

to rekindle the smouldering fire of jealousy and hatred which is latent in the bottom of every human heart. Anybody can do that, with a pair of bellows.

\* \* \*

Let us examine quietly, one by one, some of your pretended grudges against me.

First of all, the matter of creed, which produces such infuriating effect on your Orange fellows. They represent me as priest-ridden, aggressive in my worship, too lavish on magnificent cathedrals and too little on manufactures. I lose too much time at church, and my children have too much catechism at school. In short, to sum up the indictment, my thoughts are so deeply absorbed in the contemplation of eternal truths that I have no eye on business and am too easy going in wordly matters.

No worst moment than this could be chosen for a revival of old quarrels of that kind. The present war has brought our souls closer to one another. All earthly considerations have given way to solemn thoughts. To use the beautiful language of the Abbé Thellier de Poncheville in his wonderful Lent sermons in Notre-Dame Church, Montreal: "Whether we will or no, we must gaze heavenward. Death, in planting its sting in our flesh, has planted its problem in our indifference". It cannot be denied that the calamitous times we traverse cause a universal revival of religious fervor. In that spiritual uplifting we all commune, whether our confession