ATONEMENT.

BY JOSEPH M. ANTHONY.

'The condition of the weather a present is very favorable for severe storms and cyclones. It is some time since the section had a visitor of this sort, but local prophets predict one for the near future.

dict one for the near future.

Yes, that was the item the newsy
Times gave us that morning, and I
can remember writing the same in
substance to my sister that afternoon. Just why I did so I cannot
say, for I had never yet felt any fear
of a storm, or given a cyclone any
consideration, any more than to discuse the occurrence of one with a chatty client for the sake of trade. In fact nearly two years ago, when one of those unwelcome visitors surprised us in the middle of the surprised us in the middle of the night, I awoke to the consciousness of every one being up, and moving quickly about seeking safety, but my own senses were employed in getting to sleep again as soon as possible. I say I cannot tell why I should repeat such gossip, unless it was my being aware of the solicitude felt for me at home when news of a storm anywhere in the west was

reported there.

The day had been extremely warm, or at least seemed so in comparison to some of the chilly, damp ones of the past week, and knowing ones looked up to the sky along in the afternoon, and shaking their heads, said: 'A big storm within twenty-four hours.'

twenty-four hours. This in itself was not enough to startle the timid ones, for very often our little city had been given but a few minutes' notice of the approach of the most devastating 'Jimmy-canes,' as the humorous rustic puts it.

Work was over, the mechanics and shop hands either home or on their way, and the merchants' little rush way, and the merchants little rush and hurry consequent on waiting on those of them who stopped in to do their usual trading was over. My clerk had returned from supper, and I prepared to do tull justice to a meal which I have yet seen only in

imagination. Before I reached the corner o Church street, where I was to turn down to my restaurant, it became evident that pedestrians and loiterers were interested beyond their wont. Even the stores and small shops on each side of the way furnished an unusual number of heads in and about the doors and windows, and the upper storeys exhibited more life town possessed. All eyes were strained, first one way, then another,

bearing at one time expectant, questioning and frightened looks.

Stopping near an old friend, I said:
Well, George, it looks a little ugly over there, don't it?

Church street to see the indications. As I came to the end of the block I could see a perfect stream of dust and debris sweeping past, borne by a swift and angry wind, and my con-clusions were that I would much prefer getting home ahead rather than during or after a heavy storm. Hurry often means delay, and the night was well advanced before I led my horse into the stable at home.

The house, an unpretentious frame, built but two years ago, stood at a considerable elevation; so much of a one, in fact, that two flights of stairs in front were used in getting to it—one from the street to the lot, and a short one from the gate to the house.

Each successive city council being mindful of its duty and obligation to give some indication of its existence had left its mark on the premises along Warren street until it seemed that the next one would be obliged to show their municipal ability in erasing the evidences of their predecessors' handiwork by refilling the street. The view is grand, and the one great attractive feature of Look-out Catters.

out Cottage.
To the north the busy town, with its stream of drays and cars passing up and down the main thoroughfare. and its line of mills and factories skirting the river. To the north-east the grand old Missouri, dragging itself lazily along on one side of a vast expanse of sand, timber and andergrowth—seeming anything but the mighty stream that at times covers this whole domain with a seething, angry flood, and now and

then changes its bed to suit its fancy.
Further around to the east was the great city across the river, appearing so near, but in reality several miles

Now, at night, it seemed still nearer, as its row after row of lights shone out bright in the darkness, and it was possible to count the windows uses a little precaution.'

in the cars as the night trains drew

out of the station.

In this direction the lightning seemed to be in a mimical humour, and, hiding below the horizon, re-vealed itself now here, now there, in almost perfect imitation of the

vertical lines cleaved the clouds asunder in the north, and formed a connection between the earth and

connection between the earth and the unknown regions above.

The western heavens presented a field of play for the imprisoned forces, and myriads of chains crossed, linked, and clashed with one another. A steadily blowing wind from the northwest hurried the storm upon us; an occasional gleam above us lit up the surroundings with appalling brightness, and the heavy roar of pature's artillary seemed to swell

brightness, and the heavy roar of nature's artillery seemed to swell and prolong as it rocked and jarred us from foundation to chimney-top.

The two opposing forces had met, but instead of grappling and rushing on in a wild destruction of themselves and objects in their path, they have joined issue, and united sweep the whole expanse with a scourging, scething wind. scathing wind.

I have the front rooms at Look

out, opening on the piazza, and looking over the water with its many reflections and shadows. Just a moment I stand, charmed with the sport which nature revelled in, and then I enter unheeded and unheard by the rest of the household whose sleeping apartment. sleeping apartments were all in a different part of the house.

Even had they not been asleep, it is doubtful if they would have heard what little noise 1 made above the

racket outside.

Before I had time to remove my

rubber coat I thought of having left something undone at the stable. I lit the lamp on the centre table, opened wide the door, and crossing the piazza vaulted over the railing on to the walk below, leaving the light stream out into the darkness, without fear of its being extinguished by the middle property of the stream of the the wind, because protected by the position held by that corner of the

Familiarity simplifies labour, and

my work was soon accomplished.
Immediately behind the house the yard rises several feet, and a pair of steps slightly racked by wear, lead down to (or up from as the case may be) the walk which runs by the piazza and along the entire eastern side of the house.

I stand at the top a second as I return to make sure of my footing, and a most vivid flash of lightning than a stranger at any previous time of the day would have supposed the must avoid—and something else a must avoid-and something else at the same time.

Standing at the farther end of the piazza from me was a man with his right foot on the first step, and his right foot on the first step, and his left hand extended towards the pillar, apparently gaining the porch, but arrested in his progress by my appearance which the sudden flash of lightning disclosed. Only a moment's view is allowed me—a

the rain from the shoulders of his pleased with the mystery that alway

coat, bespoke a well developed form.
'Yours,' said he, 'was the only
visible light shining in this quarter
and I ventured to climb those stairs with the aid of sundry gleams of electricity in the hope of finding at east advice and direction, if not hospitality, for the night. My name is Donald E Gordon.

I went through the formality of asking him to remain, assuring him of the welcome he had, and with a simple 'I thank you!' he prepared to make himself at home by removing

coat and gloves. Motioning him to a low, easy rocker, by the open grate fire, which had been left burning to remove the dampness and chill, I said:

'No doubt you would like to know who you have honored by your presence to night, Mr Gordon, and under whose roof you have found shelter; my name is Frank Sher-

wood.'
'What! Francis Sherwood, lawyer?' exclaimed my guest, rising

'The same, sir,' I replied.
'This is a most fortunate occurrence, said he, advancing with his hand extended. 'My principal business in coming to Littleton was to see you; but I had never dream; of meeting you outside of your office.'
'Very well, then,' said I, as we finished shaking hands; 'to-night I shall be your host, and to-morrow

your servant to command.'
I wheeled my own chair in front of the grate, after having drawn a small centre-table close to the seat which he resumed, and brought a flask and glass from a cupboard at the side of the room, saying: 'Had you not better have a warm drink to drive off the effects of your exposure?

He filled out about half a glass full, drank it hesitatingly, as though unused to the performance, and sat

drank it hesitatingly, as though unused to the performance, and sat silently watching the fire.

I was not in the humour to break the silence, being too busy with my own reflection, and so I sat looking casually at him, following his glance, trydring his face, trying to divine

casually at him, following his glance, studying his face, trying to divine his thoughts.

He sat as though the rest was grateful; his arms resting on the soft padded sides of the chair, his head pillowed against the tall, high back, the right foot thrown over the left knee; and he unconsciously drew his silk watch-guard through the soft, white hands—well formed, and not unused to work.

Donald E. Gordon—Gordon of Gordon Grange, as every one knew

Donald E. Gordon—Gordon of Gordon Grange, as every one knew of him—the recluse and student, seldom seen outside of his own spacious grounds, superintending his own farm, helping wherever there was a hand short, well spoken of by neighbours, and praised unsparingly by servants and helps. 'What has brought him away from home at this time of night?' was the question running through my mind, and running through my mind, and What!' the only answer oft oft

repeated.
Gordon Grange was about twelve miles from Littleton to the south, and the house or grange proper was a full mile from the main road on a slight elevation. A well-kept private road wound up from the main one, and a small piece of wood, left standing by the first settler, hid the build-

ing by the first settler, hid the buildings from the view of the many travellers along the dusty highway.

It was a place well suited for a hermit life, and its present owner made good use of its advantages.

Well posted as to the world's doings without, as the large daily mail packages attacted, giving the mail packages attested, giving the world little news in return, and and practicing charity to an extent un-thought of and unknown but by a

very few.
'Mr Sherwood,' said Mr Gordon breaking the silence which had lasted close on to half an hour, 'my attention was called to you as a lawyer in that first noted Rossmore land suit, in which you represented the successful defendant, and I have followed your career up pretty thoroughly since then by keeping posted on the court news in this ercuit.

'I say without flattery, for I think your abilities natural, that I could think of none in your profession more worthy of confidence, despite your being young. To-day I became impressed with the fact that I am near sixty, with no certainty of adding another year to the threescore. I have come over to execute my will.

My mode of life will account for my My mode of life will account for my coming and returning as I shall at night. The storm breaking unexpectedly found me basing for a hotel, which I judged was not far from here, but which I was unable to find. Being tired after my long walk I made for the light which streamed so invitingly from your door.

surrounded him.
'You then seem to think it quites

strange event, your finding me so unexpectedly? First read that, unexpectedly? First read that, continued I, handing him my memorandum book, and watching him narrowly.

His brow contracted as though he was puzzled to make out the meaning; then his tace changed from a look of intelligence or understanding

to one of the greatest surprise. 'Am I to understand this as it reads,' asked he in a tone of intense

interest. 'Exactly, sir; I always jot down an engagement ahead, and you find set down for to-morrow morning a call on yourself at Gordon Grange.' Knowing that he was anxiously

waiting for an explanation, and having previously decided that my errand could be better attended to there and then than at any other time or place I proceeded to enlighten him.

My business with you would be simply to gain some information in regard to a case I have on hand which, by reason of your long residence in the country, I imagined no one else could give better. You remember that at the time of the death of Roger Lewis there was a great deal of comment made on the will, which was shortly after admitted to probate; the younger daughter, Winnie, receiving the entire estate, real and personal, with the exception of the old fifty-acre Randle farm, which judges claimed never raised a good crop of anything but stones, and which was left to the older girl, Alice, by a codicil added some months after the original was

husband, Philip Strong, then struggling for a living in a small business, and many claim that Lewis' objection to the match was so great that, in a fit of anger, he made a will leaving Winnie sole heir, but afterwards inserted the codicil, thinking perhaps that comething might occur to haps, that something might occur to prevent the marriage, thus leaving her penniless. They tell me—for I was then unacquainted with the parties, and do not remember—that it he young couple were married immediately and went to live on the farm, apparently as well pleased as though they had the sister's portion. The house was repaired and furnished little by little, and the place improved by degrees and well applied labour. Winnie, as you well know, married the following year, and had the luck of getting a fellow who went through with her fortune and died five years afterwards, leaving her haps, that something might occur through with her fortune and died five years afterwards, leaving her only enough, when it was squared about, to insure her a modest living. Philip Strong was shrewd and sav-ing, but above all, honest. He managed to increase his business every year, improve his quarry, as he called it, and add on a few acres from time to time, until he owned some three hundred acres, or the greater part of the ridge. Then you know of the excitement about oil being found on his place, to say nothing of the coal that is there when the petroleum gives out — and now to the point.

The day before yesterday the widow filed a suit against Mrs. Alice Strong and Philip, her husband, to recover on the original fifty acres, at the same time making application to the court to have the will of Roger Lewis set aside, and the property divided by law, alleging that the true value of the land in minerals was known to the testator and heir, and the fact concealed to prevent litigation.

'I have been retained by the Strongs, and, as I never yet have undertaken a case without learning undertaken a case without learning everything known, or connected with the parties thereto, I have purposely told a great deal which you perhaps already know, in order that you may see just how much I know, and enlighten me accordingly. I am aware that Roger Lewis and yourself were good friends, and that on different occasions you have enterdifferent occasions you have enter-tained him at the Grange; conse-quently you must know much about matters and events at the time of, and previous to his death. Such points are essentially necessary to a full and thorough understanding of the motives that underlie all the actions which, to casual observers,

appear strange. I take up the subject to-night with more confidence on your receiving it favourably than I would at any other time, being impressed with your sincerity in my trust-worthiness.'

I had hastened through my facts as

anxious to know if my curiosity was to be gratified. Still he sat, without moving, gazing into the grate where the fire had burned low, like one enraptured over some passing panorams; his eyes now sparkling with their added brilliancy, and again clouded as if by painful thoughts. Suddenly leaning over he stirred up the fire, like an artist destroying the picture which his very soul conceived, that others might not see, and seeing, read, the secret of his life. Changing to a more reclining

position, he aske:-'Have you nothing further to indicate your line of defence, or had you expected to receive your cue

from me? I have given a full synopsis of the thave given a full synopsis of the knowledge I have, and mainly hoped to gain an insight into the character of the principal actor, Roger Lewis, I am always morally certain of gaining my case when I can study and learn the motives which, by degrees, lead to the events at issue, and I feel sure the cause of this action lies away back in the past.'

As he listened to my answer he leaned forward in his chair, and ined began speaking as soon as I had You finished, You may have heard, as you did

those other things, different causes assigned for my having buried my self at the Grange—in the world, but not of it; but what I will tell you now has never before been told to any one.

I hastened to assure him of my appreciation, but he interrupted me, saying: "No, there is no occasion for that, Mr Sherwood. Did I not know to whom I was speaking I would be silent, for some of the facts are too made. Several of our best lawyers waited on Alice Lewis and advised her to contest it, but she positively refused to do so. She had for some time been engaged to her present sines, in some of the lacts are too closely allied to myself to even think of their being known only in confidence. Many, however, that I would have guarded and taken to the grave with me, must now become public

cossip that justice should be properly administered. Mrs Alice Strong is not a daughter of Roger Lewis. Oh, you may well start and appear incredulous, as many others will, but there is proof for this. Thirty-five years ago Mr and Mrs Lowis, with their only child, a baby then, were preparing to move to this State when a schoolmate of theirs lost his wife in an accident, and had no relawife in an accident, and had no rela-tives to intrust with the care of his wife in an accident, and had no relatives to intrust with the care of his little two-year-old girl. He had some small means, however, and the Lewises, being in very moderate circumstances at that time, willingly agreed to take the little girl and receive a neat competence for their trouble in addition to the father meeting all her expenses. The child was brought up as a little Lewis, but in later years was told of her parentage. Philip Strong knew of it before Mr. Lewis died, and the report about the will is utterly false. Now we come to the codicil and the fifty acres. Mrs. Strong's father, whom I shall now call Mr. Brooks, came to this part of the country a few years after the Lewis family, and it was he that formed the idea of there being minerals in that ridge. He gave Lewis the money to buy the farm, took his written obligation to leave it to the girl or transfer it to her should she marry hefore his death, and it was the tagget of the country a few years after the money to buy the farm, took his written obligation to leave it to the girl or transfer it to her should she marry hefore his death, and it was the tagget of the country and the farm, took his written obligation to leave it to the girl or transfer it to her should she marry hefore his death, and it was the tagget of the country and the farm, took his written obligation to leave it to the girl or transfer it to her should she marry hefore his death, and it was the tagget to my daughter, Alice Gordon Strong, and her children.'—New York Freeman. now call Mr. Brooks, came to this part of the country a few years after the Lewis family, and it was he that formed the idea of there being minerals in that ridge. He gave Lewis the money to buy the farm, took his written obligation to leave it to the girl or transfer it to her should she marry before his death, and it was girl or transfer it to her should she marry before his death, and it was thus added to the will previously made. Mr. Brooks told no one of his opinion regarding the land, but entrusted with Lewis a sealed letter to be delivered with the property, and on the advice contained therein Philip Strong has acted with confidence, They told you nothing of this, because they have no evidence to because they have no evidence to substantiate it, believing Mr. Brooks to be dead, and thinking no one else to be dead, and thinking no one else knew of it. But the proofs exist in the shape of letters, and the accounts rendered by Lewis from the time they took the child.

'If these are absolutely necessary to gain the case, you shall send Mr. and Mrs. Strong to me for them, but if you can save them and others the discomfort it would be far better.'

discomfort it would be far better.'

I sat perfectly speechless with surprise. My mind was so occupied with the unexpected truth of the case that thought outdistanced speech, like a limited express which, desting on leaves the elements. darting on, leaves the clumsy freight train side-tracked and motionless. 'To-morrow you will draw up my

will, and be even more surprised when you receive my instructions than you are now, said Mr. Gordon, before I had recovered from my astonishment. 'I had better prepare you now, for fear of not having you so quietly to myself in the morning. When I became of age I had saved up a few hundred dollars, and was thinking of making a permanent start in life. I had quite a tendency towards mercantile life in preference to any profession. I selected a loca-tion, and invested all I had in a small over there, don't it?

Only disclosed. Only a papearance which the sudden flash of light in the stole based of light in the sould be soon in the dost the same above average build, full beard, soft felt hat and an overcoat turned man above average build, full beard, soft felt hat and an overcoat turned was I made for the light which soft felt hat and an overcoat turned was I made for the light which soft felt hat and an overcoat turned was I made for the light which soft felt hat and an overcoat turned was I made for the light which soft felt hat and an overcoat turned was I made for the light which soft felt hat and an overcoat turned was I made for the light which soft felt hat and an overcoat turned was I made for the light which soft felt hat and an overcoat turned was I made for the light which soft felt hat and an overcoat turned was I made for the light which soft felt hat and an overcoat turned was I made for the light which soft felt hat and an overcoat turned was I made for the light which soft felt hat and an overcoat turned was I made for the light which soft felt hat and an overcoat turned was I went from one event to another, he seemed soarcely to heed me, but his draw the felt was I went from one event to an business. I worked hard and saved was our only disagreement-a continued one, still only one. Many is the time she begged me not to steal the day which God said should be given to Him, and often did she beg for my poor soul's sake to close the store and accompany her to church. And the Sunday came when the store was closed. It was a night much like this, in the early evening, but more stormy still. God's judgment had been pronounced, and nature's fiercest furies engaged to execute it. Fear, with appalling acuteness, smote heart and conscience before the devastation which seemed sure to follow the trail of the fast approach ing cyclone. The seconds of doubt were few. I rushed to the store door to shut out the dust scurrying along before the wind, and with lightning's rapidity all was over. None of the buildings in town but mine were marred, and they were wrecks. We lived adjoining the store, and my wife and child were buried beneath the ruins. When willing hands brought

them out, they carried the loving mother to a neighbour's and laid her on a bed she never left. 'Oh, the judgment of God!' she said, taking my hand, and drawing me to herself; 'Donald, dear, I knew it would come. I have prayed for you, darling, from the first, and begged of God that I might be allowed to suffer to save you and my baby from the curse which Sunday work always brings. Do not feel bad for me, Donald; it is hard to part from you and our little one, but remember it is that we may not be

parted from God in eternity.' 'Kneeling beside her, I promised never again to violate God's sacred law; to be a better man, and to blot out as much of the past as possible.
That night she died—a pure and spotless creature—offering her sufferings in union with His agony and

death for the atonement of my sins. girl grow up asking for a mother whose story, when told, would sadden her life, and destroy all trust and confidence in her father. I entrusted her to friends, and watched from afar lest anything should threaten the happiness which a sainted mother had died to secure. Peace reigns in the home where innocent voices call her mother to-day; and to morrow,

From the Boys' Friend. We translate from the French of the saintly Cure d'Ars the following charm-ng little discourse on the Christian Priesthood:

sainty Cure d'Are the iollowing charming little discourse on the Christian Priesthood:

My children, we have come to the Sacrament of Holy Orders. This is a Sacrament which seems not to concern any of you, and yet it concerns everybody. It raises man up to God. What is the priest? A man who holds the place of God—a man who is clad with all the powers of God. "Go," says Our Lord to the priest; "as My Father hath sent Me, so do I send you. . . . All power is given to Me in Heaven and on earth, Going, therefore, teach ye all nations."

When the priest remits sin, he does not say, "God pardons you;" he says, "I absolve you." At the Consecration he does not say, "This is the Body of Our Lord;" he says, "This is the Body."

St. Bernard tells us that all has come to us through Mary; we might also say that all has come to us through the priest; yes, all happiness, all graces, all heavenly blessings.

If we had not the Sacrament of Holy Orders, we should not have Our Lord. Who received your soul at its entrance.

If we had not the Sacrament of Holy Orders, we should not have Our Lord. Who received your soul at its entrance into life? The priest. Who nourishes it, to give it the strength to go through its pilgrimage? The priest. Who prepares it to appear before its God, washing its soul, for the last time, in the Blood of Jesus Christ? The priest—always the priest. And if this soul should die, who raises it to life—who restores calm and peace to it? Once

aways the prest. And if this soul should die, who raises it to life—who restores calm and peace to it? Once more, the priest. You cannot call to mind a single blessing of God without meeting beside this blessing the image of the priest.

If you were to go to confession to the Blessed Virgin, or to an angel, could they absolve you? You might have two hundred angel confessors, and they could not give you absolution. A priest, simple though he may be, can do it; he can say to you: "Go in peace; I forgive you."

Oh, the priest is something great! After God, the priest is all things!... Let a parish be twenty years without a priest, and the people will adore beasts. If the missionary and I were to leave you, you would say: "What do we want in the church? There is no Mass, Our Lord is not there any more. We can

no Sacrifice, there is no religion.

If I met a priest and an angel, I would salute the priest before saluting the angel. The latter is the friend of God, but the priest takes his place. . . St. Teresa used to kiss the place on which a priest passed. When you see a priest you should say: "There is the one that made me a child of God by holy baptism, who raised me up after I had sinned, who gives me the food of my soul. . . ." At sight of a church tower you can say: Who presides there? Our Lord. How comes it that he is there? Because a priest passed that way and said Mass.

The priesthood is the love of the Heart of Jesus. When you see a priest, think of our Lord Jesus Christ.

His Opinion of His People.

During a recent speech Archbishop Oroke thus defined the Irish character:—"O'Connell used to say of the Irish people that they were the finest peasantry in the world. He meant physically speaking, and he was right. But I go a step further, and I say they are the most faithful, the most grateful, the most gentle, the most generous, the most hospitable and plous people in the world. Englishmen are brave and resolute; Scotchmen selfish calculating, and cute; Frenchmen gay and gallant; Italians lively and artistic; Germans thoughtful, strong and sulky; Spain gallant; Italians lively and artistic; Germans thoughtful, strong and sulky; Spani ards proud, and perhaps pedantic; bu Iriahmen have some of the best qualitie of all these nationalities—they are brayed humorous, intelligent, fond of fun and friendship, and, I might add, of a reason able share of fight—grave and gay, as nee may be, and withal supremely religious.

A Lovely Complexion "What a lovely complexion," we often hear persons say. "I wonder what she does for it?" In every case the purity and real loveliness of the complexion depends upon the blood. Those who have sallow, blotchy faces may make their skin smooth and healthy by taking enough of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medica Discovery" to drive out the humors lurking in the system.

Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap is

Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap highly recommended for all humors an skin diseases.

"I Am Stretched on Thy Grave." From the cold sod that's o'er you
I never shall sever—
Were my hands twined in yours, love,
T'd hold them forever.
My fondest, my fairest,
We may now sleep together,
T'es the cold earth's damp odor,—
And I'm worn with the weather.

The heart filled with fondness, is wounded and weary, dark gulf beneath it Yawns jet-bisck and dreary—yhen death comes a victor, II. III.

When the folk of my household Suppose I am steeping, On your cold grave, till morning The lone waste I'm keeping. My griefo the night wind For the mild maid to render, Who was my betrothed In intancy tender.

In intakey tenter:

IV.

Remember the lone night
I last spent with you, love,
Beneath the dark sloe tree
When the ley wind blew, love,
High praise to the Saviour,
No sin stain had found you,
That your virginal glory
Shines brightly around you! The priests and the friars
Are ceaselessly chiding,
That I love a young maiden
In life not abiding.
0 I I'd shelter and sheld you
If wild storms were swelling,
And O! my wreezed hope,
That the cold earth's your dwelling!

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO. LECTURE BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHO

on the Priesthood.

1st. Faith is one of the greatest gif directly from God, so that without H grace all our hearing and reading wou not give it to us. According to the wor of Christ Himself, "No one can come Me, except the Father draw him." (S John, 6th chap. 44th verse.)

2nd. The love of God is so gre towards us, that, if all the loves of all H rational creatures on earth, joined with a second s

rational creatures on earth, joined with the loves of the heavenly spirits, were co centrated into one flame, it would be as spark, when compared with the love God. This love induced our Heaver Father to do for us, His fallen creatur what could not enter into the human celestial mind to think of, much less to for—to become man, and suffer death the cross, to give His own body and blo in its glorified state to feed on, and to gi in its glorified state to feed on, and to give the same power that possessed Himself. It so transcends human thought that, if God did not rever those things, no human or celestial being could think of, much less ask for the therefore God must be the author a proclaimer of these wonders.

3rd. The puny intellect of man is the criterion of God's power. Almight God can do more than we poor more can understand. In fact, He would be an infinitely wise and omnipotent of if our intellects could comprehend all actions. There are millions of things

if our intellects could comprehend all actions. There are millions of things earth that we do not understand. Agu ticism is a Greek word which means know nothing, and this is really the tname those individuals who adopt deserve. David, the royal prophet, c them fools—"The fool said in his he there is no God."

Att Christ's plan of redemption of the country of the

them fools—"The fool said in his he there is no God."

4th. Christ's plan of redemption to preach, instruct, form a corporation apostles and disciples, and then die for redemption. He left to His apostles disciples the duty to bring that redempt to the whole world, and until the end time. In fact they were to be Christ's presentatives—hence at His last instrion to His apostles, He said, speaking His eternal Father, "As thou hast sent into the world, I also send them into world." (St. John 17, 18). What Charles are into the world for was to souls. This is also the office of apostles. These words are applicable the successors of the apostles, as well themselves, for Christ said, "Behold with you all days, even to the consuntion of the world." The chief glot Christ as man and God was in his principle. Christ as man and God was in his pr hood. It was an honor given by Eternal Father alone, for St. Paul "Neither doth any man take the hon himself, but he that is called by God Aaron was." So Christ did not gle himself that He might be made a priest, but He that said unto Him, "I at my Son, this day have I here." priest, but He that said unto Him, "art my Son, this day have I beg. Thee." (Heb. 5, 45) Our argur refer to the sacred priesthood of the olic Church only, transmitted to us the apostles, by what is called Apo Succession. The English High Claim this priesthood, but their claithat is denied emphatically in the Clic Church, and all the ministers that church are ordained anew when come to the Catholic Church, as so have done of late in England. All come to the Catholic Church, as so have done of late in England. All Protestant denominations deny that is any priesthood, and contend that laymen, ministers and people. generality of Protestants are, this respect, what they call secul They do not want to be governed in the second of the subbelief by any one, or to be subject them, but us far as they like. This surprising, of course, in those who believe in a sacred ministry on

believe in a sacred ministry of our ministers, they say, are no mor ourselves, only that they, from take to preaching, and we give the call to preach for us, if we should their preaching—and they will apple themselves as much as they like of the company of the same o themselves as much as they like of it accords with their own views the Catholic Church believes in a ministry and that she possesses that try as one of the highest privileges to her by Christ. If the apostle merely sent to preach the gospel, a tribute Bibles throughout the worl would not have accomplished the sa of souls, as Christ intended. The pal duties of true priests are—1st. struct and baptise. 'Go ye and to pal duties of true priests are—1st. struct and baptise. 'Go ye and trations, baptising them in the nations, baptising the Son, and Holy Ghost.' (Matt. 28, 19.) offer sacrifice—"Do this," says after instituting the Blessed Sac "in remembrance of me." (Luke 3rd. To forgive sins. Christ breathis apostles and raid, "Receive Holy Ghost, whose sins you forgogiven to them, and whose sins tain are retained." (St. John Christ had a kingly priesthood chisedech was king of Salem and God, and that priesthood He con