t on for an hour, when s led by their captain aildings in which they emselves, surrounded charging and firing at olute attempt to carry

JULY 17, 1909.

held it valiantly with , and the English caply wounded that they drag him off the field. re thereupon recalled, ck we, on our side, be-bitants marching down m the direction of Belmen from St. Hilaire

of joy went up from the we saw them attack the g themselves upon a who had been harassing

barn! said Dr. Nelson, coming I stood peppering the a small window, "they firing all night, while enough powder to last longer. Jean Baptiste re over at St. Antoine. ur victory would be as-

ross the river and bring the powder in less than with rashness.

Before putting off you would be a dead our leader sadly. ments had dislodged the ehind the barn, and the the assaulting party r support. The doctor d. where to find the cance,"

ke it, and if you will go, th you."

d slipped away, stealing door of the house, which e of the water. The rede than they could do for Crouching below the bluff Crouching below the bluff here and there by shrubs hadow of the buildings, I hundred yards, and unob-d the spot where Ramon e upon the canoe.

among the bushes still. ut, I found the paddle also, oss of time put off from the

so a yell from the enemy I was discovered, and a ot followed me. A bullet ight arm, another pierced thanks to a merciful Procurney was not prevented, canoe, as if endowed with the brave spirit of the placed it at my disposal ferent errand, dipped into

with the confidence of a e difficulty of my attempt, d lashed the water into a lashed the water into a sea, and the keen frost stif-bes and caused my wounded savagely. ess I blessed the storm, med a curtain between me Probably they thought I

Probably they thought I r, because they stopped fir-

on, I thought how differenthad appeared on the mornand I came to St. Denis. iver to my left, set like a

land of the Stags, and the d waters broke upon its the waves of the sea upon The beautiful wooded isle now shrouded in a winter's the country-people were all the "veil of Madame de to whose seigneury the ged. Beloil, the great soliain that rises from the plain Hilaire, was entirely con-the fog. At my right the cept away to St. Ours and nd thence to join the

St. Lawrence at Sorel. Denis, on ordinary days, we the habitants of St. Antoine the habitants of St. Antoine, a fair stretch of water lies the two villages, never before rer seemed particularly broad it. But now, when I realized failure of my mission might be besieged patriots, I found blong.

long.
ined the shore and, with the paddle, ran up the cance on a strand as though it were a eremptory voice called out of a French.—
Who goes there?"
ing out upon the ground I elf covered by the musket of thabitant in blanket coat and he very counterfeit present to old-time coureur de bois. long.

old-time coureur de

a messenger from St. Denis,"
"Your friends there are in
straits. If you have any
lere, in the name of heaven, share of it for our defence. ered his weapon and seized me

m. have crossed from St. Denis," ted supporting me up to the Come and tell our people what in there. Areour friends being in by the troops? Helas, helas! and shot of course you shall twere our last round.

and snot of course you have t were our last round. we reached the top of the bank at the villagers had erected es for their own protection, not how soon they themselves attacked by the soldiers. crowded around me to hear my solute, swart-skinned, wiry men,

with firelocks and farm implesturdy women who, if need ome, could defend their homes courage and strength of men; who seemed not to troops are being driven back St. Ours," I shouted. "Give us means and we will rout them

ood souls generously gave me a heir powder. me wrap it in a blanket to make keeping it dry," said the bluff who had challenged me. ring it down, he deposited it in m of the canoe.

bless you for good neighbors, bless you for good neighbors, back as I started on the return If you need our aid, be sure we more than ready to render it. the redcoats suspected my errand, never have reached St. Denis again but, when I had put out from the

again but, when I had put out from the strand, they no doubt supposed I was simply trying to escape and their bullets had finished me. For no squad of soldiers lay in wait when I reached the beach. Moreover, they were being even more hardly pressed than before; so, to our great good luck, I got the powder into the cave and up into the distillery, whence it was distributed to our means. e it was distributed to our me whence it was distributed to our men.

"Adair, yours is the bravest act of
the day," cried Dr. Nelson, clasping me
in his arms when I succeeded in gaining
the stone house with a goodly supply of
the precious commodity. Ramon em-

braced me also.
When I saw Jacquette, standing wideeyed at the door of the room which had
been turned into a hospital, my heart
beat faster than when I was under the enemy's fire, as the wild hope entered my mind that, in the excitement of the

ent, she might also be demonstrative in her greeting. She spoke her welcome only with her eyes however however. until, eatching sight of my arm hanging limp by my side, she grew paler than before and cried out, "See, he is

wounded!"
"Phouf! it is nothing; the shot scarce touched me," I answered, making for my former position with the window. But the doctor ordered me to the care of Madame St. Germain, who bandaged my arm, a process to which I submitted with less objection since Jacquette assisted her so zealously that I went back to my post feeling as if I had been strengthened with oil and wine, as was the fashion of treating a wound in the

"Who will take a message from me to the men across the road?" called the doctor. "No, not you, Adair, you are wounded. Nor Ramon, for I need you

"I will go," volunteered Charles Perrault, a gallant young sieur who fought

near us.

Nelson hesitated.

"Though it is important that the men should get word from me, the way lies in the line of the enemy's fire," he "It is but the risk of one life to save

many," answered Perrault. Having received the message he sped Having received the message he sped away, running down what looked like a lane of flame. Unhurt, he reached the men and accomplished his errand, but alas, in returning he was shot down.

By this it was late in the afternoon, as the dark was setting in the notes of a bugle smote upon the air. "They are sounding a retreat," exclaimed the doctor, joyously.

A shout went up from our men. So hastily did the troops retire to St. Ours and Sorel that they left their howitzer and their fallen soldiers behind

alike, to my house. I will care for them there," directed Dr. Nelson. During the next hour his orders were

carried out. The humanity of our noble leader in devoting his means and his

TO BE CONTINUED.

NELLIE BRYANT'S SECRET.

BY MARY CROSS.

Twilight was deepening; there was a clear green glow in the sky, toward which shorn fields stretched smooth and brown. At the gate of a white cottage, surrounded by a glory of phloxes, a woman was standing gazing anxiously up the lane which led to the village. up the lane which led to the village. Now a covered cart went by, its driver nodding drowsily over the reins; now a group of youthful anglers, displaying their catch in a pickle bottle; now a pair of alehouse cronies, "disputatious and altogethery." At length the watchedfor figure come in sight, tall and shapely, and the woman opened the gate with a sigh of relief.

ill-humor. "You see, you are always home in such good time that I couldn't

help wondering what was keeping you. He looked at her in a hard stern way, and for the first time she noticed the anger in his eyes, the flame of wrathful

You'll not have to complain of my being late or early," he said; "because the same walls won't hold you and me after to-night."

"Jim, whatever has come over you?"
"I have found you out—found out your treachery at last!" he muttered What can you mean?" she demand-

Oh, of course you don't know, don't understand! Not you! Perhaps you will, though, when I tell you I saw Mrs. Brighouse to-day — Mary Massey that was. She has come home from America, we had a long talk together over

I don't need to remind you, he said, his voice shaken by the very intensity of scorn and wrath, "that Mary and I used to be sweethearts, boy and girl together. We had a silly quarrel, and it iwas never made up, and she went away to service in Liverpool. The next I heard was that she had married another man, and gone to America with him. Well, to-day I met her for the first time after all these years, and we began to talk about the past. And it came out that before her marriage she wrote to me, asking if I still cared for her; be-cause she liked me best, and would not have any one else, if I wanted her. She never got an answer to that letter, of course; so she married the other man, and I married you. Thanks to you, Mary's letter never reached me!"

"Are you trying to say that I kept back that letter?"

"Un returned to a remarked to the course of the course

"I'm not trying; I'm saying straight out that you did. You were in our house, nursing my mother, and I was away from home at the time the letter must have come. No one but yourself had any motive for keeping it from me."

She did not reply for a few minutes;

when she did so, the words were slow and a letter from the mother he had idolized? dragging.
"You believe I did a mean, dishonest

action to get you, Jim. You—"
"Do you deny that you kept back that letter?" She looked at him steadily and quietly, She looked at him steadily and quietly, but she did not deny the accusation. He turned his back on her, and she walked slowly out of the room. A dead silence fell upon the little dwelling. With his head on his hand he thought of what might have been if that letter had reached him. Yet his rain and according what might have been if that letter had reached him. Yet his pain and anger, were less for the loss of the girl he had loved with a boyish love than for Nelly's treachery, for the shattering of an ideal. He had believed her the soul of truth and honor. By and by the silence became opprassive and he was with a few came oppressive, and he rose with a fear that suddenly quickened his pulses. He crept quietly up stairs; within the bed-room he saw Nelly kneeling, her arms flung across the snowy counterpane, her head bowed on them, and a sobbing sigh shook her from head to foot. He went away as noiselessly as he had come, a softer feeling, a kindlier judgment growing on him. After all, it was evident that if he suffered, so did she. The wrong she had done had been for love of him, and she had been a good wife, making his home a home indeed.

He was awakened from a troubled sleep by the chirping and twittering of birds. Early though it was he heard her astir too, and found her going about her customary household duties as if nothing unusual had occurred. But her face had fallen into hollows, the light of her eyes was quenched as by many

tears.
"Nelly," he said, awkwardly, "I was
"Nelly," he said, awkwardly, "I was very harsh to you last night. But I will try to forgive you, and let by-gones be

bygones."

"It is not a question of your forgiveness, but of mine," she answered very quietly. "Some day you may be glad to know that I forgive you, though it has cost me a struggle to do so."

"I'd like to know what you have to forgive me for. I'm sure I don't understand you," he declared impatiently.
"Don't you? You have proved that."
"But I must. I

stand you," he declared impatiently.

"Don't you? You have proved that you have no faith in me. We have lived together, man and wife, many a day; yet you think so lightly of me that you believe the first charge you hear against me. I thought you loved me as I loved you. But you have as good as told me that you married me only out of agent. that you married me only out of anger with Mary, not because you cared for me and wanted me for your wife. You can't understand, I'll admit, the shame

of that—the wrong of it to a woman."
He stared in amazement; she was talking as if she were the injured person. The situation was relieved and a diversion effected by a hasty knocking at the door. Nelly admitted a woman whose face was blanched with distress, whose

voice trembled in a passion of appeal.

"Oh, Mrs. Bryant," she said, "I wish you'd come and see our Sarah! I've been up the whole night with her, and she's no better yet. Come and tell us what to do."

America her, humble neighbors, Nelly

reucoats was afterwards praised even by the enemy. Were our poor people as generously treated later, the story of the Patriot War would be another tale.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"Of course I'll come, Mrs. Bryant answered promptly. "Will you get your breakfast yourself, Jim? It's ready."
He offered no opposition to his wife's departure; indeed it was not unwelcome, for the current of how thoughts would be for the current of her thoughts would be changed and her unreasonable wrath be cooled by attending on a sick child.

Before going to his work, he thought he would like to see her, he scarcely knew why; and so he made his way to the neighboring cottage. She had observed his approach, and spoke to him

from the window.

"Stay where you are, Jim, it is diphtheria, very bad, I've promised to do the nursing. Tell Granny Hill to keep house for you in the meantime. She'll

and antogenery. At legistric watched for figure come in sight, tall and shapely, and the woman opened the gate with a sigh of relief.

"How late you are, Jim!" she said.

"You will never have to complain of that again," he returned curtly, and went into the house without other response or salutation.

"Wery well." he acquiesced. "Don't run any foolish risks, Nelly."

As the days went on he realized even more clearly what she had been in the house; how she had studied him, interposed between him and petty domestic worries; how peaceful and benign had well." Well I was not complaining "she syonse or salutation.

"Well, I was not complaining," she said ignoring his unusual and perplexing ill-humor. "You see, you are always there is a been her influence. She and her patient were isolated, so that he could not see her, else he had told her that indeed he her, else he had told her that indeed he loved her; that because of that very love he had felt so keenly her fall from

her high estate. One afternoon a neighbor met him as he trudged home, her eyes red with weeping. Nelly had contracted the dread disease, and the doctor did not think that she would recover.

"You can't see her, Mr. Bryant. That's hard, I know. None's let go near her but them that must. Father Ryan was there and gave her the last Sacraments, so everything's been done."

The woman left him with homely words of comfort and promises of preyer; and, half stupefied, he entered his house, from which indeed the light had gone. He which indeed the light had gone. He stared round the little parlor, with its picture of the Sacred Heart, its statue of Our Lady, which it had been Nelly's delight to keep surrounded with flowers. delight to keep surrounded with flowers. There were her books, presents and school prizes; her workbasket, with an unfinished bit of knitting, a ray of sunshine glinting along the bright needles, her desk, her favorite chair. Each thing revived some memory of her; her innocent pride in her little library, her busy hands sewing raiment for God's poor, or building white and blue flowers together for her humble altar. He touched the books tenderly, as though they were already relies of the dead; he moved the chair and set the work-basket moved the chair and set the work-basket beside it, as things apart from all else of his possessions; his eyes dim, his fingers trembling.

Somehow, the handling of her things Somehow, the handling of her things gave him consolation and hope; she must come back to them, to him. He lifted the desk and softly blew the dust from its shining surface; the lid slipped from the unsteady grasp, and in falling heavily dislodged a letter which had been fastened to the inner surface. It was sealed and addressed "To my dear son James."

He tore it open and read the lines, dated a week prior to the writer's death, five years before.

"My Dear Son,—I know that I am

"My Dear Son,—I know that I am on my deathbed, and before I die I must clear my conscience, and ask your pardon if you think I wronged you by what I did. You have been so happy with Nelly, and she has proved so devoted a wife, that I feel that what I did has, after all, turned out for the best. Mary Massey was never good enough for you, and I was glad when something came between you, and she went away. I knew Ellen liked you but you might never have asked her to marry you if I had not have asked her to marry you if I had not suggested it. One day a letter came for you from Mary, and I opened it and read it. She wanted to be friends with you again. No one but myself knew about again. No one but myself knew about the letter, and I burned it. I meant you no wrong, knowing that Nelly was the best wife for you; but I can't die with this on my conscience. I am giving this letter to Nelly to give to you if she thinks fit. She knows what I did, but she does not know that it was I who ad-

sne does not know that it was I who advised you to marry her, and that you had cared for Mary."

His mother's signature followed. The feeble scrawl fluttered to the ground. He understood too well. Nelly would not shame his mother in his eyes; she would not clear herself at another's cost. His reproaches, his harsh judgment came back upon him like a bitter sea that overwhelmed him. How long he sat stupefied by the double blow that day had dealt him he never knew. But at length he started up in desperation, im-

pelled to action by very agony. He must see Nelly, he must speak to her; no human power should keep him from her. He could not bear another minute of his life without her pardon. He rushed out, determined if need be to force his result. force his way to her presence; but, for-tunately for both, he was met at the gate of the cottage where she lay by Father Ryan, who laid a detaining hand

" Jim! You can not go in, my dear boy!"
"But I must, Father! Don't try to

stop me.' "For your wife's sake, Jim, control yourself. I have good news for you. Since Extreme Unction was administered this morning, there has been a slight change for the better; and, please God, Nelly will be spared to you for many a

d for You for her. I shall see her again to-night, and I will bring you word how she is." " And you will tell her. Father, that and you will tell ner, rather, that I am on my knees at her feet, beseeching her pardon, praying God to give her back to me that I may make up to her for all I've made her suffer; that I may show her there's nothing in this world so dear to me as she is—

His voice broke and died away in tears. The old priest pressed his hand with murmured sympathy and hope and bless-ing; and the other hastened to the little chapel, and there caught at Our Lady's mantle in a very passion of supplication. And the Queen of Sorrows looked on him in compassion, and again told her Divine Son: "They have no wine."

As from the very jaws of death, Nelly was given back to him, to a love and tenderness of which she had not deemed him capable. Gently and sweetly she responded to his appeal for pardon, and the cloud passed away forever from their lives. To him she was the answer to a prayer. Our Lady had restored her to him, and he must prove himself not all unworthy of Our Lady's trust.—The Ave

A SILVER JUBILEE CELEBRATION. A great celebration took place here on Wednesday

Mat 10 o'clock the marshal and his adjutants and several representative gentlemen of the parish followed by aband of twenty five boys carrying banners ornamented with silver sprays; also twenty-five girls clad in white, crowned with wreaths, assembled before the rectory. As the Reverend Jubilarian accompanied by the visiting clergy appeared on the veranda the children greeted him with a jubilee song. In procession the marshal, followed by the children and the clergy and the Rev. Jubilarian assisted by Archdeacon Klopfer, C. R. and Very Kev. Dean Mahony proceeded to the church which was beautifully and appropriately decorated for the occasion. On entering the Jubilarian was hailed with "Jubilated Deo," rendered by the male choir of the parish and accompanied by the organ.

A Solemn High Mass followed, the Reverend Jubilarian acting as celebrant, the Very Rev. W. Kloepfer, C. R., D.D., Berlin, as arch-priest, Rev. J. Gehi of Formosa, former pastor of this parish, as deacon. Rev. R. E. Brady of St. Lawrence, Hamilton, as sub-deacon, Rev. M. Weidner, Hespeler, as master of ceremonies. Other clergy present in the sanctuary were Rev. H. Aeymann, C. R., St. Agatha, C. W. Broh-

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cream makes a delightful dish. Be sure it's 10c. Kellogg & Made in Canada

Toasted How was it that he had never seen this before? Why had Nellie kept it concealed in her desk all these years? Good Heavens, had she suppressed even

ann, Macton, I. J. Corcoran, Teeswater, J. H. Coty, I. Patrick, Hamilton, S. Foerster, New Germany; W. Gelhl, Preston; T. J. Heydon, S. B., Drayton; N. Gelhl, Preston; T. J. Heydon, S. B., Drayton; N. Gelhl, Preston; T. J. Heydon, S. B., Drayton; N. Geller, Hamilton, S. Foerster, New Germany; W. Gelhl, Preston; T. J. Heydon, S. B., Drayton; N. Gelwier, C. R., Kentucky; J. T. Kelly, Mount orest; R. C. Lehmaun, Mildmay; J. Lenhard, Carlah; A. C. A. German, M. G. H. G. G. R., Berlin; J. Pertus, C. R., Berlin; Theo. Spect. R., Berlin; A. Simoni, C. R., Berlin; Theo. Spect. R., Waterloo; P. Soborak, C. R., Berlin; A. C. alter, D. D., Walkerton; J. E. Wey, Ayton; A. L. anger, C. R., Berlin. Among the guests were his two sisters and two eces relatives from Milwaukee, who had come to trake in the joys of this great feast of their Reverd Brother.

Brother, Was delivered by Pay B. Lahman, Signe t in behalf of the Clergy of the diocese of

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THE REPLY OF THE REVEREND JUBILARIAN.

Very Reverend and Reverend Fathers, my Brother Priests.—Did I not know, from many years association, the kindness and indulgence of a priest's heat. I could not find neither words nor courage, to express he sentiments which this day fill my heart and my oul to overflowing. This magnificent tribute of ympathy or the tree.

p of Hamilton, a most gracious act of the parish of physics was highly appreciated by the Rev-Jubilarian and all present.

I followed an address of the clergy, read by H. Coty of St. Patrick's, Hamilton, et Rev. M. S. Halm, Pastor of the Parish of Clements.

The period and dear Father,—If you look back upon are that have passed and review the calendar life, we returne to say that you will rank our high and precious, since it brings you deconsolations which heaven alone can and Louis Funken, through my Bishop and reverend and dear Fathers?

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The Reverend Julilarian was the recipient of lany valuable presents from various societies and om individual members of the congregation, as ell as from visiting friends.

A SAD END.

When a Catholic falls away from the Church, he long cherishes the hope that some day he will return to it—some day he will reform, some day he will give up the sin that caused his downfall, some day he will turn over a new leaf, some day he will attend a mission, some day he will return to his heavenly Father as the Prodigal Son went back to the home of his childhood and found peace.

This hope never quite leaves him so long as a spark of faith remain. It may grow dim. It may cease to trouble his conscience except at long intervals. He may even put off the idea of conversion until the hour of death. But that hope still cheers him amidst the gloom

of soul brought on by sin.

If a person could be sure of his time, it would not be so desperate a risk to defer his reconciliation with God But there is no certainty of life from day to day, even from minute to minute. Death comes in ten thousand ways. It

o'ten springs on its victim unexpectedly.

To the Catholic, who has lost the state
of grace, who has neglected his Easter duty, who has practically excommuni-cated himself by attempting to contract marriage outside of the Church, or by any such other public sin, there is often no chance given. He is stricken with apoplexy or heart disease; he is killed in an accident; he is taken away sudden-ly, with no opportunity to call for the priest or even to make an act of contri-

tion.

Then the Church, that he disowned in His corpse ife, disowns him in death. His corpse may not be taken before its altar. Its absolution and its last blessing are not for him. He must be buried elsewhere

than in consecrated ground.

It is a sad end for the life that began, spiritually, in the white innoc baptism.—Catholic Columbian.

UNWORLDLINESS

To be in the world yet not of the world is the program of Catholic life hard to understand, and harder to practice. For the world is a pleasant enemy and its spirit manifold: and we are prone to think that worldliness is hardly blameworthy in laymen. Yet nothing can be wore felso. nothing can be more false.

Worldliness is the appreclating things as they appeal to our passions and it rests on the assumption that this present life is the end for which we were made. Unworldliness is seeing things as God sees them; and it is based on the belief that the only reason why we are in this world is to get ready for the next. It remembers that Jesus was an artisan, and Mary the spouse of a carpenter and St. Paul a tentmaker and that not merely to monks and nuns but also to laymen Christ said; Seek ye first the kingdom of God and

His justice."
Unworldliness does not mean that we give up all amusement, but it does mean that we keep our pleasures with-in bounds; and that we do not make them ends, but means to serve God better. Again, we are worldly or unworldly not merely by what we avoid.
Two men may live side by side the
same external life, with the same occupation, the same pleasures, the same cupation, the same pleasures, the same family circle; yet one be wholly worldly and the other wholly unworldly. Where is the difference? In their motives. The worldly man lives for this world alone, the unworld-

ly for God and the next. To avoid worldliness, therefore, we need courage; we need faith to show us the shadows that surround us; we need hope to tell us of our everlasting

inheritance; we need charity to unite us to God; we need the sacrament of faith and hope and charity, the Holy