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GLENCOONOGE.

By RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN KNOWLES

CHAPTER XIII.-CONTINUED.

Really Mrs. Ennis was wrong when she said that her assistant was endowed with tact. If the book-keeper had had tact, would she have said anything so certain to make an impressionable young man's heart beat wildly, and send him almost off his head in the open market-place, where an outward decorum was imperawhere an outward decorum was impera-tive? Conn did indeed with a great effort repress any manifestation of the electric shock of pleasure conveyed by the book-keeper's request. But none the less was he unbalanced, and Miss Johnson's indiscretion carried its punishment along with it. Her words unconsciously confirmed her confession that his love along with it. Her words unconsciously confirmed her confession that his love was returned, and so taken up was Conn's mind with feasting on the thought that the girl by his side was not going to be his wife only because of importunity on his part or of a fancied obligation upon hers, that he could hardly spare a look for the fabrics the shopman was presently spreading out before them, his eyes being irresistibly drawn to her who was to wear them. Oh how stupid he was! and not of the least use! When, bewildered between white stuffs and grey stuffs and stuffs of all the colors of the rainbow, the book-keeper appealed to him in her indecision to choose for her, Conn pitched blindly on a scarlet cloth—a material never by any chance used in those parts but for making country-women's cloaks, and sacred to that purpose time out of mind. Norah Hoolahan was highly indignant; and even Patrick, who didn't set up for being much of a judge in such matters, said that he had never in his life seen a person wear a dress of a bright red like that, and couldn't conceive of its

matters, said that he had bever his his heen a person wear a dress of a bright red like that, and couldn't conceive of its being fit for anybody but a witch.

"Conn," said the book-keeper as they were driving home, "why didn't you tell us it was the day for the fair?"

She was on the coveted seat beside

She was on the coveted seat beside him; he had wrapped his great coat about her to keep out the night chill. Norah Hoolahan, her father, and her brother Patey were behind them making a great as they talked in their native jar

"The old lady might have made made "The old lady might have made made difficulties," said Conn, "and I wasn't sure but what you would be a bit frightened at the thought yourself. And then I was anxious the Lishean boys should see the lucky fellow I was. But it was only an idea. When it came to the time I had no eyes to see any of them, nor ears to hear anything they might say—sure how could I, and we treether?"

Yes. To these two the days danced lightly by; their mutual love tinged with rainbow hues the most trivial incidents that happened, and brightened even the

rainbow hues the most trivial incidents that happened, and brightened even the clouds in their horizon. I know well enough now how it was, for the day all unsuspected was fast approaching when I in my turn was to be affected by that magic to live under the spell of which is to live indeed. But at that time, having no direct interest in all the fuss, and yet being exprores to some extent mixed up being perforce to some extent mixed up in it, I sometimes thought there had al-ready been more than enough, and wished Conn's wedding day come and gone. Father John's sojourn at the inn during the week but one before Christmas was a welcome diversion from the mas was a weicome diversion from the monotonous topic. He was holding a station during this time, and we used to dine together in the evening and travel in our conversations over fresh fields and pastures new. And hardly a day passed that I did not turn into the open chapel and sit there for awhile looking at the "station" in progress. Father John and sit there for awhile looking at the "station" in progress. Father John would be in the rickety confessional, from the side of which stretched away a closely packed line of penitents standing in single too old or too feeble to stand long had seated themselves on a ladder that lay lengthways against the wall, or on the altar-steps, keeping all the while an eye upon their proper place. In what an infinite variety of ways people do the same thing! Sometimes when I have seen in Liverpool a batch of labouers resting would settle itself. Already it was clear in Liverpool a batch of laborers resting in some corner after a meal, I have noticed how each man falls unconsciously noticed how each man falls unconsciously into a different posture, making in the group a perfect composition. And I don't think I ever went into this mountain chapel during the present station, without being interested and satisfied by the harmonious blending of the various atti-

people all waiting for their turn to con-To confess! Yes, that was why they were here. That was what the young and the old were waiting for. To confess the sins committed against God and the me sins committed against God and the neighbor in deed or word or thought; to ask pardon, to be willing to repair the wrong, to yow to resist the temptation, and fly the occasion of sin; to put the spite out of the heart, to forgive—and be forgive. Eather, Lohn said it forgiven. Father John said it was the mental attitude I should have admired in looking at those peasants come in humility to purify their souls, which in our corrupt humanity can only, like our bodies, be kept unsoiled by constant

tudes presented in these irregular lines of

bodies, be kept unsoiled by constant cleansing.

"But don't misjudge my people," he added, "on account of what I say. There is no vice among them. They are none of them rich, many are in the last degree of poverty; but God in Heaven does nowhere on this earth look down on men and women more nearly fit, by reason of their innocence, to stand before His Presence. Thank God 'tis often so in I reland, and especially in these mountainy parts. It is because of this purity of soil preserved through generations, that persecu-It is because of this purity of sour pre-served through generations, that persecu-tion, poverty, famine have not deter-iorated our people either mentally or physically; and that we are not unfit or unready for the temporal prosperity the near future seems to have in store for us. And the best I can wish our race is that discovered the proper store is that the proper store is that circumstances may let us live and multiply at home in pastoral simplicity and ply at home in pastoral simplicity and moderate competency; that our land may become a yet more fruitful nursery for the filling of the gaps in the angelic choirs, than the evil effects of foreign laws allow it to be now; that ambition and the lust or wealth may be far from us, for these things are in the power of the devil to gratify, and they are the causes why men

you, I was at the bottom of it all. Only for me, the young woman wouldn't be getting a strapping young husband this Christmas, nor would Master Conn be taking to himself a wife. Would you believe, now, that it has never occurred to either of those young people to say either of those young people to say thank you' for all I did for them?"

"Lovers are always selfish, and these are particularly taken up with each

other."
"To be sure, and very rightly. Sure I know that very well. But what do you say to Mrs. Ennis never once acknowledging the obligation she's under to me for securing her the continued services of an assistant that is such a prop to her establishment?"

assistant that is such a prop to her establishment?"
"Do you know," I said, "that Mrs. Ennis has become very drowsy lately? She dozes away half her time."
"She isn't the woman she was," said Father John confidentially, "and that's the fact. She's not heree'f at all this wild wast. Sure hos getting old, and the fact. She's not hereelf at all this while past. Sure, she's getting old, and who is entitled to a rest, if not she, I should like to know? 'Gad, she's done wonders considering all things in her time, and 'tis only fair she left the hard work now to the young people. But remember at her age, without husband or children about her, it would be the easiest thing in the world for her to fall into hands that would take advantage of her infirmities and her good nature. And infirmities and her good nature. And that's the way I done her the good turn,

d'ye see ?''
I told Father John of the conversation I had heard between the two women outside the chapel some Sundays ago, and of my idea that the book-keeper was not alogether popular.

"Ah, stuff and nonsense! Is it the

together popular.

"Ah, stuff and nonsense! Is it the passing word or the casual remark any of us can hope to escape? Do you think that I go scot-free? My friend, depend upon it, if you knew all that's said about you by your best friends, you'd be very unhappy. We are fortunate if people are civil to our faces, and in that respect Miss Johnson is more lucky than the most of us. The people to my knowledge hold her in respect. Popular! No, perhaps not; and better not, perhaps."

"Then I'm afraid you'll throw cold water on a project that has been forming in my mind. You know I always make a trifling present at Coristmas of one kind or another to the people about—a trifling present at Coristmas of one kind or another to the people about—a to acket of sweetmeats to one, a twist of tobacco to another, and so on; in fact, a box containing some two or three hunds of these tiny packages arrived for me from Liverpool only yesterday. Now I have been thinking that if I were to make the book-keeper my—a—well—almoner, for want of a better word, it might have the effect of bringing her for same as on any other. But it seems the young people are grown old too, for hereas Corn, and Miss Johnson, and Mr. box containing some two or three hundred of these tiny packages arrived for me from Liverpool only yesterday. Now I have been thinking that if I were to make the book-keeper my—a—well—almoner, for want of a better word, it might have the effect of bringing her for once into direct contact with the country people about, who, I believe, now mistake her silence and reserve for coldness or pride; and, once she appeared before or pride; and, once she appeared before them in a benevolent light, the feeling of distance and perhaps of hostility with which some may regard her might dis-

which some may regard her might disappear."

Father John shook his head.

Leave well alone. Distribute your gifts yourself as you have always done, and don't identify Miss Johnson with them in any way. It would be a mistake; it might even make her position hereafter more difficult. For next year, when she has no gifts, she may be disappointing expectations."

I deferred to Father John's opinion; of course, he knew his own pepple and the

I deferred to Father John's opinion; of course, he knew his own people and the pair of lovers, too, better than I did. When Christmas morning came, however, my inward comment on the warm gratitude which was elicited by my presents, and on the friendly feeling which I felt to be established between the giver and the recipients, was that my view had been right, and that Father John had no doubt had some private reason of his own for deterring me from carrying out my proposal.

proposal.

The chapel was fuller that day than I had ever seen it, and there was a larger overflow of worshippers kneeling on the green in front of the doorway. Remem-Father John was right. The matter would settle itself. Already it was clear that in these few weeks the distant re-spect in which the people had hitherto held the Eoglishwoman had warmed into kindlier feelings now that she was about to become one of themselves. Cer-tainly it was much better that such a feeling should have sprung up spontaneously than that it should owe its existously than that it should owe its existence to forcing of any kind. The book-keeper received the greetings of her neighbours with considerable ease and frankness. Of late it must be owned her manner had much improved. It was as if a cloud, which had hitherto sat brooding on her life, had suddenly been up-lifted and dispersed; as if her nature, closed up and hardened by an ungenial lot, had become softened in the warmth of the affection which now encircled her. frankness. Of late it must be owned her manner had much improved. It was as if a cloud, which had hitherto sat brooding on her life, had suddenly been uplifted and dispersed; as if her nature, closed up and hardened by an ungenial lot, had become softened in the warmth of the affection which now encircled her. There were times when happiness shome from her eyes, beautifying her face on which content beamed serenely; and times when the demure gravity would be suddenly put to flight by a laugh that had a joyous ring in it pleasant to hear.

This Christmas morning the book-keeper brightly responded to the good wisnes of the kind-hearted country people (whose heart does not warm to a venturesome and trusting pair at the moment when, ignoront and reckless of the trouble in store for them, they are about to launch their bark upon the uncertain waters eager and strong in their mutual love? A vivid recollection came back upon me of a certain day not long before when she seemed a prey to weariness as she sat desolate in the window of the complex arm that restad on her and the progress suddenly retarded. It was she sat desolate in the window of the complex arm that restad on her and the pair.

"Good gracious, no! What suggests such an idea to you, Mrs. Eanis?"

"Good gracious, no! What suggests such an idea to you, Mrs. Eanis?"

"Sure, didn't you see that Miss Johnson was orying as she sat there? I'd give anything to know what it was. Some lovers' quarrel, I suppose. Sure, when a boy and girl like that are in love, when a boy and girl like that are in love, when a boy and girl like that are in love, when a boy and girl like that are in love, when a boy and girl like that are in love, when a boy and girl like that are in love, when a boy and girl like that are in love, when a boy and girl like that are in love, when a boy and girl like that are in love, when a boy and girl like that are in love, was a slight frost without, and all was so still that Conn and the book-keeper, as they hurried silently along, could hear nothi

when she seemed a prey to weariness as she sat desolate in the window of the bar, her sewing fallen listlessly in her lap, and her eyes far off across the bay beyond the clouds that lay upon the hills

in the faint distance.

A few weeks is a short time for so great a change to take place in; but even a few hours can work wonders in that rea few hours can work wonders in that respect. To the sunshine and bustle of that Christmas morning after Mass, and to the cheery salutations of the country folk parting on their way home, succeeded a very quiet afternoon at the inn, where some of us found ourselves gathered about Mrs. Ennis's fire. There were no children in the inn, and without children Christmas cannot be merry. Even Father John, who was almost as lighthearted as a child, had gone home early in the afternoon, for except when holding fall down and adore him."

I forget by what transition it happened, but we presently found ourselves on the irrepressible theme.

"Egad, then," said Father John, "the more am I pleased with that bit of work. For, let me tell said croak full of bitter of en sets up a dismal croak full of bitter of the father o

melancholy and full of fascination. When that lulled voice chaunts in a darkened room on a Christmas night to an accompaniment of flickering firelight, its spell is well-nigh irresistible. The bookkeeper as she sat looking into the fire

was completely under its influence.

Mrs. Ennis herself, in easy chair, shading her eyes from the glare with her hand, was listening to it, too, in her way.

She had had dutiful letters within a few

ing her eyes from the glare with her hand, was listening to it, too, in her way. She had had dutifal letters within a few days from both her nephews; perhaps amongst other things she wondered with some sadness as she sat there what they were doing, and how spending their Christmas. Conn—well I don't think Conn heard the voice at all, for his life had never been so full as now; the past had never had for him anything which could rival—no nor compare with the happiness of the present hour as he sat in the corner of the fire-place beating a noiseless tattoo with his his feet upon the carpet, and looking at the book-keeper's face on which the firelight fell sideways; sat content thus occupied, only wondering at her silence, wordering what her thoughts could be, marvelling at her beauty; and every now and then his heart would swell with happiness as he remembered anew that her love was his.

"So here's another Christmas Day come and nearly gone," said Mrs. Ennis, breaking silence at last. "I mind the day when it was not in this wise I would have spent it, sitting quietly before the fire, but tearing about the house eating whatever was to be had—and we didn't want for eating—wildly enjoying ones wild we will be seen the cast my father's house! and the wonderful things we used to think were on them—glistening things, candies, sugar figures of men, fruits—sure, 'tis wonderful what small thing will please children; and the sight of the tree laden with its treasures used to set us beside ourselves with expectation. But by-and-bye these things don't please any more. 'Tis more of the dancing and the young menor the young women we do be thinking of, eh Conn? Or may be we taste the pleasures of being grown up, and live our old pleasures over series the sight of the vounger shildren.

young people are grown old too, for here are Conn, and Miss Johnson, and Mr. Shipley, disposed to be as hum-drum as myself."

"I never spent so happy a Christmas Day, ma'am, in all my life," says Conn, and my selection.

Day, ma'am, in all my file, says coin, ardently.

Mrs. Ennis glanced from Conn to the young girl, who had withdrawn her gaze from the fire, and now sat in a still more pensive attitude, with her cheek resting on her hand, and saying nothing. Mrs. Ennis's look then passed from the book-keeper to her lover, whose face had suddenly become overcast with some uncasiness.

denly become overcast with some the easiness.

"Did you not promise your father, Conn, to spend the evening at his house? If the merrymaking hasn't begun ere this, 'tis because they're waiting for you and Miss Johnson."

"If—if you'd rather not go," began Conn, with a slight stutter of hesitation, addressing the book-keeper.

"It seems so unkind to leave Mrs. Eunis here all alone," she answered. Her voice was broken, and she turned her face away from the light of the fire as

face away from the light of the fire as she spoke.
"Never mind me," cried Mrs. Eanis.

"Mr. Shipley will stay with me for a little—not that I'll keep him long either, for my eyes are closing in my head. So or my eyes are cosing in my head. So get along with you, young people; start cff for your father's, and don't be spoiling sport. I thought all your brothers were to be there, and your sister," she added, turning to Conn.

saw them go by."
"There's to be a power o' people there," returned Conn, "aud great doings entirely; the rafters decked with green

an' all!"
"In honor of Christmas," assented Mrs. Ennis "Of Christmas — and of us," added

"Of Christinas — and of the control of the control of yets."

"Very well, then start off both of yez.

I wonder ye could delay so long."

"D'ye know did they have a t'ff?" said Mrs. Ennis, suddenly facing round upon me as soon as the door had closed upon

stretched away before them white in the moonlight, an arm was passed round the book-keeper's shoulder, and she found her progress suddenly retarded. It was Conn's arm that rested on her, and Conn's face that was bent down close to her own.
"My own little girl," he said, "what's

the matter?"
"The matter?" "The matter?"
"Yes, you were crying just now in there. It nearly killed me to see it. Tel me, Jane, tell me what was the matter."
"Nothing, Conn, nothing."
"Tis something I have said."

"Tis something I have said."
"No, no. How can you think so?
"Something I done, then."
"No, Conn. What nonsense!"
"Then why was it?"
"Don't talk of it, Conn; a passing fancy, that's all; don't ask me. There is no use in calling up painful thoughts."
"Ah!" sighed Conn, as he withdrew his arm, "its as I feared. You are unhappy."

But don't think of them any more, honey, But don't think of them any more, noney, they're not worth it. I'm vexed with those times I had no part in. Don't let them come between us, Jane. I'm mad with them entirely. But may be, we'll be even with them yet, so don't cry any

be even with them yet, so don't cry any more, my dear."

"Why," said the book-keeper, "you would not grudge a few thoughts on a Christmas night, to the old home and the parents I shall never see again?"

"Lord save us!" cried Conn, "it isn't of that I'm thinking, but of the unkind friends that turned the back on you and gave you the cold shoulder, and ne'er a helping hand held out, nor a kind word from one of them,"

helping hand held out, nor a kind word from one of them,"
"The world is a cold place, Conn. People are not kind—not everywhere. Do you know, it came upon me to-night, as we sat in Mrs. Ennis's room, that perhaps I was cold too; cold, silent, and proud, distrustful, and suspicious But there! what does it matter now? No friend could have been so kind to me as the chance which brought me here, and—and—"

friend could have been so kind to me as the chance which brought me here, and—and—"

"And what?" said Conn.

"Nay." the book-kesper answered, laughing off a sigh.

"I'm not going to tell you that again, you are conceited enough already."

"Oh," cried Conn, joyously, "we'll not go to my father's. Let us walk about and talk like this all night."

"Is not that your father's door, Conn, opening yonder?"

"It is. D'ye hear their voices and the laughter? How bright it looks! And there's old Toomey on the table, scraping away at his fiddle! and—who is it are jigging? Oh, won't you dance with me, Jane? Sure, if you don't to-night, how can you do it at our wedding? "Tis quite easy. You've only to go so—and so; and then you go back to your place over there, and do the same thing all over again. "Tis the easiest thingin the world. Sure, what's there to laugh at? Ah! that's how I like to see you! 'tis better again. This the easiest thing in the world.
Sure, what's there to laugh at? Ah!
that's how I like to see you; 'tis better
than crying, any day. Hallo, there!
Don't shut the door on us!" for Patsy,
who had come out to look for them, was

going in again.

"Is it yourself, Conn? Faith, 'tis time for you. We'd almost given you up, and father's mad with you for tarrying so long. Good evening, miss, and welcome kindly. 'Tis better late than

TO BE CONTINUED.

THOUGHTS ON PURGATORY. ledit. on Christ. Dogmas. Rev. Jas. Bellord Lond, C. T. S 1898.

Purgatory, like all other doctrines is marked by its beautiful harmony with God's other works and His divine perfections. It is a marvel of justice

There is a continuity of cause and effect that is not broken by passing into the other world; the force of a man's misdeeds, so far from being checked by sudden interference, works itself out upon him to the last. So does God in the natural sequence of events render to every man exactly according to his deeds. The deliberate sinner, forgiven before his death, So they are, sure enough," said Conn, does not go scot free, rejoicing that he and the apostle and the martyr.

How terrible will be that exact retrihas sown! Be sure that every sin will one day find you out. "We know that the judgment of God is according to truth against them that do such things. And thinkest thou this, O man. escape the judgment of God?" (Rom.

II. Purgatory is a marvel of God's forbearing mercy towards men. God is forever intercepting souls on the downward path, and giving them new chances when they forfeit the earlier ones. First came the state of original justice. This being lost, God supplied its place through the merits of Christ

more men fall away ; yet there is reparfering.

This is most comforting for us who plished in this life the full duty of preparation for the next : above all, it is a happiness for those who have been snatched like brands from the burning, and who know that their entrance into glory, although delayed, is absolutely certain. Glorify God for this final and crowning one of His mercies.

III.

oisonous meaning that would spoil his in natural society are continually actpoisonous meaning that would spoil his evening's pleasure.

"Why, Conn," she laughed, "how absurd you are, and what a tyrant!" I don't know what it is that brings the tears into my eyes, unless it is being happy, and looking back to former troubles, and wishing—"

"I know, I know," said Conn, tenderly.
"you are thinking of bygone times. Sure, what do I mind so long as you tell me, But don't think of them any more, honey,

We can share in their expiation by our prayers and sufferings. They cry aloud to us, "have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me." (Job. xix. 21)

We have the opportunity of practising works of mercy which are more beneficial and more urgently desired than any relief to those stricken by famine, or disease, or earthqake, or conflagrations. You are bound to help all your brethren according to their needs and your abilities. Help the suffering souls, and you will do a double act of satisfaction, explating the temporal punishment due to their sins and your own.

A NOTABLE SERMON.

The Rev. Dr. Larkin at Warrington, England — "Anglican Anxiety vs. Catholic Certainty." The annual sermons at St. Alban's Roman Catholic Church, Bewsey street, were preached on Sunday last by the Rev. Dr. Larkin, O. S. B. There was an unusually large congregation in the evening, when the reverend gentleman selected as his subject "Anglican Anxiety vs. Catholic Certainty." He said that by way of preface he would like to recall to their nemories the words that were brought before them in the Gospel of that day.
On the one hand they had Jesus Christ, under cross-examination, and He gave His answer fair and full. But when He put a question to the Pharisees they stammered and paused and could not reply. Then one of their number stood up and said to Him, "Master, what is the first commandment of all? There was no hesitation in the reply. and it was, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind." That was the first and greatest. The question He asked them went straight to their infidel hearts, because it showed clearly that He claimed the very Divinity of God, and that He, Jesus of Nazareth, was none other than God in the flesh. "What think ye of Christ?—what is your be-lief? What is your answer? Whose Son is He?" Continuing, the preacher said that in all matters and themselves, between God and their own souls, as regarded the life to come the fortune before them-the reward of Heaven or the punishment of Hell —they must have solid ground be-neath their feet. They could not speculate with a soul as they would shalt not go out from thence till thou repay the last farthing." (Matt. v. 16) Thus no one escapes the consequences of his evil deeds by a fortunately premature death. of such everlasting importance as the question of religion, which was a question as to whether they should happy for ever or lost for ever. Let them now examine and contrast the mental attitude of the man who was a good and pious Churchman churchgoing man, one born, baptized, and brought up in the Anglican faith, who had lived a good life and set a good example, and striven to obtain has outwitted divine justice, and that further light and instruction in the who had grown serious.

"Mary Maloney started an hour ago in company with your brother Pat, for I company with your brother Pat, for I and the apostle and the martyr.

has outwitted divine justice, and that further light and instruction in the life of self-indulgence has ended no otherwise than the life of the ascetic lieved in God and in the coming of Jesus Christ. He believed that Jesus and the apostle and the martyr. Christ was God as well as man, and bution when each will reap what he that He came into the world to found a Church which would go on to the end of time. It was to such men that Leo XIII. wrote only a short time ago one of those beautiful letters which would ever be associated with the glory of . that though shalt his Pontificate-a letter to all Englishmen who sought unity of faith in Jesus Christ. Such a man as he (the preacher) had been alluding to, when ne read his Bible, received his instruction, and remembered what he had been taught, found before his mind a picture of a Church which he could not get rid of for a single mo-ment. It was one Church, it was Catholic, and Catholic meant everywhere - one Church, one in itself, and

dispensation by Baptism.

Some cannot receive Baptism; then the desire, even the implicit desire is taken as its equivolent. Even after Baptism more men fall away; yet there is received. atton and forgiveness in the Sacrament demned," and then the promise whose of Penance, and this not once only, but consolation never failed, "I am with many times over. Finally, we have you always even unto the consummathe grace of the last sacraments. Even to go the world." The good, plous so, many are still unfit for heaven: English Churchman thought of all that, yet they are not cast off. Provided they have in some way turned towards God, there is Purgatory to complete the say my prayers and take the Sacrament of the world." The good, plous so, which is a say my prayers and take the Sacrament of the world." The good, plous so, which is a say my prayers and take the Sacrament of the world." The good, plous so, which is a say my prayers and take the Sacrament of the world." The good, plous so, many are still unfit for heaven: English Churchman thought of all that, and the control of the world." The good, plous so, many are still unfit for heaven: English Churchman thought of all that, and the control of the world." The good, plous so, many are still unfit for heaven: English Churchman thought of all that, and said, "After all I have loved my own Church. I am in no danger. I say my prayers and take the Sacrament. God, there is Purgatory to complete the say my prayers and take the Sacra-unfinished work as a sacrament of suf-ments, and I believe that as God has placed me here if I stay here He will save me. I did not make myself, nor know our own shortcomings and dread did I choose my religion. Surely what them: it affords unfailing hope as to those who, we know, have not accom for me is good enough for me." That attitude might be taken up by the heathen. The true Church was the Church that was everywhere. Now, where was the Anglican Church? It was where England was, where England's arm extended, where the flag of England waved and the cannons of England roared, where the armies of England marched, and the triumphs of England blazed upon her bannersthey are forgiven. sins ve shall retain and He gave them bread and wine Blood of Christ, sa commemoration of Church has now hood, who had Divi give sins, to pres offer the Body and daily sacrifice. "said, "we have go there is a great means are used, legitimately possessame thing—it has is directed toward had to be consider to whether the An true and a valid sense in which or and in the sense i Church understoo that the vast and ity of the Angli bishops, clergym-jected the whole Romish supersti those who wante were divisions d controversies whi When the considered, it w should claim tha valid priesthood, and sacrifice w were one and th was no more diff than there was illumination ; on bound up with th no sacrifice ther inasmuch as the original langua one who offered was what the cle of England neve the Church of and earnest boo of them had mad shine in history, world was age they constitute Divine Lord, w Pharisees, spok was not merely Catholic and the not merely that priesthood and was that the Ca teaching power teaching, and t of which no oth was the te Catholic Churc ought to bring more than it d the Gospel of J. not send His Bibles, found and argue ab them to teach. taught, and ha for inquiring elieved it was claiming. Age amining-four matters of vit the Bishops c moderation. truth; he wa leaders a final pronouncemen natters clear get it. could not spec it could not r cause it was Christ. How Catholic Chur there were I whose word the reverend he had not sting in the He did not He did not b any man or v by a sla argument. he grace of It came from prayers of lit from that see ing until it heritage of -the Holy -ter their s ated but br Jesus Christ, their sins at and the sam might be un and in God's Whenever h Church and Church part suffered so Christ he th He though

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