

THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM.

"My God, I love thee!" did I say,
And strove to say it truly—
And I will serve Thee every day—
And sought to serve Him duly.

How Dick Rutherford Regained Faith.

From an Exchange.
There was a sudden silence—a sort of listening hush; the organ's pealing voice was stilled—the Vesper hymn was done, and a young religious who had been kneeling for a moment before the high altar rose and ascended the pulpit.

His face was a striking one; it bore the unmistakable impress of intellectual power, strength of will and holiness. Purity of mind and heart was writ large upon it, and the clear eyes and sensitive mouth betokened gentleness and tenderness of feeling.

"Great heavens!" he exclaimed, inwardly, "why, it's Raymond—dear old Ray!" by all that's wonderful Ray, a full-fledged friar!

Thus musing, Dick Rutherford leaned back with folded arms and prepared to listen to the sermon. "Who hath called you out of darkness into His marvelous light."

"Light!" he muttered, "Yes, more light and fuller is what I want; I have outgrown the simple beliefs, the pious fables, which satisfied my youth."

Meanwhile the old familiar truths of religion fell from the young preacher's lips, and Dick Rutherford listened, enthralled, but not convinced.

"Oh! the depths of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God!" exclaimed the young friar in those memorable words of St. Paul.

Scarcely half an hour later the two friends, whose lives for so long had flowed in such totally different channels, met in a typical monastic parlor.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," the elder man remarked, surveying the other with sad, cynical, yet wholly affectionate eyes.

After that evening Dick Rutherford returned to the monastery again and yet again, as though drawn by some magic spell; but his mental attitude remained unchanged.

Sometimes in the shady garden or sunny library, sometimes in his friend's cell, he spent many a pleasant hour. No word of controversy passed between the two, no useless discussions, no word of reproach.

"You never irritate a fellow," the latter remarked on a certain evening as they paced one of the long gravel walks side by side.

"Not always. But you must admit, Ray, that good people are often condescending and desperately unconvincing to sinners like myself. That's the fault I find with the generality of them."

"And the Church is divine," returned the other, gravely, "but its members are human enough, God knows. Well, Dick are you coming to the ceremony on Sunday?"

"What, the crowning of the statue? My dear boy, you forget I've put away childish things!"

"Faith of our Fathers. Mary's Prayers. I suppose that is what you have in mind."

The ceremony, simple in expression, was one he had often witnessed in his boyhood; the very scent of the flowers stirred vague sweet memories of a time when he "remembered to have been joyful and free from blame."

"Oh! the depths of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God!" exclaimed the young friar in those memorable words of St. Paul.

that filled aisles and naves, nay, every inch of standing room, to overflowing took up the familiar refrain and echoed triumphantly.

The sermon was short and simple, but touching and singularly eloquent. When it was over there followed a thrilling pause, while the pretty little child upon whom the pious task devolved, stepped forward and took the floral crown, only to appear high up a moment later, and deftly place it upon the head of the statue.

Not a whisper, not the faintest rustle could be heard in all that vast assemblage; there was a strange hush, and then, across the listening silence, broke the sound of a strong man's sob.

"God hath His mysteries of grace, ways that we cannot tell," and as the sermon proceeded, Dick Rutherford became more and more moved.

"Am I growing a sentimental fool?" he asked himself impatiently once or twice. And then the old, old influences began to work; he bowed his head on his hands and the tender tones of the Mother of Mercy seemed to call "like a friend's voice from a distant field."

A few minutes later the crowd streamed out into the sunshine, and the erstwhile agnostic was left alone before the tabernacle.

"You were right, Ray," he said, in rather an unsteady voice some hours afterwards, when, his confession over, he wrung the young friar's hand and reluctantly prepared to depart.

A Denver correspondent of The St. Louis Globe-Democrat writes as follows:

An old lady living alone in a large and dreary house in the western suburbs of this city has just told the neighbors, or an attempt to burglarize her house, and the marvellous manner in which the attempt was thwarted.

She is well known to have considerable money, as the income from her property exceeds her expenses; and as she has a horror of banks it is the general impression that she keeps the money about the house.

On several occasions when dogs have strayed into the premises Dot has sent them howling from the place. "Last Wednesday night," she says, "I wasn't feeling well and went to bed as soon as the servant left."

"What, the crowning of the statue? My dear boy, you forget I've put away childish things!"

"Faith of our Fathers. Mary's Prayers. I suppose that is what you have in mind."

ARK OF THE COVENANT. (Eugene Davis in The Rosary.)
As from the dim horizon, smiling, soared A rainbow to the clouds, God spoke on high.

So she's the ark that o'er the stormy tide Bears her fond children to the harbor bright Where lies in light Christ's sanctified Mother.

THE LITTLE ARISTOCRAT. "Birds have as much character as human beings," said a specialist on birds.

"You were right, Ray," he said, in rather an unsteady voice some hours afterwards, when, his confession over, he wrung the young friar's hand and reluctantly prepared to depart.

THE CAT AND THE BURGLAR. A Denver correspondent of The St. Louis Globe-Democrat writes as follows:

An old lady living alone in a large and dreary house in the western suburbs of this city has just told the neighbors, or an attempt to burglarize her house, and the marvellous manner in which the attempt was thwarted.

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