

see." The two friends parted as warmly as they had met.

Sunday came and the trial sermon was preached.

Monday came, and the morning paper gave a lengthy account of the discourse, whilst a particular part of it was reported verbatim. The preacher had skilfully and faithfully followed on the lines marked out for him by Father Robert. The reporter went on to speak of the talent and oratorical ability of the speaker, of the deep impression of the sermon upon the congregation, and ended by venturing the hope that that would not be the last time they would have the pleasure of listening to the eloquent gentleman. He received the call and accepted it.

Now Father Robert's parishioners were not so thickly incased "in ignorance" as he had made out, and some of the more thinly-mailed ones came to him.

"What kind of a man is this they have got at the East End Church?" asked one.

"He's a regular fire-brand!" remarked another.

"He certainly did use pretty strong language in that first sermon," said a third.

"I think he should be set right on two or three points, and be shown the error of his ways generally," insisted a fourth.

Father Robert listened very quietly and then reflectively remarked. "He certainly gave it to us pretty hot; didn't he?"

"I guess he did," they warmly answered.

"I have been thinking over the

matter myself," pursued the Father, "and have come to the conclusion that he said so much against us in that first sermon that he cant have much more to say on us. If he goes on in that style, he will weary his own congregation, which would be a bad thing for himself. No congregation could stand it long. But, you must understand, in that first effort he was free and unfettered. I think before saying anything further, or making a fuss about it, it will be best to see how he goes in harness with a well loaded wagon behind him. It may make all the difference."

So they agreed to wait and watch.

Before the Rev. James had been residing in B—very long, those who were interested in such things noticed or heard, with some amazement, that Father Robert and the Rev. James actually shook hands when they met on the street, and even walked a few blocks together, apparently engaged in friendly conversation.

As time went on, Father Robert managed to introduce this and that parishoner to the Rev. James, who, in like manner made several leading members of his congregation better acquainted with the priest. Gradually the charmed circle widened and widened until the two congregations came to be on terms of such friendliness and good will as should maintain amongst fellow-citizens, even if they do not reach that plane of perfect harmony which should, but unhappily does not, exist in communities in which all are of the same faith.