"There is some horrible mystery in the evil thing," she thought. "I wish I had in my possession, and could read, that girl's letter."

She took a light to her room; and turned up the gas-jets that hung before her mirror. Then she started back, affrighted at her own appearance. Her eyes were wild and dilated; and her mouth seemed to be drawn down at each side, as if in paralysis; and the flesh of her cheeks was tightened as if pulled by some hidden agony or force. She shook her head at the apparition.

"Ah, Lady Clara Vere de Vere," she muttered, "you put strange memories in my head."

How long she remained in a kind of stupor or ecstasy, staring at herself there in the glass, she could not remember. She was recalled to life and actuality by a tap at her door and the servant's announcement that the doctor had come. Then she made a few rapid changes in her hair, and went down.

He had been examining the patient carefully; for Outram's shirt-front was torn open, and his chest was bare. The doctor was bending over him, making some further examinations, when Mabel silently entered. She stood still by the doctor's side. Presently he turned around, and looked at her.

"Not a fit," he said, "but a fall. He's quite unconscious but he will recover consciousness immediately."

"He must have stumbled coming down stairs," she said, without a trace of emotion, "and thrown down the porphyry vase and then fallen on it."

"Very probably. But would you mind leaving me alone for a few moments, until I make a further examination?"

He looked at her in a strange way, as if questioning, Can she bear it? Mabel read his thoughts, and went out. At least this would be a confirmation or a contradiction of her own conclusions.

Dr. Bellingham leaned over the prostrate form again, gently opened again the shirt-front, and looked long and anxiously at his patient. He then took up the helpless hand and examined it. Then he felt the lobes of the ears. Then lifted the closed eyelids.

Ah! these doctors! Grand Inquisitors of the Human Race, from whom there is no secret, because they have their spies in every feature of face, of form; and finger-nails, eyelids, lips, teeth, babble like traitors and informers the history of the victim, whilst the arch-traiters, the ophthalmoscope and stethoscope, probe into the deepest recesses and whisper to the Grand Inquisitor the terrible secrets of brain and lungs and heart, down even to the last thread of nerve and capillary. And worse still, they tell what they have no right to tell, of hidden sin, and moral turpitude, and secret vice; and by some terrible system of induction tell too of the hidden history of the dead,—of the father or grandfather, whose sins were supposed to be buried with themselves. Ah, yes! there is no secret. The very leaves will whisper and tell.

For a long time Dr. Bellingham watched and felt, and felt and watched, his patient. Then he drew a long sigh, and said, "Poor girl!"

He touched the bell. Mabel entered.

"It is as I say, Mrs. Outram," he exclaimed, looking at her with dilated eyes, as if questioning, Does she know? and, Dare I tell? "There is shock and concussion from the fall; but the wound has bled freely. He will recover consciousness soon; and the effects will soon pass away. His general health is good, is it not?"

"I haven't heard Mr. Outram complain," said Mabel.

"No. He has seen some hard service, I believe. There are cicatrices on breast and arm. I suppose sword-cuts."

"I never heard my husband say he was in action," said Mabel.

"No. Perhaps not. It may be something else. But the Mayor is better, is he not?"

"My father," said Mabel, noticing the sudden change in the doctor's words and divining ill news from that little circumstance. But she quietly said: "No. Not much better. I suppose he will never get better."

"Hardly. We can only mitigate his sufferings. I had better see him, as I am here."

Doctor and wife were staring at each other during the brief conversation, doctor asking his conscience, Ought I tell? Mabel asking, Does he know? Both were playing a great part in that ugly drama there in that silent room before that prostrate form. The servants were whispering and tittering outside in the hall. The doctor moved to go. Mabel said:

"Doctor, I have something to ask you."

"To be sure!" said the doctor, folding up his stethoscope.

"About these wounds; these cicatrices!"

"Don't!" said the doctor, his eyes filling with tears.

"May God help me, then!" said Mabel.

"May God help you, child," said the doctor.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE COLONEL'S STORY

Up from the garden came the delicious fragrance of the red, red roses, and the white-robed lilies. It was twilight—a soft, velvety twilight, and the fragrant garden was wrapt in darkness. The outline of the tall trees, with their long, waving branches was scarcely discernable in the soft dusk, as, like stern, silent sentinels they kept watch over the sleeping garden—whilst the perfume-laden breeze sang tender lullabys in the swaying branches to the nodding roses beneath.

A little group of silent people were gathered together on the veranda, a long, low veranda, where a fragrant honeysuckle twined its clinging arms around the old posts and pillars. No one spoke. Each was enjoying to the fullest extent the exquisite beauty of that perfect night.

The old Colonel leaned back in his armchair, and puffed hard at the stump of his sigar, whilst the ruddy glow from its butt-end lit up for a moment his rugged, kindly features.

"Do tell us a story, uncle, please do."

The words came almost in a whisper, as his pretty young niece leaned forward in her chair and placed her hand pleadingly on the old man's knee. Before he could reply, the others present took up Cathleen's cue, and soon the old Colonel was besieged by a bevy of young girls who *would* have a story. He did not answer for a moment, but puffed away at his cigar.

In the meantime, Cathleen had perceived the glimmer of a white dress through the leaves of the dark trees, and starting to her feet, she cried joyously, "Ah! here comes Arline—You'll tell us a story, now uncle, won't you?"

Instead of answering the old man turned quickly in his chair and in the pale light of the rising moon, he beheld the tall, graceful figure of a young girl come swiftly up the path that led to the veranda.

Tall, handsome, and of sweet and winning disposition, Arline Richards was a favorite with all—young and old. At present, she was generally the topic of most of her young friends' conversation, and also of their envious glances, for on her slim, fourth finger there sparkled a lustrous diamond, and ere the summer was over, she would be the wife of a young and promising lawyer, to whom she had been engaged for the past year.

"Ah!" she cried laughingly, as she stepped lightly on to the veranda, "I thought I should find you all over here." Then, "I hope I'm not interrupting a story, am I?" and she sank into a vacant chair close by the Colonel's.

"No, no! You're just in time to hear the beginning of one," cried Kathleen eargly, "Oh! Please coax him, Arline!"

"I don't think he needs any coaxing," said Arline with a light laugh, as she leaned back in her chair. "I just feel that we are going to hear a very interesting story!"

She was right. The old Colonel leaned farther back in his chair, crossed his knees, puffed for a moment at his cigar, and then began, whilst the eager, listening crowd drew closer to their narrator, as the deep tones of his rich, low voice broke the calm stillness of the night.

"Well, it was after our last campaign that it happened, and I'll never forget it. I've never told the story to anyone—and I never hoped to—but I think it's time to do so now. It's a short story, but a sad one."

An intense silence followed his last words.

"You all remember," the rich voice continued "how a great many of us were taken prisoners. "Well, I'll pass over the awful tale of our miserable life in that damp, sordid prison—our only company being the hordes of hungry rats, that likewise took up their abode in the damp, narrow cells. Well! the end came at last, but not for me. I and another young chap were confined for a longer term—why? I do not know. That other man was young Lieutenant Marshall!"

"Oh!" The exclamation of surprise burst from the lips of all present, especially from Arline Richards. One and all had known the young Lieutenant, but none knew how he had met his death. The secret was about to be revealed, and intense silence reigned once more.

"I never knew why we were kept there longer than the rest, and I never cared. I was alone in the world; nobody cared whether I left that gloomy place or not. But he—oh! it was pitiful!"

No sound save the stirring of the breeze in the honey-suckle vine.

"Day after day he sat there in his narrow, damp cell—his head bent forward in his hands, eating his heart out with longing for—her!"

With a low gasp Arline Richards leaned forward in her chair. Somewhere in the garden a sleepy bird was singing a soft good-night to its nest. Above the pine-tops the moon was rising, and the rich voice continued:

"Well, it's a long lane, they say, that has no turning, and the turn in ours came at last. I was glad for Frank's sake. He has always been as a son to me, that young lad, and I loved him as my own. It hurt me cruelly to see the way he suffered—all for the sake of a woman!"

The last words were said in a slightly bitter tone, and a dry sob came from the low chair where sat Arline Richards, her head bent forward in her hands.

"One night, whilst the guards were nodding at their posts, and the stern watch kept upon us was slightly relaxed, the scheme we had brooded over for months, was at last put into action, and ere the sun of the next morning had blazed into the east, we were well on our way to liberty. We avoided the road and any place where we thought they would be most likely to look for us, and struck out at once for the forest."

And the breeze sent a low wail through the pine-tops.

"It was here that our, or at least, my troubles began. For the first day or so Frank's spirits were at their highest. And as we forced our way through the over grown vines and brushwood, his step was light and care-free, and his deep, musical laugh often awoke the silent echoes of that grim forest. But the past months in that damp, germ-laden prison were beginning to do their dire work. His light step grew heavy and slow; his cheeks, hollow; his eyes, sunken; and his broad, erect shoulders began to stoop. At last, the cruel truth flashed home to him—and he realized, with pitiful despair, that his eyes would never again behold the home of his youth—the home of tender longings and fancies—nor the woman who had promised to wait for him!"

Arline drew in her breath, quickly, sobbingly—and in the darkness she stretched forth her hand to the Colonel, pleadingly, beseechingly but he gave no heed and the breeze sang its wailing song down in the rose-garden.

"One day, we were nearly out of the deep forest then, he sank down exhausted under a tree. He could go no further. He was dying then!"

"O God!" were the words that burst from the white lips of the girl at the Colonel's side. No one noticed her, and the Colonel gave no heed.

"He turned to me with a strange light in his sunken eyes, and as I stooped down to catch the words, uttered in quick, sharp gasps, he took my hand in his and feebly raise it to his lips. . . . The sun was sinking over the tops of the giant trees, and the dark shadows in the wood grew longer,—and my heart grew still with a fierce, gripping pain, as I saw the gray shadow of approaching death steal over the cold, damp forehead, and the film of Eternity veil the light in the sunken eyes."

The Colonel's voice was husky now. Tears shone in the eyes of all present—all, except Arline's. She sat there—her hands clasped so tightly together, that the nails left their imprint in the delicate flesh. Her face, in the pale light of the moon, was white and drawn,—her eyes, large and shining. "Frank!" was the whisper that fell from her white lips, whilst the breeze, stealing up from the roses, bore the sobbing whisper away on its scented wings.

"I did everything I could for him," the rich voice continued, "but it was too late—another had been there before me. 'Colonel he said to me, looking up with a grateful light in his dim, sunken, eyes, you've always been a true friend to me—the best I ever had—and please God I won't forget you—when I go home! But it's hard to die away from her—so hard, Colonel. But since it must be I'm glad it's to be with you and no one else—to you, who, during the past terrible months, have proved yourself more than a father to one who can never repay you—to you, best of all friends, to you I confide my last message—for her!"

No sound—even the wind in the pine-tops hushed its mournful song. Arline was weeping now—the hot, bitter tears flowed unheeded down her white cheeks.

"And then," the Colonel continued "he told me that after his death I would find a small box in the inner pocket of his coat. 'Give, it to her,' he said with his dying breath, 'when you go home. Hunt for her, Colonel, do not rest until you have found her and placed that box in her own hands.' His voice was pretty well gone then, but making one last effort he raised himself painfully on his elbow and said in sharp quick gasps, 'Tell her—that *I* was faithful—She—promised to wait for me—tell her—not to wait any—more. Goodbye, Colonel—it's getting dark.' His breath failed him, and he sank back exhausted on the ground."

The old Colonel did not try to hide his emotion, and his eyes were wet with tears, as he listened to the breeze singing in the rose-garden beneath.

"But just as the shadow of death grew grayer, and the chill of death crept over his pale face, he turned to me and said, as the lamp of his life slowly flickered to the end. "I can't see you now—Colonel—Not now—It's so—dark. May God bless and—reward—you. Tell her—I loved—her to the end, and—will love her—through all—Eternity! Hold my hand, Colonel—I'm not—afraid to die—but oh! it's so dark—Has the sun—gone—down? I—can't—see—any—more—When the sun—sets—I'll go—Colonel—Goodbye!'

No one spoke. Down every cheek the tears were slowly chasing each other, and the sound of suppressed sobs floated down to the roses below. As the moon rose above the tree-tops, its soft rays fell on the bowed head of a young girl down whose white cheeks bitter tears were flowing. Slowly raising her head she placed both hands on the Colonel's knee, and looking up into his face with wild, wild eyes, she asked the question trembling on every lip, "Have you found the woman?" The words came in a whisper—a sobbing, choking whisper—but the Colonel heard. Turning towards her, he gazed for a moment into her wild, tearful eyes, and his own were hard and stern. "Yes," he said coldly, bitterly, "I have found the woman—sooner than I expected sooner than I wished—"

"Why, oh! why?" Arline caught the Colonel's hand in hers and cried in an agonized whisper, "I couldn't help it—God knows I couldn't help it—I loved Frank—but how was I to know? Oh! won't you believe me, Colonel?" The large eyes grew larger, wilder. "Can't you believe me?—It's the truth—Don't, oh! don't you believe me, Colonel?" The wild, fierce tone gave way to one of piteous appeal, but the Colonel heeded it not. With a hard laugh he pushed her hands roughly away, and threw his burnt-out cigar over the railing into the rosebed below. No one had noticed them—each was engrossed with her own thoughts—and sad, sad ones they were.

Presently, the old Colonel drew a tiny box from his pocket, and holding it up, so as the full light of the moon would fall upon it, snapped the cover open. "This," he said, "is the last message he sent to her—the woman who didn't wait!"

The last words were addressed to Arline, and she winced painfully under the old man's scornful eyes, and she covered her face with her trembling fingers, whilst the others crowded forward to admire the beautiful ring the Colonel held up to their sight. Eagerly they fingered the dainty gold band, and asked numberless questions concerning it, all except Arline. How the wind moaned in the honeysuckle vine as the Colonel continued:

"She gave it to him at their parting one short year ago. It was her pledge of fidelity. To-morrow I return it once to her, with his pledge unbroken." Apparently, he slipped the little case back into his pocket, but as he turned, he met a pair of wild, dark eyes, gazing at him longingly, pleadingly. He was a stern old man, the Colonel, but he could not resist that appealing look, and in the darkness the little case found its way into Arline's trembling hands. In another moment the little gold band had taken the place of the handsome diamond on the fourth finger—and with a smothered sob she slipped the case into her bosom.

"He sleeps," the Colonel went on, whilst the rose-scented breeze kissed the burning forehead of the girl at his side, "he sleeps in an unknown grave, far away in that distant land—amongst strangers. Every summer the flowers bloom, and every winter the snows lie heavy on his lowly resting-place, but since the night, with a heavy heart, I laid him there at rest, with the cold, cold earth for his coffin, no friendly foot has trod the ground by his side, and no friendly eye has dropped one tear of sympathy over the lowly mound of the soldier-boy, who, when living, claimed so many friends."

He paused, and in the silence that followed, that breeze crept into the honeysuckle vine, and sang a tender melody to the nodding roses and swaying lilies in the dew-covered garden beneath.

One woman, a pale, pale woman, who, but an hour before had been a gay, light-hearted girl, travelled swiftly, in spirit, to a grave under the shadow of a pine tree, at the foot of a grass-grown hill. And as she knelt, the gleaming stars shining coldly down upon her, she laid her burning head on the cool grass of his grave and prayed that she, too, might lie at peace with the slumberer beneath.

In her great longing, and in the loneliness of her heart, she cried out, "O Frank, Frank, my soldier-boy!"

"Arline!" Cathleen had sprung to her feet, and now stood staring at her friend's white face and wild eyes. Everyone present, as they gazed at the girl, whose head was bowed low in her trembling hands, realized that she was the woman who didn't wait. She had told them so herself in that agonized cry that came from the bottom of her lonely heart. No one spoke. They could not. It would seem like desecration to break that calm silence. They did not want the girl in the armchair to lift her head.

The Colonel too, bowed his head in his hands. He too, was standing at the foot of the soldier-boy's grave.

"Arline dear!" It was Cathleen who spoke. She had crossed to her friend's side and was kneeling at her feet, waiting for her to look up. But Arline gave no heed. She heard not the soft whispered words of her friend, only the low moan of wind in a pine-tree bending over a grave, fell on her ear. She saw not the tearful sympathetic faces of those around her. Her eyes only fell on a grass-grown grave over which a pine-tree swayed, and in whose branches the little birds were singing their soft vespers.

Silence fell once more. A sweet, golden silence broken only by the wind as it moaned in the tree tops, or sang a tender requiem in the honeysuckle vine—a low, tender requiem for the man who slept alone in that far-off land, neath the mournful shade of a palm, at the foot of a little hill.

The girl on the veranda had risen to her feet, and stood gazing with shining eyes at the glorious moon that had risen above the pine-tops.

AGNES FOLEY.

HISTORIC CHRISTIANITY AND PHILOSOPHY

BY REV. DR. JOHN O'REILLY, EDITOR OF THE NEW FREEMAN, ST. JOHN, N. B.

From the Daily Gleaner, Fredericton, N. B., May. 29.

The opening of University of New Brunswick Encoenia week ceremonies took place on Sunday morning when the faculty and students of the University formed up at the corner of Brunswick and Carleton streets and marched in a body to St. Dunstan's Church, where Rev. John H. O'Reilly, D. D. Ph. D., editor of the New Freeman, St. John, preached the baccalaureate sermon. The subject was Historic Christianity and Philosophy, and the text was from (Acts, chap. iv.: 8:) "And you shall witness me in Jerusalem and in Judah and in Samaria and even in the utmost parts of the earth."

Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. M. F. Howland, B. A., with Rev. F. L. Carney, M. A., as deacon, and Rev. J. J. Ryan, M. A., as sub-dean. Seats in the church were reserved for the students and Messrs. P. J. Hughes, B. A., and F. J. O'Neill acted as ushers. The male choir furnished music and at the offertory Messrs. J. A. Lawlor and F. G. Foster sang a duet.

Dr. O'Reilly's sermon was as follows: Subject: "Historic Christianity and Philosophy: "And you shall be witnesses to me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and even to the uttermost parts of the earth." (Acts, chap. 1, v. 8.)

Rev. Fathers, students and professors of the University of New Brunswick, and brethren:

It seems to me as a faine reminiscence, of the religious movement in Oxford, during the early years of the last century, and at the same time a most hopeful sign of the deepening religious spirit of this age, that nearly two hundred students of the Univerity of New Brunswick should assemble to-day in the Catholic Church of Fredericton, to assist at the highest act of Christian worship—the sacrifice of the Mass and to hear from a Catholic pulpit their Baccalaureate sermon. Yes, oh graduates, an occasion like this, so extraordinary, and so unparalleled in the educational history of this province is too providential to be described as merely accidental. Your University professors have proven in a public and formal manner by their presence here this morning, that it is the ideal of cultured men to reinstate science in its ancient and honored place as the champions of the Christian religion.

In the name, then, of this vast congregation, and in the name of the whole Catholic public, I bid you welcome—a thousand times welcome—to this sacred shrine. But besides speaking unto you words of welcome, the occasion demands that I should give some brief doctrinal exposition, such as may be of profit to you in your great and only real business in life—the preparation of your souls for eternity. Life in the kingdom of God can never be strongly desired by the human heart until the human intellect has in some way grasped its significance. We shall therefore seek to obtain such an insight into the principles of historic Christianity as shall, by God's grace lead you to translate Christianity into every action of your moral lives. It is all the more necessary that I should speak to you very frankly on the subject of the Christian religion in view of the profound and far reaching influence which a seat of learning can exercise on the thought and history of the place in which it is situated, for a University may be described as the organized intelligence of the community. The Christian church, which began with the Apostolic college, is the greatest of all universities, and you, oh students! as creatures of God and as redeemed by His sacred blood, have something infinitely more than an academic interest in the teachings of that university. Wisely spoke that English stateman who said, "We cannot afford to scoff at things which concern our destiny. If we fail to appreciate the claims of Christianity on our personal allegiance the error is one of eternal consequences. It will follow the infidel beyond the tomb and become a part of the immortality of his perdition. Oh, then, for all you hope, and for all you fear, never make sport either of Christianity, Truth or Christian morals. If you do God will repay you with judgement and with fire. "You shall call upon Me and I will mock you and you shall die in your sins. Pray now that such a fate may be averted from you; pray to-day that God may not harden your hearts, but rather that you shall hear and heed this Fatherly voice as He speaks to you in the teachings of the Christian Church and thus anticipate the rigours of His judgment."

Graduates, take this as the fundamental idea of your meditation, that there is a Christian Church; that there always has been a Christian Church since the life and death of Christ; and that there always will be a Christian Church until the final day, when only consistent Christians shall stand the test of God's examination, and merit to receive a diploma on which shall be inscribed, "Come you blessed and possess the kingdom." Even as students of history you may be called witnesses to the Christian Church, and your every instincts tell you that the Christian Church must be: (1) Divine in its founder; (2) Social in form, and (3) marked by the four traditional "notes" of Unity, Sanctity, Catholicity, and Apostolicity. The Christian Church is necessarily a visible and perpetual organization. In its teaching authority it is infallible. Such are the elementary ideas of historic Christianity.

THE HARMONY BETWEEN FAITH AND PHILOSOPHY

In preaching on Christianity to University students, it is very necessary, in modern times, to warn them against the too popular error, that there can be any real opposition between genuine philosophy and divinely revealed truth. This could never be, for God is the Author of all truth, and how could He contradict Himself in any department of knowledge? How could God tell us one thing by natural science, and something quite opposite to this by Christian revelation? Let history speak and it will tell you that even three hundred years before the birth of Christ there lived a philosopher so great that the Italian poet Dante called him the Prince of all Philosophers (il principe di quilli chi sanno) and he Aristotle—the prince of all sages, formulated a system of philosphy so perfect that fifteen hundred years after his death it was revised by St. Thomas of Aequin—the "Angel of the Schools" and turned by him like a blade of Damascus steel to the defence of Christian truth; and twenty-two centuries after Aristotle we find the Roman Pontiffs, Leo XIII., and Pius X., practically approving of the Aristotelian methods of philosophy, by their advocacy of scholastic studies and their condemnation of opposite systems. Thus it was that God, whose power is as universal as His vision could call from the "vast deeps" of history the mightiest intellect of antiquity, and use the wondrous Aristotle as the scientific herald of the gospel, even as He used the marvellous roads of the Roman Empire not only for the march of Cæsar's legions, but also as avenues for the missionaries of the Christian Church. Truly may we say, "Not to us, O Lord; not to us but to Thy name be the glory given." But you need not be reminded that faith is a supernatural gift which comes directly from God, and does not depend on mere human philosophy. Christian faith is like the sunlight, which can be realized by all—even though the clouds of materialism may dim its splendor. Christian faith is such that it can be appreciated by the simplest and humblest intelligence, and at the same time it can make conquest of the mightiest intellects that have ever been fashioned by God's creative hand. But students, even if you are destined to become the leaders of the scholarship of your age—and some of you may be so destined—yet you must never forget that, like unto the great philosopher St, Paul, the passion of Christ must be for you the "grace of God and the wisdom of God."

But if you study in the book of the crucifixion, then the structure of your intellectual building is set, not on unstable sands, but on an eternal rock, against which the gates of destruction shall not prevail. Then, and then only, "you shall not have received your souls in vain." Philosophy, therefore, is an avenue to Christian truth as may be illustrated by considering the doctrines of the Blessed Trinity and the Incarnation and many other articles of Christian faith. In the Blessed Trinity there are three divine persons in one divine nature. In the Incarnation there are two natures, divine and human, in the one divine personality of Christ, the "Eternal Son of the Eternal Father."

Aristotelian Philosophy may be used to show that the doctrine of two natures, in one person is not, at least, contrary to reason; though it is infinitely above reason and requires the illumination of faith. According to philosophy there is a distinction between nature and personality. Nature is the principle of being and action in an intelligent agent; personality, or person, is the intellectual being or agent. Personality, using the word in its philosophical sense, is the last actuality of an intellectual nature; it is that which individualizes an intellectual nature. Thus, between nature and personality, there is a real distinction, recognized by philosophy. Consequently, by the power of God, a human nature could exist, without a human personality, and be limited to a Divine Personality. This happened miraculously in the mystery of God made man, the Incarnation, when the human nature of Christ was created without a human personality, and united to the Divine personality, of the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. Hence the words Hypothetic (personal) union as used to express the mystery of God made man—or the unspeakable manifestation of God to His creatures in the Incarnation of our Saviour from Christ to whom is due honor, praise and glory for ever and for ever. In approaching the great truth of our redemption in the blood of God, we can use the two lights of reason and revelation; or rather we can also use the light of reason and the higher, stronger, clearer light of revelation. You, then both as scientists and as men of religious ideals, can consistently say with St. Athanasius: "It is necessary for eternal salvation that we faithfully believe in the Incarnation of Our Lord Jesus Christ. And it is true faith to believe and confess that Our Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God, is both God and man. Christ is one; not by any confusion of the two natures but by unity of the Person." (Symbol). All men in grace are sons of God by adoption; Christ is the Son of God by nature and is Himself God. But none the less we to-day shall once again profess our faith in His divinity, and say unto Him: "Oh beloved Redeemer, Thou art not only the Babe of Bethlehem and the Prophet of Judah, but Thou art also the God of everlasing glory. Let others say that Thou art Elias or John the Baptist; some great leader, some merely human reformer, but we shall say, with the Apostle: "Thou art Christ, the son of the Living God."

Yes, oh members of the Baccalaureate class of the University of New Brunswick, you, too, will go forth into the arena of the world; you, too, according to your circumstances, will have to be witnesses to Christ and perhaps even unto the "uttermost parts of the earth." Then, arm ye for the fray as Christian soldiers should! Be ye knights in the battlefield of Christian truth, and when adversaries challenge you to explain the constitution of the Church and its distinguished qualities you shall tell them that the Church established by Christ is a perfect society. You must tell the non-Christian enquirer that the flag of the Christian Church is the four-fold note of Unity, Sanctity, Catholicity and Apostolicity. Wherever that flag appears there is the Christian Church. You must be loyal therefore to that flag. As well might one say that he is loyal to the British Empire and disloyal to the Canadian flag, as say that he is loyal to Christ and disloyal to the Church, which speaks by Christ's direct authority.

The Christian Church must therefore be one. It must be one in its organization, its spirit, its government, and its means of grace. Christ, who established the Church, is not a God of dissensions. The Church shows an infinite variety, without any prejudice to its essential unity. It includes all nations and all languages and is adopted to all legitimate government. It is a Holy Church, is Catholic. All men are potentially members of the Christian Church. Before the end of this century, the people of Japan, China and Korea may receive a new Francis Xavier from western Canada to continue the work of which Francis Xavier had been the pioneer. And thus shall be again verified Malachi's words. "From the rising even unto the going down of the sun My name is great amongst the Gentiles said the Lord of Hosts." And that Church, one holy, Catholic, and apostolic, shall continue as a light on the "mountain heights of history, even unto the consummation of ages" until the faith of Christendom shall be changed forever into the vision of the kingdom of God.

Is not the Christian Church opposed to scientific progress? Away with such a sophistry. As truly might it be said that the sunlight opposes the growth of foliage and verdure on the banks of the St. John River. Show me the nation that has abandoned Christianity and not sooner or later fallen into barbarism. Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, England and the United States owe all that is best in their civilization to the fact that at one time or another they received the Christian Gospel. In the merely natural order all nations are practically equal, and if the nations of Europe and America, are superior to China, Turkey or Japan, what but the Christian Church have given them their superiority? Yes, the terrible error of "Free Thought," or as it may be described "Modernism," there are signs even now on the horizon that they may be attacked (if not conquered) by hitherto pagan peoples.

Some of you students will, not unlikely, visit Rome, which is called by all men the "Eternal City." Remember, brethren, that to-day I am not preaching to you a controversial sermon (for I know this would not be either your expectation or the desire of our Bishop), but it is not controversy to say that when you visit Rome you will see there the most marvellous assemblage of colleges, universities, art galleries, public gardens, statuary and architectural monuments that the world has ever known. What power but Christianity has made Rome the university of the library, artistic and scientific worlds?

The Church is an "army set in battle array." You must be militant followers of the gospel; you must be the crusaders of the modern world. You will not prove yourselves to be like the toy soldier described by Shakespeare, who said: "His would go to war himself only for the guns." You must go to the spiritual combat in spite of the guns.

YOU MUST BE CHRISTIANS

You will be none the less loyal to the flag that waves over yonder parliament building because you are true to the glorious ensign of the Christian church. A few years ago when twenty thousand soldiers (some of them descendants of the founders of this province) died for the British Empire in South Africa—six thousand of those who fell for the flag—were men of the Catholic faith, and one hundred and ten officers who died at the heads of their regiments had been educated in Jesuit colleges in England. Are not all the lessons of history so many trumpets calls to awaken our zeal in the cause of Christianity? On the battlefield of God there is no space for cowards; no neutral ground; all traditionally divided into two great armies. The hosts of God are led on still by the archangel whose standard shows the device "Quis sicut Deus," who is as God whilst the battle lines of the enemy are led by Lucifer, the prince of intellectual pride, whose banner bears the terrible "non servian." I will not serve. Now is the time and before this altar is the place to choose under which standard you will enlist for time or eternity.

ADVISES PRAYER

If, by God's graces, you decide to follow the army of Christianity, then let prayer be your sword and your shield. Yes, young men, pray with the same energy, perseverance and enthusiasm with which in the natural order you would contend for the prize of your university. Pray with the same unconquerable determination with which on the athletic field you would seek to maintain the honor of your college. Let your prayer be at the same time the cry of a out in distress. To use the description of prayer given by a certain Jesuit: "We must pray industriously as if all depended on ourselves, but we must believe and know that all depends upon God. Pray as a drowning man would call for help. Pray as Peter did on storm-lashed Gallilee, "Lord save us or we perish." Pray as the blind man, "Lord, that I may see." Pray as the

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