

THE MOTHER OF A PRIEST.



OME time ago the Buffalo Union and Times commented editorially on a letter written to a friend by a mother on the day following the ordination of her son. Here is the letter :

Dear Friend,—Bless, bless God, I am the mother of a priest. It was to you I wrote, twenty five years ago, when the child was given me. I recall it ; I was foolish with joy ; I felt him living by my side ; I stretched out my hand toward him. I touched him as he lay in his cradle as if to assure myself that I really possessed him.

Ah, what a distance between the joys of then and those of to-day, which lift up my soul and fill it with sentiments it has never known before. To-day, I am the mother of priest !

Those hands that, when they were so small, I kissed with warmest love those hands are consecrated ; those fingers have touched God. The understanding that received enlightenment from me, and to which I taught life's aim, has developed, it is flooded with great truths ; study and grace have made it surpass my own intelligence, and now, behold it is consecrated to God. That body which I have cared for and protected, which has made me pass so many nights in tears, when sickness would rob me of my treasure— that body has become large and strong ; behold it is consecrated to God !

That body has become the servant of a priest's soul : it will fatigue itself in order to uplift the sinner, to instruct the ignorant, to give to each and every creature who asks and seeks of Him, their God.

That heart, ah ! heart so holy and so good, so true to me through all the years—that heart which trembled at contact with aught that was of earth ; behold it is the heart of the Lord's anointed ! The only love that heart doth know we call by the sweet name of Charity.