

ATONEMENT.

BY JOSEPH M. ANTHONY.

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

He filled out about half a glass full, 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, 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 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 for by neighbours, and praised unparagonably by servants and help. 'What has brought him away from home at this time of night?' was the question running through my mind. 'What?' the only answer 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 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 attested, giving the world little news in return, and practicing charity to an extent unthought 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 Rosemore 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 circuit. 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 coming and returning as I shall at night. The storm breaking unexpectedly found me looking 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. 'It is a wonder that you did not drive over,' said I, 'the roads are in such fine condition, as also your horses.' 'Oh, no! it would never do. It would be such a rare occurrence that the whole community would be in a hubbub to know the cause of it,' and he laughed heartily, as though pleased with the mystery that always surrounded him. 'You then seem to think it quite a strange event, your finding me so 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 face 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 commotion 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 made. Several of our best lawyers waded 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

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 something might occur to prevent the marriage, thus leaving her penniless. They told me—for I was then unacquainted with the parties, and do not remember—that the 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 only enough, when it was squared about, to insure her a modest living. Philip Strong was shrewd and saving, 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 Strong's, and as I never yet have 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 entertained him at the Grange; consequently 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 trustworthiness. I had hastened through my facts as quickly as possible, to leave him the best portion of the night to tell me what I judged would be an interesting story, if not a long one. As I went from one event to another, he seemed scarcely to heed me, but his face, changing as memory was re-awakened with the recollections of the years since past, assured me that not one word was lost on an appreciative ear. Five minutes passed slowly by as I waited for Mr. Gordon to speak, 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 panorama; 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 said:— '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 knowledge I have, and mainly hoped to gain an insight into the character of the principal actor, Roger Lewis, as 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 began speaking as soon as I had finished. 'You may have heard, as you did those other things, different causes assigned for my having buried myself 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 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

death for the atonement of my sins. I could not bear to have our little 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, after thirty-five years, I myself shall be called father again. Tears streamed down his cheeks as he spoke, and were lost in the heavy grey beard. Hoarse with emotion, he had been scarcely able to tell the sad and painful story. He stopped in contemplation, gazing his girl, now grown to womanhood, and then, as if thinking aloud, said:—'Oh, yes, I will tell her all to-morrow, and she shall know that years of amendment have been united with the mother's prayers in heaven that she and her loved ones might receive God's choicest blessings here and hereafter.' He sank back in the cushioned chair, exhausted, and slowly drawing a paper from an inner pocket, said: 'Here is a list of objects and amounts to be entered first. . . . The remainder, whole and undivided, goes to my daughter, Alice Gordon Strong, and her children.'—New York Freeman.

From the Boys' Friend. We translate from the French of the saintly Cure d'Ans the following 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 I send you. . . . All power is given to Me in Heaven and on earth. Going, therefore, teach ye all nations. When the priest remains silent, 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 My 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 grace, all heavenly blessings. If I 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, wearing 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 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. The 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 said, "I were to leave the church? There is no Mass, our Lord is not there any more. We can just as well say our prayers at home." . . . When men want to destroy religion, they begin by attacking the priest, because there is no longer a priest, there is 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, "After him, by holy baptism, made me a child of God by his 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 O'Connell said of the Irish people that they were the finest peasantry in the world. His 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 pious people in the world. Englishmen are brave and resolute; Scotchmen selfish, calculating, and cold; Frenchmen gay and gallant; Italians lively and artistic; Germans thoughtful, strong and stolid; Spaniards proud, and perhaps pedantic; but Irishmen have some of the best qualities of all these nationalities—they are brave, humorous, intelligent, fond of fun and friendship, and I might add, of a reasonable share of fight—grave as a need 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 Medical Discovery" to drive out the humor lurking in the system. Prof. Low's Magic Sulphur Soap is highly recommended for all humors and skin diseases.

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'I Am Stretched on Thy Grave.'

From the cold and that's o'er you I never shall leave. I have my hands twisted in yours, love, 'Til hold them forever. My senses are all faded, We may now sleep together. I've the cold earth's damp odor, And I'm worn with the weather. The heart filled with fondness, Is wounded and weary, A dark and gloomy night, Yawns jet-black and dreary— When death comes victor, In mercy to greet me On the wings of the whirlwind, In the wild waste you'll meet me.

ARCHDIOCESE OF TORONTO.

LECTURE BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO ON THE PRIESTHOOD. 1st. Faith is one of the greatest gifts directly from God, so that without His grace all our hearing and reading would not give it to us. According to the words of Christ Himself: "No one can come to Me, except the Father draw him." (St. John, 6th chap. 44th verse.) 2nd. The love of God is so great towards us, that, if all the loves of all the rational creatures on earth, joined with the loves of the heavenly spirits, were concentrated into one flame, it would be as a spark, when compared with the love of God. This love induced our Heavenly Father to do for us, His fallen creature what could not enter into the human celestial mind to think of, much less to do for—to become man, and suffer death on the cross, to give His own body and blood in His glorified state to feed on, to give His apostles the power, which means His presence Himself. It so transcends human thought that, if God did not reveal those things, no human or celestial being could think of, much less ask for them. Therefore God must be the author and proclaimer of these wonders. 3rd. The puny intellect of man is not the criterion of God's power. Almighty God can do more than we poor mortals can understand. In fact, He would not be an infinitely wise and omnipotent God if our intellects could comprehend all His actions. There are millions of things on earth that we do not understand. Agnosticism is a Greek word, which means "I know nothing," and this is really the name those individuals who adopt deserve. David, the royal prophet, called them fools—"The fool said in his heart there is no God." 4th. Christ's plan of redemption was to preach, instruct, comfort, console, and then die for redemption. He left to His apostles and disciples the duty to bring that redemption to the whole world, and until the end of time. In fact they were to be Christ's representatives—hence to His last instruction to His apostles, He said, speaking in His eternal Father's name, "I send them into the world." (St. John 17, 18). What Christ was sent into the world for was to save souls. This is also the office of apostles. These words are applicable to the successors of the apostles, as well as themselves, for Christ said, "I will be with you all days, until the consummation of the world." The chief glory of Christ as man and God was in His priesthood. It was an honor given by Eternal Father alone, for St. Paul said: "Neither doth any man take the honor himself, but he that is called by God, as Aaron was." So Christ did not give Himself the priesthood, but He that said unto Him, "Thou art My Son, this day have I begotten Thee." (Heb. 5, 45) Our arguments refer to the sacred priesthood of the Catholic Church only, transmitted to us by the apostles, by what is called Apostolic Succession. The English High Church claim this priesthood, but their claim is denied emphatically in the Catholic 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 Protestant denominations deny that it is a priesthood, and contend that laymen, ministers and people, generally of Protestants are, in this respect, what they call secular. They do not want to be governed in belief by any one, or to be subject to them, but as far as they like. This is surprising, of course, in those who do believe in a sacred ministry on Our ministers, they say, are no more ourselves, only that they, from a take to preaching, and we give them call to preach for us, if we should their preaching—and they will apply 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 ministry as one of the highest privileges to her by Christ. If the apostles merely set to preach the gospel, a tribute Bibles throughout the world would not have accomplished the salvation of souls, as Christ intended. The sacred and happy life of nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." (Matt. 28, 19) 2nd offer sacrifice—"Do this," says after instituting the Blessed Sacrament, "in remembrance of me." (Luke 22, 19) 3rd. To forgive sins." (Luke 22, 26) 4th. apostles and said, "Receive Holy Ghost, whose sins you forgive to them, and whose sins retain are retained." (St. John 20, 23) Christ had a kingly priesthood and a priestly one of Salem and of God, and that priesthood He