TWO

## THE CATHOLIC RECORD

## CONFIDENCE IS REWARDED

It was a cold night, the wind was blowing fiercely, and the drops of rain froze, into hail as they dropped heavily to the ground. A lonely passerby hurrying on his way homeward was the sole companion of Father Griffin as he walked on his mission of mercy that typical November night. The cold lent speed to his footsteps, and as the hail struck against his neck, he lifted the collar of his coat as a further protection against the sharp, biting wind as it blew the hail in all directions.

Reaching the hospital, he lost no who escorted him to the bedside of a man, apparently in the best of health, but appearances are oft-times deceiving as his ailment disclosed a serious condition, which alarmed the nurse and caused the hurried call to his bedside. Father Griffin anointed and remained with him a few minutes offering words of consolation. As he was about to of consolution. As he was about to leave, an ambulance drove up and the attendants lifted a stretcher off. Ever anxious for the souls of the dying, Father Griffin hurried over to the injured man the victim of a hold-up and inquired if he were

a Catholic. The man nodded his head. Father Griffin slipped on his confession stole and bent his head low until the words of the dying man were heard. As he raised his hand in absolution over him, the man's soul passed into eternity.

The hail dropped faster and thicker and the wind howled louder as the priest retraced his steps homeward. He did not seem to mind the storm, and a soft warm glow suffused his cheeks as he offered prayers for the deceased night. Not until he dropped on his knees for his customary Litany, did shake he feel the weariness of an over-tired body. As he was appointed to say the last Mass of the week, he had the pleasure of a few extra winks in the morning. He didn't quite know why he felt so joyful that day. True it was his usual visiting day to his dear mother, and he always looked formed to more he always looked forward to seeing her, but never on that day had he felt such a supernatural joy as possessed him now. Bridget's coffee tasted delicious

end of his cigar. and he asked for a second cup. "Sure, it's delighted I am that the coffee's so good, but I'm thinking now, Father, it's nervous ye'll be getting drinking two cups of coffee." With this remark, she hurried into the kitchen and poured the second cup for him. "When I'm old, Bridget, I expect

to be nervous and cranky, but I guess that is a few years off." Father Griffin stirred his cup as he watched the big, broad smile light

up Bridget's face. "Old and cranky is it. Well, I don't want to be near ye thin, and I know when that comes, I'll be we have a segularly employed and always earned sufficient to clothe and feed himself, and occasionally share some of the household exneath the sod, so it's not worrying I am over ye."

The bell rang loudly and Bridget hurried to the door. Mrs. Murphy

ing news item, he removed the cigar, carefully, laid it down, adjusted his glasses more securely and read the piece through. "Robberies, holdups, assault, gangsters and not more than twenty-one-mere young-sters, in my time." He spoke to himself and to emphasize his disgust

Mary that day and she was grieved to hear of it. She hurried over to Church and spent an hour before the Blessed Sacrament offering her they clasped in a hearty hand-

"Glad you came, Father. I have prayers for Dan. When Father Griffin reached the home of Mrs. several youthful cases on the docket now and they are giving me no end of anxiety." The Judge passed a box of cigars to Father Griffin, who O'Grady, he found her alone, her rosary beads slipping through her fingers, as she recited mystery after selected one and settled himself in a comfortable armchair opposite Judge Talbot. "This crime wave is alarming; if one were to place credence in the daily newspaper accounts, which state that the mystery, her prayers in union with Mary's, ascending to the throne of the ever Merciful Saviour, Who, she knew, would listen to her pleading and grant her request.

So absorbed was she in contem-plating the Crucifixton that she did majority of offenders are youths, it is appalling to think what the com-ing generation will be," said Father Griffin as he touched a match to the not hear Father Griffin, who after knocking several times walked in. He stood in the shadows until the last "Hail Mary" had been said, and then advanced to Mrs. Griffin's badside "Cood evening Mrs.

" I know the newspapers exaggerbedside. "Good evening, Mrs. Griffin, how is the little 'ady tonight?" ate but the fact that the greater crimes committed are planned and put into execution by young men of eighteen and ninteeen cannot be denied. Apparently, the parents are respectable and hard working folks, who appear dumbfounded at the news, and positively believe in their innocence. When questioned How are you, Father, you start-

led me a moment, because I was thinking of something else."

"I know what. You were on Mount Calvary, with Our Lord, weren't you, honestly ?" He smiled as he lifted the thin their innocence. When questioned as to their knowledge of a lad's occupation, parents will insist their gnarled hand, which had labored so faithfully.

"Yes, Father, I meditate fre-quently on the Crucifixion, and it elps me bear my cross patiently. snare some of the nousehold ex-penses. Judge Talbot reviewed in his mind a few cases he tried recently. Private investigation re-vealed a number of small gangs "There is no consolation greater than the thought that of all the sufferings in the world. Our Blessed Saviour's were the greatest. This thought should help us follow Him up the road to Calvary's heights,

Mary returned from Church. Her the police might expect another "hospital case." Obviously, they were self-sufficient and needed no outside interference to settle their "Description of the settle their settle their settle their "Description of the settle their settle their settle the and the warm glow in her cheeks made a striking contrast to the pale yellow curly bobbed hair, while from this background shone a pair of dark blue eyes, so deep blue as to appear a soft black as they sparkled with youth and health. She opened the door quickly and removing her hat and coat, went on chatting gaily without knowing that story. "Father, it's Danny. He's been arrested, and they are holding him on a charge of felonious assault. The man who was robbed and assaulted is dead. He died on the way to the hospital." "What do you expect me to do, chatting gaily without knowing that Father Griffin was her mother's Mrs. Murphy?" "Help him, Father. They tell me you have lots of influence and you can save him." "Idle talk, Mrs. Murphy. Nothing but gossip. I believe the fact that I helped young Katoski, when he was held for drunkenness, made you feel that I had influence." Terter Griffin tarned the deek night, and that a youth named Murphy is being held as a suspect." guest. She entered her mother's room and then stopped suddenly as she saw the priest. "Good evening, Father, you must pardon my sudden intrusion, I really didn't know you were here." "I am glad to see you looking so well, Mary, and apparently, so happy." "Before I left the house, I felt blue, Father, but an hour before the Blessed Sacrament always helps me forget trouble, because I pack was Danny to the Sacraments?" knowledge of the hold-up and can "Not since he made the Mission "wo resta ago". " them all in a bundle and lay it before our Blessed Lord."

He opened the door for her and as she said good-bye, she also added God bless you, Father. Judge Talbot sat in his luxurious morris chair near an open grate fire, while he scanned the daily news. He puffed a cigar, slowly, deliberately, sending curls of smoke upward. As he struck an interest-ing news item, he removed the cigar. Father Griffin remembered an-other engagement and arose, excus-ing hinself for his hasty departure. As he walked, his mind worked feverishly planning a defense for the poor lad. On the morrow, he hoped to visit Danny and persuade him to return to the Sacraments. With these thoughts in mind, the walk to Mrs. O'Grady's home seemed to consume but a few min-utes. Mrs. O'Grady, unfortunate-ly, lost her husband when her daughter was but a small child, and since his death, had to provide for sters, in my time." He spoke to himself and to emphasize his disgust shock his finger at an imaginary criminal. His butler entered bear-ing a card on a silver tray. "Umh! Tell him I'm out." A few minutes later, the butler returned. "Father Griffin on the phone, sir, wishes to know if he may come up and see you sir." He stood rigid at attention, like an Imperial Guard. "Tell him to come up, there are several things I want to discuss with him." "Very well, sir." Still stiff and straight, the butler turned on his heel and left the room. Although not a Catholic, Judge Talbot had a great respect for the catholic Relgion and held its teach-ers in esteem. He maintained that the Catholic Relgion and held its teach-ers in esteem. He maintained that the Catholic Relgion and held its teach-ers in esteem. He maintained that the catholic Relgion and held its teach-ers in esteem. He maintained that the catholic Relgion and held its teach-ers in esteem. He maintained that the catholic Relgion and held its teach-ers in esteem. He maintained that the catholic Relgion and held its teach-ers in esteem. He maintained that the catholic Relgion and held its teach-ers in cate and to profess the Faith, he traced the cause of his downfail to non-attendance at his religious duties and was ever anx-ious to bring him in touch with the Frison Chaplain, who. he knew, O Grady eru lous to bring him in touch with the Prison Chaplain, who, he knew, would be untiring in his efforts to regain the soul of the guilty one. Scarcely twenty minutes elapsed when Father Griffin walked in. He held out his hand to the Judge and took charge of the men. A confession from the gunmen obtained release for Dan. was

permanently cured they all be-lieved, but Father Griffin thought it best to get him away from his old pals for awhile at least. A friend of Father's bought a farm in Canada and required a strong man to assist him. Dan was given his ance to make good, and he left his friends with a prayer of grati-tude for their loyalty to him in his trouble.

The years passed quickly. Father O'Grady stood at the Altar, in his fingers he held a thin white flake. He bent low and whispered the words of consecration and raising the Sacred Host aloft, he held It on high a minute that all might gaze or the Bread of Life. Then, lifting the chalice, he offered it to God. Mrs. O'Grady was present at the Mass. True to her confidence in the efficiency of present God efficacy of prayer, God removed the cross temporarily, permitting her to attend her son's first Mass. What a spiritual happiness to be the mother of a Priest, and to behold him at the Altar of God; what a privilege to kneel before him and receive from His newly consecrated hands the life giving Sacrament! A hands the life giving Sacrament! A joyful group of friends met in the parlor of Mrs. O'Grady's home to offer their congratulations to Father O'Grady, and to receive his blessing. All his boyhood friends were there, and as they talked, recalled old times. There was just hurried to the door. Mrs. Murphy stood on the doorsteps, as she tried bravely to hide the tears that streamed down her pale face. "Come in, Mrs. Murphy. Ye can wait in the parlor and I'll tell Father ge're here." Father Griffin came into the parlor and greeted Mrs. Murphy. "What can I do for you?" She tried to speak and a smothered sigh hid the words. He motioned her to a chair and sa topposite her. She brushed



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and sat opposite her. She brushed the tears from her eyes with the back of her hand and told her

Father Griffin tapped the desk with his pencil, as he weighed the matter carefully in his mind. "By the way, Mrs. Murphy, when was Denvert the Crime. Griffing has failed to bring a confession and he still claims ho doubt that he is innocent of the assault, but I feel that he has some

two years ago.'

And you . seeing you receive Holy Communion in some time."

"No, Father, I haven't been to confession since Pat died." Father Griffin arose and walked the floor. He returned to his desk and stood over Mrs. Murphy.

"How can you expect your son to be a good Catholic, when you, yourself, are a careless one? Had you shown him a good example, I have no doubt that he would have attended to the Sacraments regularly. I will do what I can, but I must have your promise first that you will go to configure this

that you will go to confession this week, tonight if possible, and make a resolution to attend to the Sacra-ments at least monthly." Father Griffin remained standing. Mrs. Murphy knew the interview was at

an end and arose. She walked to the door, hesitated, and turned back. "I will go Father, tonight." "As a means to a good end, Mrs.

Murphy, I would recommend fer-vent prayer. Daily Mass if possible, and a visit to church will bring God's blessing on you and Dan and make up for carelessness.'

'Circumstantial Evidence has I don't recall sent many an innocent man to the "I see. You hand them over to Him to shoulder. Well, He carried the heavy Cross once and since has had the entire World on His shoulafter crime, a menace to society, the law seemingly unable to stop them." Father Griffin searchedders, so no trouble is too heavy for

them." Father Griffin searched-the Judge's face for some sign of relenting, but the latter was gazing Him "Father," said Mary as she poured a cup of cocoa for her guest, into the logs, intently watching the "do you think that Dan will have a chance to prove his innocence ?"

flames. "Father," he said, at length, Do you believe him innocent, "Mrs. Murphy has been to see you pleading for her boy. You want me. I take it to use my influence to

me, I take it to use my innuence to help that scapegrace obtain his free-dom. He must go on trial if no developments arise and Hatter Griffin looked at Mary Father Griffin looked at Mary had the right companions to bring it to the surface." rivers ; when the automobile was a menace to life and a problem to

happy look in them. He advanced with a smile which lit up his countenance. He joyfully greeted each of his friends, then knelt for Father O'Grady's blessing. His eyes sought Mary's and sent a telephatic message to her. She excused herself and entered the dining room Day fellowed Herself dining-room. Dan followed. He took her hands in his as he drew her gently to the window. Thestars were twinkling overhead, and the were twinking overhead, and the soft moon beams threw a bright light across the window. Mary gazed at the stars and Dan followed her eyes, whispering quietly: "My faithful little pal, my darling, there is just one thing I need to make my life complete." 'And that is ?" answered Mary wiatfully. wistfully. "You Mary."

As Father O'Grady tiptoed into

the dining room, he found two lovers planning for the future, oblivious of time and place.-Agnes Consuela Colleran, in Sentinel of The Blessed Sacrament.

## THE JUDGE AROUND THE CORNER

Once upon a time, when the world was dizzy with progress; when men, bird-like, rode high above the clouds; when giant ocean liners, like miniature cities wove their paths across the ocean; when transcontinental trains with palatial appointments sped across the plains Mary ?'' "Yes, I do. I think there is a lot of good in Dan, but he hasn't lot of good in the but he hasn't lot of good in Dan, but he hasn't lot of goo

dom. He must go on trial if no further developments arise and stand his chance of being acquitted. "That is exactly what happened, your honor, but what chance has a poor boy got, without proper legal representation?" "Don't worry about legal repre-sentation, Father, I'll have the best criminal lawyer in town handle his case, not because I like Murphy, but because you have pleaded for him." "I certainly appreciate your kind-ness, your honor, and I am confident that young Murphy will have an Toothache Neuritis Neuralgia Neuralgia Pain, Pain Accept "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" only. Each unbroken package contains proven directions. Handy boxes of twelve tablets cost few cents. Drug-gists also sell bottles of 24 and 100. Aspirin is the trade mark (registered in Canada) of Bayer Manufacture of Mono-aceticacidester of Salicylicacid. While it is well known that Aspirin means Bayer manufacture, to assist the public against imitations, the Tablets of Bayer Company will be stamped with their general trade mark, the "Bayer Cross."

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