1908

w for the ding bells, girl replied irst to hear dear," the ed the old

rious letter bout?" the er steps to inge look in ago he ge of it and

to be read birth-day. Read to lay! It all Only a few It all centy. Then aise.

MAURICE.

).

the big bay lor. It was lor. It a day in ull of warm sunshine lay sunshine lay ndeed, with t-just bareood tingling alive. ded not the ie God-given did not apig air, whiffs window as if ure into the yellow light rested on his bringing out

wking priest. oad one of a ut on humanhild in their nd the square ntenance into man of whom s she sent him against all the the old might of all gentleling to as the

scholar of no led in a heap too, in orderly before him His abstracted osite wall, and rectory parlor efore him came

en and sittingg carpet. Oldimed upon the tel is a cheap deart. Muslin bright red riband in these ers their owner woman, with a e and soft gray orth beams of orld. She is a boy, her idol. as for that boy nost turbulent nost turn helps irit, as anxious ek mischiefs as e and healthful him since his

ith only her to e of him. Like umuel, she dedind in his future imple ambitions sires and hopes. ir were hers, no omfort, no crav-But on the knees sought the grace hers might be ie spiritual har-

rd. He had the ghting ancestors ble origin. The athed in at every ir and his brain kind," said the lelighted mother.

OCTOBER 31, 1908. what he knew to be the young priest's

contents, a gleam of pleasure lightened

He skimmed through it ; still smiling

then settled back in his chair for a slower

I told you once you could never convert me? See what a prophet I an

The whole letter, written in this non-

sensical style, touching lightly upon things which Father Maurice knew must

have turned into widely different chan

weet-need, stately hady relating some of the incidents of her continental trip. Max Ramsey, a big, bluff, blond young man, with an engaging countenance, put in a word now and then that served to

give his mother's more serious tale :

At last they came to the point con-cerning which Father Maurice was most

tious to hear. Mother doesn't understand it," he

said, laughing at the suddenly thought-

ful face of the woman opposite. " She can't understand it, she won't under-

His tone was so solemn-so-

'And she said, 'For heaven's sake, is

sey mimicked her son's voice and actions

laugh at her and with her.

so true to life that he was forced to

And now that he has found out the

for the first time, comes from the chry salis of his shadowded existence int

God's own sunlight. I can imagine him

exulting in it with an almost heart-break-

ing joy, bathing in it, putting out his

hands to grasp some of its beauty, hold-ing up objects to it, so that this new

the poor sense of touch when he walked

The feeling of an intensely spiritual

in the ways of darkness.

understand ?"

d wonderful light may transfigure into loveliness-glowing iridescent, wonder ful-those things he had but known by

ened me to death.

swered.

Max.

Intosh come

jects.

ing up

At luncheon my boy came in

tinge of the ludicrous.

up his countenance. "From Max Ramsey, of all fellows,"

he said in a delighted tone. "Well!"

void in his life.

earnest longing, a post on the mission-ary frontier, but also the faring of his those earnest words of his had sunk deeply into her heart, and the grave thoughtfülness of his mien when he spoke added to the impression. ary nonlifer, but also the haring of his quest, and what chances there seemed to be for its success. For well the Bishop knew the anxiety of mind he suffered in consequence of this sudden int in his life. shook herself a little, as if trying

by that movement to get rid of the feel-ing that perhaps she was one of those blind ones, who had not yet opened her Father Maurice lifted his head from his hand with a sigh now, folded the eyes. " My very first and my very worst is non-belief in the power of prayletter carefully and put it in his breast pocket. Another letter, still unopened, lay at

Father Maurice looked interested. his elbow. He turned it over carelessly, not recognizing the writing. When he finally tore the envelope and perused its

"You see," she went on, eager now to qualify her position before this grave young priest, and speaking with an amount of earnestness that made her son about of earnestness that made her son look at her in surprise—" you see, I can't conceive of any Being—supreme or otherwise, whatever He is—wanting one of His or its creatures to bow down be-fore it. Then earlies the Compton knows to of His or its creatures to bow down be-fore it. Then, again, the Creator knows the mind He gave you. He knows also its workings and its wishes, doesn't He ? Of what use is prayer in that case ? He is aware of all you would say before you speak. And as to praying to the saints, why it's ridiculous—can't see that at reading. It was a breezy epistle and humorous, to judge by the manner in which the smile broadened and settled on his lips. It told briefly of the writer's return from the continent, asked him if he ever re-gretted old college days, and added in a brief postscript that he had seen the error of his mode of living in England, why, it's ridiculous—can't see that at all. Show me first the reason why of prayer. The rest will come." baying failen under of hving in England, having failen under the influence of the English Jesuits. "So there isn't any chance for you to try your powers after all, fighting Parson Maurice, as we used to call you," it ended. "You remember

"The 'reason why,' " said Max, " has been demonstrated to this lady by no less learned priests than Fathers Dupree and Schurman, to say nothing of Father McIntosh, who simply overwhelmed her with dogma

vert me? See what a prophet I am, though it profiteth you nothing. Mother is still as calmly pagan as she brought me up to be. Come and see us, Father Maurice, before she goes again to the "Oh, dogma !" with a laugh. "I want practical proof. Snow me the answer-ing of one prayer. Then you can quote all the fathers of the Church to me." all the fathers of the Church to me." She spoke warmly, one could say hotly. The picture of a blind man groping in the dark, knowing things only by the sense of touch, annoyed her. Father Maurice, at those last words of hers, caught his breath. His eyes grew soft. He leaned forward. His face, over which some contains included disturbing its land of the idols. If you can upset her land of the holes. If you can upset her easy-going philosophy, her monumental don't-care-ism, you will be entitled to my candid astonishment. It shall be my candid astonishinent. It has you laid at your feet to do with as your

some emotion rippled, disturbing its calm, astonished her. She listened. calm, astonished her. She listened. "I am a priest four years," he said. "I had a mother once—a mother, Mrs. Ramsey, who never in all her precious life tasted the luxury you know. Her back was bent with work and age; her hands were horny and wrinkled—O God in heaven, bless those horny hands wherever they may be to-day!" Emotion choked him; he paused. "Her face was seamed and wrinkled and

nave turned into widely different chan-nels the current of a gifted mind, aroused a certain curiosity in the young priest. He replied at once, and the following afternoon found him seated in Mrs. Ramsey's drawing-room, listening to the sweet-faced, stately lady relating some of the incidents of her continental trip.

Emotion choked him : he paused. "Her face was seamed and wrinkled and lined," he went on. "Humble she was and poor and a widow, and I—her only son—her only child. She gave me to God, proud of the giving, gl-~l of it, yielding me back to Him who gave me. She prayed for me, Mrs. Ramsey. I was no wiser or hetter or more talented as no wiser or better or more talented than the average lad of my years, heed-less, indeed, and careless and inclined to levity. But she prayed for me. And her prayers must have touched the heart of God she loved in her pure way, for they made me what I am. After Christ, I am His priest by virtue of my

stand it." "Pray try, to look at it with my eyes," said the mother. "He left the breakfast table in the morning—this is an honest fact—actually laughing at some preposterous dogma of the Catho-lle faith. At luncheon my boy came in other's prayers. "Well, on my ordination day she disappeared. There is but one exp'anaappeared, there was a raid to hamper my career, she was so proud of me. My poor talents were so many sources of joy and looked at me. ""Well, mother,' he said, 'I've got it. I've always known I'd get it sometime, and it's come at last.' to her. She thought, maybe, the son she toiled for would be ashamed of his mother who had eaten bitter bread for like himself-that he very nearly frighthis sake, and was bent with much toil-ing up and down another's stairs. Mrs. "'Got what, got what ?' I cried out. "The Catholic religion,' he an-Ramsey, when you spoke just now I felt suddenly that here was a way-that God meant you for His instrument. Through yours prayers He will give me back the one to whom I owe my life, my vocation. It must be an inspiration, mustn't it? that all? You scared me so,'" put in Father Maurice was shaking with laughter. The way in which Mrs. Ram-How could you, wealthy, aristocratic, moving in the circles that you do-how ould you come in contact with a poor

little old woman? And I do not ask you to seek her. Just pray-pray that I may find her. God will, in His merey, give to you what He has not given to why of it," she went on, as if it were a personal grievance, "he won't explain it. I can't get a word out of him to He had touched the woman's hear eneath her cold exterior. The tears were

dear mother, it is impossible, streaming down her face-tears she did said Max, a thoughtful expression com-ing over his sunny face. "I went out not check or wipe away, though gener-ally any emotion seemed an insult to and Max, a thoughthit expression com-ing over his sunny face. "I went out that morning as veritable a pagan as— as you are now. I came back willing to believe anything they told me. Father the classim calm on which she prided herself. Max put his hand out to meet his friend's, and their fingers met warmly. His eyes, too, were moist. Father Maurice looked ashamed.

Welntosh was talking to me. He was very kind, you know, Maurice, and much interested in both of us. He had often expended his breath in finer lan-guage, and I knew it. Suddenly, just like a flash, the whole thing dawned on "Pray forgive me—for—for making you feel so badly," he said, "I do not know why I said so much—it must surebeen an inspiration. Mrs. ly have " And I went the next day along the

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

have bewitched me." "I think you have been soul-dumb," he answered. "Now that the language of the spirit is finding vent at last in rightful speech, it eraves for its true food." "Thank you-there is a good deal of meaning in that. Perhaps you are right. I have read somewhere about storming is the citadels of heaven—well, if such a fi

She turned her eyes on her son, who

She turned her eyes on her son, who smiled affectionately. The understanding that existed be-tween these two was beautiful. On the son's part the love he entertained for his mother here the day his mother broadened a disposition in-clined to aestheticism. It made him manly, as an absorbing affection for an-yet,"

other makes the narrowest masculine soul. It softened the woman's somewhat imperious disposition, prone to the arrogance her luxurious existence en gendered. To Father Maurice the mere fect was the sympathy between them. what lar He looked from one face to the other, look of

He looked from one face to a smilling now boyishly. "I am glad to hear you talk so," he said. "Very glad. You are a few steps in the great road. Two months "Your prayer has been answered in the dear. I shall stay here—per-

farther on the great road. Two months ago you would not have said that." "Maybe not," she answered, adding : "Will you get in and drive with us a ay? Perhaps, too, I can persuade you "" like to ask you." "Thank you, thank you," he answered

Father Maurice, Father Maurice

Please?" An excited voice called his name, an excited face met his gaze as he turned at the call. A man had halted in a hasty run past im and now stood in front of him, hat

hand. "Thank God, father, I met you here's store. They rung up an ambulance, but she wants the priest. Quick, too, Father Maurice. I'm afraid she's pretty

It was the call no servant of God has ever heard in vain. Without a wo Father Maurice turned and left riends and was soon lost to sight in the throng. As they went along, the man, who attended the church with which Father Maurice was connected, gave him hasty but graphic details of the accident. The crowd around the drug store fell away as they saw the priest and hats were lifted as he passed. Two chairs had been drawn together

and on them they placed the poor crea ture. A policeman stood inside the door to keep back the curious crowd, some gaping coldly, others sympathetic, but all filled with the grewsome sentiment that animates a crowd anywhere anxious to see. A kindly woman who had witnessed the occurrence had been permitted to remain. She was a young woman, and tender-hearted, and with eyes full of tears she had removed the old-fashioned bonnet and the neath darned gloves and had made a pillow for the gray head by folding up her own jacket and placing it underneath. The poor old face was ghastly white, the eyes closed, and the woman, who was kneeling beside her on the floor, looked up-gladly-when she saw the priest. "Oh," she murmured. "Father----

He was a stranger to her, but she was a Catholic, and recognized the Roman collar and clerical bearing. She fell back to allow him to perform his priestly duties

Why did Father Manrice suddenly grow rigid, and why did that strang mist swim before his eyes? Why did his face grow pale and his nostrils dilate "God, my God !" he whispered. " In

any way but this-give her back to me n any way but this——" He fell on his knees. The startled

watchers saw him put one arm under the poor old woman's head, and with the other clasp her to him. They did not understand. But the pathos of the group touched them. The big policenan at the door felt his eyes, hardened by much gazing on sorrow, grow moist He turned his head away. The woman heard his broken tones, saw the old

her face. It was well to jest indeed, but life as I am about this. I think you peated over and over the simple prayers the dying-the prayers she loved. The ambulance surgeon came, but Father Maurice simply motioned him She was going fast then ne glance at the glazing eyes told the oung doctor so. He looked in some arprise at the white face bent so ten-

meaning in that. Perhaps you are right. I have read somewhere about storming the eitadels of heaven-well, if such a thing is possible, I must have weakened a few of the outer ramparts. I—I want more than an answer," she finished ab-ruptly. "I, who am in darkness, seek the light." She turned her eyes on her son, who

n her knees, sobbing audibly. Outside Mrs. Ramsay saw the crowd thinning rapidly away from the drug store, for excitement in the city is but emphemeral. She called the coachman

" Father Maurice must be in there yet," she said. "Go, Max. Perhaps we can help the poor creature, whoever she may be

Max obeyed. He entered the store hastily, coming out a few moments after-wards and approaching the aristocratic woman who awaited him. Her some what languid expression gave way to look of anxiety when she saw his face

mother dear. I shall stay here-haps I can be of some use to Maurico Max !

"He has found his mother, he has und her at last." And she is-

" Dead dear. Go home without m heartily. "But I am on duty for the wening. Next week—let us say Thurs-you all about it."

Three months later Father Maurice was sent on his longed for mission work. Two things he likes to remember of his last few days' stay in New York. One is the reception into the fold of Mrs Ramsay, who found faith the day the quest ended, and who is now among the humblest children of Mother Church. The other is his last visit to the little -was just going to the rectory. There's The other is his last visit to the little poor woman run over up the street mound in Calvary cemetery where rest all that is earthly of his mother's form-Grace Keon in The Ruler of the King-

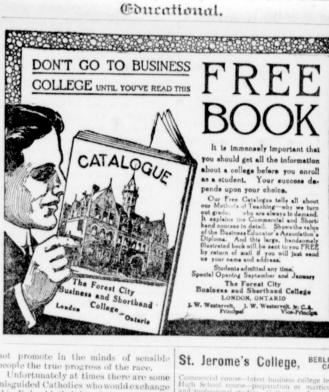
MODERN VANDALS.

The work of undermining the religiour beliefs which have held sway in the world and which have been the strength and consolation of generations which have passed away is at best a thankless task. Work of this kind, however, seems to be the aim of the Independent and other kindred publications which, from week to week, with an authoritative tone that may deceive the unwary inte believing that it belongs to the advo cacy of truth, set forth certain modern views of religion as the only ones which an educated man may hold. In reality, these pretentious position in regard to the religion of to-day have no more foundation than the vague im pression which comes from the reading of our ephemeral periodical literature which has made the mistake of thinking that novelty is always truth. Yet with

such assurance are these discussions on the essentials of religious faith put forth, that they exercise upon minds no trained to discover latent error a bane ful influence. So, from time to time, the world is vitness of the sad spectacle of a religi-

ous teacher, sometimes from some ob scatter, sometimes from some on-eure town, on other occasions occupy-ng the pulpit of some prominent city hurch, taking up these fr.nciful theories and flaunting their superiority over the stablished and consecrated religious liefs of centuries.

They enjoy a brief notoriety, have heir discourses printed in the daily ress, on account of the sensational character of the utterance, and do an inalculable harm to many whose hold or Christianity and all it stands for is none too strong. Strange to say, one of the strong points of their addresses is the appeal to sincerity and the honest search for truth, when their whole manner o procedure plainly shows that they are not seeking to discover what Christ taught, but to be what they consider



this divine birthright of the revelation of Christ for the changing, shifting, transitory vagaries of human error; but

ague, incoherent utterances of thos

WIT AND HUMOR.

the young man, firmly, "he shall be properly entertained. He shall never say that I did not do him well. He shall

ave e erything that his money will

Shopkeeper .- Is there anything else I

can send you, sir ? What would you say to a piece of this cheese ? Customer.—I wouldn't care to say anything to it. It might answer me

Important Lady (who has been subjec-

ting the child to a running fire of ques-

ions).—Is the skin of the fox any use ?

Child .- For keeping the fox warm, of

Practical Yankee .- Well, yes, sir. I

give up to you. Shakespeare was a genius ; but he didn't kinder seem to

Child.—Yes. Lady.—What for ?

HE Barren

who would usurp the office of his le mate religious teachers,-The Pilot.

ust the opposite effect.

he hall

uy."

back !

ourse.

icture in it.

case.

St. Jerome's College, BERLIN, CANADA

REV. A. L. ZINGER, C. R., President.



Grim Manager .--- I fear it would have The Canada Business College "When my uncle comes to town," said

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anada's Greatest School of Business e we make a

NO STUDENTS IN ATTENDANCE DURING YEAR



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D. McLACHLAN & CO., CHATHAM.

"Last week I sent a dollar in answer to n advertisement offering a method of aving gas bills," answered Ginx, "and I ust received the information." "Well ?" queried the neighbor.

put it to a practical use. Never bene-fited civilization with a washing machine, nor a patent turnip-peeler, nor anything of that sort. Still, he was a smart man. "It was in the form of a printed slip lirecting me to paste them in a scrapbook," replied the victim, as he braced himself for another kick.

Lawyer.-You say the prisoner stole our watch ? What distinguishing water is the watch ? Scotland has a great reputation learning in the United States, and a lady who went over from Boston recent-Lawyer.-Ah, I see. A woman in the ly expected to find the proverbial shepherd quoting Virgil, and the laborer who had Burns by heart. She was dis-illusioned in Edinburgh. Accosting a

YEAR Catalogue C tells of the work at Chatham Catalogue H tells how we can train you ome in Book-keeping, Shorthand and Pen Worth its weight in gold to your boy or girl. "I diagnose all my cases from the patient's eyes," said a doctor, emphati-eally. "Now your right eye tells me that your liver is affected." "Excuse me, doctor," the patient re-marked, "but my right eye is a glass one !"





-we need him and the worship

rstand what he ire that her boy ing wonderful by grew and throve a soul and body. olle_e; from col-ly the sweet face holy, for her boy

sonny," she wrote ains-taking hand, woman, dear, but n't be ashamed to

s meant to Father For if she were her offering, dare unworthy thought ;ift she gave? He of the fitness of perfect himself to ttainable. ordination came h, bringing with it

y that set her boy of men. On that 1 day his mother's with the peace of ept tears of joy. embling as she nointed hands, and er shrunken figure she put her gray and sobbed aloud

ence. he did not know. ken idea she had rse'f he never dish for her as he forward until this mother's face nor

ory that shadowed es and made heavy m on the table lay tender -a kindly, spiritual father to In it he spoke of

"Father Maurice, I have never prayed my life. I shall do so now for your shes. There is another way of saying same route. Took particular pains even to pass by the same houses. And when wishes. it in Catholic parlance—for your inten-tion, I think it is." She paused a mo-ment, adding wistfully: "Maybe if, in return, you—pray forme"—she frowned, for she was wedded to her fetich, and ot to St. Hubert's I made Father Mc spot that he had been standing with Max the day before. I was willing to try the experiment," she ended, with a light laugh, "but the spirit didn't and hated to yield her pet point so easi--"I will come out into God's light,"

The laugh, the last words jarred or she ended with a laugh. Father Maurice. He shrank from this airy touching on the most solemn of sub-

It was fully two months afterward. The May sunshine was warm and seren and even the busy city appeared glad of the breath of coming summer. A touch of the warmthour material bodies crave "You were willing to try the experihe repeated, in his grave voice "I should hardly call the ransom of a was in the air, without a hint of the summer's torridness. Father Maurice, soul an experiment. It must be than an experiment when a blind man,

who had just left the rectory, and was walking briskly along the street, found himself hailed in glad, familiar tones. He glanced up to find Mrs. Ramsey smil-ing a greeting. He had seen very little

of her the past eight weeks-and even Max managed to call on him only occasionally. The latter sat beside his mother in the open carriage. There was a blockade just at this point, and at Mrs. Ramsey's order the coachman drew then. God has been good to me, sonny dear. He made you Father Maurice-

Mrs. Ransey sorder the coachinan drew up to the curb and halted while Father Maurice, his handsome head bared, stood beside her. After the first few words the lady plunged into the subject nature vibrated in his tone. Max leaned forward, and now Father Maurice scarcely recognized the debonair friend he had known so well and loved. earest her heart. "Have you heard anything lately?"

she asked.

"That's it. That's it. Everything even the most trivial, is transfigured by the golden glow of faith. Maurice you've ex-"Concerning my mother?" he ques tioned, divining at once what she meant. "No, I have not. Did you keep your plained it wonderfully. Mother, can't you

She lookod at him without a shadow

Each person has his own stumblingck-a mountain which would be but of her former raillery. Her eyes were a molehill in the path of another man, earnest, her lips grave

said Father Maurice, with a smile. "I am keeping it faithfully, faithfully should hardly like to try my powers after Father McIntosh—I know of him ; he is -and what is more shall consider any answer you receive directly due to my a wonderful theologian. But what is the difficulty with you, Mrs. Ramsey?" prayers. Does this sound presumptu-ous? I can't help it. It is the queerest " That is a hard question : I have so feeling, but it is true. I have never

eyes open and the wrinkled face grow suddenly into beauty under the rush of mother-love that transfigured it. " My son, my little boy !" she mur mured

"Mother," he whispered back in a choking voice. "My mother !" There was silence a moment. The

the sight worried her. She put up her wrinkled, toil-worn hand and wiped "Don't cry now, my little son," she said. " 'Twill break your mother's said. "Twill break your methods heart to see you cry, my bonny, bonny boy, God love you." "Oh, mother, mother, my, mother," he whispered again. "You have almost

he whispered again. "You have almost broken my heart. Where did you gowhat have you done, and why, oh

why——" "Ah, now, sonny—don't. Would it be me to stand in your way, childle be me to stand in your way, childle with the light of God shining on you big white forehead that day the day of my life, my boy. And 'twa little to do to take myself out of your And 'twas

my boy a priest! Think of 10: 1 task

"Amen," he answered solemnly. Na-ture striving in his heart, took second place as the instinct of the priest as erted itself.

"I have prayed God to give you back to me, my mother," he said. "I have loved you better than you thought I did but if He gives you to me—only to lose you, dear—His holy will—be done." It cost him an effort to say the words its declamations against the attitude of the Church of Rome in regard to here

tical teachings and writings. The Church knows the revealed truths of for his heart was breaking. But drop for his neart was breaking. But drop-ping his voice to a whisper, he listened to her faltering confession. He had the holy oils in his pocket, and he found time to anoint her before the end, and till with his are considered as the found Christ. They have been given into her keeping and she will defend them against any and every attack, while at the same time she will be safeguarding many," she said. The levity had left been so earnest about anything in my still with his arms around her, he re- true liberty, recause liberty to err does

fashionable and modern. Should one look for the reason of this In the town of Ballinagh lived ertainty which these modern advocate of a new religion seem to have in their conception of religious belief and life. he will look in vain for it in the article of the periodical and in the discourse of the preacher. It is all taken for granted and to question it for a moment will bring forth from these mighty, superior

intelligences the accusation of reaction ary tendencies. All progress, accord-ing to their view, is monopolized by the

opponents of traditional Christianity. The Independent is a chief offender in this direction, and the only excus which it seems to profer for the surprise ing stand which, as a religious journal, it has taken, is a curious one. It seems to have a nightmare on the tyranny of Rome. The condemnation of Modern-ism, the suppression of a book against aith and morals, seems to be in its view restriction of intellectual liberty, mitation of some kind which is unju and contrary to the progress of mankind

So, for that matter, is the compulsion by which we are forced to admit that wo and two make four. One would consider it very strange that a man should think that his liberty was abridged, for example, because he could not hold that two and two makes five. The Independ ent is suffering from intellectual weak ess. It does not seem to know or car o understand the nature of truth.

Truth is necessarily exclusive in the ense that it must, by its very nature exclude its opposite. When the Independent will be able to show us that

hite and black can interpenetrat that light and darkness can coexist hen it may be able to give some reas for the assumption which lies behind al

utcher, who was famed for selling tough neat. A countryman went in one day ase some. "Well, my good man," asked the

outcher, "is it for frying or boiling you

"Neither," replied John, "It's to nake hinges for the stable-door."

Ginx was discovered in the backyard icking himself. "Why this strenuosity ?" asked one of

his neighbors,

policeman she inquired as to the where abouts of Carlyle's house.

"Which Carlyle ?" he asked. "Thomas Carlyle," said the lady. "What does he do ?" queried the

rdian of the peace. "He was a writer-but he's dead," she

faltered. "Well, madam," the big Scot informed

her, "if the man is dead over five years there's little chance of findin thing about him in a big city like this."

416

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