OF PRIZES.	
WORTH - \$52,740.00		1 Prize worth \$15,000.....	\$15,000.00
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WORTH - \$15,000.00		5 " " " 250.....	1,250.00
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